The Girl's Own Annual

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From a Painting by G. C. KILBURNE.

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DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

[*All rights reserved.*] "'THAT TIRESOME BOY! WHY COULD HE NOT MAKE HASTE, FOR ONCE?'"

CHAPTER I.

THE HEROINE.

IN the fading twilight of an autumn afternoon a young girl sat in the bow-window of a London house, stooping, or, more correctly, huddled forwards, over her book. The house was in a good locality, though not large. A small front garden and a neat stone porch were matched by a long vista of similar gardens and porches extending to right and left.

The young girl might have been fifteen years old, or even more, though under the usual height. In figure she was slim, not to say scraggy, and there was about her appearance a general negligence as to hair, collar, and dress fastenings—a kind of prevailing looseness. The intent black eyes devoured page after page eagerly.

Suddenly she closed the book, threw it down, and stood up.

"That tiresome boy! Why could he not make haste, for once? However, I can't put off any longer, or I shall be late for dinner. I do believe I hear Mary coming to lay the cloth. As for waiting till to-morrow for the third volume, I simply can't do it. I should not sleep a wink all night."

Decima Fitzroy brushed past the parlour-maid in the doorway, nearly sending a trayful of glasses flying over the floor, and ran upstairs. Coming down again, she encountered in the hall a young lady, some four or five years her senior, a handsome, grave girl.

"Where are you going, Dessie?"

"Only to the library. I have finished my second volume, and I want the third."

"You will be late for dinner, and it is growing dark."

"Never mind. Nobody will kidnap me. I haven't reached years of discretion yet."

"I think it is time that you should. You surely do not mean to go out in that guise?"

"What! is it my jacket?" And Decima endeavoured to peer over her own shoulder. "Dusty? Ah, it is so dark, nobody can see."

"Don't forget that Aunt Dora will be here by six, and that we shall dine as soon as she comes."

"That we shall not, happily for me," retorted Decima. "If we begin at half-past it will be wonderful punctuality. Now, Edith, pray don't tell mamma that I have gone out alone, or you will have her in hysterics before I am back."

"You know very well that I shall not interfere," Edith answered, coldly.

"It is well for me that you don't," said Decima; "I have enough of that sort of thing before me in the prospect of Aunt Dora. I really do believe she thinks she was made for the simple and sole purpose of setting the world to rights, beginning, of course, with our unworthy selves. *You* don't come in for it, for you are her paragon; but as for unhappy me, if I don't grow as thin as a lath in the next fortnight it will be a wonder. I have the whole list of complaints by heart—carelessness, untidiness, inattention, forgetfulness, unpunctuality, procrastination, love of novels, dislike of governesses, hatred of lessons, unladylikeness. No, there I am stepping out of her province and into mamma's. Poor mamma! wouldn't she be delighted to turn me out a finished specimen of young-ladyhood, like yourself? I wish she could see the hopelessness of it."

"How you do run on!" said Edith.

"Well, I am going to run off now," responded Decima, lightly. "Good-bye."

The front door banged, and Edith stood looking pensively on the ground. She never allowed her younger sister's wilful and heedless ways to ruffle her outwardly. Yet at times they tried her serenity not a little.

A cab drove up to the door as she was turning away, and she remained to welcome her aunt—a compact little woman, not very many years Edith's senior. But for the somewhat prim style of dress and studiously unfashionable bonnet, Miss Dora Fitzroy might have ranked as quite outside the "middle-life" division of human existence.

Some minutes were consumed in a lively discussion with the cabman, who demanded double his lawful fare. He had miscalculated his "party" for once. Miss Fitzroy entered into a logical discussion of the question, weighed the right and wrong of it in well-chosen terms, appealed to a book in her bag wherein distances and prices were distinctly given, and finally sent him away a baffled individual. Finding leisure then to kiss her favourite niece, she allowed herself to be led into the drawing-room.

At the table sat a somewhat careworn lady, with drawn-down mouth-corners and elevated eyebrows. Mr. Fitzroy reclined in an arm-chair, with legs extended over a second chair, tilted into a convenient position for the said limbs, and a crumpled newspaper in his hands. He was a rather fine-looking man, with a particularly good-humoured expression. A boy of twelve completed the trio.

"Ha, Dora, is it you?" And Mr. Fitzroy started up, his paper dropping on one side, and the tilted chair crashing over on the other. "How do you do?"

"Very well, thank you. How are you all? Alicia, how do you do? and Hubert, too? What has become of Dessie?"

"As well ask where the last comet has gone! Nobody is answerable for Dessie's movements."

"Somebody ought to be," said Miss Fitzroy.

"I saw her go out," remarked Hubert. "She meant to change her book."

"And she knows how I dislike her being out alone after dusk," said Mrs. Fitzroy, in a complaining tone peculiar to herself, a tone which conveyed a certain will-weakness.

"Your daughter is growing independent, my dear," said Mr. Fitzroy. "By-the-bye, Dora, did you receive my letter about the post-office order?"

"I did not, but as I hardly expected to do so the disappointment was less. Perhaps you posted it this morning?"

"Last night, I assure you. I put the letter in myself yesterday evening. Really I imagined it would be in time."

"I should not have thought half-a-dozen lines a day or two earlier such a very arduous undertaking," said Miss Fitzroy. "Alicia, would you kindly allow me to go upstairs? I believe six is your dinner-hour."

"Nominally," said Mr. Fitzroy. "It is a quarter past now, my dear Dora."

"The less reason that I should be the cause of any further delay."

"You the cause! when we never by any chance begin earlier than half-past——."

"Why not call it half-past, then?"

"For a first-rate reason, that we should not then begin until seven, eh, Alicia? Punctuality is no cardinal virtue in our house."

Miss Fitzroy gave her head a hopeless shake in confirmation of the assertion, and left the room with Edith. She had time to change her dress before the second bell rang. When they met in the dining-room, Decima was not there, and through the first course she remained still absent. "I would never allow a daughter of mine to contract such habits," Miss Fitzroy said at length.

"Don't!" said Mr. Fitzroy, comically. "But when they *are* contracted, a cure becomes difficult."

"Edith was never disposed that way."

"Oh! Edith—no! She is a model, like yourself. The only fault I ever had to find with you both was that you were too perfect."

The door flew open, and Decima entered with a cheerful air of unconcern. "How do you do, Aunt Dora?" she said. "Hubert, you tiresome boy, I watched for you a whole hour, and you gave me the slip after all."

"Odd sort of watching," said Hubert. "When I came in, you were reading hard, and never lifted your eyes."

"You might have guessed that I wanted you."

"Dessie, I thought I had desired you not to go out alone after dusk," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Nobody would hurt me, mamma, and I had not finished my second volume earlier. I thought I should be back in time for dinner, but the library was crowded, and I had to wait an immense time for my turn. I did not know Hubert was at home, so I could not help going alone."

"If your mother forbad it, you ought to have helped going at any cost," said Miss Fitzroy.

"Mamma is only nervous; there was no harm."

"There is harm in acting contrary to her command."

Decima raised her eyebrows slightly. She did not like the word "command."

"Besides, there is always harm in being unladylike," added Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Oh, as for that, mamma, it is my nature. I never can and never shall be a stupid, affected young lady."

"You may be a lady without being

either stupid or affected," said Miss Fitzroy. "Who is your present governess, Alicia? Not Miss Crake, I think."

"Oh, no, indeed," Decima responded in her mother's stead. "I have done with her long ago. Miss Wood reigns in the schoolroom now, and a very mild reign it is. I don't mind how long it lasts."

"It will only last until we can find someone more suitable," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "Miss Wood makes no pretensions to being a finishing governess, and she is most anxious to give up the charge of Dessie. She says she feels herself quite incompetent for it; but I have persuaded her to remain until we can find someone to supply her place."

"Not resident, is she?"

"No, she comes for a few hours daily. I should not object to a good resident governess, nor would Henry. I heard of a French lady to-day."

"Did you, mamma?" exclaimed Dessie. "Who is she? What is she like?"

"I do not know much about her at present. She has lately come from Paris, and Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton has become acquainted with her."

"I should not think much of Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton's recommendations," Decima gave as her opinion.

Miss Aubrey had nearly said the same. She remarked instead, "That is for your mother to consider."

"French, too!" sighed Decima.

"That would be no objection," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "A Parisian accent would be the very thing for you. But, of course, every inquiry should be made."

"And I suppose I am to have the pleasure of making the inquiries?" said Mr. Fitzroy, shrugging his shoulders. "Bah! the very idea almost gives one a fit of Parisian grimaces. This is the fourth of these precious governesses that I have had to go hunting after the last month."

"I only hope she will be young. My governesses are generally much too old," said Decima. "Oh, papa, I had such fun to-day with Miss Wood about the axis of the earth. Bessie asked her what the axis was."

"Who is Bessie?" asked Miss Fitzroy.

"Oh, only little Bessie Horn, who comes in every day to have lessons with me. She is fourteen in years, but a perfect infant in mind. We were having our geography lesson, and Bessie tripped up over the axis of the earth. What was it? she wanted to know. Miss Wood's definition was misty, but conveyed the idea of a pole stuck through the earth's centre, the north and south poles being its top and bottom; at least, if it wasn't a pole, it was a line. I tried to draw her out for Bessie's benefit, and asked if the line were real or imaginary. She was rather in difficulties, but seemed consoled with the thought that as the poles terminating it were real, the line itself must be real. So I asked if they were actual poles, and if so, how tall. She was more at her ease there, and said decisively that they were *not* poles, but only points—said points, of course, being 'real.' I explained to her that if they were points, they had neither length, breadth, nor thickness, and so they must be nothing. And if the poles are nothing, the axis must be nothing, too, and the world is turning round upon nothing."

"How did Miss Wood combat your grand argument?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"Argument, papa! There must be two to an argument, and Miss Wood can't argue. She only flounders. The utmost she can do is to say, 'My dear, you don't know anything about it!' She tried that over the axis, but it was hardly efficacious, for Bessie said in her viciously innocent fashion—'Don't *you* know, please, Miss Wood?' and Miss Wood said, 'Go on with your reading, my dear.' Bessie's next trip, an hour later, was over the expression 'a son of Vulcan.' She wanted to know who Vulcan was. Miss Wood gave a nervous look to see if I had heard, and I made believe to be absorbed with my exercise. She had not a notion who Vulcan might have been, but instead of having the sense to say so frankly, she must try a sort of bungling explanation. I came to the rescue, and suggested that he was probably a giant blacksmith in the days of the Greeks and Romans. And as she seemed quite relieved, I went on to remind her of the big aerolite in the British Museum, and asked if it might not have been one of the thunderbolts forged by Vulcan in Mount Vesuvius for Jupiter. She found Jupiter a little difficult to swallow, but all the rest went down as smoothly as possible. Wasn't it capital?"

Mr. Fitzroy and Hubert laughed heartily enough to satisfy Decima, but her aunt only said, "I don't know about the cleverness, Dessie, which I suppose is all you care for. I *do* know about the untruthfulness"

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO RIDE.

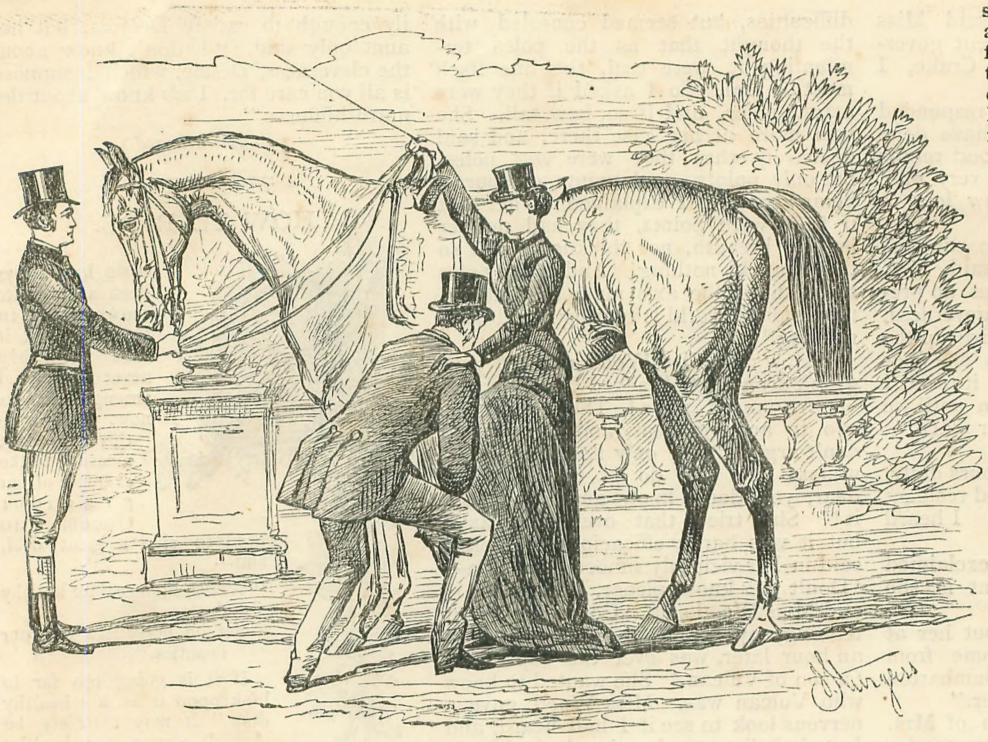
RIDING has always been a favourite amusement in England; but it was probably never so general among ladies as now. We owe this in no slight measure to the example of our gracious Queen, who used to ride a great deal, and—

"Whose high zeal for healthy duties
Set on horseback half our beauties."

If it is going too far to look upon it as a "healthy duty," it may certainly be classed among our healthy luxuries, for it is rightly considered a most invigorating pursuit. Ask Medicus whether a smart canter over the downs, or a swinging trot along some country lane, will not bring a set of muscles into play that often otherwise remain unused, rouse the torpid liver, and plant many a pale cheek with roses. Ride, by all means, if you have the chance; but, in order that you may ride in comfort, start with the fixed idea that riding is an art worth some pains to acquire, and not an instinct which will enable you to take to it as readily as a duck takes to water.

In olden times the women only rode on pillions; but the young Queen of Richard II. introduced the side saddle. Anne of Luxembourg was no doubt a good horsewoman; and we can gain some idea of the riding costume

"A SMART CANTER OVER THE DOWNS."



MOUNTING.

then in vogue from Chaucer's description of the Wife of Bath, who on her pilgrimage wore, we are told, a broad hat, a fotemantle, or riding skirt, and fine scarlet hose.

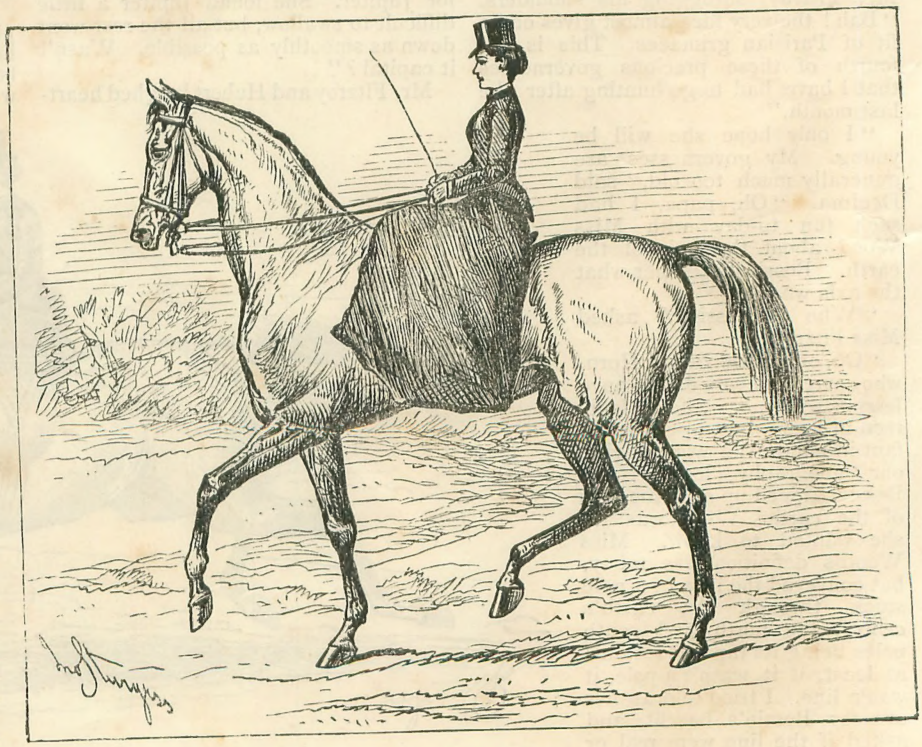
The pillion, however, still held its ground, for we read of Queen Elizabeth paying a state visit to Saint Paul's thus mounted; and, even so recently as the beginning of the present century, it was in use among country people, the bad state of the roads, often otherwise impassable, rendering this the most convenient means of travelling for the wives and daughters of the squires and farmers. A very old friend of mine tells me she frequently so rode behind her father. A cushion was strapped at the rear of the saddle, with a rest for the feet attached to it. The sole concern of the lady was to hold on to her cavalier. "Pretty firmly we did it, too!" added my informant.

But times are altered, and she who now aspires to a seat on horseback must, if she would acquit herself gracefully and with ease, know how to ride. It is in the hope of giving a little useful advice on this subject that these papers are written. Now, to those happy mortals who have known what it is to own ponies from babyhood, and who are consequently at home in the saddle, many things that I shall say will perhaps seem too simple and self-evident to need saying at all; but others, commencing their equestrian performances later in life, without, perhaps, the assistance of a professional teacher, and, conscious of a certain want of *savoir faire* which turns what ought to be a season of purest enjoyment into a period of positive discomfort, may find something to help them if they have patience and perseverance to put these hints into practice. Without patience and perseverance nothing can be done well — not even riding, although it is a strange fact that many people seem to think the only qualification necessary for its attainment is the possession of a horse. Nobody expects to excel in music by merely purchasing the instrument to which he has taken a fancy; or to dance well without taking pains to learn the rules; and yet, because a girl finds it easy to sit on a quiet horse by the side of a master whose familiar voice and presence control the animal she is on without any exertion on her part, and who is ready to seize the rein at the first difficulty, she imagines that she can ride, and that there is nothing more to be learnt. The result of this notion is sure to show itself in one of two ways, when the mistaken one is thrown on her own resources, deprived, it may be, of a reliable escort, or placed upon a horse which requires some handling. Either she goes along in a harum-scarum fashion, totally unconscious of the risk she runs and how entirely she is at the mercy of her steed, and is simply saved from an accident by his good temper and training, or the merest chance; or she is overpowered by a nervousness which makes her helpless, and her uncertain hands soon communicate that fact to her four-footed companion, which, unable to rely on his guide, quickly becomes unmanageable. In this case the excuse will probably be, "I have not sufficient strength," when it would be more correct to say, "I have not sufficient knowledge." Strength is, of course, required to restrain, for instance, a very free-going horse, or to hold together a powerful one; but then women, as a rule, are under no necessity to ride animals that need a man's muscular exertion. Coolness, tact, and judgment are more often wanted, and, when employed, save a lady from appearing in the slightest degree masculine, even in her hat and habit. It is that

"Mingled form of gentleness and force"

which makes the sight of a graceful woman on horseback a pleasant one to see.

Speaking of the habit reminds us that a careful toilet should precede the ride. The rider will be in a conspicuous position, and for this reason, if for no other, it is well to present as neat and appropriate an appearance as possible. Buttons, collar, &c., should be securely adjusted, bearing in mind that their rearrangement may prove a matter of difficulty. Floating ribbons and ornaments generally are quite out of place; yet it is no uncommon thing to see girls adorned with such appendages. One, in whose company I



FAIRLY MOUNTED.

"BUCEPHALUS BEGAN TO KICK."

chanced to ride several times, always appeared in a lace collar, a coral necklet, and a large cross!

The most elegant costume is the simplest. A well-cut and easily-fitting habit, relieved at throat and wrists by snowy collar and cuffs; gloves that neither cramp the hands nor hang upon them like bags, thereby destroying the delicacy and firmness of the touch, and a comfortable safely-fastened hat, form a very attractive *tout ensemble*.

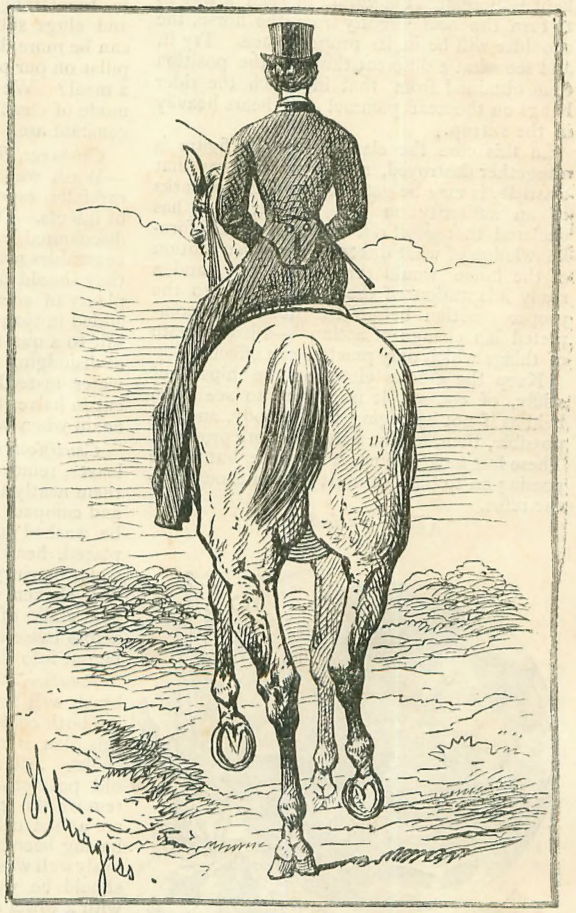
If a veil be used, it must be so worn as not to flutter in the wind. Trousers in the place of petticoats are highly essential, both for comfort and appearance; fasten them with straps under the boot. In short, the aim of the fair equestrian should be to dress in such a manner that she may look as neat and trim at the end of the journey as at the start. And having accomplished this to her satisfaction, we will suppose the horse to be at the door ready for her to mount.

I need not dwell upon the advantage it is to be able to mount and dismount gracefully; and with a little care this is easy to accomplish. We have perhaps laughed at the spectacle of some fair rider helplessly poised in mid air between the horse and the assistant, or making several efforts before a successful one lands her on the saddle. The first of these misfortunes is occasioned by standing too far from the horse; the second by not straightening the left knee well in taking the spring. Stand with the right shoulder as close to the horse as convenient, place the forefinger of the right hand between the reins, the hand on the pommel; put the left foot into the hands of the attendant, the left hand on his shoulder, and spring into the saddle. Now, mark, if at this moment you are careful to straighten the left knee sufficiently, you will find yourself in your place without the slightest trouble; otherwise your whole weight falls on the hands of the person assisting you, with the result that you are pushed up by main force, and what should be an elegant action is converted into an awkward scramble. The whip all this time is held in the right hand. On raising this hand to the pommel do not hold the whip in such a manner that you will sit upon it when you spring. Many good whips have thus been broken, and, apart from this, a clumsy effect is produced. The whip is a necessary adjunct for a lady, as we shall presently see, but never carry a very limp one; it is apt to tease a horse if carelessly handled. The whip should be straight, moderately supple, and light.

Having gained the saddle, before placing the knee over the pommel, with the right hand slightly ease the habit, that no drag or wrinkling may follow; then put the knee into position, the left foot in the stirrup, and you are fairly mounted.

In order to alight, disengage the foot from the stirrup, remove the knee from the pommel, and on this same pommel place the right hand, with the left take hold of the habit, and thus, as you slide down, prevent the feet from becoming entangled. There is not so much danger of this now as formerly, and the short skirt at present worn is certainly more sensible than the cumbrous and flowing garment of years gone by. If assistance be proffered to break the jar of the descent, avail yourself of it by placing the left hand, which can still retain the habit, on the hand of friend or attendant. And as you reach the ground make the faintest possible rebound—the word sounds almost too decided, the movement is so slight, but it gives a certain elasticity to the frame, and does away with the sudden jerk often experienced. One word more on the subject of dismounting. Be careful never to lift the knee from the pommel until you are quite ready to quit the saddle. *Experientia docet*, and I once narrowly escaped an accident by neglecting this simple precaution. I had been riding a young horse with great care, and he had conducted himself so much better than was expected that when about to dismount I relaxed my vigilance. The groom was at his head. Carelessly leaving my hold of pommel and stirrup, I turned for a moment to speak to a companion, and in that moment Bucephalus began to kick. The man shouted, "Keep to your saddle, ma'am!" and nobody would more willingly have followed his advice than I. But deprived of all support save that to be obtained by seizing the pommel, it was, of course, impossible. I described a flying and, it is to be hoped, graceful curve in the air, and came down on my feet, but *on the off-side*, and still clutching the pommel. Bucephalus resented this unusual proceeding by renewed plunging; it would be useless to attempt to retain my hold much longer, and to let go was to risk being trampled or kicked. In this dilemma I threw myself backward, and immediately rolled over and over, away from those threatening heels, escaping unhurt, with the exception of a bruise or two, occasioned by the fall, and a terrible wound to my *amour propre*. Remember, then, not to relinquish the pommel until the instant that you intend to alight.

But now we are beginning our ride, and will go back to the moment when, having mounted, you are ready to settle the length of your stirrup. Novices invariably prefer this too short. It gives them a sense of greater security if they can feel the leg wedged in between the stirrup and the third pommel, or leaping head, but it is a mistake. Too short a stirrup destroys all freedom of the limbs, and throws the body over to the right. Better have the stirrup too long than too short. Indeed, it is capital practice to ride occasionally with a longer stirrup than usual, or even with none, provided you resolutely guard against all



"SIT SQUARE, RIGHT SHOULDER WELL BACK, AND LET THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY FALL EXACTLY IN THE CENTRE OF THE SADDLE."

tendency to lean to the left. It will teach you to balance yourself in the saddle, and to adapt your movements to those of your horse with a degree of ease that will amply repay any exertion you may find it at first. Learn to alter your stirrups without aid. The balance-strap is ready to your hand on the off-side, and renders this a very simple operation. When riding with others, a large party of ladies, for example, and perhaps only one gentleman, the advantage is obvious. How often do we see the whole cavalcade brought to a standstill because Miss So-and-so wants her stirrup shortened, when she might do it for herself, and acquire in the act greater confidence and power.

The seat and the hand must be perfectly independent of each other. A steady seat is never gained while any assistance is taken from the reins; therefore it is a good plan for the learner to have her horse led at first. Sit square, so that you look straight between the horse's ears; keep the right shoulder well back, and let the weight of the body fall exactly in the centre of the saddle. No bearing on the stirrup mind—there the foot must rest steadily, the knee slightly bent, and the toe pointing to the horse's shoulder. You say, perhaps, "It is all very well to talk, but my right shoulder *will* come forward, especially in the trot, although I am always trying to prevent it!"

Well, we are not going to trot just yet, and suppose in the meantime we treat that obtrusive right shoulder as we sometimes do obtrusive people, just leave it to its own devices, and turn our attention to the left knee.

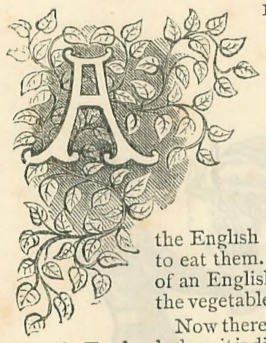
If we can only get this valuable ally to do our bidding, we shall soon conquer the shoulder. In other words, while the knee is kept well against the saddle in such a way as to turn the heel slightly from the horse, the shoulder will be in its proper place. Try it, and see what a different thing is the position thus obtained from that in which the rider hangs on the near pommel and bears heavily in the stirrup.

In this case the elasticity of the figure is altogether destroyed, and how necessary that elasticity is may be gathered from the remarks of an authority on the subject, who has declared that good riding consists "in a foreknowledge of what direction any given motion of the horse would throw the body, and a ready adaptation of the whole frame to the proper position before the horse has completed his change of action"—a happy state of things which only practice can effect.

Keep the elbows close to the hips—not stiffly, of course; it is painful to see them held as if not belonging to the body, and impossible, then, for the hands to work properly. These last have an important office, but before passing on to that we must give a thought to the reins.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES.



A RECENT very clever writer on cookery—I mean the late M. Keltner—has said that "there are no finer vegetables to be found anywhere than in England, and the English do not know how to eat them. The weak point of an English dinner is always the vegetables."

Now there are a great many places in England where it is difficult to get good meat at a reasonable price. If meat is plentiful, perhaps, fish, game, and poultry, are not to be had, but vegetables of one kind or another are everywhere. Therefore, it would be very easy for us to try to improve ourselves in this, our "weak point," and we shall find it to our advantage to give a little attention to the vegetables.

The most usual way of cooking vegetables is to boil them. This usual way is a very good way if it is properly done, but when it is mismanaged the effect is deplorable. The process, too, is not exactly the same for every vegetable, and if we wish to boil vegetables properly, we ought to understand both general rules and particular exceptions. Before however, we can speak of any process whatever, we must understand how to prepare and cleanse vegetables for boiling. This is a very important matter, for cleanliness can scarcely be too strongly insisted upon. Caterpillars and slugs subsist on vegetables, and what can be more disagreeable than to find a caterpillar on our plates when we are half through a meal? We will therefore recall to mind the mode of cleaning and, preparing vegetables in constant use.

Cabbages, Brussels sprouts, kale, and greens.—Wash well in salt and water; look over carefully, especially behind the leaves, for fear of insects. The stalks and the loose decayed discoloured leaves should be removed and the vegetables neatly trimmed. For safety's sake they should be laid for about half an hour in plenty of cold water to which salt has been added in the proportion of a dessertspoonful of salt to a quart of water. An effectual means of dislodging insects is to put vinegar in the water instead of salt. Cabbages should be cut in halves for cleansing, then tied together again when boiled.

Cauliflowers.—Trim away the superfluous leaves, remove those which remain, and trim them neatly to make the vegetable as round and compact as possible. Cauliflowers should be washed in salt and water, and should be placed, head downwards, in either salt and water or vinegar and water for an hour, being well shaken once or twice during this time. The stalk of the cauliflower should be cut across twice transversely, and the flower should be put into the saucepan head downwards.

Potatoes.—Wash in two or three waters and brush well before paring. In Ireland potatoes are both cooked and served in their skins, but this plan is not a popular one with English cooks. After being thoroughly cleansed, peel old potatoes thinly with a sharp knife and remove the specks and eyes. When potatoes are a bad colour it is generally due to their having been peeled without having been previously well washed and scrubbed. New potatoes should be well washed, then either rubbed with a towel or scraped with a sharp knife.

Carrots.—Wash and brush well, then scrape as thinly as possible with a knife, from the head downwards. If small they may be boiled whole. If large they may be either cut into quarters or cut fancy shapes.

Turnips.—Wash and brush well, then peel thickly till you reach a line which is a little way below the skin. Cut them up if too large.

French beans.—Break off the end and tear the strings from each side of the pod. Cut the beans slanting into two or three pieces.

French or globe artichokes.—Carefully wash these, and with a pair of scissors cut off the points of the leaves. When elaborately cooked the choke, that is the hay-like substance which is at the heart of the vegetable, must be removed. This is not necessary for plain boiling.

Asparagus.—Choose heads of equal size. Scrape the stems slightly and throw them into cold water as they are done, but do not keep them in long. Cut the white ends evenly, and tie the asparagus into small bundles. Bind with tape.

Sea kale.—Wash and trim the roots. Bind in bundles.

Lettuce—(See Salads.)

Spinach.—This is a very gritty vegetable. It needs to be washed in several waters, and should be lifted with both hands out of one pan of water into another in order to leave the grit behind. When clean take the leaves, one at a time, double them together, and tear away the stalk and fibre from the middle of each leaf.

Celery.—Wash thoroughly and cut away the root and the outer stalks.

Peas and Windsor beans.—Shell these a short time before they are wanted. They will lose both colour and flavour if shelled long before being cooked.

Dried vegetables, such as peas, haricot beans, and lentils, should be soaked overnight in cold water. Discoloured beans, or beans which float, should be thrown away. Vegetables after being prepared should be laid in cold water until they are to be boiled. It is, however, a mistake to leave them over long in water, as green vegetables especially would deteriorate in quality if soaked. They should be well drained before being cooked. Green vegetables after being trimmed and cleansed should be put into plenty of fast-boiling salted water, without soda, and should be kept boiling quickly, the lid off the pan, till done. The only exceptions to this rule of quick boiling being green peas, beans, asparagus, cauliflower, and brocoli. The reason why the exceptions are made is that quick boiling might break the skins of the peas and beans, the heads of the asparagus, and the flower of the cauliflower. Peas should not be put into salted water, a little sugar should be thrown into the water instead.

Spinach is an exception to the general rule of boiling in plenty of water. This vegetable has so much water in its composition that it only neeeds to cook in as much water as hangs about it after washing. It should be packed into a large empty saucepan, a little salt should be sprinkled over it, and it should then be allowed to boil quickly in its own juices till tender. It will fall considerably in boiling, indeed we may calculate that when boiled it will occupy only one-tenth of the space which was needed for it before boiling. When tender the water should be pressed from it till it is as dry as possible. It may then be chopped small, put into a stewpan with an ounce of butter and a little pepper and salt, and stirred over the fire with a wooden spoon till hot. A superior method of serving it is to squeeze it in a cloth to free it from moisture, then rub it through a wire sieve and stir it over the fire with pepper, salt, butter, and a small quantity of cream.

Asparagus and sea kale are dished upon toast, in order that they may be drained perfectly. Melted butter may be poured over sea kale, but never over asparagus.

Potatoes should be one kind, and as nearly

of one size as possible. Old potatoes are excellent steamed. If boiled they should be put into plenty of cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. They should be cooked very slowly till they can be pierced to the centre with a skewer. The water should then be poured off carefully, the lid should be put on the pan, and it should be placed by the side of the fire to finish the cooking in the steam. In four or five minutes remove the lid to let the steam escape, and shake the pan gently once or twice to prevent the potatoes sticking. When dry they are done. Old potatoes are also excellent when baked in a well-heated oven. They should be turned occasionally, that they may be equally cooked. New potatoes should be put into boiling water salted, and boiled till the centre can be pierced with a fork or skewer. The water should then be drained off, a folded cloth be laid upon the potatoes, and the lid put upon the pan, which should then be placed by the side of the fire till the potatoes are dry.

New potatoes are very good with *maître d'hôtel* sauce. This sauce is made as follows: Melt one ounce of butter in a small saucepan and mix half-an-ounce of flour smoothly with it, add half-a-pint of cold water. Stir the sauce till it boils. Have ready a sprig of picked parsley, which has been washed, dried, and chopped finely. Stir this into the sauce just before it is wanted. Pour the sauce over the potatoes last thing and serve. This quantity of sauce will be sufficient for a tureenful of potatoes.

Vegetable marrows and celery should be cooked in boiling water. White sauce is generally poured over celery. Cooked celery is good for rheumatic persons.

Root vegetables—that is carrots, turnips, parsnips, Jerusalem artichokes, and onions, should be put into boiling water, and the lid should be left on the pan. Old artichokes should, however, be put into cold water. Onions may be rendered milder and more digestible by soaking them for half-an-hour in boiling water (in which a tiny piece of soda is sometimes dissolved) before cooking.

All vegetables after being cooked may be *sauté*, that is tossed over the fire in a little butter before being sent to table. They will be improved by the process. *Sauté* potatoes are lightly browned in the butter.

Cauliflowers, broad beans, vegetable marrows, and similar vegetables, are excellent served with *sauce Blanche*. This sauce is made as follows:—

Melt an ounce of butter and stir into it three-quarters of an ounce of flour. Mix with a wooden spoon to form a smooth paste. The sauce will not oil if the flour and butter are well cooked. Stir in half-a-pint of cold water and boil, then mix in well, off the fire, the yolk of one egg. Three or four drops of lemon-juice may be added at the last moment or not.

Vegetables plainly boiled are generally eaten with meat, but vegetables form a delicious dish when eaten alone after the meat. French people have vegetables served by themselves constantly, and it would be a great improvement if English people would imitate their example in this respect. Asparagus, globe artichokes, green peas, French beans, cauliflowers, and tomatoes, may all be prepared to form most agreeable dishes, which would be sure to be appreciated if people would only try them.

Asparagus, cauliflower, and globe artichokes, served alone, may be boiled in the usual way accompanied either by oiled butter, melted butter (to which a little cream and a few drops of lemon-juice have been added), or Dutch sauce. These sauces are made as follows:—

Oiled butter.—Melt a little fresh butter without browning it. Skim it well, let it stand a minute or two, then pour it away from the curd, which will settle to the bottom. Add a pinch of salt, and serve the clear oily part only. *Melted butter.*—Melt an ounce of butter and mix half-an-ounce of flour smoothly with it. Add half-a-pint of cold water, and stir the sauce till it boils. *Dutch sauce.*—Real Dutch sauce is thickened with yolk of egg only. To make it, mix thoroughly in a plain jar the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, a little pepper and salt, and four ounces of fresh butter. Set the jar in a small saucepan half filled with cold water, and stir the contents of the jar over a moderate fire till the water in the saucepan boils; cool a minute, then add as much lemon-juice as will make the sauce pleasantly acid. The sauce should look like thick, smooth cream. Imitation Dutch sauce is made by using more water and thickening the sauce with a small quantity of flour. Sauce thus made, however, is not so delicate as sauce thickened with egg only. Sauces of this kind are expensive when more is made than is required, and no one thinks of putting a large portion of rich sauce upon his plate, so that rich sauce possesses that pleasing qualification —"a little goes a long way." Sauce made with half the quantities given above, and costing about sixpence, would be enough for a small bundle of asparagus.

Boiled artichokes are particularly delicious. The leaves are eaten with the fingers, though a fork is needed for the fleshy heart of the vegetable. The leaves are taken one at a time, and the broad thick part is dipped into the sauce, and this portion only is eaten.

French beans or haricots verts, as they are usually called, are also most excellent when served alone. They should be cut up in the usual way, boiled till quite tender, drained, then put into the stewpan, be sprinkled lightly with pepper, salt, and very little flour, then tossed over the fire for ten minutes, with not less than two ounces of butter to each pound of beans. Peas may be treated in the same way. A little sugar may be substituted for the flour with them. Both peas and beans are best when young and freshly gathered. These vegetables are as nourishing as meat.

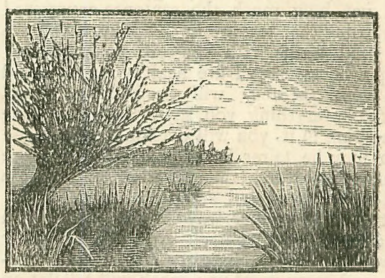
Cauliflower is excellent prepared as follows: Boil a large cauliflower in the usual way. Drain it thoroughly, cut away the stalks, and put it on a dish. Melt half-an-ounce of butter in a small saucepan, mix an ounce of flour smoothly with it, and add a gill of cold water. Stir the sauce till it boils, then add half-a-gill of cream, a little pepper, salt, and cayenne, and one ounce of grated Parmesan cheese. Lay the sauce over the cauliflower with a spoon, make it smooth, and sprinkle another ounce of cheese over the top. Brown before the fire, and serve hot. The remains of dressed cauliflower can be used for this dish.

People who like tomatoes are sure to enjoy them stuffed. To prepare these, make a little savoury forcemeat with whatever materials may be at hand, and flavour it, if possible, with mushrooms and lightly with shalot. Take a thin slice from the stalk end of some ripe but firm tomatoes, which should be of moderate and equal size, and scoop out from the centre the seeds and the watery part. Put in the forcemeat, and sprinkle brown raspings over the top. Place the tomatoes side by side in a deep dish which has a cover, and into which oil has been poured to the depth of a quarter of an inch. Place the cover over the tomatoes, and bake them in a sharp oven till they are cooked through. They should be basted every now and then. They will take about twenty minutes or more, according to their size and thickness. They should be quickly cooked, however, and the forcemeat with which they are filled should be cooked before it is put into the tomatoes. A little brown sauce may be served with them.

There are one or two fancy ways of frying potatoes which are always appreciated. I should like to speak of these before closing. First, fried potatoes. Take some large kidney potatoes, cut them into plugs about two inches long and half-an-inch thick; wash them and let them lie in water till wanted, and before cooking them drain them in a clean napkin to absorb the moisture. Have ready an iron stewpan half full of boiling fat. Put the potatoes into the frying basket, plunge these into the fat, draw the pan back a little, shake the basket now and again, and let the potatoes remain for about five minutes. By this time the fat will have gone off the boil. Take the potatoes out of the fat, therefore, and heat the fat again. When it boils once more put the potatoes in again, let them remain a minute or two and they are done. They should be salted, drained on kitchen paper, and served at once.

Potatoes soufflées, that is potatoes cut into slices and blown out like balloons, are cooked very much in the same way, but they are cut into slices the eighth-of-an-inch thick. The fat, for the second boiling should be very hot, 400°. When placed in it the potatoes will inflate and present a most appetising appearance. It is said, I know not with what truth, that this mode of cooking potatoes was discovered accidentally. A cook was frying his potatoes, and when they were almost finished he was called away. He lifted them out of the pan and returned as quickly as possible, but found that his fat was cool. He put it back on the fire and made it hot once more, and on plunging his potatoes into it, was surprised to find that they became inflated and acquired a balloon-like appearance. His new dish was highly appreciated, and all the cooks in the parish beseiged him for his secret, but it was some time before the real truth came out.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



A SEASONABLE WORD TO THE WISE.

By MEDICUS.

THERE is hardly any young girl living, I dare say, who has not a regard for her personal appearance and a wish to look her best. Indeed, apart from any feelings of her own, I deem it her bounden duty to those around her to do so. Milton tells us that only weak minds are led captive by beauty; but Milton isn't everybody, and there are many things he says that will not bear analysing. "Beauty is truth," says another poet, and that is coming nearer the mark, for there is a true beauty and a false beauty—

a beauty born of art, and a beauty which is Nature's own.

A great many young girls go entirely the wrong way to work in their endeavours to make themselves look agreeable and well; their efforts are all directed to adorning the exterior. Their first great thought, probably, is dress. Hair, hands, teeth, and complexion, come in for consideration next; and I do not know the names of a tenth part of the mysterious compounds that find their way to the toilet-table for the purpose of beautifying these. But I know that nearly all are the merest trash, with high-sounding names invented to sell them, and that many are dangerous in the extreme. Meanwhile, girls who make the most they can of dress, and possess the most magically-laden toilet-tables, are nearly always those who neglect their health, and everything that pertains thereto. Mind you, I do not for a single moment object to a girl making use of harmless toilet requisites, in order to look as well as possible; but I would have every girl to go the right way to work, and to beautify the exterior from within, for as sure as the sun has risen to-day there can be no true beauty without health. I have seen often ere now a girl who was charming to look at, outshone, eclipsed in society, by those about her own age, who were not half so pretty, but who possessed mind and *manner*. And without obedience to the laws of health you can never have either; for even if you are not too languid to endeavour to improve your mind, so intimately is mind and matter connected, that your endeavours will be all in vain. As well may you try to put the sheen of burnished gold upon a ploughshare. But a girl in good health will learn more in half an hour—and learn it, too, not to forget it—than a girl who is not so healthy can in a week.

"To be on good terms with one's self" is a phrase which, I admit, is not a very great way removed from what people call "slang;" and yet how much the sentence expresses! Supposing that you are in company, if you are on good terms with yourself, you will feel happy because you are healthy; your mind and your memory will be clear, you will sparkle, everything you say will seem to have something in it, you will outshine even those who may be fairer in complexion and more regular in features than yourself, and people will both respect and admire you; but, alas! if it be all the other way—if you are not on good terms with yourself—you will be either nervous and ill at ease, or languid and careless, and every word you speak will fall flat on the ear of the listener.

One little sentence concerning the eye before I go on to speak about the laws of health. It is the seat of beauty in the female countenance; it has not inaptly been termed the window of the soul. Now, girls are, as a rule, inclined to lay too much stress upon the colour of the iris of the eye. But colour is mere fancy; it is not in the colour that the beauty lies. What is the loveliest blue or brown, or hazel iris ever seen, if it be surrounded by an unclear and pearly white; if it lacks lustre, expression, sparkle; if it be not a key to every feeling that is passing in the mind—an eye of truth, an eye of sincerity, a healthy, happy eye? Ah! my dear young lady, you may use cosmetics, the most precious and costly that can be procured; your complexion may be delicate as the petal of the jonquil; your dress may be perfection, your figure faultless; but there is only one way to beautify the eye, and that is to possess yourself of health and true kindliness. Hence comes happiness, and hence not only the wish, but the power and ability, to adorn the mind as well as the body.

Now, as regards these laws of health which I so often speak about. I will grant you that the very idea of constantly conforming to set rules, constantly obeying framed laws, is repugnant to one's feelings. To live by rule is very often to live without a sense of comfort and a feeling of freedom. But I am glad to say that after a very short time this feeling wears off entirely. One very soon finds out the benefits of judicious obedience to hygienic laws, and the habit once formed becomes a second nature.

Errors in diet account for a great deal of the misery from which young girls often suffer. These cause irregularity of digestion to begin with, and this ends in a low form of dyspepsia, the symptoms of which may not be, and, indeed, seldom are, pain or any disagreeable feelings whatsoever about the region of the chest. No; in the young it is the blood that seems first to suffer—it becomes impure. The most nutritious portion of the food is taken up by a series of vessels called lacteals, which unite finally to form a duct, or vein, which empties its contents directly into one of the largest blood vessels in the body. Unfortunately, however, these lacteals will absorb not only the most nutritious portion of what we eat, but substances that are poisonous as well. This warns us to be careful of what we do eat. We may also err in the quantity of food we partake of. If the stomach be distended the coats of it are, for the time being, attenuated and weakened. They are unable to grasp the food, as it were, and mingle it up with the gastric juices; hence digestion is delayed, a process of fermentation is set up, and what we have eaten is rendered unfit for the proper nourishment of the blood, which, in this case, may become watery and weak. As a result of this last state of the blood, we have often an unhealthy skin. The face in particular suffers, the more tender skin of the nose and brow in particular, and perhaps pimply eruptions and blotches are the result. But this is not all, for the liver and stomach are friends and allies, and you cannot offend the one without offending the other. If, then, you get the stomach and liver out of order, even in a slight degree, bile is retained in the blood, and the complexion becomes sallow, and continues so until the person returns to her allegiance, and obeys this compulsory law of health: eat in moderation. If she does not so return, all the medicine in the pharmacopœia will not prevent her complexion from being ruined irretrievably.

Another common error is eating too fast, and without due mastication. This is unfair to the digestion. In the mouth the food must be mingled with the salivary juices to render digestion easy; and your beautiful teeth were not given to you merely for show when smiling. What should we eat? As a rule, everything, or anything in season, and nothing out of season, whether flesh, vegetables, or fruit; but some girls have strange likes and dislikes—certain articles of food do not agree with them. No wise mother will ever try to conquer these feelings in her child, or force her to eat what is repugnant to her, with the view of getting over the dislike. Leave it to time and nature to conquer.

No girl can be healthy who does not attend well to the hygiene of her teeth. Carious teeth should always be stopped, and if too far gone pulled out. Thanks to the gases that dentists now administer before commencing an operation, the extraction of even an offending molar is no great ordeal to undergo. But the teeth should be cleansed every morning inside as well as out, using a moderately soft brush and the most harmless tooth-powder possible;* and not only in the morning, but after every meal, when you go to wash the hands.

If the skin is not kept scrupulously clean, effete matters are retained in the blood; in fact, it becomes poisoned, and health and beauty are simply impossibilities; the body becomes languid and unfit for much exertion, the brain and mind are far from clear and bright, dreamless slumber is not obtained, there is hardly an organ of the body left in good working order, and the complexion becomes sallow and the eye muddy. Hence I am never tired of advocating the use of the bath to my readers. The soap bath is beauty's bath. And it is so simple: a pint of warm water, a bit of the mildest non-scented soap, a lather all over—time, one minute and a half. A few spongefuls of cold water applied to brow and face before entering the shallow bath, then in the bath half a dozen spongefuls over the body—time, one minute only. Then the towelling—time, two minutes, or under five minutes altogether. This just after getting out of bed. How grateful every organ in your body will be! If there be any music in you you will go singing down to breakfast.

Great attention should be paid to proper clothing by all who value their health. The feet should be always kept soft and warm, the boots ought not to be too tight. Tight lacing is much to be deplored. It is the cause of many facial troubles, among which I need only name pimples, ticks, blotches, roughness, and disagreeable flushings of the face. Tight lacing also prevents proper digestion, cramps the lungs, and is very likely permanently to injure the heart. The careless will pooh-pooh this attack of mine against tight lacing; wise girls will think there must be some truth in what "Medicus" says.

Health and beauty cannot be maintained without the possession of pure blood; pure blood is an impossibility where impure air is breathed. This being the case, it follows that we ought to be by day as much as possible in the open air, and sleep in well-ventilated rooms at night. The windows of a bedroom should be opened by day and kept at least partially open at night. If you are afraid of draughts it is a good plan, and does not cost much, to procure a piece of perforated zinc, the size of half the window, and fix this in at night, you can then with safety have the sash right up or right down as the case may be.

Plenty of wholesome outdoor exercise is a *sine quâ non* to all who would preserve health and acquire the beauty that hangs thereby. People often imagine they take enough exercise when in reality they do nothing of the kind. Take your exercise regularly. If it be walking do not be deterred by either a shower or a wet day. Wrap up and go as usual; change when you come back, and you will be none the worse but all the better for it. I have before said that that kind of exercise is most beneficial which is most pleasurable and exhilarating, but good long walks are productive of much good, even although they should have to be taken all alone. There is always something to see—something to interest, whether in country or in town.

Exercise, however, should be as much varied as possible, so that every set of muscles may be in its turn benefited by it.

No girl will enjoy health and beauty who does not rise early, no girl can rise early with good results who does not go to bed in time. I do not wish any of my readers to get up at midnight, so to speak. But half-past six in summer is not midnight, nor seven in winter, and depend upon it one breath of the early morning air is better for you than ten by moonlight.

Bad temper, excitement, and heat in argument all tend to the production of wrinkles; and excess of any kind—even excess in pleasures—sallows and spoils the complexion.

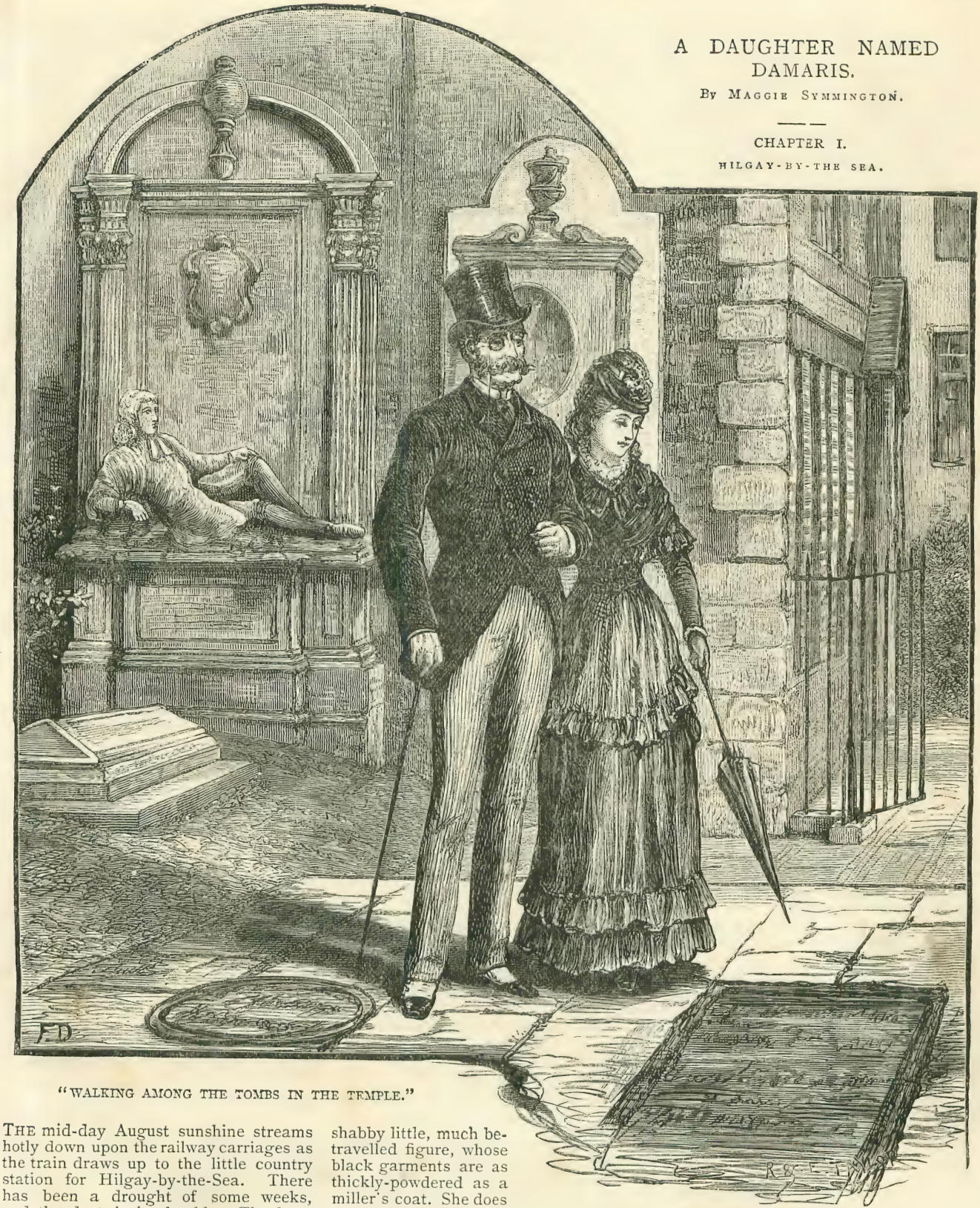
* See article on "Bright Eyes and Teeth Like Pearl," vol. i. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By Maggie Symmington.

CHAPTER I.

HILGAY-BY-THE SEA.



"WALKING AMONG THE TOMBS IN THE TEMPLE."

The mid-day August sunshine streams hotly down upon the railway carriages as the train draws up to the little country station for Hilgay-by-the-Sea. There has been a drought of some weeks, and the dust is intolerable. The hapless passengers alight, smothered and blinded.

There is a little crowd of luggage and people, as there generally is at this time of the year, it being the height of the season. Porters rush hither and thither. Everyone seems to receive their due portion of attention, but one shabby little, much be-travelled figure, whose black garments are as thickly-powdered as a miller's coat. She does not look good for much in the way of a fee, and doubtless this is the reason why she is passed by. But her turn comes, as it usually does sooner or later, to him who has strength to wait. Her great, iron-clamped trunk, covered with foreign labels, is turned out of the van, and commands the attention at once which she herself could not attract.

"Want a cab, miss?"

There are cabs to be had, then, in this uncivilised, out-of-the-world place.

"I—I—expected someone to meet me," says the traveller, glancing round her somewhat forlornly. She has only just returned after a three years' absence in Germany, and she had felt so certain that her only and widowed sister Lilian

would be there to receive her, knowing as she did that all would be perfectly strange to her. Three years ago she had left Lilian the wife of one of the most prosperous merchants in Birkenhead. She is returning to find her a widow with two little children, whom she has to toil in part to support. All that could be saved from the wreck of her husband's wealth was barely enough to rent and furnish a house in this "rising" watering-place (*vide* railway company's advertisements), and here she ekes out her slender income by letting furnished apartments.

So much is known to Damaris Hartley, the dusty little traveller; with all consequent changes she has yet to become familiar.

Just as her expectation is about to merge into keen disappointment, a tall, slight figure, heavily craped, comes gliding towards her.

"Can this be Lilian—*this?*" Damaris has been looking for the Lilian of three years ago, and hardly one vestige of her is to be found in the stranger.

She is not left long in doubt. Two little black-kid-gloved hands grasp her own.

"I began to think you had not come by this train after all. I am thankful to see you, Damaris."

Damaris mutely returns the hand-pressure; words fail her. Only three years, and such a change! All the light and colour are gone from the face she left so bright and blooming; the very eyes and hair seem to have faded too.

"I have engaged a cab," says Lilian to the porter; "bring that trunk to it. Come, Damaris."

Laden with her small parcels, Damaris follows her sister. As the cab rolls out of the station-yard Lilian is the first to speak—

"It is fortunate I obtained a closed vehicle; I should have been ashamed to be seen driving through Hilgay by your side."

There is a little twinkle in the elder sister's eyes as she says this.

Damaris laughs outright, and makes a feint of drawing her dusty garments away from Lilian's crape.

The cab slowly mounts a gentle incline from the station on to a flat table-land of cliff. And then it seems to Damaris, peering eagerly from the window to acquaint herself with the strange aspect of her sister's fresh surroundings, that the driver, for mere wanton amusement, takes his horse at random in and out between villas and terraces, set at strange angles from the sea, as though they were coquetting with it, and only cast sly glances upon it out of the corners of their eyes.

The cab finally stops before a house in a terrace, which forms an obtuse angle with the grassy line of cliff that faces the sea. In the doorway stand two little diaper-pinafored figures, with eager eyes and tousled hair.

Damaris makes a rush at the cab door, and in another second has the two little creatures in her arms, and is taking something she has missed and longed for in Lilian's welcome from their dewy lips and rosy cheeks.

"Take auntie up to her room, Lily."

Lily trots up two flights of stairs, until she brings her newly-arrived auntie into a little white room in the roof, with dormer window, which overlooks the wide ocean shimmering in the sunlight. It is evident to Damaris, at the first glance, that a loving hand has made ready this little niche for her, for its deficiencies are covered by its dainty prettiness.

"I am so sorry not to have a better room to give you," says Lilian, as she speedily follows them into the tiny chamber, "but it is the Hilgay season now, and any day I may let the first floor sitting-room and the two bedrooms that go with it, and then I should have to move you Dinner is quite ready—don't stay to do more than you can help; and after dinner you must come straight to bed and lie down until tea-time. I do not expect you have had much sleep since you left Heidelberg."

"Not one wink, I assure you, Lilian. I had the English pupils coming home for the holidays under my charge as far as London, and we were all alike wild at being released from the thraldom of Frau Welbeck. At Mayence, where we passed the first night, we could not rest for fear of missing the early boat, and then, last night, the Antwerp boat was so crowded that by common consent we abjured the suffocating ladies' cabin and promenaded the deck in preference to going to our berths."

Damaris was nothing loth literally to follow her sister's advice. Before dinner was half over leaden weights were pressing down her eyelids, and yet, when she was fairly disposed for sleep, on the little white bed in her little white room, all the vividly-recalled events of her journey held wild revel in her aching brain. Her wearied limbs remained quiescent, but for a long time her mind pursued its workings.

With her departure from the Pensionnat of Frau Welbeck at Heidelberg, where she had been resident as English governess for three years, it seemed to Damaris that she had reached the conclusion of another chapter of her life's history

How many could she count already?

There was the first, all bright and glowing, without so much as the shadow of a cloud to dim its happy memory. Her father was an English officer, her mother a sunny-hearted French girl.

This gay young mother died when Damaris was born, and all she knew of her mother was learned from Justine La Marque, the *nourrice* who accompanied Mrs. Hartley to England, and remained with her motherless girls for eight years after her death. She used to tell the child Damaris about the wild district of the Cevennes, where the girlhood of both mistress and maid had been spent, the one in a cottage, the other in a *château*. These stories had been more fascinating to little Damaris than her fairy literature; they mixed themselves up in her imagination with her favourite fairy tales, and the woods and rocks and waterfalls of the Cevennes formed a new setting for "Graciosa and Percinet," and "The Fair One with the Golden Locks."

When Justine, having faithfully performed her duty, took tearful leave of her nurse-children to return to her own country, Colonel Hartley engaged a governess to supply her place, but the plan not answering, and he being obliged to go abroad with his regiment, he took his motherless girls to Paris, and left them there in a good school recommended to him by a friend.

This was the beginning of the second chapter in Damaris's story.

At first it seemed a dreary enough life, but then there awoke in her that enthusiasm of study which gilds the most monotonous hours To Lilian their school life was never any other than a weariness. In character she resembled her father rather than her mother. She was very amiable and affectionate, and of an easy-going temperament. She inherited enough of his ambition, joined to her mother's love of the beautiful, to make her desirous of shining in society, and of securing for herself such refinements and luxuries as are to be had in this life. There was little chance of gratifying these desires in the seclusion of a French convent school. One would have thought that there, if anywhere, the worldly spirit had no chance to penetrate; but it requires more than high walls and watchful duennas to prevent the working of that natural law by which like things are attracted to each other. Lilian's volatile nature drew forth and assimilated the thistledown of her companions' hearts and minds, just as Damaris, subject to the same conditions, drank from a deeper fount. The cleverest analytical chemist cannot tell why, from the same nature, one active centre draws properties which form the diamond, and another those which make a fair, frail, scentless weed. He may tell *how*, but the mysterious *why* is hidden. Nor can I even attempt to say why Lilian and Damaris, subjected in all things apparently to the same influences, developed characters so totally different. Damaris possessed her mother's spirit and intelligence, and the spice of her father's ambition in her led her on to the acquirement of knowledge. The passionate love of beauty developed in the mother by the lovely surroundings of her southern home, in Lilian reappeared as a mere love of luxury and sybarite enjoyment; but in Damaris it became a subtle instinct which refined all she touched. She liked to be daintily dressed—not, as Lilian did, that she might attract the admiration of others, but because cleanliness and beauty were in harmony with her own nature. To be careless and neglectful of her person or belongings would have jarred upon her spirit, even as a discord in music tortured her nerves.

From time to time, as his profession allowed him leisure, Colonel Hartley

visited Paris, when he would have his daughters with him for a short period at some hotel, and *fête* them in every possible way. These were charming times to both; nay, to all three. With the careless *bonhomie* of his nature, the Colonel was prodigal in lavishing upon them every delight that this city of delights could afford. Their beauty and spirit were all that he could desire, and to Lilian her father's unqualified admiration was the earnest of other conquests in store. After these weeks of excitement, Lilian would be fit for nothing on her return to school. For some time her brain would be full of wild dreams until, by her idleness, she had tried to the uttermost the patience and authority of her teachers. Then, driven to exert herself, she would work for awhile to acquire such accomplishments as would add to the attraction of her personal appearance; but no sooner did the time approach when they might again expect their father than she would deliver herself up to absorbing anticipation of the pleasures to come. It was in obedience to Lilian's earnest entreaties that Colonel Hartley removed them from school when she was seventeen years of age and Damaris fifteen, and brought them home to a little bijou residence he had taken at Kensington.

Thus began the third chapter in Damaris's history.

Lilian entered into all the delights and triumphs of her first London season, the Colonel lamenting that Damaris was too young to participate in the gay scenes where her sister shone so conspicuously. But Damaris was very happy in her own, and quite a different, way. While Lilian was making acquaintance with the gay world, under the auspices of Lady Mortimer, an old-time friend of her father, Damaris crossed the threshold of a more magic region by far. She laid coaxing hands upon the Colonel and compelled him to take her to places from which her youthfulness did not exclude her. In this way she had seen Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Tower, and St. Paul's; had heard Dean Stanley preach, and Huxley and Tyndall lecture; she had caught a glimpse of the hoary-headed sage of Chelsea, and read his "Queen of the Air" and "Sartor Resartus"; she had seen Whitehall and the "Silver Thames" on which the gilded barge of the hapless Stuarts had glided, and of which Spenser has sung so sweetly; she had driven with her father to Streatham, amusing him greatly the while with naive questions about Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and Frances Burney; then she had made him take her to the old court of the Temple, where the simple old doctor had lived; and so they stood together by the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, and wandered amongst the tombs of the Crusaders in the Temple Church. While Lilian lived her gay, butterfly life, Damaris stored up an abundance of sweet honey against the winter time. That winter was nearer than either thought. For years Colonel Hartley had been living beyond his income, comfortably shifting the burdens of to-day on to a problematic to-morrow, refusing as long as he could to look his difficulties in the face. As a drowning man catches at a straw to save himself, he, knowing that his affairs must be irretrievably embarrassed, speculated in the hope of recovering himself, and hastened the ruin which he had seen threatening.

Thus ended the shortest and most brilliant chapter in Damaris's story.

The next opened in a little cottage home in a country village, which the Colonel's half-pay still secured to them. Here Lilian bewailed her sad fate, her broken hopes, and blighted prospects, while Damaris did what she could to cheer her father's last days. This accumulation of misfortunes had turned the hale soldier into a broken-down old man. This chapter was so sad in all its details that Damaris could not bear to dwell upon it.

It was dragged out through three long years, and then she and Lilian were orphans.

The next chapter began in Lilian's home.

She married, as I have already stated, a prosperous merchant, and she did so because he was able to give her what she told herself she could no longer do without—an inexhaustible supply of the luxuries of life, the means of rounding off all its angles for herself and Damaris. She thought by the sacrifice of herself she had secured both against all unpleasantnesses in the future; and she forgot that little warning about the moth and rust to which the riches of this world are subject. At the very beginning of this new life she found that it was not to be entirely of roses. Damaris obstinately refused to have the angles rounded for her. She did not like her sister's husband. He was generous and kind-hearted, but uncultivated; and proud Damaris could not endure the thought of owing anything to him. While endorsing his wife's assurance, he had managed to convey to her the fact that she would have cause to be grateful to them both if she accepted this proffered home. Damaris would have none of it; though, for Lilian's sake, she made her refusal as gentle as it was undeniably firm. She had health and strength and means at her command—for from the wreck of their father's affairs a trifle had been preserved for both of them—and she would fit herself to earn her own living. She expended her little capital in paying for further education in Paris, and she so far yielded to Lilian's entreaties as to spend each vacation with her.

By the time Damaris's little store was exhausted she felt herself to be well armed for the battle of life. Through the kind offices of Madame Argent, her old Parisian friend and *institutrice*, she had obtained the engagement at Heidelberg which was just now terminated. To Damaris it seemed that her life had already been a long and eventful one; she believed that she had lived through the best part of it. If anyone had told her that her story was only just about to begin, she would have laughed incredulously.

Long before she had reached this point at which we have arrived she had lost all consciousness in sleep.

The flies buzzed in the window, the sun slid downwards in the heavens, casting a glittering pathway over the sea, and the tide crept up to the land in harmless little waves.

The children were out with their nursemaid, and Lilian sat and stitched in the bay-window of the vacant first-floor sitting-room, indulging vain hopes of the pleasure she would have in the constant companionship of Damaris.

(*To be continued.*)

MAKING AND WORKING A BLOTTING CASE.

As a fit companion to the music-cover given in a recent number, we this month present the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER with a design for embroidering a blotter, and in order to give every facility for carrying out the design, we append these few hints, both as to making the case and adorning it afterwards with needlework. As we cannot build a house without the foundation, so we cannot adorn the blotter until we have the article itself; so we will proceed to describe how the case should be made. Those who carried out the instructions for working the music case will, with the experience then gained, be able to set about the blotter with ease, for much that we said then applies to the present article, so they must pardon us if, in order to be quite clear to all our readers, we travel somewhat over the old ground. The first thing to obtain is millboard of a strong, compact texture, which shall combine strength without clumsiness. The kind used at the back of drawing blocks is the best quality. It should be of a dark brownish gray, and somewhat glossy. The size must depend upon the will of the worker. The one for which our illustration was drawn was twelve inches by ten, a very convenient size, as it will then take MS., as well as ordinary letter paper. It will be easier to enlarge the design to this size, as it will then be in the same proportion as the illustration. Some trouble might be had with the border if the proportions were altered, as it will be noted the space between the flowers is the same at the top and bottom as the sides. Those who wish either to enlarge or reduce the size from twelve inches by ten should do so by adding or taking away a flower from the length or width, and putting in or leaving out the intervening leaves, which, as will be seen, are simply a reproduction of the same pattern at the top and bottom and two sides.

See that the two millboards are square, or the

shape of the blotter will be marred. The next thing is to provide a back. Leather is the best for this purpose, as it is both strong and flexible, and might be obtained for a few pence from any bookbinder. Canvas might do in lieu of leather. It should be of such a width as to allow about a clear half-an-inch between the top and bottom covers, and about half-an-inch to glue or paste on to the millboards. Thin glue is perhaps the best thing for bookbinder's work, as it adheres more readily than other substances, especially where leather is used.

The next business is to provide yourself with the material you intend to work the design upon. This must be left to your fancy, but very dark blue, green, or black silk or satin, is the best material for such a purpose. We will now take it for granted that the design has been worked (we will reserve our remarks as to working the design to the close of the article), and is ready to be stretched over the millboards. Of course you must have about half an inch all round to turn over. We need hardly mention that the material chosen should be in one piece, the size of both millboards when laid out flat, plus the portion for turning over. Having put your worked cover flat down upon the table, plain side uppermost, adjust the millboard in its proper place, and have some very thick paste, such as shoemakers use, and, having pasted the edges to be turned over, pull them over and press them into the mill-board until they adhere. Of course it will be necessary to cut a gusset, as it were, out of the four corners to enable the edges to fold down flatly. Allow this to dry thoroughly, and see that all the parts adhere to the millboards. It will be as well to close the covers after you have stuck all the edges down, as it sometimes causes great tension if allowed to dry without doing this, but it is of course important that the material should be stretched lightly over the covers, so as to show no puckers.

We must now see about pockets on the inside of the covers to hold paper, envelopes, and other sundries. Thin cardboard would do for the purpose. We should be disposed to make one large pocket on the side upon which we write, that is the pocket attached to the back leaf of the blotter, as in writing we should always have a flat surface, and by keeping the large pocket for paper only we shall avoid the bulging that might ensue with envelopes. The cardboard should be just a little smaller than the millboard, and should be gussetted like a purse, so that it can be opened easily. The gussets in this case might be made of the same material as the outside. On the front inner side of the blotter we might have a pocket capable of holding envelopes, one for postcards, and a small one for stamps. All these should be gussetted like the large pocket. As these smaller pockets will not entirely cover the millboard, the interstices should be covered with silk pasted on the millboard. This applies also to the cardboard, which should be covered with some nice coloured silk, also pasted on. The inside of the back should also be covered with silk, and spaces made to slip a pen and pencil in, a strong piece of silk elastic sewn on to the top and bottom of the back to hold the blotting paper in its place, and the blotter should then be fit for use, and should make a useful and ornamental table accessory. If the pockets are thought to be beyond the genius of the reader, simply cover the inside of the blotter with plain silk, pasted on with the edge turned under, but of course the pockets add to the usefulness of the blotting case.

We now come to the more interesting part of our subject, viz., the carrying out of the design. Having enlarged it by the usual method (see "Grammar of Embroidery," in vol. ii.), make a tracing of the enlarged design on tracing-paper, and having gone over the back of it with a little chalk well rub-bed in, mark over the design with a hard point. Of course, it will be only necessary to draw one top and one side of the border, as they can be used twice over for the other two sides. As this transfer is liable to rub off, it is better to go over it with a brush and Chinese white.

DESIGN FOR BLOTTING CASE.

The next thing is to arrange a scheme of colouring, for all good work must be guided by some definite plan. Generally, then, the border should be dark and the inside light, with the exception of the monogram, which also might be dark. The flowers might be a golden brown, darker in centre, and olive-green leaves, varied; the lines on either side of border a shade darker than the flowers. The pens should be almost white, the feather part a little darker. The monogram might be in golden colour, and the peacocks' feathers might have the centre eye two tones of blue-green, the rest of the centre golden brown, and the feathers themselves tones of bronze, red, and yellow; but keep the general mass of colour light and the border darker, so as to frame in the inside. The lines and little dots tones of yellow and brown. Other colourings might be adopted, such as tones of blue, but this must be left to the taste of the worker. The under-side of the blotter might only have the border worked, leaving out the centre part of the design.

As the work is fine throughout, we should recommend silk in preference to crewels.

F. MILLER.

HOME.

(See Frontispiece.)

THREE girlish figures bend over a book—
A rare collection of picturesque views;
Then each considers, with serious look,
Where she'd plant her home, were she free to choose,
When her girlhood went and the woman came,
And she wore a ring and another name.

"I on yon mountain crest, facing the sun,
The world of the valley below at my feet,
Where waterfalls dash and the rivulets run,
High as the eagle, would have my retreat—
A rock-built castle," cried Ethel the bold,
"Where I might rule like a dame of old!"

"I care not for mountains; my joy is the sea!
Close to the shore of some beautiful bay,"
Cries Ada the dreamy, "my cottage should be;
And waves sing me anthems for ever and aye!
Yes, whether it ripple or break in foam,
By the musical sea should be my home."

"Ah! both are too breezy and bleak for me.
I should want," says Maud, "a more sheltered nook.
I'd make my home 'neath a forest tree,
And list the song of the bird and the brook;
And never an echo should reach our nest
Of the eagle's scream or the wave's unrest"

"Sisters!" a voice came in through the door—
Through the open chink of a door of glass—
"Whether on mountain, or wave-beat shore,
Or in woodland wild, among tangled grass,
I care not wherever my home might be,
If with those I love and those who love me."

A BLUSH ROSE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ORPHANED.

IT was the month of October, and, for a wonder, not raining in Spindleton, when James Vaudrey, hosier and haberdasher, took his way after business hours from his shut-up shop in Newmarket-street to his other establishment in Older-street, where a good dwelling house supplemented the large-windowed shop. The shutters were up, and all in darkness save where a home-welcome streamed from the fanlight over the private entrance from an oil-lamp, hung within the wide lobby to which he obtained ingress by merely turning the door-handle. (No one thought of spring-locking or chaining house-doors until bedtime in Spindleton in those days.) Besides the customary hall table and chairs, a few etceteras in the way of luggage caught his eye in passing.

Hanging up his hat in the hall he turned the handle of another door and entered the snug, warm parlour behind the shop. There Mrs. Vaudrey, a remarkably pretty woman who had barely crossed the Rubicon of thirty, was seated near the fire with a quantity of patch-work on the table and a wicker cradle by her side, in which reposed a pretty pink specimen of feminine humanity, some five or six weeks old.

"How are we all to-night?" said he, stooping to kiss his wife and have a glimpse at the little one before he turned to toast his back at the fire; "and how is Amabel? I see by the hampers and boxes they are here."

"Yes, Jane went in a coach from the stand to meet them at the quay. They only came in at eight o'clock, as hungry as hunters—at least, Amabel was—and oh, James, she has grown such a tomboy! And her speech! I cannot tell you how it shocked me, it was so broad!"

He smiled, as he asked, "And what of the new nurse?"

"*That* is what Mrs. Marbury says," and a letter was put into his hand.

He drew near to the table and snuffed the candles before he ventured on the letter. After skimming the contents he read aloud:—

"I hope, Mrs. Vaudrey, you will not treat poor Rosa as an ordinary nursemaid. She is very sensitive, and would feel it keenly. But, indeed, I know I may trust to your kindness and that of Miss Jane, or I should not have sent her. She is at present naturally much cast down; but will doubtless soon recover her spirits in your cheerful household. And I am certain you will find her a sensible, modest, and steady girl, one you can rely on."

"Worthy credentials from a worthy source!" remarked James Vaudrey as he folded up the letter. "Mrs. Marbury's word is better than some people's affidavit. Where is the girl and what is she like?"

He threw himself as he spoke on the ponderous black hair-seating-covered sofa at the door end of the room beyond the table, where he could catch the gleam of the fire, rest his limbs, and—listen. He knew he had set his wife's tongue going busily, as did her glancing needle through the patchwork quilt.

He was a man of few words, she a woman of many. Their conversation was apt to be one-sided.

"Oh," she answered, "Rosa went upstairs with Jane to put Amabel and Jack to bed, and has not come down again. I suppose Jane is showing the girl where she is to sleep and put her clothes, and having a talk with her to make her feel at home." ("Just like Jane!" thought Mr. V.) "I could tell you better what she is like if Amabel had not made such a noisy rush to kiss and hug us all, and had not been in such a hurry to carry her off to the kitchen and nursery. She seemed a slim girl about sixteen years old—I don't think she could be more—with a pale, pensive countenance and a sort of coffee-brown hair; but I could not see the colour of her eyes, they were so downcast. She had a good cloth cloak on over her black stuff frock, and her cottage bonnet was trimmed with crape. Mrs. Marbury has sent her out very respectably indeed, considering!"

"Considering what, my dear?" put in Mr. Vaudrey, quietly, as he lay with his hands clasped behind his head on the sofa arm.

"Why, considering—James, I wish you would snuff the candles—considering that Mrs. Marbury must have done it out of her own pocket. Did I not tell you that Rosa Bateson was an orphan?"

The taciturn man obeyed, once more laid down the steel snuffers in their tray, and himself on the sofa, with a mere "Did you?"

"Did I! Now, James, how provoking you are! You never remember what I tell you. Do you not recollect being told that Rosa Bateson's father was the owner of some salt-works in Cheshire, not far from Mrs. Marbury's, and that somehow, after the duty was taken off salt, his affairs became involved, and that after two or three years' ineffectual struggling he became bankrupt, and being a man of high principle and strict honour, the disgrace killed him? You *must* remember!"

Looking up to thread her needle Mrs. Vaudrey saw her husband shake his head in dissent.

"Not remember! What a man you are!" went on the chatty woman. "Then you will need reminding that Mrs. Bateson herself was in delicate health at the time, and the double shock—her husband's sudden death from heart disease coming close upon their plunge from prosperity into poverty—threw the poor lady into a rapid decline. I am sure it brought tears into my eyes when Mrs. Marbury told me how she found Mrs. Bateson and her two girls, when she went to say they need not trouble themselves about her little account, and to offer to make their mourning without charging for it."

"Very good of Mrs. M.!" from the sofa.

"Yes; so I said. Well, she found their good house shut up, stripped of everything, the beautiful gardens all trampled down and littered with straw; Mrs. Bateson and her two girls, Rosa and Edda, in a poor cottage previously occupied by one of their own work-people, with scarcely furniture enough for their common needs—almost without food or money—and yet too proud to seek assistance: almost too proud to accept it, however delicately tendered. Rosa was as reserved as her mother with respect to their circumstances. It was little Edda, who felt the unaccustomed pinching of hunger sharp, who let out the full secret of their dire necessity to her mamma's good dressmaker.

"Mrs. Marbury said she was completely puzzled how to smuggle a hamper of groceries and other food into the cottage without

wounding their feelings, or giving offence. She *did* manage it, however, and she managed to obtain admittance for their old doctor, who had been dismissed when there were no means to pay him; and *he* laid down the law to Miss Rosa that unless her mother had proper sustenance, wheresoever it came from, she would die; and she endeavoured to make the mother rally for the sake of her children.

"Love for her mother overcame Rosa's pride. The little niceties sent for the invalid were tenderly and scrupulously administered, but in order to provide the girl herself with proper nourishment it was necessary to have a liberal customer for the netted silk purses, tapework, and embroidery, she worked during her day and night watches by the sick bed. You understand, James?"

"Yes, I understand. Poor child!" murmured the listener on the sofa. "She would not accept *charity* for *herself*."

"Exactly so, James; and—would you believe?—it was not until Mrs. Bateson was actually dying that Mrs. Marbury learned she had a married sister in Lancashire who was Edda's godmother, and in good circumstances. It then came out that Mr. King, the brother-in-law, had been applied to by Mr. Bateson at the outset of his difficulties, when a friendly hand might have averted the catastrophe, and been coarsely repulsed; and they had held no communication afterwards.

"With death and poverty on the hearth it was no use standing on ceremony. Dr. Lindop took upon himself to acquaint Mrs. King that her sister was dying. And just in time for the funeral Mrs. King arrived—a fussy, self-important woman, more concerned over the probable expense and the disgrace the bankruptcy had brought upon the family than over the suffering of the dead-and-gone sister or her orphan girls in their fall from prosperity to penury. She grumbled over the costs of the poor funeral before she paid them, and discussed the conduct of the dead and the prospects of the bereaved children in their presence, with thoughtless disregard of either the mute agony of Rosa or the convulsive sobs of little Edda, who was not to be comforted. The aunt's lamentations were more for herself than them. It was hard, she said, that she, with a family of her own, should be expected to maintain her sister's children too; indeed, she was sure Mr. King would not hear of it. She was willing to take her namesake, Edda, and bring her up with her own children, but she could do nothing for Rosa. The girl could not expect to be kept in idleness. She was quite old enough to take a situation and keep herself, and she must do so."

"Well, there was some reason in that," said Mr. Vaudrey. "Mr. King and the family *would* have to be considered."

"Yes, James, I know that—and the girls were *her* relations, not his; but I think she might have considered how delicately they had been reared and the trouble they were in, and not have wounded their sensitive feelings by blurting out this in their faces."

"My dear," again from the sofa, "confine yourself to facts. You were not present, and can be no judge of Mrs. King's manner or motives."

"True, James," and an impatient little jerk snapped the wife's thread; "but I was told that Mrs. King's high-handed manner was most offensive. She never said so much as 'thank you' to either Dr. Lindop or Mrs. Marbury, but took their gratuitous services as matters of course. And I heard that it was painful to witness the efforts of Rosa to control her feelings. The girl's face alternately flushed and paled. At last her spirit of independence overpowered her natural timidity, and she said, 'I *will* work and keep myself and Edda too, if you please, aunt, if Mrs. Marbury will only show me how. I would rather not trespass on our relations, and I do not wish to part with my sister!' And—would you believe?—James, the aunt would have taken the poor girl at her word and have left both behind without a home to shelter them, if Mrs. Marbury and the Doctor had not both taken up the matter sharply, and made her feel her responsibilities as well as the impossibility of a girl not sixteen, unused to work, maintaining another besides herself.

"They made the woman ashamed at last, and then it was settled that Edda should go home with her to Ashtown, and Mrs. Marbury take charge of Rosa until she could find her a suitable situation. The parting of the sisters affected everybody but the aunt, though Rosa had learned self-repression by her mother's sick bed, and was overheard comforting the younger one with the assurance that some day she would have a home of her own, and *then* Edda should live with *her*."

"How did you learn all this?" questioned Mr. Vaudrey, as a woman servant came in to lay the supper cloth, and his wife collected her patches into a huge work-bag.

"Mrs. Marbury told me the last time she came to Spindleton for the fashions; not the time when she took Amabel home with her. She said she would have taken Rosa into her own workroom, but the youngest apprentice had to run the errands and carry dresses home, and she could not find in her heart to send Mrs. Bateson's daughter to wait on people they had visited as equals. She asked me if I knew of a suitable situation away from Saltwych."

"So *you* offered to take the young lady as a *nurse?*"

"No, I did not, sir! There, baby's stirring," and a foot went on the rocker. "Nothing had turned up likely to suit Rosa when I wrote to ask Mrs. Marbury to find me a respectable nursemaid for Bessy, and, to my surprise, she proposed that I should try Rosa Bateson, saying that the girl would prefer service in a place where she was unknown. And that's all about it, James."

Miss Danvers, or Miss Jane, as she was called, Mrs. Vaudrey's elder sister, here came into the room, and after her Ann with a supper, smoking hot.

"Where's Rosa?" was the question put to her.

"Where we ought all of us to be at this hour—in bed. Amabel wanted to sit up to see papa, but she dropped asleep before he came in. And I thought that after their tedious journey bed was the best place for both of them. I'd an idea Rosa—by-the-way, her name is Rosaline—had a weary soul as well as a weary body; and it was certainly the best place for her. She may be fresher and more lively in the morning."

It was quite clear that Rosaline Bateson had not fallen into bad hands, although she had made a descent in the social scale, and was even then drenching her pillow with sorrowful tears.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

ELLEN.—We should know the condition of your wardrobe before suggesting how you should expend the £10 legacy. If well supplied with summer clothing, and not with winter wraps, remember that July and August are the months in which to purchase furs with economy. A jacket and muff, or deep trimmings for a thick cloth jacket, might prove a valuable purchase. If provided with winter dress, perhaps some of your legacy might be laid out with advantage in underlinen, and in the purchase of boots and shoes, which wear the better for being well seasoned. We cannot supply addresses.

LAURA.—We are sorry you were unsuccessful in the last competition. However, you will have an opportunity of trying again. Our next competition in needlework will be announced in the next number.

CARRIE L.—There is a great difference in opinion amongst furriers respecting the use of turpentine—dropped on thick brown paper—to be laid in the box with furs during the summer. Doubtless it will prove efficacious against moths, but some say it is very injurious to the appearance of beaver and sealskin. Under any circumstances, if employed, it should be the best spirits of turpentine, sold by chemists. Beating, brushing, and exposure to the air once a month are the best methods of preserving them. You speak of your "Astracan dog" fur; there is no such thing as a "dog skin" sold by any furrier. There are the "Astracan lamb" and "Persian lamb." The latter is the larger skin of the two, and is much more than proportionably expensive. Your jacket is probably of the former kind.

ART.

HARTIE MILNE.—You might divide your designs in groups of four each, so as to obtain the twelve you require, viz., allegorical figures of the seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter; of the animate creation—man as a little baby-boy, beast, bird, and fish, making your own selection; of the elements—air, represented by a sky scene, clouds, and perhaps lightning; earth, a landscape with a mountain, fire; a volcano in bright eruption; and water, a marine view with a ship or boat.

ASPIRANT.—If you desire to excel as a flower and fruit painter, we strongly advise your careful study of the works of our great painter, Muckley, of which there are four or five most exquisite examples in the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. There is also a very fine fruit and *genre* piece by Barrett-Browning, besides some other admirable paintings of the same character. Above all things, beware of making visible outlines. There is no line round any object.

CECILIA R.—Up to the present time no method has been devised for painting silk and satin so that the colours should remain invariable, and it was therefore from no mistake of your own that the colours you employed changed and blackened. But we hear that a new preparation has been invented by some Italian gentlemen, in the use of which neither varnish nor gum are employed, and it is reported that all kinds of stuffs may, through this new medium, be painted in oil with lasting colours, those on satin and silk appearing as brilliant as enamels. When more information is supplied to the public, we will tell you more.

COOKERY.

LIZZIE HUGHES and GLOIRE DE DIJON.—The least expensive method of dressing salad is to mix equal parts of sweet olive oil and vinegar. A more elaborate and expensive dressing is produced as follows, viz.: Take fourpennyworth of cream, add the yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, a little cayenne pepper, and salt, the cream to be well whipped up, and all poured over the salad. Of course, the quantities must be regulated by the amount of salad required, and the dressing modified to suit the taste of the guests, as to the proportions of each ingredient.

DOLLY.—For the glazing of hams you require brown soup, into which you should break up some isinglass. The colouring is effected with Indian soy, and all should cool a little before used. 2. As a variety for breakfast or lunch we recommend you to supply yourself with scraped beef, which is very nice on bread and butter. Get about three pounds of lean beef, and place it in a pickle of bay saltpetre and common salt, to stand for about four days. Then boil it, hang it up till dry, and then grate it.

YOUTHFUL HOUSEKEEPER.—The comparative preponderance of certain ingredients in all sauces must be regulated according to the taste of those who require them. Thus, in giving both quantities and proportions of each, the amount wanted and the fancy of the cook must be consulted. "Horse-radish sauce" is easily made. Mash some potatoes very finely, and pound the horse-radish; mix them together, adding a little cream, a small quantity of mustard, as much brown sugar, and a little vinegar. Good cooks taste their preparations to ensure satisfactory results.

GARDENER.—The proper way of dressing spinach according to the best French recipe is the following: Take two large bowlfuls of spinach, well cleaned, ¼ lb. of butter, two teaspoonfuls of pounded sugar, a little salt (and nutmeg if desired), and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Boil the spinach first until quite tender, chop it finely, and rub it through a coarse wire sieve, put it into a stewpan, and stir it over the fire until warm. Add the before-named ingredients, and continue stirring the whole together for five or six minutes. Try some *croutons* of bread to garnish it, and place the spinach, heaped together, in a covered dish.

LIZZY B.—One of the nicest preparations of cheese, suitable for the course preceding the dessert, is the following:—Take 2 oz. of Parmesan or other cheese, 2 oz. of flour, and 2 oz. of butter. Mix all well together, adding a little cayenne pepper and salt. Roll out thin and cut into oblong squares;

place in a slow oven for about ten minutes. Serve piled three and three (or in fours), and lay the succeeding layers, each respectively crossing those preceding them, leaving a small space between every cake.

DISCONTENTED must not expect to become an adept in cookery at once, even though it be in the most ordinary dishes and sauces. If your bottled sauces run short—an accident of occasional occurrence in the country—make some "Dutch sauce" for the fish or vegetables, for which you will probably have the necessary ingredients. Thus—take 2 oz. of butter, dissolve it in a saucepan, and stir in a teaspoonful of flour. When all blended together, add half a teacupful of milk, a little salt, and the yolks of two eggs. Then stir till boiling, and strain through a sieve, adding a few drops of lemon-juice if desired. Serve very hot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. M. S. PINAFORE and DOLLY.—1. The measurements for lawn tennis courts are continually undergoing alterations. The last are, we believe, as follow:—The whole space allotted to the game should be 78 feet by 36. The four courts enclosed in the centre of this oblong-square measure collectively 42 feet by 27. This will leave spaces at each end of the entire space first named of 18 feet. 2. We are not acquainted with such a word. You may not have written it correctly. *Bis* means again. 3. You should not take singing lessons until you are sixteen years of age. 4. We say a "shower of rain" and a "fall of snow." Anglo-Saxon, *scur*, German, *schauer*, a copious fall of anything. It is used metaphorically by Shakespeare, viz.:

"The great shower of your gifts,"

and Spenser uses the word thus:

"A sharp shower of arrows,"

the word being adapted for use in various ways.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.—There are two varieties of the crow—the "carrion crow," which is entirely black, and the "hooded crow," which is ash-coloured excepting the head, which is black. In their flight, crows may be distinguished from rooks by their usually flying singly, whereas the latter fly in numbers more or less numerous. The rook is black, but its head and face is generally rubbed rather bare of feathers from its busy grubbing in the ground for its food. Both its wings and beak are longer than those of the crow. It is a more sociable bird than the latter, assembles in larger flocks, and is migratory. Within the last two years very considerable numbers of them have abandoned their nests in England, and have settled in the trees of some of the Orkney Islands. Such an immigration was never before known there.

A HOPEFUL HEART.—We most sincerely sympathise with you. It is a pity that you have no taste for drawing, as that requires but one hand. It is well that your right hand was left you, and you can use that well, for you write a fine bold hand. Some little amusement might be found in cleaning off the external rough casing on shells—such as the "Venus's ear," or "Ormer," as it is called in Guernsey, the only shore on which they are driven from the West Indies at a certain season of the year (the early spring). Procure some varieties of shells from your friends, a small bottle of muriatic acid, and a camels' hair brush. Sweep some over the outer crust, and it will seethe and bubble up. Do not repeat the brushing too often, or the beautiful rainbow-coloured surface underneath it will be burnt into holes. Have a basin of water beside you, into which to dip the shell frequently, to see what progress has been made, and to wash off any of the acid that may touch your fingers. Some shells have a green layer under the rough coat, and it may look well to leave some portions of this. 2. Another pleasant employment for one hand is the colouring of baskets with sealing-wax. This is done by placing the latter in bottles of spirits of wine. The bottles should be wide in the neck, and a pair of camels' hair brushes, one flat, and one smaller and round, will be required. Parts of the basket might be in green, others in red; or in blue and red, white and lilac, &c., according to your fancy. The wax soon dries, and is everlasting. We have got baskets looking as bright as ever now that were thus painted thirty years ago. They can be sponged clean with cold water. Paint some work baskets thus.

NELLIE.—We rejoice to hear of the spiritual aid you have derived from reading this magazine. Sunday-school teaching is a good work, but teachers need to be very judicious, and the art of teaching needs to be carefully learnt. As for any further active employment in the service of God, it is difficult to point out anything further to a young girl of your extreme youth. Your duties lie at home, in obedience, diligence in your studies, deference to your mother's wishes, kindness, and unselfishness, patience, humility, and good temper. It is worthy of more note than is usually bestowed on the point that "the fruits of the spirit," which are the expressly indicated and accepted evidences of your piety, are all such as may be produced within the four walls of home, and by a bed-ridden invalid. See Galatians v. 22 and 23.

A DARK-EYED GIPSEY.—We employ borax and camphor as a wash for the hair ourselves, and see no cause for apprehension that it will turn it grey. We are glad that you so much approve of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and we hope you will teach your scholars to write a hand so exceptionally good as your own. We could improve no letter but the "t."

INQUISITIVE MOUSE.—Procure the address of any paper-mill, and write for their terms. We do not give addresses. Your letter is well written for your age, and your height a fair one.

"DISSAPOINTMENT."—We do not understand how the young lady so styling herself could be reasonably disappointed that she failed in gaining a prize, or even certificate, for her essay at the last competition. Her letter is sufficiently explanatory, as she uses wrong words, such as "a know" instead of "I know," and a specimen of her spelling may be seen in her adopted name. Besides all this, her writing is a wretched example of the art.

MARINELLA.—Your efforts to remove tattoo marks are quite thrown away, inasmuch as "the cure would be worse than the disease." Scars, from burning or cutting out such marks, are far more unsightly than they are themselves. Wear long sleeves, or long mittens or gloves, if the former be short. Beware of using a knife; you may wound a nerve or sever an artery. 2. If your story be rejected on its own merits by the magazines to which you offer it, you have no alternative but to publish it at your own expense.

FUN.—Coal-tar soap is much approved of by many for skin complaints. We cannot, however, prescribe it for you. 2. Your best plan is to order home a few easy songs of small compass to try over for yourself, telling the music-seller the quality of your voice, which is probably a mezzo-soprano.

MAID OF ATHENS.—It is rather too early to advise you about your dress for next winter. If it require re-dyeing and cleaning, let it be done. In all probability, the shape will not be changed by next season. Your writing is certainly very bad.

GEORGE ELIOT.—"The ship was called 'Kamehameha IV.' after the king of the Sandwich Islands." This would be the correct way of writing the sentence.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—Most of our best known authors have made the round of the publishers, like Charlotte Brontë or Daniel Defoe. If your writings be worth publishing, you will find someone to take them by perseverance only. Find the addresses in the "London Directory," and send or go yourself.

DIMPLED DOTTIE.—Read "The Toilet Table," page 443, vol. ii. Your writing needs improvement.

BELL.—If your friends be out when you call, leave your card with the servant who answers the door. If they be at home, go in, tell the servant your name distinctly, and follow her to the drawing-room. We do not understand your difficulty.

VIOLET NELSON.—Your father or mother are the most suitable people to put such a question, and as your engagement has lasted so long a time they had better speak at once. You will find plenty of ideas for presents in "My Work Basket."

A WOULD-BE SISTER.—We think you will find exactly what you desire in the "Girls' Friendly Society," which is a kind of "Co-operative Sisterhood," binding together in one society associates and members for mutual help, sympathy, and prayer. This society has also homes of rest, and numbers 50,000 members. Write for full particulars to the Central Lodge, 245, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W., close to Victoria Station. This address is also a temporary home to all members of the society. If you be in London, go and see the secretary, Miss Wright, yourself. Your letter and its sentiments do you infinite credit.

TOPSY TURVEY.—Read "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii., which will tell you how and what to read.

TATTLES.—A solution of Epsom salts may be used to frost windows, or they may be rubbed over with putty. Your writing is shocking.

GRASS GREEN.—Historical scenes may be found without number in the History of England, which you could use for representation.

ELSIE.—For patterns, consult "My Work Basket."

SENGA.—Yes, you would be admitted. Apply at the schools for further information, or write to the secretary.

PICKLEFORK AND TONGS need not to pass on because their deaf and mute friend may stop to make signs or hold converse otherwise with her acquaintance. 2. It is not at all necessary that they should leave the drawing-room on the arrival of a visitor, unless he came on any private business. But, of course, they should cease practising.

JENNY ROSE.—1. Honest, honour, humour, heir, hour, hostler (but pronounced in hostelry). These are the sole exceptions. 2. Because when a man gives his left arm to a woman, his right arm is left free for her defence.

MINNEHAHA.—In all probability you turn on the gas too high when heating the little iron. We have more than once given an answer respecting the icing of cakes. See index. Your hand is a fairly good one.

MARY.—Write to the office of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for their general catalogue. You will find good histories, and that of England included, by Milner. The catalogue gives prices. Your writing is rather too small.

CLARA.—Our next number will contain an article by Lady Benedict, on "How to play Beethoven's Sonatas."

BELLA WILFER.—Your quotation was so incorrect, that the words did not make common sense. It should have been quoted thus:—

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

—"Old Mortality" (chap. xxxix), Sir Walter Scott.

MURIEL and GEM.—"Hue and cry" is an ancient legal phrase. In common law a private person who has been robbed, or who knows that a felony has been committed, is bound to raise "hue and cry" under pain of fine and imprisonment. *Hue* is a contracted word of Norman origin, from whence the French *huer*, or *hucher*. The Danish is *hut*, and probably derived from the same root as "hoot," the cry of the owl, and employed as a term to denote an outcry of disapprobation in English, for which the Welsh is *hwd*.

POOR PUSSY.—We should imagine that if any unkindness, not to say cruelty, were practised towards any animal with your mother's knowledge, she would bring her authority to bear at once and prevent it. So far as you are yourself concerned, take care not to do or say anything likely to provoke a cruel and cowardly boy from revenging on a poor helpless animal what he dares not to resent on his sister's person. You should take especial care to set him a good example, and never so lose your temper as to put yourself in the wrong, for the just remonstrance you have made against cruelty.

SWEETHEART.—The back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have been reprinted, and are now on sale. Vol. ii. is now ready, and the orders that have been received show that, even in that form, the magazine is most highly popular. The bindings are of many and varied colours. Some are quite white (for wedding presents), and are sold at the ordinary price.

LILY O. HONEYWELL.—We had great pleasure in awarding the first prize for the Plain Sewing (night-shirt) Competition to you, and thank you for your nice letter.

LAURA W.—For your very kind letter of thanks for our paper accept our best thanks. We have pleasure in saying you write a very pretty hand.

A. C. R.—We should advise your reading a little book called "Mant's Happiness of the Blessed." This recognition is proved by the strongest inferences drawn from a number of circumstances named, and statements made in the Holy Scriptures. Consider the story of Lazarus, the circumstances of the transfiguration of Christ, the reason urged by St. Paul (1st Thess. iv. 13) not to sorrow over our dead "as those that have no hope." Why? The reason he gives is that if "sleeping in Jesus" "God will bring with Him" such. Where would be the comfort if we did not recognise them? It would be a mockery to hold out so empty a hope were it a meeting as strangers. Besides, are those who "sleep in Jesus" to be worse off than those who, being alive at His coming, are to have the joy of being "caught up together" to meet Him? Do you think that they would suddenly lose all acquaintance with each other just when the welcome was to be pronounced—"Come, ye blessed of my Father"? See also 1st Thess. ii. 19 and 20.

A SYDNEY GIRL.—Perhaps some office in the Dockyards connected with the Navy could be obtained for him. Many girls row in England, and we think it a very healthy exercise.

FRANCES.—Allow an interval of a fortnight between the periods of treatment. It is quite as good at any time.

VIRGINIA.—You were very wise to leave off anything that was so trying to you. We should think that sea-salt would be most beneficial. A small quantity mixed in a wash-basin, and applied to the skin with a towel—wring out pretty dry—is a good method, as the gentle friction much revives the frame, and causes a pleasant glow. Do not wash it off. Use the wash recommended twice a day, holding it in the mouth for a time. Judging from your letter, we think you need the advice of a medical man.

MAGGIE.—It is singular that you should have failed with both recipes, as they have been used for years with success by others. Try the dye, and you may be more fortunate.

JEMIMA JANE.—Ask the cook. We shall remember your suggestions.

CLAWS.—"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws makes that and th' action fine." The verse in question is from "The Elixir" of George Herbert.

STUMPS.—"Where ingorance is bliss" is from Gray's "Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College," stanza 10. Ecclesiastes i. 18 is probably the original of the expression.

KATHARINA.—You will probably find it in "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Lena is the diminutive of Madeline, Adeline, and other names ending in "line," or "lina."

MAYING.—The "Champak" is pronounced as it is spelt. It is a strong aromatic plant, is very offensive to bees, and is wreathed by the women of the East Indies in their locks of ebon hair. Writing legible, but not pretty.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."

IF I could be with you to-day,
I would give you one hand to hold,
And the other I'd lay on your head
With its luminous glory of gold,
And pressing a kiss on your brow,
Very like I should tenderly say,
In the formula framed long ago—
"Many happy returns of the day."

May you cherish the love of all truth
As a treasure to hold and prize;
May you never see right and wrong
With other than clear-seeing eyes;
May the tears that are wrung from the heart,
For a faith that has proved untrue
(Those bitterest tears of all that are wept!),
Be never, dear, wept by you.

Many happy returns of the day!
If I touch on a question of length,
I would add to the wish one prayer
For a measure of health and strength.
Many *happy* returns—ah, well,
Be they many or be they few,—
Whatever they may be else, my sweet,
God grant they be happy too.

May a merciful pity for those who are weak
In your young soul shine,
And a sympathy deep and vast—
That attribute most divine;
So all that is noblest in love
Will be yours, my darling; and then
To "many happy returns of the day"
The answer will come: Amen!

HARRIET CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

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MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

BY DORA HOPE

MARGARET'S FIRST AT-HOME.

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"SEPTEMBER 4th.—At the Parish Church, Monkstown, by the Rev. Archibald Trent, uncle of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. John Colville, cousin of the bride, Wilfred Trent, of Roseneath Cottage, Bayswater, London, to Margaret, younger daughter of Henry Colville, Esq., of Monkstown."

Some two years after we last heard of the Colville family this notice appeared in various daily and weekly papers, and was perused with no small interest by a considerable number of people. Wilfred's friends and acquaintances, when they read the announcement, exclaimed, "Ah, there's Trent has done for himself! Well, he's a good fellow, and she's a fortunate girl, whoever she is." Margaret's friends, reading the notice aloud at the breakfast-table, said, "Oh, here is Margaret Trent's wedding! What a fortunate man that Mr. Trent is to get such a wife! She is the nicest girl in all Monkstown." And Margaret herself, reading it in the hotel at Baden, said "Oh, Wilfred, how

dreadfully public it makes one feel to see one's name in the newspaper! I wish we could stay here for ever, for I never was so happy in my life before."

Margaret had soon, as we prophesied, come to change her mind about marrying. To tell the truth, Wilfred did not agree with her as to the charms of a never-ending engagement, and soon began to press her to fix a time for their wedding. Then the home ties were, one by one, severed. Dick, at his own urgent desire, was allowed to go to his uncle in Ceylon, whilst Tom, who had a less roving disposition, had been advised to accept the offer of a position of trust in a branch house in Edinburgh. Mr. Colville considered this a mark of his employer's confidence and high opinion of Tom, and judged it would be foolish to let slip so good an opportunity for improving his position. So, finding a home in the house of an aunt there, he, too, left the paternal roof, to sojourn in a strange land.

Mr. Colville, having in the meantime retired from business, declared that he would not stand in the way of his daughter's happiness (though she persisted that the summit of her happiness would be to stay at home with him), and decided, upon Margaret's marriage, to give up his house and carry out a long-cherished plan of travelling for some time, after which, he said, he would consider the expediency of acceding to his daughters' eager request to find a home with each of them in turn. Thus it came to pass that Margaret's scruples were all overcome, and she taxed her ingenuity in vain to find an excuse for postponing it any longer.

With the modesty which veils most brides, Margaret begged for a quiet wedding.

"But you would not like to be cheated out of your pretty wedding dress?" suggested Dorothy Snow, who was a frequent visitor at the house.

"N-no, I think I should like to wear a proper wedding dress," said Margaret.

"And what is the use of having a very nice dress if there is no one there to see it?" chimed in Joanna, philosophically. "And you know, Madge, there are so many relatives who will think it strange if they are not asked, that I do not see how it can be so very quiet."

So Margaret's humility was overruled, and as many friends as could be squeezed into the house were invited to the wedding.

As we hope to hear of Margaret occasionally now that she has assumed the dignity of wifehood, we ought to have an idea of the home which is awaiting the arrival of its mistress.

Wilfred Trent had lately obtained a good appointment in London, so they were obliged to pitch their tent in one of the suburbs of the great metropolis. Many were the journeyings backwards and forwards before the locality was decided upon, but finally the important point was settled, and they fixed upon Bayswater, principally because Margaret had an aunt and cousins already settled there, so that she could be sure of a friend to whom she could go if she felt dull during Wilfred's absence on business.

Here amongst the never-ending streets of modern ugly houses, one finds once and again, almost hidden amongst their ostentatious bold-fronted neighbours, little modest cottages, with fair-sized tree-filled gardens behind them, relics of the time when this district was as yet unsullied by the breath of ever-growing London, and was still the fresh fair country. These little nooks, very few, and even growing fewer, have a strange, out-of-place air, as though they are really dismayed and ashamed to find themselves amongst the din and hurry of modern life, and would fain shrink away and vanish as their old surroundings have done. This happily they have not yet entirely done, though how long the greedy hand of the builder will refrain from tearing them down, and digging up the poor little gardens with relentless energy to convert them into building lots, we are unable to say.

One such little old-world residence Margaret and Wilfred were fortunate enough to obtain; not altogether unspoilt, it is true, for what had once been a large comfortable double house, had, by means of a dividing wall, been made into two decidedly small and uncomfortable ones. In the original house there was a large handsome room on either side of the entrance hall; these were now each made into two small rooms separated by folding doors, while the rest of the house was divided and spoilt in the same way. Nevertheless the comparative quiet and retirement of the house was such an attraction to Margaret, whose whole life had been spent within a few minutes' walk of real country, that they decided upon it at once. They found that, by taking it on a long lease, the rent would be considerably less, and as it seemed to be a house which would be easily sub-let, Wilfred felt justified in doing this.

Let us go and investigate now that all the manifold puzzlements of furnishing are ended and the house is all ready for the home-coming of its master and mistress.

There is a little porch over the door, on entering which one finds one's self in a rather narrow hall, the floor of which is at present covered with a good dark linoleum, to last until the master can afford to have it laid with tiles. The upper part of the walls are painted the shade known as "duck-egg," the lower part being hung with a paper dado. Besides the usual hat and umbrella stand, with marble slab for hat brushes, there is a cushioned bench with an arm at each end, and a back padded with leather like the seat, offering a comfortable resting-place to anyone waiting in the hall. This was an idea of Wilfred's own, as the size of the hall rendered economy of space necessary, and the originality of it consists in that this same back is made to shut down over the seat and thus form a table on which to rest trays and dishes at meal times. After the meal is over and everything carried downstairs, its use as a slab is over for the time, the top is lifted to rest against the wall, where it is fastened by two brass hooks.

In the front room, which is used as a dining-room, the walls are treated similarly to those in the hall. The floor is stained and varnished so that it can always be kept clean by wiping with a damp cloth, and a rub once a week with oil and turpentine is all that is required to keep it in perfect condition. The middle of the floor is covered by a square Turkey rug, which, though expensive to begin with, will outwear half a dozen carpets of a cheaper sort.

Having only the two rooms, Margaret will be obliged to use this to some extent as a sitting-room, though she has no idea of keeping the drawing-room sacred to company, so, besides the orthodox dining-room leather-covered chairs, she has two or three low and luxuriously-padded ones and a small but comfortable couch. A little square dining-table stands in the middle of the room, amply large enough for the select party who will usually occupy it, while to provide extra accommodation when necessary there are two small tables in the room, the one to be used as a writing-table, the other at present occupied by Margaret's cage of birds; but, both being exactly the same width and height as the centre one, they can be placed one at each end of it when required, thus avoiding the trouble of the telescope arrangement, with which the patience of so many housekeepers is tried. There is a plain oak side-board, consisting merely of a wide, deep shelf, with drawers resting at each end upon a cellaret, the whole free from those unnecessary curves and twists with which such articles of furniture are usually disfigured. The back is fitted with shelves, for the display of a little beautiful old china which had belonged to Wilfred's grandmother, and is now the pride of Margaret's heart. The curtains of the pretty bow window, sufficiently long to touch but not to sweep the ground, are hung by rings to a simple brass rod. And as the brass rod and rings are good of their kind, and nothing to be ashamed of, Margaret would not have them hidden by the usual heavy valance surmounted by the inevitable, ungraceful barber's pole.

We must pass on, however, to the drawing-room without entering into more details.

Here the floor is covered with India matting to within two feet of the wall, where is a border of wood parquetry. When the winter fairly sets in, this pretty-looking matting will be taken up, scrubbed with soap and water, and put away till spring, to give place to a more comfortable square carpet of Wilton pile.

Pretty curtains of a stout material, resembling Madras muslin in all save its flimsy texture, are hung in the windows, whilst the walls are papered with grey and gold. Of tables the room contains two, one an oblong one which just fits into a recess, the other a so-called "Queen Anne" table, covered with dark green velvet, can be moved about just as it is required. But, though light, it stands square and firm on four legs, and is by no means of the "keggly" description, usually to be found in drawing-rooms, which gentlemen abhor, and which keep ladies in a perpetual fidget, as sooner or later they are sure to be upset.

The chairs are of a very varied description, no two alike save in the matter of comfort; amongst others, one or two of those delightful bamboo and Austrian bent-wood chairs which are so delightfully comfortable for hot weather, and so cheap. The drawing-room is not supposed to be permanently furnished yet, the owners have only bought just as much furniture as was quite necessary to begin with, and have wisely kept back some of the money destined for the drawing room, that they may be able to secure any pretty things as they meet with them.

The mantelpiece being an old-fashioned handsome one, does not require any of the draperies which are such a convenient fashion for hiding poor or discoloured marble. On either side of it, at a convenient height, is a bracket for the cup or book of the occupants of the luxurious easy chairs.

On going upstairs we find two fairly-sized bedrooms, two small rooms, and a good bath-room, the latter added probably when the old house was made into two.

The servant's bedroom—one of the two small ones—has the wall painted instead of being papered, so as to be easily washed and kept clean: a great matter, particularly in London, where some of the houses at which the servants visit are not as scrupulously clean as could be wished. A small recess has been furnished with doors, and so transformed into a cupboard for dresses, with a good shelf at the top for bonnet boxes and other domestic treasures. The bedstead is a small iron one, that being preferred to wood for the same reason that paint is better than paper for the walls. The carpet of this room is a good Kidderminster, that of all the other rooms, including the landing, being Brussels, exactly alike, so that if the family move into a larger house the carpets can be used one with another. But in each case the carpet is made in a square, leaving about a foot of stained wood visible all round. Margaret insisted upon this plan, having learnt from

experience the difficulty, particularly with only one servant, of keeping the rooms clean where the carpet is firmly nailed down, so that it is impossible to remove the dust from underneath it. There is a very great saving of wear also, if it can be turned about occasionally, so that parts that get the most wear can be sometimes replaced by that which is usually under the bed.

In the spare room, in addition to the necessary furniture, is a convenient little writing table, furnished with necessary materials, also a comfortable easy-chair, drawn up by the fireplace, and a tiny, low table, for book or brushes and comb.

The walls of the principal bedrooms are hung with a grey paper, covered with a small pattern of leaves and flowers, quite subdued in colour, for any striking pattern was voted most unpleasant, particularly if it ever fell to the lot of an invalid to have to occupy either room.

The remaining room, one of the two small ones, is destined for a work and box room. Not a pleasant combination truly, but one not to be avoided. The boxes are to be kept at one end, which is to be curtained off from the rest of the room. Here are Margaret's sewing machine and a small table containing drawers on every side, in fact, it resembles a low, square chest of drawers, in which to keep all kinds of working materials. A chair and footstool complete the furniture of this modest apartment.

Now, having briefly glanced at the unpretending little establishment which is to be the home of our heroine for at least the first year of her married life, we must retire, for the honeymoon is over and the jubilant young couple are coming home. One bright autumn morning not very long after their return home Margaret and Wilfred were going briskly along in the direction of Hyde Park. It was Margaret's custom on a fine morning to accompany her husband part of the way on his usual morning's journey to the city, making any necessary purchases on her way back.

Upon this occasion she is eagerly begging that he will try to be home rather earlier than usual.

"You know, Wilfred, it is my first 'at home' afternoon, and I am so horribly nervous about it, and if you only *could* be home by about five o'clock I think I could endure till then."

"I would come home any minute you choose to say if I could, sweet wife, but till I'm my own master, unfortunately, the firm seem to think I must keep to their hours," replied Wilfred. "And don't you think, perhaps, I should be just a little out of place on the occasion?"

"Well, I suppose husbands are *not* supposed to appear; I only wish they were, for you see, Wilfred, any callers who come will be all strangers to me. I know no one in London. They will only come to inspect me because I happen to be your wife."

"And the next time they will come because you are yourself, dear; you need not be afraid of the result of the inspection," said Wilfred, smiling down admiringly on the bonny bright girl at his side. Shortly after they came to "the corner," the usual limit of Margaret's walk, and she turned back with a graver face than she had yet worn since the wedding-day.

At three o'clock on that afternoon she took up her position in the pretty little drawing-room with her cousin, Elsie Colville, who lived in the neighbourhood, to bear her company. In a short time a knock at the door set the poor little bride's heart beating, and immediately the first caller was shown in and announced by Anne, the neat, trim maid. This same maid was, as she would probably have described herself, a highly superior person, having lived in families of great wealth and position; in fact, Margaret could but feel it very kind and condescending in her to consent to occupy such a lowly situation as her present one. She now proceeded to bring in and set up in the drawing-room a small flap tea-table, on which she spread a dainty crewelled cover. The Japanese tray, holding tea-pot, cups and saucers, &c., was next brought in, with a plate of delicate rolled bread and butter, a silver basket of cake and biscuits, and a second plate with small pieces of wedding cake, for which a fork was required. Anne then withdrew; and whilst Margaret poured out cups of tea Elsie handed them with the other viands. Having helped her guests, Margaret covered the tea-pot with the pretty cosy, which matched the tea-cloth, and was thus enabled to keep the tea sufficiently hot to last all the afternoon without replenishing it. Anne, meanwhile, came into the room now and then to remove the used cups and saucers, or to bring more bread and butter if required.

The nervousness which afflicted the young hostess soon wore off, and as the dreaded afternoon drew to a close, she confessed to Elsie, in an interval when they were alone, that she rather enjoyed watching the curiosity with which she saw all these friends of Wilfred's were regarding her.

Nevertheless, when Anne had shown the last visitor out, and removed the tea-table and its belongings, the two girls simultaneously leaned back in their chairs and indulged in a glorious yawn, quite tired out, as they said, with wearing their "company manners" for so long.

(To be continued.)

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

CHAPTER II.

GRANDE DAME.

LILIAN BARNES would have described herself at that time as wholly changed by the trials which she had been called upon to endure; but the old nature was exactly the same, it had only taken another phase. Keen-eyed Damaris was not slow to discover this in the days that followed, and the conclusion at which she arrived in her own mind reconciled her to the circumstances which were already conspiring to separate them widely once more.

"It is better for me to go than to stay here," she thought; "better even for Lilian than for me. She is not so much changed as I hoped to find her. If I were to remain she would do just as she did in papa's lifetime, and shift all disagreeables on to my shoulders. I should virtually have to bear the responsibilities, and she——well, she would not seek pleasure in the same way now, but she would still follow the bent of her own inclination in another. It is necessity which compels her to take thought for herself and the children, and that necessity must be good."

Lilian's indolence and love of approbation had two new outlets now, and these pet indulgences were inordinate novel reading, and the devotion of a large portion of her time to church decorations—things innocent enough in themselves under certain circumstances and in moderation, but culpable in her because they led her to neglect her children and her household. Novel reading with Lilian was not a mental relaxation, but a species of moral opium, by means of which she deadened her sense of the uncongenialities of her present position. Nor would her church work bear any more searching inquiry as to motive.

"One must do something in connection with the church in order to be thought anything at all of in a little place like this, and I never could endure cottage visiting," was the explanation she gave to her sister. "Mr. Roseberry—our vicar—can do nothing without consulting me. He thoroughly appreciates my services."

"That is gratifying, certainly," said Damaris, with a little ring of scorn and cruel disappointment in her tones, which Lilian in her self-complacency never detected.

When she had first noticed this religious tendency in Lilian, Damaris had looked upon her with a sort of reverent gladness. Of herself she would have said at that time that she was not a bit religious, and yet within both heart and mind was the true religious instinct, as there is in all profound and earnest natures, undeveloped at present, needing the circumstances Providence was certain to send, sooner or later, to call it forth. Damaris was only conscious of its existence now in a drawing of both heart and mind towards the good, the true, the beautiful. Her heart was like a little wild daisy that turns instinctively towards the sun, which is all it knows of God. And Damaris was as ignorant as the daisy. She did not know that God was under the thought which attracted her soul as the sun does the flower. To her, religion was a gloomy state of mind which one would acquire naturally in immediate view of death and the grave. When she saw Lilian given to the exercise of things pertaining to religion, she looked upon her with a curious, longing interest. Over her, since last they parted, had come the shadow of death: she had lost her husband. He had passed from things visible to the great invisible Beyond, and perhaps something of the mystery of the change had been made clear to Lilian's soul. But all her efforts to learn of her were baffled and disappointed.

For the first few weeks Damaris said nothing of the plan that was shaping itself in her mind and taking outward form. She waited, entering as fully as possible into Lilian's life and interests. She made the acquaintance of Mr. Roseberry and of Lilian's few other friends in Hilgay; she learnt to know little Lily and Davie, as their mother did not know them, and to love the sands and the shore, and the great immensity of sea, as Lilian never could love them if she dwelt at Hilgay for a century. Then the post brought letters which made the deferred explanation compulsory.

After reading her letters in the privacy of her own room, Damaris carried them down to the little four-feet-square breakfast-room in which they were living then, both dining and drawing-room being let. It was such a tiny place that all it held in the way of furniture was a little square table and a few cane-seated chairs. It had one ornament, however, that redeemed its bareness—a portrait in oils of the almost mythical French grandmother who had been heiress of the château in the Cevennes. There was a haunting life in the brilliant dark eyes that looked out from the canvas, watchfully observant of all that transpired beneath them. It was so striking a picture that Lilian had had to banish it from the dining-room because it continually provoked wondering remarks from strangers, which, under present circumstances, she did not care to answer.

Lilian had been called upstairs to a consultation with one of her lodgers, so Damaris put her letters down on the table and waited. The September sunshine came in through the open window, laden with a variety of sounds peculiar to the back premises of houses. Damaris listened amusedly for a while to the kitchen overture. Then, growing impatient, she turned her head sharply towards the door, that her ears might catch the first sound of Lilian's expected footstep, and in doing so encountered that curious, silent, watchful gaze bent upon her from the canvas.

Damaris was startled.

The eyes, or some spirit in them, seemed to look so directly into her own soul that an eerie feeling took possession of her.

Then she rallied her courage, laughed at the folly of her own fancy, and, marching round to the other side of the table, partly lodged herself upon it, folded her arms across her breast, and looked straight up into the pictured face with a merry defiance in her own.

Allowing for the difference between human flesh interpenetrated by an immortal soul, and rags transfigured by the painter's art, there was a curious resemblance between the two faces. In contour and expression they were alike. The soft outlines, the sun-tinted glow on the cheeks of Damaris, in the portrait had become sallow and sharp, while the innumerable cracks of the varnish crossed and inter-crossed the lines made by the wrinkles of age; but Damaris's brows had the same width, the same full development about the temples, and out of her dark eyes shone the same dauntless fire as the artist had caught and imprisoned with his brush.

"*Grande Dame*," says Damaris, softly—so have she and Lilian been taught to call the French grandmother—"I am not to be frightened by you, although there seems to be a warning look in your eyes. I cannot content myself here. I must have more than the common round of duties that would fall to my lot in Lilian's home; I must, for a time at any rate, find a wider sphere than a lodging-house in a little seaside village. There is a craving within me I could not crush down, even if I would. I must see more of the world—I must try its possibilities. There must be more worth having in life than I have yet found: something to be achieved, enjoyed, aye, and suffered, maybe. I can see that in your eyes."

And as she speaks a mist sweeps over her own. When she looks up again, in place of the withered, keen old face, she sees the thorn-crowned head of Christ—Quentin Matsy's famous picture—before which she had stood in the *Musée* at Antwerp a few weeks ago, with more than mortal sorrow in His eyes. So deep was the impression made by that almost awful conception of anguish, far-reaching and divine, that it has haunted Damaris ever since. In after years the *chefs d'œuvre* of Rubens pale upon her memory, the quaint streets of the old Flemish city, the grey spires and towers of its innumerable churches, fade to a confusion of misty outlines; but this FACE grows more and more vivid from out the past. It pursues her with the question, "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?"

The griefs and perplexities which came to her in due course, as they come to all, grew lighter in comparison with its magnitude.

So strong is the delusion now that the familiar face of *Grande Dame* seems strange to her when again it looks down upon her from the canvas, with an "I-could-if-I-would" expression in its eyes.

But Damaris is not intimidated. Lilian might have been weak-minded enough to have taken it as an omen of ill-luck in the step she was contemplating. The actions of Damaris have higher basis. She believes the course she has chosen to be her duty, and she is not sentimental enough to consider it any the less her duty because the way seems pleasant. She knows that there is no merit in self-sacrifice for its own sake. She is endeavouring to order her life, as far as it can be ordered by herself, according to what she knows of right, not troubling herself about consequences, but leaving them to be arranged for her. She is learning to understand that what concerns her is simply to do the right, unhesitatingly, unquestioningly, and to leave all else; for this is the very essence of Christ's command, "Take no thought for the morrow."

Lilian came in with a vexed expression of face, that diverted the thoughts of Damaris.

"I am afraid I have kept you waiting, but I could not get away from Mrs. Pringle. I wonder whoever would take lodgers from choice! It's the most thankless task one can undertake, to try to please people."

"What's the matter now?" asked Damaris. Whereupon Lilian poured forth a long string of complaints, the burden of which was that she was perpetually sacrificing her own comfort for everybody, but nobody considered her in return. It was some time before Damaris could claim her attention for her letters.

"I want you to read these, Lilian."

"What are they—French? I did not know that you had any French correspondents."

"Read, and you will understand."

Lilian turned to the signature, but it told her nothing.

"The writer is the Marquise de St. Aubin," said Damaris.

Lilian made round eyes, then feasted them on the small feminine writing. Her pale brows contracted as she read. Having reached the end she turned back to the beginning, then laid the letter aside, with a little catching of her breath. Damaris unfolded another foreign sheet and laid it before her. Lilian covered the first with her hand, and looked up into her sister's face.

"It sounds like a very good offer; but, of course, Damaris, you will not think of leaving me again?"

"I must go, Lilian. I cannot stay here, even in partial idleness."

Lilian knew of old what Damaris's *must* meant. A look of fretful discontent settled upon her face.

"I thought by this time you had had enough of following your own will and pleasure, and that you would have been satisfied to share my duties and my income. You would not be dependent, for you should have a just portion of what I receive," and she went on eagerly to expatiate upon the advantages offered by her present mode of life.

Damaris smiled sadly as she remembered how different an aspect it had worn to Lilian only ten minutes ago.

"I have been educated to this end, you must remember, Lilian; and my three years in Germany would be so much lost time were I to remain here."

"What! with Lily and Davie to prevent your acquirements rusting?"

"They are far too young for such tuition as I can give, at present. In three or four years time I promise you to reconsider my determination. I have already accepted the situation of *dame de compagnie* to Madame la Marquise de St. Aubin, to whom I have been highly recommended by Frau Welbeck and Madame Argent."

"Then there is nothing more to be said," returned Lilian, with asperity.

"But there *is* more to be said," said Damaris, determinedly. "I want your approval and concurrence. You and I, Lilian, stand too much alone in the world for us to afford to quarrel."

"I have no wish to quarrel, but it is a bitter disappointment to me. I hoped we should live so comfortably together."

"So we shall, probably, in the years to come. But just now is the hard-working time of our lives. In our old age we will take our ease together, and enjoy the fruits of our labour."

With arm twined lovingly about her sister's waist, and head laid upon her shoulder, Damaris went on to sketch a comical and highly-coloured picture of their declining years, until smiles took the place of ill-temper on Lilian's face, and Damaris knew that the victory was hers.

Nevertheless, in her secret soul Lilian pitied herself as a martyr. It was not much she had asked of Damaris. Only the sacrifice of her leisure, her longings, her life, and it was hard that it should be denied her.

The days passed quickly, and the last night came that Damaris was to spend in the little white room. It was marked by a dream, which left a strangely clear impression upon her mind.

She seemed to be sitting by an open window, round about which was the full luxuriance of summer leafage. The sound of falling water filled her ears. As she sat there, feeling contented and quietly happy, there came towards her a grave-faced man with careworn features, and brow heavy with thought. So clearly did she see and remember this face, that Damaris felt certain she should know it again anywhere. He stretched his hand towards her, and, without a moment's hesitation she placed hers in it. The fingers closed over hers with a nervous grasp. Then he spoke, and the words he uttered brought a smile to Damaris's lips when she recalled them—

"*Petite dame*, thank God you are come!"

(*To be continued.*)

ARRASENE, OR WOOL FLOWERS.

AGAIN, to-day, I am going to teach you a work, suitable alike to boys and girls. It is simply the pretty flowers of your gardens which we are going to try to imitate in wool. Each blossom requires but very little material; and who cannot get a few skeins of wool? The most advanced among you will do well, after a little practice, to try their skill on the arrasene, which gives such a rich, glossy effect; however, as the mode of handling is the same for both fabrics, I shall confine my remarks to wool flowers. These are made, 1, in crochet; 2, on moulds of cardboard or box-wood; 3, on meshes. The last kind only I shall teach you just now. First, what are the tools required?

1. Flat box-wood meshes, about 9 in. long, and of different widths, to correspond with the different lengths of the petals. Thus, the buttercup and hedge rose will require a mesh $\frac{5}{8}$ in.; the pansy two meshes, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; the camelia three, $\frac{1}{2}$ in., $\frac{3}{4}$ in., and 1 in.; whereas the dahlia, by reason of its particular shape, calls for a single mesh, though a special one, tapering in breadth. These tools, of slightly gradated thickness, have curved ends, as in fig. 3, where obviously only a portion is represented, the longest and thickest being grooved, and the shortest one presenting a thin cutting edge.

2. Short strong scissors.

3. Reel wire, uncovered for stalks and ties, and covered, in various sizes and colours, for the chain edge of petals.

4. A comb to regulate and fluff up the hearts.

5. Wool needles.

Several other odds and ends not necessary for the explanation of our cuts.

The easiest flower to practise upon is the pretty red poppy (fig. 1).

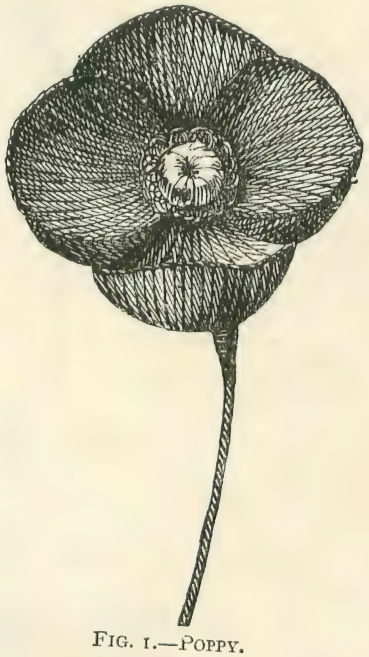


FIG. 1.—POPPY.

We will commence with the heart, which can be made in many ways. Evidently the quickest expedient is to use an artificial one, like those employed for paper flowers, but the heart illustrated in fig. 2 represents a kind of streaked wool-work apple surrounded by a looped fringe.

To shape this, wind pale green wool loosely round the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, pass a rather long piece of steel wire through the centre at the top of this ring, double and twist it, in order to keep the strands together and form a durable stalk.

FIG. 2.—REVERSED HEART FOR POPPY.

Then carry a bit of the wire or wool a little way up, and twist it firmly round, just joining the strands of the oval and closing the opening; this tying of course produces towards the stalk a little knob, as in fig. 6. At the opposite end split the strands, and you will have a tassel. Now divide equally the ends of the tassel, and bring down each half over the knob, which they will cover after being secured by wool or wire, coiled several times at the exact point where the stalk was passed through the woollen circle. By this means is obtained a doubled knob or seed-vessel, as distinctly seen in the engraving, fig. 2. To make the ends neat, work a few loop or buttonhole stitches tightly round them with a needle threaded with similar wool, and so form a compact calyx. The peculiarity of this heart, *i.e.*, of having its woollen tuft turned downwards instead of remaining upright, like in fig. 6, has earned for it the name of *reversed*.

In a second method the heart is imitated by attaching a tiny tuft of wadding to a wire stalk, then covering it with green flower-paper and marking the veinings of the heart by crossed lines of black glazed thread, fixed meanwhile round the stem.

Again, another mode is to contrive a combed heart like the daisy one, fig. 5, but smaller and black, with a few loops of green wool in the centre. To indicate the encircling stamens, you may either cut several equal lengths of black glazed thread and set them with wire in a row round the heart, or make a small looped fringe of the same thread in the manner to be explained presently, as it is identical with the one for the petals. To follow fashion, the new metallic threads and wools might with advantage be utilised for hearts, together with pistils, stamens, &c.; they impart a pleasant sparkle to the whole arrangement.

In the poppy, four petals are required of two different sizes. The two small ones, being placed first, are, therefore, made first. To execute them, take an inch mesh and hold it between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, groove downwards; cut off two pieces of red wire nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ yard long; cross them over the top of the mesh, leaving, at the starting point, good ends, say about 2 inches, which by-and-by will be needed to be curved down for shaping and stiffening the left side of the petal; for this reason the same length must be left at the other extremity when the chain is finished. Just where the wires have crossed, insert between them red Berlin or merino wool (fig. 3), leaving here, also, an end

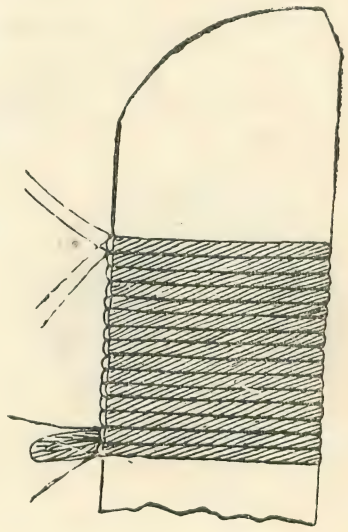


FIG 3.—POPPY PETAL ON MESH.

of 3 or 4 inches; cross the wires again so that the wool is firmly held as in a vice, proceed to pass it round the mesh from back to front (see fig. 3), and, as each loop is thus made, fix it by twirling the right-hand wire to the left and the left-hand wire to the right, which intersection obtains a visible wire chain, appearing on either side as a twist stitch. For the small petals from 30 to 34 loops are usually wound, and for the two others from 40 to 44. When finished, there remain at each end the two bits of wire and a piece of wool, as shown at the left side of the mesh (fig. 3). Do not take any notice of the other end, which illustrates the wire used double. Now turn the mesh upside down, thus having the groove upwards. Slip in the groove, and underneath the loops, a piece of uncovered wire about 4 inches long, leave equal ends, and gently withdraw the mesh; bend down the fresh wire, join it by a twist, giving a sort of fan shape to the petal (fig. 4).

At last coil the loose wool hanging from the top on each side closely round their

respective double wires, turn them gently until they meet the stem made by the lower wire, next twist all the wires together to form a single stem. With its four sides thus sustained the petal will be very flexible, and will take any bend or curve applied to it by the fingers, instead of remaining straight and

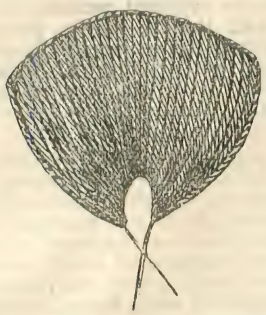


FIG. 4.—SHAPED POPPY PETAL.

formal. Afterwards connect the two small petals to the heart, but very carefully, not to crush the stamens. As soon as the larger petals are completed fix them in place, letting them spread underneath and enclose the remainder. Conceal the stalk, which is by this time a solid twist of the many wires, by twining over it pale green wool.

For the daisy (fig. 5) we must again begin by the heart, which is a combed one.

Proceed as for the one of the poppy, *i.e.*, wind twelve rounds of wool over the thumb and forefinger, and through them pass the

FIG. 5.—DOUBLE DAISY.

wire stalk; tie the whole together at the height of about 1¼ inch (fig. 6). After this, however, begins the difference between the combed and the reversed heart.

Split and shave the loops of the tassel, then, with a brass or any clean comb, make them quite velvety in order that they have the effect of a tufted button (fig. 6). Take care not to leave the loops too high, for, as you all know, the daisy has a wide and rather flat centre. If you prefer it, make the heart green, wash it over with gum, and dab on yellow semolina to imitate pollen, or the yellow dust of the flower. The petals are likewise commenced in a similar way to those of the poppy, with white, pink, or any coloured wool chosen. Make sixty loops, but instead of passing the wire through all at once, divide them two by two, in knotting each couple with wool or silk to match (fig. 7).

Draw out the mesh and encircle the heart by twelve of these knotted petals, putting the chain-stitched edge inside and the notches outside. Attach them at the back by sewing stitches, and use the remaining eighteen petals for the second row. When two shades are selected, they are mingled by winding both the wools at once over the mesh, so that each turn makes two loops. The showy dahlia is executed in this way on the graduated mesh, starting with the smallest edge for the petals nearest the heart. Shaded blossoms are effected by sets of loops in different tints—twenty-four light for the central row, twenty-seven darker for the next, and so on. The loops are generally marked off in twos and in threes for the outside, though I have seen some pretty ones of five rounds grouped in fours throughout. For the heart the correct kind is the *reversed*, ¾ in. in diameter and ½ in. high.

FIG. 6.—COMBED HEART FOR DAISY.

FIG. 7.—PETALS OF DAISY.

For the single daisy another mode is resorted to, which I find much more troublesome. It is the one also in use for forget-me-nots, cornflowers, and all flowers with slender petals.

Prepare bits of white wool, three or four inches long, double them and fasten them, either in twos or threes, by knotting them through the centre with white wire, as already explained for the reversed poppy heart. Carry both wire and wool downwards, according to the length you wish to give to the petal, and twist them firmly together at the bottom; the result is a spiky petal. Having made as many of these as you want, sew each separately, with its knotted end outwards, round the heart; pinch them here and there till they lie as naturally as possible, then give a finishing comb to the heart, making it spread well. Each of the petals is supported by its own wire acting as an invisible midrib.

Precise dimensions are impossible to give, as the size of blossoms so much depends on the intended use to be made of them. With regard to the colour, Nature herself is the best teacher.

Before passing to the moss fringe, I may as well remind you of the real signification of petals, stamens, and pistils. The *petal* is a single leaf of the corolla, or coloured blossom, the *stamens* the thread-like filaments which encircle the heart and contain the yellow dust, while the *pistil* is the taller and tipped stem rising from the centre of the seed vessel.

Moss Fringe.—Numberless are the ways of preparing this crimped fringe. I generally make mine from twenty-five to forty stitches wide, according as it is intended for a lamp mat or a rug, and knit a length of about 1½ yard, then dip the work into boiling water, in which has been dissolved a small lump of alum to keep the colour fast. Afterwards I leave it in a saucepan on the fire for about one or two minutes, then take it out and dry it in front of the fire. Before unravelling I iron the knitting, and further divide the strip along the centre, even to a stitch, and having also snipped off the ends of both bands, I unravel them till within two or three stitches of the lengthway edge. These will stand as a selvage or foundation by which to sew the fringe in straight or circular lines upon the mat, &c. This mode produces a very wiry and lasting crimp.

Another plan that I occasionally follow is to put the ready-damped work into a moderate oven, and there let it remain for some time until perfectly dry. But somehow I have never felt very satisfied with this process. It does not seem to make a curl sufficiently tight and durable for my taste, and, besides, the watching of the oven is rather a trouble. It must neither be too hot, or it will scorch, nor too cool, or it will make scarcely any impression on the knitting. And again, the work wants looking at every now and then, to test when it is sufficiently dry. The hot water method is quicker and safer, for the boiling fluid has the same effect on the fringe that boiling fat has on fish or potatoes, if I may be allowed such a simile.

I know some people, however, who merely hold their band over steam till thoroughly damp, then dry it before the fire, whilst others wet their knitting with hot water stiffened by a little sugar or gum, then roll the strip round a stone bottle filled with boiling water. This bottle they cover with a clean cloth and leave all night in a cool oven. A few knitters, on the contrary, adopt quite an opposite method, and dip the band into perfectly cold water, wring it out, let it dry, and lay it aside for a day before unravelling. Again, some workers, unsparing of their trouble, wet the strip, and, when dry, unravel in the ordinary way without cutting, meanwhile rolling the wool into a ball; afterwards they re-knit the fringe, and unpick it like those already mentioned.

Though these recipes vary considerably, they all agree in one point, viz., that of drying before the fire and not in the open air, in order to prevent the running of the colours.

But I perceive that I have "put the cart before the horse" by explaining to you the completion of the work without any allusion to the commencement. This, however, is a very easy matter, in which you can be helped by your little sisters, nay, even by your younger brothers. The needles should be a medium size (steel pins, No. 12, will do nicely), and the wool rather rough than otherwise, not the Berlin, but a kind of yarn which many fancy shops sell in balls under the name of "moss wool." One ball, however, would not be sufficient; you want five, or at least three, different shades to be able to gradate the colour at about every quarter of a yard. Keep the same needles and size of wool throughout, or the fringe will look irregular and untidy. The stitch required is the garter stitch, made by knitting backwards and forwards. Each strip should be worked entirely by the same hand to ensure an even waving. The number of stitches differs, as I have already remarked, to suit the purpose and method employed. Twelve or fourteen stitches are cast on when the band is intended to remain single. In this case three of the edges are cut with sharp scissors, one, lengthwise, being left for heading. When from 25 or 40 stitches are cast on, the strip is generally divided—by far the more rapid way.

For a more variegated fringe you can use a two-stranded worsted, prepared in two shades of green, in green and dull brown, and in green and heather red. There is, in the trade, a shaded Berlin wool often offered as moss wool, but most inappropriate for the preceding

recipes; still, this kind comes in very well for daisy mats, raised woolwork, and a tufted fringe sometimes called "Daisy," from its resemblance to the half-closed field-flower. (See fig. 8.) The real name, however, is the French one, *muguet*, or lily of the valley, because each little ball dangles

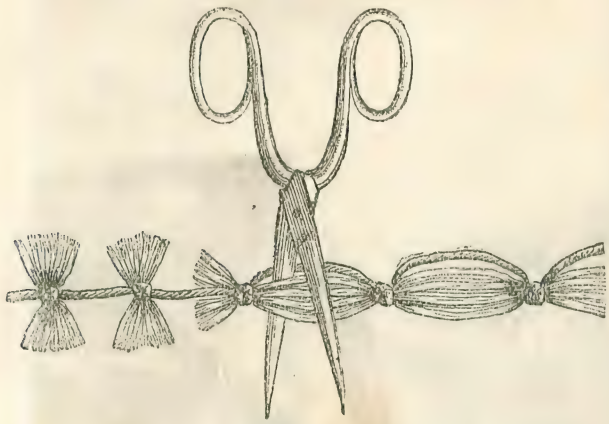


FIG. 8.—DAISY OR LILY FRINGE.

loosely from its stalk, just like the pretty spring-flower, while another "daisy" fringe is composed of round, compact knobs, recalling the ox-eyed daisy. This one is a little more difficult, and requires a frame; some day I will explain to you how it is made.

Suppose you wish to do the lily of the valley; proceed just as for the old-fashioned "queen's garters." Take several 4 yards to 7 yards strands of doubled wool, from 5 to 20 in number, according to the size you require for the balls. Fix them to some pin or knob, and hold them lightly in your left hand, while you tie them at intervals either with wool or silk, single or double. To do this, confine the strands by two very tight buttonhole stitches, carry the wool or silk along underneath a little way, and work two buttonhole stitches again, and so on, till the length is completed. The distance between each knot depends upon the purpose to which it will be put—*i.e.*, for the fringe of a shawl, the border of a jacket, in imitation of fur, or to be intermingled with wool flowers and moss fringe. Now, for the second process, which, by the way, is so clearly shown by the cut that I scarcely need describe it at all. With a sharp pair of scissors snip through the centre of each division of strands, taking care,

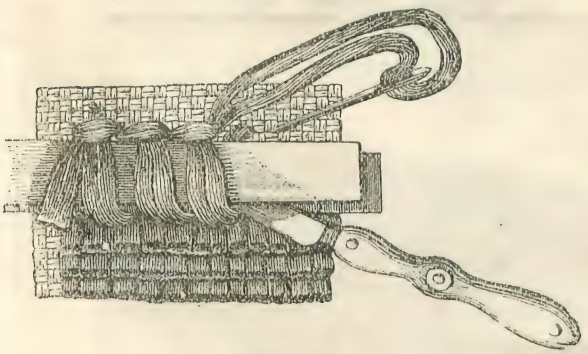


FIG. 9.—CUT FRINGE.

of course, not to cut the fastening thread. The split wools stick out on either side of the knots in little brushes, which, when combed together by a brass or ordinary comb, join, and fluff up into little balls, which are at last regulated with sharp scissors.

It has lately become quite fashionable to make moss mats bordered wholly with rows of the above fringe. I have been given one, nicknamed "Mulberry bed." It is made in this wise:—The circular foundation is worked in DC, with black Berlin or fleecy over scarlet blind cord. Any cord might be used for the purpose, but this one is really preferable because it is so smooth, so even, and so firm. Ten rounds of this coil is the average number of a lamp mat, but of course they may be lessened or added at will. The border of my mat consists of three rows of lily fringe in shaded mulberry wool, fastened with double filoselle of the darkest shade. The tassels of fifteen strands are one inch apart, and are festooned in loops of four round the three last rows of the mat, secured either by sewing, or, still firmer, by catching in the double connecting thread whilst crocheting these edge rounds. Each inch-wide scallop is attached three times, and allows a fall of 1½ inches; the three rounds mingle so well as to present a rich cluster of *ombré*, or shaded balls, which in my mat remind me temptingly of mulberries. Others in red are knotted with old gold, in wallflower brown, tied with pale blue; the contrasting colour, far from being obtrusive, peeps up cheerfully from the rather dark mass. The green mats are the only ones that really should be called "Moss" mats, and even then the semblance does not equal that of the knitted moss.

Artificial moss, sold in bundles at florists, and even at some greengrocers, comes very handy too in the making-up of wool bouquets kept under glass shades. Thus children partly fill up a wire sponge basket with the moss, into which they imbed their much prized flowers, set off well by the straggling little bits of green poking upwards from the soft bed. The outside has previously been covered by a latticework of treble crochet in green wool, commenced at the lower part and worked backwards and forwards for the first six or seven rows, then crocheted round and round, gradually increasing till it has reached the top. To conceal the wire still more perfectly a layer or padding of moss is inserted between the basket and its wool-cover. This radiant receptacle is then mounted on a stand over which tufts of moss lie carelessly as though just fallen; occasionally trails of artificial flowers are intermingled to wind daintily over the sides.

In another style an oblong cardboard box, say eight inches long by four inches wide and three inches high, answers for a foundation; it could evidently be improvised with strips of cardboard. The box is hidden by green baize overlaid by a band of four rows of treble crochet; a double wire pierces the centre of the cardboard from end to end, and above it curves a handle of twisted green wire, rising eight inches high. The whole is firmly glued to a wooden stand, and the handle quite concealed by twisting over it small flowers, such as convolvuluses, fuchsias, etc., intermixed with moss. Towards this handle mount on either side blossoms of gradated hues and sizes; their wire stalks range longer and longer as they approach the top. I need scarcely say that the grouping of the flowers with their bunches of moss calls for some little taste and care; but the young worker will be well repaid for her trouble by a bright bouquet which lasts fresh for years, only requiring now and then a little additional moss and a pulling up of the blossoms, as they are apt in time to sink down.

With a combination of knitted or lily fringe and flowers can be fashioned tea-cosies, flower-pot covers, large nursery frames, fire-boards, even mantel boards, leaving the necessary spaces for vases, &c., besides all kinds of mats. The latter, being smaller, are evidently more popular. For these prepare two circles of cardboard; over one strain green sateen or velveteen, and round the edge sew thickly and tastefully the tasselled fringe, then dot in the flowers. Line the second circle with baize, serge, alpaca, &c., and, placing the wrong sides face to face, sew both edges closely together, always leaving a little of the fringe to project. Some ladies add a central piece of glass for fictitious water.

There is now rather an objection to this wool work. It is not sufficiently artistic for the present mania. True, it does not boast of great refinement, but certainly, with proper guidance, it helps to train both the taste and skill of the young ones, teaches them to employ their time, and offers opportunities of getting up inexpensive presents. Indeed, it is a great mistake to hoist such barriers before willing workers, for how many of us can swell the ranks of real artists? Is it not a pity to see so many children left idling their time away under the pretext that they can do nothing worth looking at?

The cut fringe of fig. 9 forms also a nice border for a flower-mat. When all the loops are cut and trimmed, a plush-like appearance is imparted by a thorough combing.

VARIETIES.

A REASON FOR GOING EARLY TO CHURCH.—Mrs. Chapone was once asked why she came so early to church. "Because," she said, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

A CHARITABLE JUDGMENT.—"It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, when I was thus engaged, my father, who was a man of practical virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I, 'thine other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it were better for thee to be engaged in irreligious sleep than to awake to find fault with thy brothers.'"

PLANTING FOR POSTERITY.—A poor and aged man was very busy planting trees in his orchard, when some one asked him, "Why do you plant trees who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself, and leaning on his spade replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others, that the memorials of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

How many times I've bidden her "Good-bye"!
We've watched the swallows as they *thither* fly:
And *this* I fain would make her:
The two last *letters* of her hush'd reply:
This caught the echo of her tender sigh:
And *this* I am if I forsake her.

XIMENA.

A Village Wedding
The Honeymoon

A VILLAGE WEDDING.

ADOWN the time-worn village street,
Slow walking side by side,
While friendly neighbours wait to greet
The pair with honest pride,
In brave array they wend their way,
The bridegroom and the bride.

No gems her modest garb adorn,
But in her drooping eyes,
Like sunlight on an April morn
A sweet contentment lies;
She envies not the higher lot
Of folks more worldly wise.

Around that same old church maybe
Wherein their vows were paid,
Through childhood's hour of careless glee
They oft together played;
And later on, at love's fair dawn,
As youth and maiden strayed.

These lives so tranquilly begun,
So sheltered from the fray,
My fancy pictures how they run
From peaceful day to day;
A narrow range where chance and change
The minor part must play.

Such fate could yet more envy move
Than pity or disdain,
For pleasure needs no wider groove
When peace and virtue reign;
And these may bless with happiness
The simplest bridal train. S. E. G.

HOW TO PLAY BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

By LADY BENEDICT.

BEFORE entering into any details respecting individual sonatas, it may be well to say a few words about sonatas in general, their form and construction. We are, most of us, taught at school some of the masterpieces in this style; but if asked to define a sonata we should probably discover our only idea on the subject to be that it is a very long piece of music which it takes us nearly a whole term to learn. As a rule, when we first play them no one takes the trouble to explain to us the why and wherefore of anything. That double bar, for instance, in the first movements was long a mystery to me. It reminded me forcibly of the ditch in the game of steeplechase, on arriving at which the luckless rider is put back to the beginning, the difference being that the ditch may by chance be escaped—the double bar never. So I dare say those of you who know all about the construction of a sonata will pardon my making a few remarks on the subject for the benefit of those who do not.

I will indicate the ordinary four movements, though some are written in three, and a few in two only.

To begin with, a sonata is said to be in the key of the first movement. As a rule, this opens with what is called the *principal subject*, which may consist of a few notes or be several bars in length, and is in the key of the tonic. We are then gradually led to the *second subject*, which is in contrast to the first, and in the key of the dominant, or, if the sonata is in the minor, in the relative major, and we conclude at the double bar in the key of the second subject. This is the composer's text, and it is repeated to impress it duly on the minds of his hearers, just as it is very usual for a preacher to read out the text of his sermon twice before commencing the discourse. Now after the double bar this is amplified and developed, and we have what is called the *working out*. Our subjects are presented to us in different keys and under different aspects, sometimes singly, sometimes combined. Occasionally new matter is introduced. But whatever the digressions may be, we return at last to our first theme in the original key, and then, instead of modulating as before, we have our second theme, likewise in the original key, or sometimes, when the sonata is in the minor, this is given in the tonic major, and after that we wind up.

The slow movement may now follow, or it may be preceded by the *scherzo*. It is meant to form a contrast and give colour to the piece. Thus, if the first movement is spirited and brilliant, the slow movement is grave; should, however, the first be of a quiet nature, the other is light and graceful in character.

Then come the *minuet* and *trio*, or the *scherzo*. The former is the older, the latter the more modern form, and which, indeed, may be said to have been created by Beethoven himself. It is less restricted than the former, in which the minuet consists of its eight or sixteen bars, which are repeated note for note when the *trio* is ended. The mark *da capo* after the trio means that the *minuet* is to be played once more straight through, without repeats, concluding the movement. Neither of the middle movements need be in the same key as the first.

The last movement is often a *rondo*, which consists of an always recurring subject and various episodes. It may, however, take almost any form, but must be in the original key, though if the first movement be in the minor, it is permissible to have the last in the major.

In reading the above, it must be borne in mind that I only profess to give an outline of the generally-accepted form often modified by Beethoven. The great master was not fettered by rule, but followed the impulse of his mighty genius, and moulded the form of his composition to the expression of the idea that was uppermost in his mind.

You will, perhaps, notice a characteristic of Beethoven which is partially common to Mozart and some other composers, but I think not to the same degree. I mean his avoidance of a plain repetition. Of course, the *repeats* customary in *minuets* and *trios*, &c., he observes. But in reintroducing any melody, however lovely, he almost invariably adds to it in some way; either the accompaniment changes, or syncopation is introduced, or he uses one of the other thousand and one resources ever at his command to beautify still further his already beautiful theme. It is as though he feared to be monotonous—he who of all others could bear repetition.

Do not expect to find any of the sonatas, even the easier ones, so simple that you can learn them without thought and study. The first movements especially are complicated. They are not tunes in the right hand with accompaniments in the left. The principal part is often below, the effects are sometimes orchestral, and it requires careful searching to find out the points, and careful practice to bring them out with due effect. This apart from the technical difficulties, which are often great. There is scarcely one sonata which has not in it *something* hard to overcome, and a few of the last I shall not mention at all, as, being possible only to the most accomplished and finished pianist, they are better not attempted by ordinary amateurs.

Beethoven always put a profusion of expression marks into his MSS. We may, therefore, I think, take for granted that he indicated all he required, and we shall best show our respect for the composer by adhering strictly to his own instructions.

In choosing an edition, I advise you to select a fingered one. Hallé's, Czerny's, and Winckler's are excellent.

I have placed the sonatas as nearly as I could judge in the order of difficulty. It is impossible for me, in the limits at my command, to give a complete analysis of the works, or, indeed, to do more than point out a very few of their beauties and difficulties. If I can sufficiently rouse your interest to cause

you to seek and find them for yourselves, my purpose will have been accomplished.

1. Op. 49, No. 2 in *G*. A plain, straightforward little work and quite easy, consisting of two movements, an *allegro*, and a *minuet*. The latter is also used in Beethoven's septet, and is particularly graceful in character.

2. Op. 49, No. 1 in *G minor*. This is also in two movements only, an *andante* and a *rondo*, the former replete with grace, the latter brimming over with life and merriment. The beautiful subject of the *andante* requires a very *legato* touch and careful phrasing. Observe the allusion to it in the left hand, 39 bars from the end, and also to the second subject a little farther on. These points, though not made too prominent, should be marked. Beware of beginning the *rondo* too quickly, because the semiquavers in the left hand must be taken without slackening speed. Still, the whole ought to go at a good pace when thoroughly mastered, there being no alterations of time with the exception of the occasional pauses, after each of which the subject must be resumed as crisply as possible.

3. Op. 14, No. 1, in *E*. This presents very little mechanical difficulty, with the exception of bars 5 and 6, which require a great deal of practice. Each hand should be prepared to take up the passage precisely at the right moment. The subject must be given distinctly, the three quavers in the accompaniment being subdued. Similarly, just before the double bar, when the left hand plays minims, the right hand quavers are to be treated as an accompaniment only. There is a charming episode, commencing twelve bars before the double bar, which is almost beseeching in tone. At the conclusion of this episode no pause is marked or required, though one may feel tempted to make it.

The second movement is intensely passionate in the minor, the major being calm and sad. All seems quieting down, when the perturbed element is brought back by a return to the minor, in which the movement ends, in spite of a slight reference to the middle portion.

The *rondo* is lively and animated. The only trouble you can possibly have with it are the scales for the left hand and the passage beginning in bar 24 from the end, where the subject is given in syncopated notes and against triplets in the bass.

This sonata was subsequently converted by Beethoven into a string quartet.

4. Op. 79, in *G*. Though this little work is in small dimensions, it is a gem in its way, and its simplicity is surprising when we consider that it is one of the later sonatas. The first movement, joyous and sparkling, is headed *presto alla tedesca*, being in the time of the German waltz of that period. In the twelfth and following bars it is most necessary that the accent on the first beat should be observed, as otherwise the ear naturally seizes on the highest note of each ascending *arpeggio* as the first of the bar, thus losing the right sense of the rhythm. The descending third formed by the second and third crotchets of the subject is extensively used throughout the movement, and where it is introduced after the double bar the crossing of the hands renders it difficult to reach the first note in time, which can only be effected by leaving the bass quickly. There is a *coda*, in which you will not fail to detect the allusion to the subject in the left hand, repeated with a slight embellishment.

The *andante*, doubtless, made an impression on Mendelssohn, and may have originated in his mind the idea of composing his *Lieder ohne Worte*. It reminds one a little of the "Gondola Songs," with its melody in thirds and sixths. It is curious to note that the form of accompaniments of the second melody is at the end used for the principal subject, which is then played in octaves.

The *vivace*, with which the whole concludes, is naïve and charming in the extreme. The bright little subject is presented with various accompaniments, that in triplets being the least easy to play in time. In bar 20, after the double bar and the following, the bass notes form a descending scale of *G*, the same occurring twice afterwards, the last time with fragments of triplets in the right hand. Three notes against four ought not to give us much trouble, but where the first beat is a rest it is very difficult to give the two remaining notes their due share of time. The conclusion, with its interruptions and repetitions, is very playful and taking.

5. Op. 10, No. 2 in *F*. This, if perhaps not so full of intense feeling as some of the others, equals any in lightness and grace. It is uncommon for a sonata of these dimensions to be without a slow movement, but the composer had, doubtless, good reasons for this omission.

The opening is quite original and striking, half playful and half tender, and altogether beautiful. Throughout the *allegro* there are constant transitions from triplets to even semiquavers, and *vice versa*, and these should be noticed and kept always in strict time. Be careful to mark the *sforzando* in bar 31 and the four following. The effect of this accent on the half-beat is counteracted by that on the first of every six notes in the bass.

There is something particularly fascinating about the *scherzo*, the middle portion of which, in D♭, exhibits perhaps deeper feeling than any other part of the sonata. This movement is a very strong example of Beethoven's avoidance of simple repetition, which I mentioned in my introductory remarks. Read the F minor subject carefully through to the second double bar, and then compare it with its reintroduction after the portion in D♭. In place of an ordinary repeat, as in the opening, syncopation is used with a charming little alteration at the end of the line, which, by-the-bye, you may find somewhat tiresome, especially as, coming after so many single notes, one is apt not to practise it.

Then the bit after the first double bar has not only a varied accompaniment, but the melody is itself slightly changed, the two quavers forming the second beat *ascending* instead of *descending*, as in the first instance, and the bass to the shake being B♮, and not B♭ as before. Then where that solo occurs for the right hand, we have a syncopated bass beginning at the third beat of the next bar, and so on to the end. It is not such a simple matter to play the alternate notes quite evenly, though, being single in each hand, they look so easy. The only way to attain to the necessary precision is to go over the passages many times exceedingly slowly, and only very gradually increase the speed.

The *presto* is like a dance of merry elves, chasing each other up and down, in and out, playing hide-and-seek behind the leaves and flowers. The point to which your attention should be particularly directed is the passage beginning in bar 19, after the double bar. The skips in the right hand are awkward; the minims must be held, and the *staccato* notes played as such. I recommend you not to grudge devoting a long time to the practice of these few bars, as they form the only difficulty of the movement, which is extremely effective and, on the whole, not hard to play.

6. Op. 10, No. 1, in *C minor*.—This very fine sonata is happily not quite so hackneyed as some. The opening is characterised by vigour. You will find those arpeggio passages excellent practice for the fingers, if you play them *ff* as marked, and with great precision. The chord in bar 5 in the left hand is a little difficult to get in time, but you must leave the preceding D and F as soon as struck, so that you may be prepared. The transition from the first to the second subjects, though managed by simple means, is so arranged as to sound quite original. How sweet is that sustained passage just after the spirited commencement, and then the second subject in E♭, what a contrast! Shortly before the double bar there are three E♭'s, marked *sforzando*, and in playing these with force the little finger is apt to slip down on to the white keys, which does not sound well. After the reintroduction of the first theme and the bar's rest, notice the happy effect produced by the unexpected D♭ and the remainder of the passage in G♭, a key which was not at all in our minds.

The *allegro* is followed by an *adagio molto*, as it is headed, and I hope you will pay attention to the *molto*, because if you begin a little too quickly, you will find the semi-demi-semiquavers impossible to get in without breaking the time. As a rule, one hears schoolgirls playing the bars containing the short notes twice as slowly as any of the others, or, worse still, making an inordinately long first beat. Nothing shows more ignorance, or is more painful to an educated ear, giving it a similar impression to that produced on the eye by a picture out of drawing. It is pretty safe to say that you may determine the pace at which you play the whole by the quickest pace at which you can manage the semi-demi-semiquavers—that will probably not be too fast. If you find it help you, divide the 12 into groups of 3 (the rest commencing the first group), and slightly accent the first of each, as though you were counting 16 in the bar. But I would discontinue the accent when once you feel the time. When 7 or 11 occur at the end, they are to be got in as evenly as possible, and without accent. In bar 17 the little demi-semiquavers are not accounted for in the time; the E♭, being a crotchet, ought by rights to be held till F, which falls on the second beat, is struck; that is to say, the small notes must be played in *no time*, which is, of course, impossible. But what is intended is that you should wait as long as you safely can, and then play them as swiftly as possible, reaching the F precisely at the second beat. Give special attention to the similar case in the left hand. In bar 35 and the following be sure to keep each part in time. The first note in the bass, for instance, being the last of a triplet, should fall exactly with the last of the right hand triplet, and so on, otherwise a very muddled effect is produced.

The *Finale* conveys an idea of restlessness, this character, however, being relieved by that of the second subject, which seems to denote calm determination. Observe the imitations, in the left hand of the opening, and also how charmingly the second subject is answered in the bass. Do not be puzzled by the second phrase of the second subject being written in the bass clef. It is easier to read so than if the clef had been changed half way through the phrase or the notes written in the same stave with the bass. The conclusion is altogether charming and characteristic, and merits your special notice. In bar 22 from the end we are quite prepared for an immediate "wind-up." Not a bit of it. After a few bars of dominant harmonies on A♭, we have the subject in D♭, and after that an enharmonic change brings us back easily and naturally to our original key, the movement concluding, however, in the major instead of the minor. In bars 8, 7, 6, and 5, from the end, the second subject seems trying to get in a few words, but is both times interrupted and at last effectually silenced.

(To be continued.)

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER II.

MADEMOISELLE.

"BETTER have no governess at all than one without authority," said Miss Fitzroy, later in the evening, Decima being absent from the drawing-room. "Take my word for it, Henry, if something is not done that girl will be irretrievably ruined."

"It sounds bad," said Mr. Fitzroy, with equal gravity, but there was a twitch in the corner of his mouth, and she exclaimed—

"Can't you be in earnest for once? It is no subject for jesting. The matter ought to have your most serious consideration."

"It has, I assure you. But serious consideration is exhausting. One needs relaxation after it."

"Why don't you send her to school?"

"I'm not an admirer of the typical schoolgirl."

"Then find a thoroughly conscientious governess—one whom you can trust—one fitted by character and education to undertake such a charge."

"Precisely what we purpose doing. But she has not come to the fore yet."

"She is not likely to do so without a little trouble on your part or Alicia's."

"I wish it were Alicia's," muttered the husband. "Here, Dessie, your aunt is giving me good advice as to your future instructress."

"Oh, don't talk about her, papa. All I want is to keep on with dear quiet Miss Wood, who lets one do what one likes, and doesn't fuss."

Miss Fitzroy did not think a discussion of the subject in Decima's presence desirable, and to change the topic she remarked, "So Cecil and Ella are coming to live near you."

"In three weeks," said Edith. "You saw them lately, aunt Dora. How did you like Ella?"

"She appeared pleasing."

Dessie groaned audibly. "The idea of describing our sweet darling Ella in such starched terms," she whispered to her brother. "Why, all the adjectives in the dictionary strung together would not be too strong."

"Bad as well as good adjectives?"

"Oh, you know what I mean."

"What was the 'but' in the background, Dora?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"I did not intend to imply any 'but.' Certainly, Ella struck me as being rather young."

"Nineteen! Well, yes; but Cecil is only twenty-five, and Ella is old for her years."

"She is ladylike, and I thought her attractive."

"She is the very best and sweetest girl that ever lived," burst out Decima.

"I should scarcely have expected her to suit you, Dessie."

"But she does," cried Dessie. "She suits everybody. She is no starched-up piece of whalebone, only made to fit a body exactly the same shape as itself."

"Who ever starches whalebone?" asked Hubert softly.

"Have they taken a house?" inquired Miss Fitzroy, ignoring her younger niece, and Mrs. Aubrey answered—

"No; they will come to us for a visit, and look out at their leisure. We expect them in three weeks."

"Baby and all," said Dessie.

"Have you good news of Harry?"

"He is getting on well, but does not talk of coming home at present," said Edith.

"There would be no object in his doing so. Now he is in Paris, he will be wise to make the most of his time there. Why he went is a mystery to me."

Mr. Fitzroy shrugged his shoulders afresh. "No fear of Harry not working. He and Edith are never lazy—degenerate scions of the Fitzroy race! No true Fitzroy of our stock ever toiled himself into his grave. *Cui bono*, if he did? But you were never a true Fitzroy."

"I hope not, if it means laziness."

'It means that precisely. Didn't we know it in our petticoat days, when Sid and I spoilt all our toys, and threw the rest away, and received motherly lectures from you towards improvement of general conduct."

"I wish I could believe they had taken effect."

"Lecturing takes effect in a reverse style upon me,—something like Dessie. There's a right and a wrong mode of getting a pig to market. But Sidney is model enough for anybody."

"Three weeks," said Miss Fitzroy thoughtfully. "I must arrange to leave you then. You will have no room for me, with Cecil and Ella and the baby here, not to speak of a servant."

And Decima looked far from grieved at the prospect of her aunt's shortened visit.

* * * * *

A week passed, and no steps were taken with respect to the French governess recommended by Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton. Mr. Fitzroy, though a man of leisure—perhaps *because* a man of leisure—was inveterately indolent, and followed extensively the Spanish rule of "never doing to-day what can be put off till to-morrow." He could act with energy on occasions, but his energetic fits were not to be counted upon. Mrs. Fitzroy was impassive rather than strictly indolent, and she had a nervous dislike to responsibility in household arrangements. Moreover, in the present instance, she was a prisoner to the house with neuralgia. "I do wish Henry would ask about that governess for me," she said fretfully, from time to time, and his usual answer, if within hearing, was a good-humoured, "To be sure I will—I quite forgot." He continued to forget during the said week of delay, but the frequent reminders took effect, and he one day marched in upon the assembled circle unexpectedly, with the remark—

"I've done it!"

"Done what?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy, rather alarmed.

"Done what you wished, my dear, engaged Mademoiselle St. Roque."

"Engaged her—on the spot!" ejaculated Miss Fitzroy.

"On the spot," responded Mr. Fitzroy, with an imperturbable smile.

"Henry! what *do* you mean?" exclaimed his wife.

"As resident governess—coming next week," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Why, there isn't a room, except the one next to Dessie's."

"I dare say that will do," said Mr. Fitzroy, with masculine indifference to household details which did not concern his own comfort.

"But what do you know about her?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy, in despair.

"I, my dear! Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton knows."

"She spoke favourably of Mademoiselle, so far as she was acquainted with her; but really she knows almost nothing."

"Ah! It is rather late in the day to tell me that now. I am afraid you are in for the little woman."

"You don't really mean that you have engaged her without asking for references?"

"Dear me, no; she had them by the score. 'Would sare read them all.' 'Sare' looked at one or two, and declined the rest. Blooming accounts, of course, endorsed by herself in glowing terms. She professed to be on the point of closing with another party, but declared she would infinitely prefer to be with the friends of her 'ver' dear friend,' Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton. So, as it was a case of now or never, and as I knew you had set your heart on a Parisian accent for Dessie, we clinched the matter on the spot, and she comes next Wednesday. I knew Miss Wood would be grateful for a release."

"It is a most unheard-of thing," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "How do we know who she is or where she comes from?"

Mr. Fitzroy lifted his eyebrows, and murmured something about "Mrs. Willoughby——"

"But, of course, we intended to have proper inquiries made. Did you ask no questions at all?"

"Dozens, my dear. Everything satisfactory. In fact, there was not a blemish which could serve as an excuse for saying 'no.' Ah, here comes Dessie. We shall have her turned out a finished young Parisian in six months. Eh, Dessie?" and he enjoyed her look of consternation.

"Not the French governess, papa! Not really! Oh, how could you be so unkind?"

"All for your future good, Dessie, as your aunt Dora would say."

Miss Fitzroy compressed her lips with a look of dissent.

"Is it Mademoiselle St. Roque?"

Mr. Fitzroy now nodded.

"Well, one thing is certain," said Decima, with an air of resolution. "Neither she nor anybody shall ever turn *me* into a Frenchwoman."

"Wait six months, my dear," said Mr. Fitzroy.

CHAPTER III.

CECIL AND ELLA.

"WHAT think you of your younger sister, Cecil? Not much improved, I am afraid," *quoth* Mr. Fitzroy.

Three weeks of patience-trying delays, beyond the time originally fixed, had at length culminated in the departure of Miss Fitzroy and in the arrival of the wished-for trio. Dinner was over, and baby Hubert was asleep in bed. Cecil Fitzroy, a fine young man, after the same type as his father, stood upon the rug, surveying the group. Mrs. Fitzroy was in her favourite chair, and Ella, a gentle-mannered, fair-haired girl, sat on the sofa, with Decima in an admiring attitude beside her. Edith completed the number present.

"Cecil looks as if he were taking an inventory of me from head to foot," said Decima.

"There is not much to take an inventory of," said Cecil. "You are very little grown, Dessie."

"Oh, all my growth goes into my mind. *That* expands," said Decima, with an air of pretended satisfaction.

"Dessie is like a crab-apple tree: grows every way except the right way," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Just that, exactly," said Dessie.

"You do not give yourself a flattering character," Cecil observed.

"I am not so sure," retorted Decima. "To have a flattering opinion of one's self is to believe that one is like what one admires. Now people count it the 'right' thing for me to develop into a fine lady. But the thing is impossible. I'm not made for it. I never was ladylike, and soft and fussy, and I never shall be. I don't admire people who are."

Your adjectives are particularly ill-suited one to another," said Cecil. "A person may be ladylike without being soft, and one who is fussy is seldom ladylike."

"Of course, I don't mean that I don't like and admire Ella" said Decima, answering his thought rather than his words. "But Ella doesn't parade herself as a model, or try to cut everybody down to her own shape."

"She has not had much opportunity certainly for performing that office with you."

"Opportunity! My dear Cecil, people don't wait for opportunities," said Decima, with her "middle-aged manner," as her father sometimes not inaptly termed it. "Aunt Dora's rule is to begin finding fault the moment she walks into one's house."

"Come, that is hardly the way for a niece to speak of an aunt, Dessie. What if you grow up like her?"

"Oh, no fear," Decima said, lightly. "I laugh at people, but I don't scold them."

"Query," said Cecil: "is it best to be an object of displeasure or of ridicule?"

Decima's brown cheek coloured a little. "I don't mind either. But it is a good thing my nephew is so small, or you

"THE SERVANT ANNOUNCED 'MISS ST. ROCK.'"

would be afraid to let him come within range of my influence."

"Why?" Ella asked.

"Oh, you won't wish him to grow up like me, I suppose, for the sake of the family peace of mind."

"Dessie, are you proud of being a trouble to people?"

Ella put the question softly, and with a touch of gravity. Decima looked back at her laughingly.

"Yes, perhaps I am. Anything rather than to be commonplace."

"I see, it is a case of vanity," Cecil remarked, and Dessie coloured again.

"Not vanity, but ambition," she said, hardily. "Everybody has an ambition of some sort. Mine is to be distinctive. Mamma's ambition is to trim me down into an ordinary young lady. Mademoiselle's ambition is to transform me into a Parisian. Hopeless aims—the two last."

"Why hopeless?"

"*Why*, Ella! Why, because I can't! I detest restraints, and I cannot endure humbug, and I like to be free, and I never do make any pretence to be good and proper, and if I don't feel inclined to do a thing I don't do it."

"That is Dessie all over!" said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Yes, I believe it is a fair description," said Dessie, complacently. "The fact is, mamma and mademoiselle and Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton sit in committee upon me, about once in every three days, to discuss what shall be the manner of my future: whether I am to be roasted alive and sent to the cannibals of the South Sea Islands; or whether I am to be despatched to Greenland, to try the taming effects of ice and whale-blubber; or whether I am to be publicly caged in the Zoological Gardens, with a printed inscription, holding me up as a warning to unladylike girls."

"You chatterbox," laughed her father, while Cecil turned away and inquired of his mother,

"How is Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton?"

"Not at all improved," said Decima, before Mrs. Fitzroy could speak. "It was all through her that mademoiselle came to us. "Oh, Ella, what *do* you think of mademoiselle?"

Ella made no answer, and Cecil said—

"Really, Dessie, you allow no one but yourself a chance of uttering a word."

"Why, you have all been talking as fast as I," exclaimed Decima, with full belief in her assertion.

Cecil entered into no discussion, but a little later, when she was absent, he remarked abruptly to his father—

"Dessie is not improved."

"She is at the awkward age."

"It is not awkwardness. That would be nothing. She is degenerating into a conceited rattle."

"Oh, come! Dessie is clever. Don't be hypercritical, my dear fellow."

Cecil shrugged his shoulders, with his father's own gesture, and muttered—

"Defend me from such cleverness."

* * * *

Three days later Decima had a grand struggle—no unusual event—with her governess. The sounds of the wordy warfare penetrated from schoolroom to drawing-room. Dessie's voice, though resolute, was not ill-tempered, while mademoiselle's shrill tones rose to a screaming pitch at intervals. She appeared after a while in the drawing-room, flushed and disquieted—a plump and rather good-looking Frenchwoman, with a pair of sparkling black eyes and vivacious demeanour. Her air was not precisely that of a victor.

"I am afraid you have had a fatiguing morning, mademoiselle," said Ella, kindly.

"*Fatiguant!* Oh, ver' *fatiguant*," sighed Mademoiselle St. Roque. "Dessie is like no one dat ever I haf seen. She haf no conscience for her vork—no, none."

"I thought she was in one of her flighty moods this morning," said Mr. Fitzroy. "What has she been doing, mademoiselle?"

"Do! She vill not do noting. She haf spent de whole morning in von big idleness. I haf desired her to remain solitary von whole hour, for to consider."

"Capital plan—solitary confinement," said Mr. Fitzroy. "Often has a wonderful effect."

"Noting haf no effect upon Dessie," said mademoiselle. "She vill not learn, she vill not play, she vill not write, she vill only read de story books, and talk, talk, talk, till de head split."

"You have found the only remedy for that complaint, mademoiselle. Dessie will scarcely talk to the table and chairs."

Mademoiselle looked doubtful whether even in solitude Dessie's tongue could be at rest. She sat down, however, to her fancy work, and gradually rallied from her ruffled condition. Edith presently entered the room, and entered into conversation with her mother and Ella. A little later there came a double knock at the front door, and the servant announced—

"Miss St. Rock."

"Curious," said Mr. Fitzroy, in the moment's interval. "Sounds like your name, mademoiselle."

"*Mais, non, je n'ai point.* I haf not no English relative," exclaimed mademoiselle.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ESSAY WRITING.

SUBJECT:

"MY CHRISTIAN NAME."

Examiner:—THE EDITOR.

THE Editor is glad to be able to state that the competition in English Composition has again been highly successful, both as regards the number of candidates and the excellence of the essays. Nearly seven hundred candidates sent in essays, and most of them evidenced earnest and serious thought, clearness of expression, and accuracy of fact. Indeed, there were but few essays which were altogether devoid of interest or ability. One or two girls misunderstood the subject, and wrote upon no particular name, while one or two other girls wrote upon all the Christian names they or their friends possess. Of course, the subject of "My Christian Name" was treated in a variety of styles by the girls, most of them starting with the origin of Christian names generally, the meaning of their own particular name, and ending with an expression of thankfulness in possessing a name by which they were called by their nearest and dearest friends.

Mary and Annie were the names most written upon, after which were Elizabeth, Margaret, Eleanor, Jane, and Emily. The uncommon names of the competition essays were Lydia, Tydfil, Mittie, Theresa, Juliana, Constance, Myra, Mukta, Engela, and Alexandra.

FIRST DIVISION.

(Girls twenty and under twenty-five).

FIRST PRIZE (THREE GUINEAS).

Clarke, Mary Elizabeth, Forest-hill, S.E. (20.)

SECOND PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Foster, Harriet, St. Anne's, near St. Helen's, Lancashire (20).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Watson, Eleanor, Islington, N. (20.)
Davis, Edith Emma, Dawley, Shropshire (22).
French, Agnes Sarah, Walthamstow, Essex (20).
Thomson, J. M. W., near Falkirk, N.B. (21.)
Lowe, Mary Kennedy, Crosswell, Kinross, N.B. (24.)
Wright, Fanny Jane, Seaforth, near Liverpool (21).
Bird, Frances Caroline, Reading (22).
Smith, Florence Mary, The Park, Nottingham (22).
Price, F. E. R., Clifton (24).
French, Lydia M. D., Walthamstow, Essex (24).
Vanes, Mary, The Grove, Ealing (21).
Ranken, Alice, Guernsey (20).
Herring, Annie Eleanor, West Brighton (24).
Smith, Mary Ann, Werrington, Peterborough (24).
Horbory, Heleanor Janet, Wheatland-lane, Seacomb (21).
Davenport, Clara, Manchester (21).
Ireland, Grace, Kirkcaldy, N.B. (22.)
Walmsly, Mary, Lewisham (22).
Tinney, Margaret, Winchester (20).

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Blanchford, Louisa, Exeter (22).
Payne, Gertrude Mary, East Retford, Notts (24).
Wilson, Sophia Lucy, Pavenham Vicarage, Bedford (22).
Talbot, Lucy, Topsham, Devon (21).
Joseph, Mary Tydfil, Stoke Bishop, Bristol, (21).
Hookham, Sarah V. A., 5, Green Lanes-terrace, Highbury (25).
Milner, Emily Priscilla, Putney (25).
Moore, Emma, Belfast (22).
Butler, Ellen Jane, Canterbury (24).
Hewins, Caroline Annie, Merridale-road, Wolverhampton (22).
Trobridge, Kate, St. David's, Exeter (21).
Brown, Catherine Emma, Camp-road, Leeds (22).
Smith, Blondina Charlotte, Fawley, Southampton (24).

Simpkins, Agnes Ann, near Marlborough, Wilts (25).
Heron, Hannah Charlotte, Dublin (23).
Hill, Emily, Chiswick (23).
Thompson, Ellen, Etwall, Derby (24).
Onrael, Estelle Emiline, Grove End-road, N.W. (20.)
Hunt, Elizabeth Sarah, St. George's Place, Norwich (21).
Walmsley, Bertha, Higher Broughton, Manchester (21).
East, Annie Elizabeth, Brentwood, Essex, (22).
Allnutt, Edith Ada, Dartmouth, Devon (21).
Jones, Mary Jane, Rock Ferry, Cheshire (22).
Gillington, Mary Clarissa, Knap-hill, Woking (20).
Fetherstonhough, Theresa, Dorchester, Dorset (24).
Joyce, Florence Ada, Varteg, near Pontypool (20).
Austin, Florence, Lower Clapton (24).
Harris, Jenny, Wavendon, near Woburn, Beds (22).
Gower, Annie, Great Barford, near St. Neots (21).
Gower, Mary Edith, Brondesbury, N.W. (20.)
Hodson, Mary Wilson, Burton-on-Trent (22).
Lindsay, Jeanie, Wishaw, N.B. (24.)
Jameson, Mary Hope, Edinburgh (23).
Bidlake, Mary Cecilia, Broomy-hill, Hereford (22).
Wroth, Margaret Elizabeth, Court-road, West Kensington (21).
Bealey, Margaret Isabella, Harrogate (22).
May, Fannie, North-hill, Colchester, Essex (23).
Watson, Rachel B., St. Neots, Hunts (20).
Hartley, Frances Elizabeth, Wyke, near Bradford, Yorks (21).
Neary, Fanny, South Ossett Vicarage, Wakefield (23).
Hall, Florence, Leeds, Yorks (20).
Turner, Frances E., Penrith, Cumberland (23).
Biggs, Emily Sarah, Heresley Vicarage, Coventry (23).
Crofton, Dorothea H., Dublin (21).
Seek, Ada Alice, Devonport (20).
Walker, Adelaide, Sheerness, Kent (23½).
Sutton, Emma, West Harnham, near Salisbury, Wilts (22).
Duff, Janet Douglas, Elce, Fife (24).
Marchant, Emily, near Langton, Tunbridge Wells (22).
Lisle, Helen, Shieldfield, Newcastle (23).
Taylor, Elizabeth E., Taunton (21).
Thomas, Elizabeth, West Liverpool-street, Salford (22).
Burden, Elizabeth Raymond, Glasgow (21).
Adcock, Blanche, Warton, Atherstone, Warwickshire (22).
Keel, Annie, Liverpool (21).
Smithers, Marion, Sidcup, Kent (22).
Kirlew, Marianne, Chorton-cum-Hardy, Manchester (24).
Wintle, Edith Mary, London S.W. (23.)
Crook, Jeannie Barbara, Bray (23).
Collier, Laura, Handcross, Sussex (21).
Lewin Alice Stevenson, Grange-road, Ramsgate (23).
MacDougall, Mary St. Clair, Coldstream, Berwickshire, N.B. (24.)
Winder, Mary, Green Bank, Huddersfield (20).
Parker, Emily, Broadhampston, Totnes, South Devon (24).
Wareham, Jessie, Brighton (22).
Good, Juliana, Dorchester, Dorset (23).
Garrett, Frances Sarah, Gosport, Hants (23).
Heath, Mary, Chichester, Sussex (23).
Foxall, Jane, Stourbridge (23).
Roe, Frances, Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland (21).
Pickering, Mary Elizabeth, Edgbaston, Birmingham (21).
Ludlow, Maria (20).
Kemp, Marian Annie, Worthing (20).
Foyle, Mittie, Wilton, Salisbury (24).
Cunningham, Margaret, Edinburgh (23).

SECOND DIVISION.

(Girls over 16 years and under 20 years.)

FIRST PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Oakley, Lucy Violet Ellen, Hoxton (16).

SECOND PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Jones, Dorothea Mary, Bristol (17½).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Chown, Nellie, Ashford, Middlesex (18).
McKay, Jemima, Highbury New Park (17½).
Wilshire, Lucy Jane, Stoneygate, Leicester (17).
Lillie, Christian Knox, Whitby, Yorkshire (18).
Schofield, Harriet Alice, Cobridge, near Stoke-upon-Trent (16).
Luck, Emma Jane, Spalding (17½).
Morrish, Mary Elizabeth, Torquay (17).
Taylor, E. B. A., Gordon-square, W.C. (19¼.)
Boase, Lilian, St. James's-road, Exeter (17).
Stevens, Bertha Moore, Torrington, North Devon (17).
Forbes, Catherine, Hillhead, Glasgow (16¾).
Jones, Gwen Elizabeth, Windsor-road, Penarth, Cardiff (18).
Dale, Minnie J., York (18).
Shaw, Mary A., Kelbarchan, near Paisley (19).
Carran, Edith, Fairfield, Liverpool (19).
Minifie, Mary Denning, Manorbier, Pem., R.S.O. (16.)
Malby, Louise Alice, Seven Sisters'-road, N. (19.)
Lester, Mary, Kirkdale, Liverpool (16¼).
White, Anna J., Byres-road, Glasgow (18).
Shaw, Ada, St. Ann's, near St. Helen's, Lancashire (16).
Cox, Mary Elizabeth Nutter, Southend, Essex (16).
Murray, Christian, Redhill, Surrey (16½).
Cross, Anne Elizabeth, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset (16).
Forbes, Margaret Theodora Florence, Mecklenburgh-square, W.C. (18¼.)
Owen, Mary, Bankside, Oldham (19).
Turner, Beatrice Isabel, Regent's-park (18½).
Rogers, Ethel Gertrude, Hanover-park, Peckham (17).
Leslie, Emma Margaret, Walpole-road, Brighton (19½).
Allbon, Olive Janet, Bancroft, Hitchin, Herts. (19).
Whitting, Florence Catherine, Cromwell-road, S.W. (16¼).
Hughes, Emma C. A., Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake, Leicestershire (18).
Sayers, Edith Elizabeth, Lewisham, Kent (17½).
Palin, Eleanor Wilson, Southport (17).
Dawkins, Catherine Emily, Trafford-road, Salford, Manchester (19½).
Lyddon, Annie Elizabeth, Redland, Bristol (18).
Sharpe, Janet Tarrant, Camberwell (18).
Maddin, Isabella Muir, Burnside-street, Glasgow (16).
Wallace, Florence Emily, Manningham, Bradford (18).
Issard, Mary, Aberhafesp, near New Town, Montgomeryshire (16).
Manchee, Rosa Elizabeth, Brockley, S.E. (18.)
Beaufort, F. E. M., Barnard Castle (19).
Birkenhead, Margaret, St. Beer (16).

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Whelpton, Anne Helen, Nottingham (19).
Browne, Marie Josephine, Llandaff, South Wales (17).
Hall, Mary Barton, Lancing, Sussex (18).
Bushill, Beatrice, Herbert-road, Woolwich (16).
Higenbottam, Ellen, Hightown, Manchester, (17).
Firth, Mary Elizabeth, Sowerby-bridge, Yorks (16).
Parke, Alice, Tidesweel, Sheffield (16).
McNicoll, Jeannie, Rua do Sacramento da Lapa, Lisbon (19).
Cutting, Margaret Anne, Eastgate, Bury St. Edmunds (17).
Fitch, Olive, Brixton, S.W. (17).
Heron, Eleanor, Rainton, Durham (18).
Hall, Edith, Beverley-road, Hull (17).
Woodward, Nina Gertrude, Ryde (17).
Goadby, Edith Hildred, New Brompton, Chatham (16).
Birch, Edith, Cheetham-hill, Manchester (19).
Oldacre, Mary Jane Elizabeth, Limehouse, E. (16).
Le Mesurier, Lucie Juliette, Colchester (17).
Fleetwood, Louisa S., Richmond-road, South Kensington (16).
Wood, Annie, Bow, E. (16).
Hewlett, Mary, Llangefni, Anglesea (17).
Ward, Edith Ellen, Deal (17).
Fox, Annie Elizabeth, Gwynear, Hayle, Cornwall (17).
Yeoman, Julia, Huddersfield, Yorkshire (19).
Kier, Margaret Reid, Falkirk (18).
Chavasse, Gertrude, Herne-hill-road, Camberwell (16).
Wallace, Edith Mary, Halifax (16).
Slatter, Maria, Hyde-park-gardens, W. (18).
Hewitt, Ethel May, Barbadoes, West Indies (17).
Austin, Lucy Emily, Downes-road, Lower Clapton (17).
Waters, Helen Clara, Heigham-road, Norwich (18).
Baverstock, Kate, Hewbury, Berkshire (18).
Fryer, Gertrude, Wilmstow, Cheshire (17).
Saunders, Mary, Brighton (18).
Duff, Mary, Elie, Fife (16).
Weir, Amy Mary, Hampstead (16).
Hern, Rosa Mary, St. Austell, Cornwall (19).
Hopkins, Annie G., Highbury New-park, N. (18).
Alder, Amy Elizabeth. Hatton-garden, E.C. (18).
Lester, M. Elizabeth, Kirkdale, Liverpool (16).
Passmaes, Alice Meare, Milverton, Leamington (19).
Bartlett, Amy Maud, Homerton, E. (18).
Barrow, Edith Isabel, East Dulwich (16).
Ranking, Constance Maud, Buckingham-gate, W. (19).
Cook, Alice Eliza, Stamford-hill, W. (16).
Garson, Martha Elizabeth Mary, Birsay, Orkney (17).
Hewling, Florence, Camberwell (18).
Bird, Annie Emily, Reading (17).
Owen, Alice Mary, Peckham-rye (17).
Sargood, Clara Wordsworth, Champion-hill, Surrey (17).
Williams, Mary Calvert, Hackney (17).
Porter, Ada Kathleen, West-end-lane, South Hampstead (16).
Lovett, Alice, Bognor, Sussex (17).
Millnes, B., Altrincham, Cheshire (17).
Bache, Louisa Anne, West Bromwich (18).
Carter, Alice, Cookham Dean, near Maidenhead (19).
Thomson, Isabella, 109, Ferry-road, Leith (18).
Evans, Ethel Frances, The Park, Nottingham (16).
Holt, Alice, Camberwell, S.E. (18).
Marshall, Florence, Loughborough, Leicestershire (17).
Trueman, Mary, Whitby (16).
Kendall, Minnie Louisa, Clifton, Bristol (18).
Boileau, Marie de Chol, Charlton-road, Blackheath (19).

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Harding, Annie Maria Kitto, Highbury New Park, N. (17).
Wallop, Rosamond Alicia, Whitchurch, Hampshire (19).
Corson, Anna, Prestbury, Cheshire (17).
Imrie, Sophy, Duniston, Glasgow (18).
Parr, Mary Hannah, Earlestown, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, (17).
Anderson, Sarah Anne, Grantham, Lincolnshire (17).
Summersford, Eliza G. H., Swaffham, Norfolk (17).
Hopkins, Lucy E., Kidderminster (18).
Misselbrook, Theresa, Peckham (17).
Lestrange, May Marie, Godalming, Surrey (18).
Dandy, Alice Anne, Wybunbury, near Nantwich, Cheshire (17).
Powell, Mary Maddock, Liverpool (16).
Eaton, Emma, Clapham (17).
Handford, Frances Swansea (17).
Nicholson, Mary, Broomhill, Sheffield (16).
Firth, Mary Elizabeth, Darlington (18).
Green, Annie Henrietta, Fairfield, Liverpool (16).
Lewis, Mary, F., Grange, Edinburgh (17).
Barclay, Jane, Edinburgh (19).
Liddle, Alice, New Leeds, Leeds (16).
Holl, Constance Alice, Hazelwood, Derby (17).
Higginbottom, Frances Maude, York (18).
Burrell, Edith Mary, Arbroath (17).
Turner, Catherine, Edwinstowe, Torquay (16).
Norwood, Isabel, New Cross, S.E. (18).
Shelly, Edith Helen, Lewes, Sussex (19).
Ross, Margaret Mary Danvers, Brighton (18).
Bellamy, Edith Mary, 36, Coltman-street, Hull (17).
Smith, Alice, Liverpool (18).
Archer, Eleanor Elizabeth, Harbury, near Leamington (19).
Wigley, Edith, Alton, Birmingham (17).
Fowler, Florence, E. B., Brighton (18).
Rogers, Lucy Anne, Castle Fields, Shrewsbury (19).
Nelson, Annie Martha, Nottingham (16).
Martin, Constance E., Tunbridge Wells (16).
Gregory, Mary Isabella, Weymouth (18).
Bennett, Minnie, Falfield, R.S.O., Gloucestershire, (19).
Margets, Constance A. L., Wigan (17)
Christie, Alice Margaret, Dollar, N.B. (17.)
Castle, Henrietta, Redland, Bristol (17)
Bulteel, Catherine S., Stonehouse, Plymouth (18).
Edmonston, Margaret L. H., Shetland Isles (16).
Thompson, Rachel Mary, The Green, Tottenham (16).
Atkins, Elizabeth Susan, Highgate, N. (18.)
Nicholls, Constance, Mill-road, Cambridge (16).
Golding, Juliet Martineau, Maidstone (19).
Oliver Ethel, Old Windsor (19).
Robinson, Alice Maude Mary, Lees, near Manchester (16).
Shorter, Mary, Buckhurst Hill (16).
Hudson, Mary, Crosby-on-Eden, near Carlisle (18).
Hatton, Florence Mary, Canonbury, N. (17.)
Bishop, Mary, Bristol (16).
George, Mary Elizabeth, Anerley, S.E. (18.)
Jones, Laura Emily, Worcester (17).
Kelson, Carolina Elvira, Beverley-road, Hull (16).
Jones, Bertha, Newcomen-street, Redcar, Yorkshire (18).
Innis, Emily Mary, Birmingham (16).
Wallop, Dorothea Blewitt, Whitchurch, Hampshire (18).
Fosbroke, Annie Elizabeth, Bath (19).
Stratton, Lizzie, Fareham, Hants (17).
Hidden, Margaret S., New Cross (16).
Beastall, Clara Elizabeth, South Reston, near Louth, Lincolnshire (18).
Rundle, Emily Corfield, Moseley, Birmingham (17).
Gibbs, Ellen, St. David's, Exeter (16).
Smith, Annette Agatha, Strathbungo, Glasgow (17).
Louthean, Elizabeth Moir, near Glasgow (16).
Firbank, Alice, Washingborough, near Lincoln (19).
Alcock, Annie Elizabeth, Mansfield, Notts.
Whitelon, Effie Anne, Eythorne, near Dover (19).
Martin, Nellie Maud, Gravesend (18).
Wood, Bertha Catherine, Trafalgar-square (16).
Dent, Charlotte Sophia, Great Hoarmead, near Buntingford, Berks (18).
Allen, Edith, Cheetham Hill, Manchester (18).
Wilson, Kate, Victoria-road, Waterloo, near Liverpool (18).
Welsh, Caroline, Rathmines, Dublin (18).
Vincent, Margaret Jane, Sunderland (18).
Dulois, Harriet Caroline, Peckham Rye (19).
Whitelaw, Edith Mary, Edinburgh (17).
Upward, Mary Edith, Pembroke, South Wales (19).
Rogers, Anita Russel, Hanover Park, S.E. (16.)
Robertson, Emily Alice, Camberwell-road, S.E. (16.)
Jackson, Janet Hunter, Denmark Hill (16).
Purkis, Dagmar Blanche, Camberwell (18).
Gardiner, Annie Florence, Parker-street, Warrington (18).
Stoneman, Elsie, Manchester (19).
Cartwright, Margaret Robena, Stourbridge (16).
Washington, Bessie, Victoria Park-road (19)
Craigmyle, Bessie, Aberdeen (17).
Robertson, Annie Anderson, Stellenbosch, Cape Colly, South Africa (18).
Dutt Mukta Mala, Ramnbagam Cottage, Calcutta (17).
Evans, Lilian Mary, Carmarthenshire (16).
Loane, Alice, Dulwich (17).
Pope, Edith Montague, Bath (19).
Rermett, Florence Emily, St. Lawrence, near Ramsgate (19).
Beckett, Amy, Altrincham, Chester (17).
Evens, Mary Frances, Plymouth (17).
Earnshaw, Eliza M., Girlington, Bradford, Yorkshire (16).
Wilson, Lucy Annie, Waterloo, near Liverpool (19).
Suche, Ellen, West Kensington.
Findlay, Alice Maud Mary, Dollar, Auckmannanshire, Scotland (17).

THIRD DIVISION.

(Girls of 16 years and under.)

FIRST PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Hanky, Evelyn M. A., Bickley-park, Kent (15).

SECOND PRIZE (HALF A GUINEA).

Grellier, Annie Caroline, Lewisham (14).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Braddock, Florence, Peckham (15).
Forbes, J. G., Hillhead, Glasgow (14½).
White, Ellen, East Dulwich-road (15¼).
Goodwin, J. A., Peckham-road (15).
Pownall, Grace Agnes, Hoxton (14).
Carter, Edith, Halifax, Yorks (15).
Lailey, Laura Charlotte, Letterkenny, co. Donegal, Ireland (15½).
Craggs, Mary Elizabeth, Newcastle-on-Tyne (14).
Hale, Mary Caroline, Upper Hackney (14).
Hopkins, Edith, Kidderminster (15).

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Dawling, Grace, Buckhurst-hill, Essex (15).
White, Kate Ethel, Woodberry Down, Stoke Newington (15½).
Hills, Margaret Elizabeth, Upper Clapton (15¾).
Winton, Ada, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire (14¾).
Hopkins, Ellen J., Kidderminster (15¾).
Bath, Mary May, The Glebe, Blackheath (15).
Jones, Alice Mary, Bilston (14).
Hyde, Annie Maria, Maple Bridge, near Stockport (14¼).
Walden, Elizabeth, Barnsbury (15¼).
Hodson, Agatha Stuart, Haslemere, Surrey (15).
Forsyth, Lilian, Aberdeen (14).
Hoe, Martha Mary, Sidcup, Kent (13).
Sanders, Mary, Shepherd's Bush (13½).
Conway, Katharine, Walthamstow, Essex (13).
Broomhead, Martha Elizabeth, Bradford, Yorkshire (15).
Godbold, Edith E., St. Leonard's-on-Sea (15¾).
Allen, Catherine R., Botanic-road, Belfast (13).
Hall, Elizabeth S., Lancing, New Shoreham, Sussex (15).
Higson, Edith, Alexander-road, Moss Side, Manchester (14).
Ager, Blanche, Canonbury, N. (15.)
Read, Florence Lydia, Camberwell (15).
Fox, Helen Mary, Ipswich (16).

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Richmond, Jessie, Glasgow (15).
Smith, Elizabeth Margaret G., Haverstockhill, N.W. (14.)
Peck, Annie Harriet, Lewisham (15).
Shutleworth, Harriet Edith, near Preston, Lancashire (14).
Street, Mary Jennie, Kennington-park-road, S.E. (15.)
Walker, Anne, Saville-park, Halifax, Yorkshire (15).
Mitchell, Bertha, Avoch-by-Inverness, N.B. (14¼.)
Carter, Maria Theresa, Eglish Rectory, Beuburb, Moy, co. Armagh (13).
Abbott, Mary Elizabeth, Long-road, New Worsley, Leeds, Yorkshire (13½).
Owen, Agnes Sophia, Hackney (14).
Smith, Minnie Mary, Great Canfield, near Dunmore, Essex (13).
Carter, Alice Elizabeth Staples, Beuburb, Moy (15).
Keeling, Amy Alice, Peas-hill-road, Nottingham (13).
Blenkinsop, Marion W., Bramley, near Leeds (13).
Thomas, Louise Beatrice, Woolcot Park, Redland, Bristol (14).
Coupland, Mabel, 36, Coullman-street, Hull (14).
Slatter, Bessie, Hyde-park-gardens (15½).
Partridge, Ellen Hooper, Monkleigh, near Torrington, North Devon (14¾).
Coldough, Eva, Rathmines, Dublin (13¾).
Walters, Charlotte Georgiana, Acton (15¾).
Roberts, Edith Mary, Acton (15½).
Clayton, Blanche G., Portsea (15).
Sharland, Esther Temple, Gravesend (14).
Gray, Hannah Emma, Newhouse, Huddersfield (15).

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ESSAY WRITING.

THE theme for the next competition in essay writing in which all our readers, young and old, are asked to join, is—

THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS; ITS ORIGIN AND TEACHING.

The treatment of the subject is left entirely to each girl to think over, and to decide for

herself without aid from others; and no question referring to it will be answered by the editor. Books relating to any branch of the subject may, of course, be read by the competitor, but the language must on no account be copied.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the essays for examination is Tuesday, February 21, 1882.

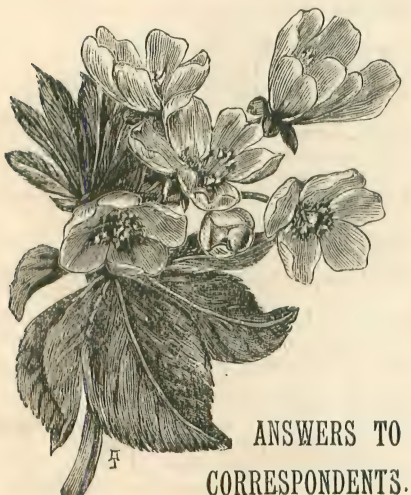
Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The essays should be written upon one side only of four pages of ordinary foolscap paper. These four pages must be sewn together at the left-hand top corner.

Each essay must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work and in the handwriting of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated.

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher).



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

A GRATEFUL READER.—See page 157, vol. ii., for an article on stocking-knitting. Writing is spelt with one "t." Yours is good and legible.

BUSY BEE.—It would not be interesting or useful to the generality of our readers to give a recipe for making gloves of the kind which can be purchased so cheaply. Please observe the rules of the competition.

MYRA.—Make the ankle the size required in working all patterns. Much depends on your own judgment and common sense.

ALBERTA W. P.—Your pleasant letter of thanks deserves an immediate answer from us. We are glad you obtained a card, for anyone who could write so charming a letter quite deserves one. You will find directions for making wool balls at page 69, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A FAILURE.—Everyone seems to have some pet maker of ink for etching. The cause of your failure lies very probably in your pens, and want of care in working.

MARTHA.—The best kind of paper for pillows is old letters and envelopes, which are stiff, and have some elasticity in them.

ART.

DAGMAR H. W.—We shall give an article on the subject of painting photographs.

PLUMBAGO.—We do not give addresses as to who is likely to buy painted terra-cotta, or anything else. All the people we know who sell such things have found a market by their own perseverance and industry.

BINGIE.—Use either water or oil colours for painting; no burning would be needful or proper. A wreath or spray of flowers would be pretty.

FLORRIE.—Clean the old oil-painting with half a raw potato, rubbing it round and round in circles. Wash off with clean cold water and a sponge. Yes; the beginning of 1700.

ONE OF THE GIRLS and ST. MUNGO.—"Veloutine" was advertised on the cover of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for June, the monthly number.

MUSIC.

KEZIAH.—Madame Norman-Néruda is considered the best female violinist of the present day, and Herr Joachim the king of violinists. Read "How to Play the Violin," page 232, vol. i.

MUSK.—Write to the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. According to the Koran, there are four archangels—Michael, Gabriel, Azrael, and Azrafil.

EVANGELINE.—Mozart died at Vienna in the year 1792.

OLIVE.—The composer of *The Beggar's Opera* was Gay. Apply to the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxford.

ALBERTA.—"Main droit" and "main gauche" mean right and left hands. "Seque" at the close of a movement indicates the movement which follows.

LITTLE HONOUR.—Write and ask for permission to use the poetry. It is not usual to bow without having been introduced.

A. B. C.—We cannot tell you "why" such marks and signs are adopted in all arts and sciences to mean certain things, and a dotted crotchet is made by the dot equal to three quavers. You make a mistake.

THERESA W.—If you count the passage, and give each note its proper value, you will find no difficulty in playing it correctly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. U. N.—Inquire of a good cleaner. We think, however, that cleaning of any sort would spoil them. You do not say what "stains." See "Useful Hints." Perhaps ammonia might help you.

ELSIE.—There is always a demand for originality and talent. Pay a visit to London, and, furnished with some specimens of your work, try what you can do.

MARIA TERESA.—You appear to use your pen with much facility for your age; and you spell well, and compose easily. "How much chance you have of being an authoress," we do not know; it depends on the number of ideas you possess. The essay you enclose does not contain many, so we do not rob you in consigning it to the fire.

SINTRAM.—Read "How to Wash and Iron," page 107, vol. ii. The author of "Sintram" is the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

AN OLD OGRE.—Ever since 1603 the English Lion and the Scottish Unicorn have supported the Royal Arms of England. A gentleman would raise his hat, but a lady would not bow to another whom she did not know personally.

VICTORIA Q.—You probably want a tonic. Use tincture of myrrh, to hold in your mouth, a few drops in a little water. Alum water is also good to rinse out the mouth.

MY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.—Inquire of a chemist, and tell him what you did to your ingredients. He will explain the reason.

E. TREMAINE.—Pink batiste, or what is called zephir cloth, may both be obtained from 8d. to 10d. per yard. We should advise you to put in a new breadth.

COWSLIP.—We are much obliged by your information and enclosure.

HENRIETTA.—We advise you to occupy your thoughts in some useful way, rather than allow them to be centred on yourself, your shyness, and its results. Your time is too valuable to be wasted on brooding over little personal ailments and defects. If really ill, consult a doctor. Forget self, and try to be a useful, and likewise a pleasant, companion to those around you. Do not worry and depress them with a doleful expression or useless complainings. Your spelling, writing, and composition are bad. Try to improve them.

TWANG TWANG.—We do not know the cause of the stain, but perhaps benzine colas, or French chalk, might help you to get it out.

LITTLE DORRIT.—The new Revised Edition is not an "authorised one," so will not be used in all probability until some authorisation has been given it. We should purchase a cheap edition of the new version, as it is most interesting to compare the two together.

RITA.—Polish with rotten-stone and oil, rubbing steadily, but gently.

DORA.—A very little turpentine should take it out. The father and mother, if the gentleman should call first on the lady and her parents.

MARY S. B.—You are using, we imagine, some improper polish for your piano, which may have some kind of ingredient which destroys the polish. Consult a French polisher; we cannot advise, as you give no information.

MILLIE.—Try turpentine to the stains, soaking the cloth if they have become hard.

AN ORPHAN.—We think that your sufferings in eyes and feet show you to be in a poor state of health. You had better go to a dispensary and get advice. Green or blue spectacles would prove a comfort to you when out-of-doors on a sunny day. We mean plain-coloured glass—not magnifiers. We are pleased to see how well you express yourself, write, and spell, having had so few advantages.

DAISY.—"They also serve who only stand and wait." We know nothing of the circumstances of your home-life, so we cannot say whether you be "doing that which lieth nearest" or how the little duties—which are as much a part of your work for Christ as the great ones for which you long—are performed.

L. E.—Any publisher of poetical works would be glad to examine your compilation, and pronounce on its value, from a commercial or selling point of view. The idea is a good one, we think.

AMICUS.—Dry them in an oven very slowly, till nothing but skin and fibre be left.

CHERRY BANK.—Your writing contains too many flourishes for a clerk's, and should be neater and smaller.

LITTLE GIPSY.—The decay of your teeth may be owing to your state of health. Flowers of sulphur, used as a tooth-powder once a day, sometimes prove beneficial. Wear loose boots, washing the feet constantly, and keeping the callous parts well rubbed with pumice-stone when under water.

N. X. V.—By your description your coin seems to be a "token," and unless as illustrating some historical subject, we believe they are of little value.

IRENE.—If the gift be intended as a public recognition for services rendered, then the maiden name should be used.

PRIMROSE.—Apply to the Hon. Sec. of the "Women's Emigration Society," 38, Belgrave-road, S.W., for all information on the subject.

A LEWISHAM GIRL.—It is our opinion that you take too much walking exercise. Can you not go one way by train or omnibus? You should be in bed by 10 p.m. and ready for breakfast by 8.30 a.m. Your sensations are those of over-fatigue.

A POOR FACTORY GIRL.—The very desire to be better is from the influence of the Holy Spirit working in you the will "to do such things as be rightful." We have before now spoken of these "frames and feelings" which cannot be relied on in any way; and we fear you are thinking more of them than of the love and mercy of Christ. If we go back two centuries we find an ancient servant of God giving three instruments or means to a holy life. 1, The care of our time; 2, the practice of purity of intention,—see 1 Cor. x. 31,—and 3rd, the constant remembrance of the presence of God. See Psalms xiii. 7, 8. You see the leaves no room for "frames and feelings," but gives you such practical and constant work in ruling and "keeping your spirit" that you will soon be quite engrossed thereby.

PATIENTLY WAITING.—For the information you require about the chorus singing, you should write and inquire at one of the great music publishers.

FIVE SISTERS.—A small book containing the last rules for lawn tennis can be had at any shop where the rackets and balls are sold. We do not give addresses.

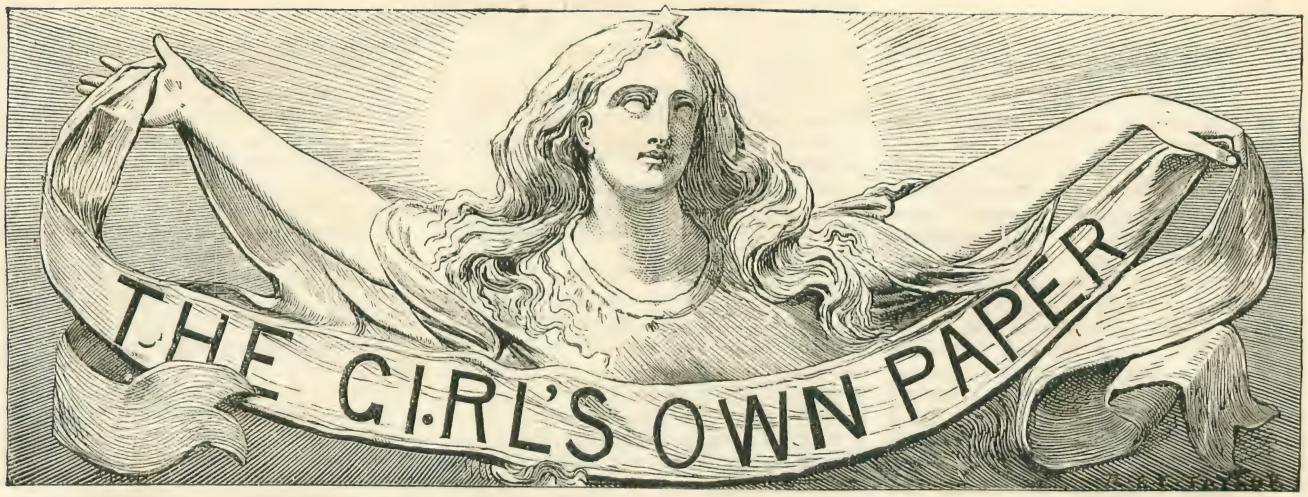
HEATHEN CHINEE.—"Devonshire cream" is made "clotted" by scalding the milk, but not allowing it to boil. The heating should be gradually effected, and when just about to boil it should be taken from the fire. It is then laid by to cool, and at the end of twenty-four hours the cream rises, and is ready for skimming. The new milk, of which it is to be made, should stand for twenty-four hours before it is scalded.

A. M. P.—To preserve the colours of Canadian maple-leaves, which are very beautifully tinted in autumn, carefully dry them, according to our instructions previously given, and then gum or varnish them.

LADY TOM NODDY.—1. "Herbert" (Anglo Saxon), "Glory of the Army." "Frank" is only the diminutive of "Francis" (French), and means "free." "Percy" and "Sidney" have no particular signification. 2. Black velveteen—especially a skirt of it—is quite unsuitable for summer wear. Your hand, if smaller, would be fairly good and free. Large hands are coarse-looking.

MAUDIE PAULIE.—A "Pancratiast" (you spelt it wrongly) was one who excelled in all gymnastic exercises—an athlete. The term is originally derived from the Greek.

M. S. H.—Sometimes a cold in the head of long standing may need change of air or a tonic. Colds should be treated promptly, immediately that a chill of the system or relaxation of the *tonsils* or *uvula* is felt. Go to bed for a couple of days, put the feet in mustard and water, and take warm drinks. Gargle the relaxed throat with alum and water, or some good decoction prescribed by the chemist or doctor. Your hand is very good.



VOL. III.—No. 94. OCTOBER 15, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

[*All rights reserved.* "BECAUSE, DESSIE, YOU ARE NOT FREE TO FOLLOW YOUR OWN BENT."

CHAPTER IV.

MISS ST. ROCK.

A LITTLE woman entered briskly. She was enveloped in a large, loose grey cloak reaching almost to the ground. Her eyebrows were heavily marked, while her eyes were almost concealed by a pair of blue goggles. Grey hair peeped out from beneath a big straw bonnet, and a green gauze veil drooped carelessly over one side of her face, while the other was half-covered by a silk handkerchief, which seemed to tell of toothache. She advanced with a rather affected step, swaying forward in a kind of bow, and speaking in a voice so high-pitched as to be almost a falsetto.

"I must apologise for taking the liberty to call, Mrs. Fitzroy, but I feel sure you will kindly excuse the liberty, in consideration of my anxiety to see my dear relative, Mademoiselle St. Roque, for whom I have always felt a sentiment of sincere regard." Miss St. Rock ended with a shrill cough.

"*Mais, non!* I have no English relative," cried mademoiselle.

"People are not always personally acquainted with all their connections," Miss St. Rock suggested, with a bland air. "I may not certainly have had the honour of a very intimate friendship, but I assure you we are by no means strangers."

"*Mais, oui.* I haf not de honour of madame's——"

"Acquaintance," concluded Miss St. Rock. "Your memory is short, mademoiselle. A close connection I cannot claim, but we are cousins, though, I grant you, distant ones. Our families are descended from the same stock."

"It is all von meestake," said mademoiselle, decisively. "I haf no English cousin—*non*!"

Miss St. Rock's manner changed slightly, and she assumed an air of mysterious meaning.

"Possibly you do not remember, mademoiselle. Possibly you do not wish to remember. If you do not know me, I know you. If you cannot recall the past, *I* can."

Mademoiselle St. Roque changed colour, and angrily interrupted—

"I know noting of vat you say—noting."

"No; so you are pleased to assert," Miss St. Rock answered, slowly and impressively. "So you are pleased to assert. And, doubtless, in many lives there are recollections which are better buried in oblivion."

"Perhaps your family is a very large one, mademoiselle," suggested Mrs. Fitzroy, an uneasy listener so far.

"*Non*, it is not large," cried mademoiselle. "I haf no big family, and I haf no English cousin Miss St. Rock haf made von large meestake."

"But that is impossible," said Miss St. Rock.

"Impossible! When I haf nevare before had the honour to see you——"

"Indeed you have, mademoiselle, though your memory to-day seems short," Miss St. Rock said, with again a significant air. Mademoiselle flushed wrathfully.

"I vill not haf no more of dis. I know noting of vat you do mean. I haf nevare seen you before dis ver' day—nevare—nevare!"

Miss St. Rock coughed.

"I ought not to contradict you, mademoiselle, but certainly *I* have seen *you* before."

Miss St. Rock shook her head expressively as she spoke, and then put up her hand with a convulsive movement, to stop her spectacles from falling, but it was too late. Mr. Fitzroy started politely forward to pick them up, when a familiar voice exclaimed—

"Oh, it's of no consequence, thank you, papa." And throwing back her veil, Miss St. Rock displayed a pair of mischievous black eyes, which, notwithstanding falsely-coloured cheeks, grey hair, corked eyebrows, and huge bonnet, were unmistakeable.

Mademoiselle screamed. Mr. Fitzroy burst into a hearty laugh. Ella looked bewildered, and for a moment Mrs. Fitzroy seemed struck dumb. Edith alone said—"*Dessie!*" and then Mrs. Fitzroy echoed the word.

"Yes, mamma."

"DESSIE!! How *could* you?"

"Oh, very easily. We had the hair and spectacles for charades last year, and the cloak is an old one of yours, and the bonnet an ancient affair of somebody's that I found hidden away in the garrets. Didn't I manage it well, papa? I almost laughed, once or twice."

"I only wonder you kept your countenance so long," he answered.

"I cannot imagine how you had the conscience to tell so many untruths," said Mrs. Fitzroy, in complaining displeasure. "It is quite shocking, Dessie."

"I didn't tell one, mamma. I said I was a cousin of mademoiselle's, and so I am, for all the world are cousins—only rather distant ones. And I said we had met before, and so we had. As for my taking her name, that is nothing. People often do."

"It is so exceedingly unladylike."

"I always am unladylike, mamma, and I suppose I always shall be. I had better go now and take off my disguise."

"Who was in your secret?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"Nobody, except Hubert. I slipped outside the front-door and knocked, so that I had not even to tell the servants."

Dessie left her mother to soothe mademoiselle, who was greatly offended at the trick, and went upstairs. After throwing off her paraphernalia, and resuming her own dress, she made her way to the schoolroom, in high glee at her success. Expecting to find Hubert, she rushed in, exclaiming, "Delightful! I've managed it now!" and stopped at the sight of Edith.

"Managed what?" asked Edith, coldly.

"I thought Hubert was here; but it doesn't matter. I have taught mademoiselle to be afraid of me. She is vexed, but that will not last long."

"I don't understand."

"Why, I mean that I have frightened her. Didn't you see, when I talked in that mysterious way of her past life, how red she turned, and how angry she was, and how she tried to stop me? Oh, she will take good care in future not to vex me."

"I did not hear you say anything very particular. Certainly I could not have told what you were aiming at."

"I was only aiming at giving her a fright, and I suspect I have succeeded. The truth is," added Decima, "that *I* suspect Mademoiselle's life, before she came to England, was a rather queer one, and I don't imagine she would like us to know the particulars of it. She has let drop remarks occasionally which have given me the notion, and she knows now that I know."

"What kind of remarks?"

"Oh, nothing definite. I couldn't repeat them. I only have a sort of notion, and her face to-day showed me that I was not mistaken."

"You ought to tell papa."

"And be laughed at for my pains. He would think it all prejudice. Besides, I am in no hurry for a change. Mademoiselle is more amusing than Miss Wood. *You* can tell, if you like," added Decima, well aware of her sister's principle of non-intervention.

Edith was silent, and as she stood by the table she drew a paper-covered volume from beneath a pile of others which almost concealed it. The movement was mechanical, having no particular object, but as her eyes fell upon the title-page she recognised a French romance, known to her, only by name, as the work of a French author noted for the sensational and even vicious character of his writings.

"This is no book for you, Dessie," she said.

"Mademoiselle is the best judge of that."

"You don't mean that she has given it to you to read?"

"No; only lent it. When she is cross she makes me write French exercises; but when she is good-tempered she says nothing will teach me the language so quickly as reading—and I quite agree with her in the last opinion."

"Papa would be extremely displeased to hear of you reading such a book as this."

"We have not begun it yet. Mademoiselle may change her mind and give me another. Why don't you go to papa yourself, Edith? I always thought you would take to interfering at last. Only, if you do, I shall take care what I tell you in future."

"I am not intending to interfere," said Edith. "But I must warn *you*, Dessie. If you read such books you will regret it by-and-by. They will leave their mark upon you. *I* would not read them, and at your age it is worse than even for me"

"Oh, as for that, I am old for my age, and always was," said Decima, laughing.

But for Dessie's remark about interference, Edith would almost have resolved to break through her rule, and to give her parents some hint of these schoolroom proceedings. She said to herself that it was not her business, but conscience was not easy. The danger of incurring the imputation of meddling was surely but a poor make-weight to the danger she was allowing her sister to incur, when a few words might have checked the evil.

No doubt the path of silence was the easiest to follow, and the pleasantest to herself under the circumstances; no doubt she escaped thereby something of opposition and blame. But Edith was not thus absolved of her responsibility. Her simple duty was to do what she could to hinder the evil, irrespective of consequences to herself. The "doing" needed not to be hasty or injudicious in kind. To lay aside all her influence for good over her impulsive and wayward sister, under the fear that her efforts might prove a failure, was, to say the least, a grave mistake.

* * * * *

In the midst of Decima's exhilaration over her successful trick, she had not failed to note strong disapproval in Ella's gentle face. Decima was much attached to her sister-in-law, and shrank more than she would have acknowledged from leaving an unpleasant impression on Ella's mind by her conduct.

The look that Ella had worn haunted her afterwards, though it was not till the following day that she found the opportunity she desired for self-justification. Cecil was out with his father, house-hunting, and Mrs. Fitzroy took advantage of a fine afternoon to pay some calls with Edith. Decima was charmed to find herself alone with Ella and the baby-boy. He was accommodated with a picture-book at his mother's feet, and Dessie plunged into the subject forthwith.

"Ella, I know you can't endure me for what I did yesterday."

"'Can't endure' is a very strong term," said Ella, quietly.

"It is true, isn't it?"

"No."

"Well, I mean that you didn't like it. You were vexed and displeased. But, you know, one must have fun."

"There are different kinds of fun, Dessie."

"Oh, yes; and of course you think this a bad kind. For a young lady of my age and standing to dress up and take everybody in! oh, I know all that by heart. But where is the harm? People make mountains of molehills, Ella; but it isn't my way. I don't stick at trifles."

Ella was silent at first, stroking little Hubert's curly head with one hand. She said, at length, "Are you sure your way is the right way?"

"It suits me," said Dessie.

"Does it suit other people?"

"I don't know; I suppose! I don't much care."

"I think you would be happier if you did care. We have not only our own likings to consult. What is the *right* thing to be done? That is the real question."

"I don't see anything of right or wrong in those little fidgets which mamma thinks so much about," said Dessie: "such as the way one sits and walks, eats and talks. I suppose you think as mamma does, that my bit of fun yesterday was 'so unladylike.' But if it was, what then? What does it matter?"

"It matters very much whether you give pleasure or annoyance to those about you—whether you obey your mother, or go contrary to her. Oh, Dessie, you cannot say that is of no consequence."

"Nothing that I do ever pleases mamma, so it is of no use trying."

"Have you ever really tried?"

Dessie laughed consciously.

"Well, perhaps, not much. But I can't be like Edith, and that is what she wants. Edith is a piece of propriety by nature, and I am not. You can't turn a currant-bush into a rose tree."

Ella smiled at the simile, but said—

"I am afraid you will despise me for saying that I think a good deal of manners."

"Do you? But, Ella, people don't love one another for mere manner."

"Not exactly. Still, a ladylike, pleasant-mannered girl is far more likely to make friends than a rough and ill-trained girl."

"It might make a difference at first sight," admitted Decima. "But what if you found the rough girl in the end really the nicest of the two."

"Then I hope I should appreciate her good points, though her unpleasant manners could hardly cease to be an annoyance."

"Edith and myself," said Dessie. "Oh, no, you didn't mean that of course, so don't look apologetic; only the cap fitted. Honestly, Ella, I should not mind being a little more like you, if it were natural to me, but I can't be unnatural. I can't be 'cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined,' at every point. I must have freedom."

"Freedom to do what is wrong."

"I don't see it to be wrong. Other people please themselves by being proper and polite; why mayn't I please myself by being the opposite?"

Ella hesitated a moment, and then spoke firmly, flushing with the effort—

"Because, Dessie, you are *not* free to follow your own bent. Because you are not your own, 'you are bought with a price.' If you would be a follower of our Saviour, you must do His will, and live as He lived. And no stronger lesson was taught by Him than that of gentleness and kindness and consideration for others."

"That is just like you; but it isn't like me," said Decima, springing up. "I am not religious, Ella, and I can't talk good, even to please you. I can't make believe to be what I am not."

"No one would wish that. But why should you not become different?"

"Why? Why not? Why—because I suppose, I am satisfied to remain as I am," laughed Dessie. "I don't pretend to be perfect, and I know I have my bad points. But I would rather be Dessie Fitzroy than a commonplace creature without an atom of individuality."

"Like whom, may I ask?" inquired Cecil at the door.

"Like—oh, nobody in particular," said Dessie. "Only Ella wants to improve me, and I tell her I am quite contented."

"You have a few lessons in life to learn, Dessie," said her elder brother, quietly.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

A Welsh Pudding.—Well butter a pie dish, place at the bottom some slices of bread and butter, then a layer of black currant, raspberry, or any other jam which may be liked, then some more bread and butter, and repeat until the dish be filled. Bake in a moderate oven, and when done turn out on a dish, sift some powdered sugar over, and pour round the dish, not over, some sweet sauce, made of milk, flour, and sugar. This pudding may be also made with fresh fruit, instead of preserved, in which case some sugar must be sprinkled over it with every layer.

Baking Powder.—Tartaric acid, 6 oz.; carbonate soda, 8 oz.; ground rice, 2 oz. Break up all lumps and well mix, put in a bottle, keep well corked, and in a dry place.

Three Minutes' Pudding.—Bake in a very sharp oven three minutes only. 2 oz. flour, 1½ oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 small teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Lemonade.—3 lb. loaf sugar, 2 oz. tartaric acid, 20 drops essence of lemon, 8 pints of water (boiling), dessertspoonful of yeast; bottle day after making.

Lemon Syrup.—3 lb. loaf sugar, 2 oz. tartaric acid, 20 drops essence of lemon, 4 pints boiling water.

Boiled Apple Custard.—6 apples, 1 teacupful of flour, 5 drops essence of lemon, 2 eggs, small piece of butter, half-pint milk, quarter pound sugar:—Stew the apples, and when heated beat to a pulp, having added the essence of lemon and some sugar. Let it cool. Then mix the milk, eggs, butter, and flour, and beat all well. Then add the apples. Put all into a pudding mould, and let it boil one and a half hour. Serve cold with milk.

Cranberry Tart.—The fruit must be washed through a colander several times, then put into a china-lined saucepan to stew gently for one and a-half hour. They must be perfectly cold before putting the crust on. To a pint of cranberries add a half pint of water and a pound of moist sugar. To make a nice crust you must use ¼ lb. of salt butter, ¼ lb. of lard, ½ lb. of flour. Take first the flour, and mix it with some filtered water sufficient to moisten it, then spread in with a knife the butter and the lard. Bake for an hour and a-half.

Cheap Orange Marmalade.—Six good-sized Seville oranges, quarter them and cut them into fine slices. Put the pieces into three quarts of water for 24 hours. Boil them for two hours slowly, but steadily, then add 5 lb. of sugar, boil them again as before for three-quarters of an hour or more if the syrup looks too thin. Add the juice of one lemon when taking off the fire. The pips to stand 24 hours.

To Clean White Woollen Shawls.—Spread a cloth over a table, lay on it the article to be cleaned, powder it well with finely ground starch, fold, powdering at each fold, press well together, cover up for some hours, then rub well together with both hands, shake off the starch thoroughly. If carefully done this process leaves the article as white and fresh as when first manufactured.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

CHAPTER III.

DAMARIS TO LILIAN.

"BEHOLD me sumptuously lodged in a *princely mansion* in the Faubourg St. Germain! The Marchioness occupies the *premier étage* as her town residence. At present I have seen hardly anything beyond my own room, which is spacious and charming. I need not enter into details, you know how delightful a French bedroom can be made. Imagine the most delightful one you have ever seen, and then you will have an idea of this. I have not yet seen *la Marquise*. Last evening, after my arrival, a message was brought to me from her by her *bonne*, the tateliest, starchiest, whitest of old dames, to the effect that she hoped I had made the journey in comfort, and that she would receive me in her own apartment after twelve o'clock to-day. Angelique, so is the *bonne* called, had orders to see that I had everything I required for needful rest and refreshment. I have had a good night's sleep, have partaken of my matutinal roll and *tasse de café* in the solitude of my own room, have made my toilette in readiness for the anticipated interview, and now hasten to assure you of my safe arrival, and gratification at my surroundings. It was hard to say farewell to you at the last, my Lilian. Take courage, the years will soon pass, and when a few are gone by I shall be able to come home with a clear conscience to fulfil all those visions we have formed for our declining years. Don't let Lily and Davie forget me, invent all the pretty messages you can think of for me. Kiss them again and again.

"Ah! here comes Angelique, now I must go to meet my fate.

"It is over; the interview I have looked forward to with—shall I confess it?—both fear and trembling, is *un fait accompli*. I have felt that everything, that is with regard to my future happiness and comfort, depends upon the Marquise, and have almost feared to picture her to myself. Congratulate me, my dearest Lilian; she is charming, absolutely charming; I am captivated. To do anything for her will be a most happy privilege.

"I followed Angelique through *salon* and ante-room, over the shining mat besprinkled floors, amidst a glitter of gold and glass, of chandeliers, mirrors, and richest ornaments. Angelique paused at last before a curtained doorway and knocked. A low, sweet voice responded—

"'*Entrez.*'

"Angelique threw open the door, and stepped aside with a curtsey.

"'*Entrez, mademoiselle; Madame la Marquise vous attend.*'

"An odour of flowers, a sweet invisible breath, as it were, was wafted to me as I crossed the threshold, and then a dazzle of soft harmonious beauty took my sight, though now I cannot recall, to particularise, any one object of the many that made up this charming whole.

"In a deep *fauteuil* immediately facing me, there sat an elderly lady in a dainty morning robe of silk and lace. How old? you ask. That I cannot tell. She might be anything between fifty and seventy.

"The morning light fell softly through rose-coloured curtains, giving a most delicate bloom to her fair tinted face, with its coronal of silver hair, and seeming to increase the brilliance of her dark eyes, which shone from beneath her straight pencilled brows. Who could ever dread age that comes in so lovely a guise as this? I felt ugly, awkward, unpolished, all at once. She did not rise to greet me, but held out a little white hand.

"'In your English fashion, is it not, Mademoiselle?' she said, 'but pardon me if I greet you in our French fashion also.' She drew me towards her and kissed me lightly on both cheeks, then began to make immediate inquiries about my journey, and the way in which I had been served since my arrival, &c. She made me sit down close by her on a low seat, and began to talk, scanning my countenance intently the while from her brilliant eyes, without seeming to be studying my face like a book.

"'You have been strongly recommended to me,' she said, 'by Madame Argent, for whom I have the greatest esteem. She tells me that you are of a good family in your country, that you are clever, and have much strength of character. You wonder that I have been particular enough to inquire into such minutiæ, but I can assure you, you will need to be all this in order to fill, with any satisfaction to yourself and me, the post you have undertaken.'

"I confess to you, Lilian, that this speech somewhat surprised me; for, as far as one can judge by appearances, I have folded my wings upon a bed of veritable roses and lilies.

"The Marquise continued—

"'It is best that we should have a perfect understanding from the beginning. You have undertaken the post of companion to a somewhat captious and disagreeable old wom——'

"I began to protest, but she waved me to silence with a smile.

"'An old woman who has known many of the sorrows and much of the chastisement of life, and who needs to have the evening of her days enlivened for her. And for this service I offer you a home with me, and a salary of 800 francs per annum. Is it not so?'

"'Madame Argent wrote to me to that effect, and I have agreed to serve you to the best of my ability for this, madame.'

"'But you think it insufficient—you think it a poor equivalent for the sweets of liberty which you must surrender, a pitiful return for the expenditure of your youth and talents, a meagre reward for submitting the regulation of your days to the caprices of a tyrannical old woman?'

"I began to laugh, and at the same time to apologise for daring to be amused.

"Madame la Marquise smiled also.

"'O,' said she, 'I am not going to buy from you your right to laugh when you will.'

"I tried to explain to her that I had very little choice, since it seemed to me to be my duty to endeavour to earn my living; that the salary she offered me was in advance of that I had received from Frau Welbeck, that I was perfectly satisfied with it, and trusted it would be sufficient for my wants, of which she was a better judge than I could be at present.

"'Speak frankly; don't hesitate to say if you think it insufficient, mademoiselle.'

"'I believe it will be ample. Maybe my services are not worth even so much.'

"'You are modest, mademoiselle. I suppose the sufficiency in your own mind depends upon what is required from you in the way of dress. Do not fear, when I desire you to make a good appearance, I will myself provide you with the means. Are you fond of dress?'

"'Yes, madame, I like it very much, since I have discovered how much a woman's influence is increased by the harmony of her appearance.'

"'You are frank. Every woman, who is a woman, loves dress more or less, but not one in a hundred would confess to the weakness as openly.'

"'But is it a weakness, madame? As it is an instinct with us, surely we ought to be guided by it to a certain extent.'

"You have often chidden me, Lilian, for speaking out my opinions so boldly, but something in the manner of the Marquise encouraged me to be perfectly open with her. She gave me another searching glance, and allowed a few seconds to pass ere she replied, with a smile—

"'So you have fixed opinions then, mademoiselle; and you not only own to a foible, but justify it. But why do you place any importance upon the toilette? You are young, pretty, and poor; you have neither the need nor the right to avail yourself of its artifices.'

"'Of its artifices, no. Of its aid to heighten such attractions as Nature has given me, I have as much right to avail myself as the greatest lady in the land, provided always I neither exceed my means nor my duty.'

"'Oh, oh, *petite rebelle!*' said she laughing; 'then you are unhappy because you have not the means of gratifying your taste in dress?'

"'No, madame, I am not in the least unhappy. One should always dress in accordance with one's means, and to dress simply therefore is my duty. I am afraid that I spoke unthinkingly when I said I was fond of dress, and that you will not have a very favourable idea of my common sense and judgment. You questioned me with regard to my taste, and I answered as frankly as though I were speaking to someone who knew me well. Pray forgive my thoughtlessness.'

"'That is to say,' she replied, 'that if I were perfectly acquainted with you, I should know that, in spite of your

avowed liking for pretty toilettes, you are fully content to forego the gratification of your taste, in accepting, without a murmur, the necessity of your dependent position.'

"'Yes, madame; it is just that I would express.'

"'Your confession is far from displeasing to me, mademoiselle. I value perfect sincerity above all things, and am gratified to find that you have more of it than judgment at present. And now I will put your frankness to the test. Wherefore have you determined to leave home and country, and to sacrifice your liberty even, and devote yourself, for so small a consideration, to a tiresome and infirm old woman?'

"'In the first place,' I answered, smiling, 'I was induced to do so because of what Madame Argent has written me concerning you; and, in the second, because I am compelled to exert myself in some way. When our father died, my sister Lilian and I were left quite unprovided for. She married, and married well, but has since been left a widow with two little children. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to share her very slender income, although she urged it greatly. I have been for years past qualifying myself to earn my own living, and now I hope and believe that I am able to do so.'

"'And you commence your career of independence with an income of 800 francs? It is immense!' she cried, lifting hands and eyebrows. Then her tone changed, and she laid one of her little white hands on my wrist.

"'Never mind, it is a beginning. Trust me, child. I honour you for your confidence, and will do my best not to abuse it.'

"There was something so winning in her manner that, moved by a sudden impulse of affection, I stooped and kissed her little kind hand.

"'Dear madame, I believe, indeed, what Madame Argent assured me, that it will be entirely my own fault if I do not find in you the very best of friends.'

"'We shall see,' she answered. 'Don't form too high expectations; you will find much to put up with. Doubtless I shall try your patience and your good temper, and tax your skill to the utmost to amuse me; but for all that we may get along tolerably. I hope,' she continued, with a sudden change of tone, 'that you are not given to flirting or coquetry?'"

"'To neither, I believe,' I answered demurely.

"'I sincerely hope not. Madame Argent assured me to the contrary, but I find you much prettier than she led me to expect. And—I will not hide the fact from you, mademoiselle—this gives me a little uneasiness.'

"I said I hoped she would not discharge me because I had not the misfortune to be decidedly ill-favoured.

"'No, it is hardly reason enough for that. And perhaps, after all, it is just as well that your appearance is pleasing. Ugly people are apt to think themselves beautiful, and their efforts to please are sometimes ridiculous. But tell me, mademoiselle, you have already reached the age of twenty-five years; it must be that you have had some romance in the past which renders you indifferent to the admiration you may excite. Is it not so? It seems impossible that it can be otherwise.'

"I felt myself crimson up to the very roots of my hair, and wished from my heart that I could assure her by confessing to having a broken heart in my bosom, or some other effects of that blight which is supposed to render one obdurate to all future attacks of Cupid.

"'No, madame, I am sorry to say it is not so.'

"'You have never been engaged, never sought in marriage?'

"'No, madame,' biting my lips hard, to keep from laughing. 'I was too young to think of such things when papa died, and since then I have been too poor and too busy.'

"'But you are so pretty?'

"'And so poor, madame.'

"'Well,' she said, laughing, 'the one quality has often rendered men oblivious to the other.'

"'Not in my case, as you perceive.'

"'*Petite*,' she said gently, 'this assurance is to me the greatest guarantee of your discretion, for, pretty as you are, if there had ever been the smallest

"I WENT THROUGH A SMALL PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE GLASS."

forwardness or flightiness in your manner, you could not with sincerity give such a disclaimer.'

"'Well, madame!' I said, proudly.

"'Don't resent my remarks. It is necessary, I again assure you, both for your sake and my own, that I should quite understand this. You have no fear, then, to look your solitary future in the face?'

"'No, madame, I fear nothing at all.'

"'And this lonely and independent spirit does not make you feel sad and depressed?'

"'I am not given to anticipating evils. My disposition is naturally cheerful, and my spirits have never yet failed me in any trial. I do not indulge in dreams, for I am not romantic, and if ever I become so it will very much astonish me. Life has been too real, too practical to leave me any leisure for the indulgence of such visions as girls generally form of their future. I try to take each day as it comes, and do my duty in it honestly, leaving all the rest to God. What He sends will be best for me, I do not doubt—better than I could for one moment choose. There, madame, I don't think there is any more to tell you concerning myself. Will you take me as I am, for I would not willingly represent myself to be other than I know myself to be?'

"'Yes,' she said, smiling, 'I will take you as you are—a true and right-minded woman, truth-loving, and truth-telling. Only one thing is left now—for you to give me proof that you really possess the qualifications that I require in my companion.'

"'What do you consider necessary qualifications?'

"'First of all, a pleasant and lively flow of conversation. With regard to this I am quite satisfied.'

"She had been drawing me out then, leading me on by artful contradictions and suggestions to prove what manner of woman I was mentally, morally, and conversationally! As we were alone it did not much matter. I was able to smile at the success of her little stratagem.

"'Next,' continued the Marquise, 'I should like to know that you can read aloud with a tolerably clear expression and articulation, and whether you are a passable musician.'

"'Try me at once, and if you can in any way make my poor acquirements available I shall be satisfied.'

"She put an open book into my hands, and, indicating a certain passage, bade me read. Being fully confident of my ability to satisfy her in both of these respects, I obeyed. I had hardly reached the end of the first page when she drew the book away, assuring me that she did not need to put me to any further trial.

"'And now for the music,' I said, glancing round, for I saw no means of performing at hand.

"The Marquise pointed out to me an inner doorway, over which fell a velvet curtain. This I drew aside under her directions, and there was revealed a most exquisite little boudoir, with rose and white fittings, containing, amidst other treasures, a small ebony pianette. I sat down and played sundry morceaux, commencing with that sweet little impromptu of Schubert in A flat, and ending with Kuhlau's Rondo Burlesco. Then I sang at her request, some of Mendelssohn's exquisite *Lieder*. She looked pleased when I had finished, and enthusiastically expressed her approbation. Finally she told me that, as she knew from my letters which Madame Argent had shown her, with regard to writing and composition she believed I should be a capital secretary, therefore she looked upon our engagement as quite settled. I thanked her, and asked to be allowed to go and see Madame Argent. She said my time would be completely at my own disposal, except during the hours she would specify when next she saw me, and she begged that I would make myself as much at home as I possibly could, and apply to Angelique if there were anything I needed that had not already been supplied to me. I thanked her, assuring her of my comfort. Then she held out her hand and dismissed me with a smile, that someway made a glad warmth about my heart.

* * * * *

"This wonderful day is almost ended, it is nearly midnight, but before going to my bed, I must just add a few words to the account of my first interview with the Marquise. In the afternoon I went to see Madame Argent, and had a long chat with her, during which she told me many things concerning the Marquise and her family, which I must keep until my next letter. After my return to the Faubourg St. Germain, and just when I was about to change my dress for the evening, Angelique appeared at my door with a box and a note.

"'From Madame la Marquise,' she said, gave the note into my hands, and deposited the box on the floor in my room. I tore open the note while Angelique waited. It was written in the finest, most dainty caligraphy—

'*Chère Petite*,

'As you are fond of dress, and as it is incumbent upon us to have an indulgent consideration of the weaknesses of the people for whom we have a kind regard, allow me to send you a trifling evidence of the warm interest you have inspired.

'AMALIE ST.AUBIN.'

"'Will mademoiselle that I uncover the box?' asked Angelique demurely.

"She whisked off the lid immediately that my consent was given, and lifted and shook out the folds of an exquisite pearl grey silk dress, trimmed with soft rich lace at throat and wrists.

"'Madame la Marquise begs that you will wear it this evening, mademoiselle. She holds reception. Will mademoiselle be ready by eight o'clock?'

"When Angelique was gone, I looked at the lovely dress askance. It was far too lovely for me. How should I dare to put it on? But was it not kind of the Marquise? I am afraid she thought, from what I had said of my poverty and the hardness of my life, that my wardrobe contained nothing fit for me to appear in at one of her receptions. And she was right. The plain stone-coloured grenadine I had laid out to put on looked shabby and old-fashioned beside the grey silk.

"With the new dress, I seemed to put on another personality. I hardly knew myself when I regarded the image reflected in the *Psyché* which stood by my toilette-table, and thought of the old shabby days at Frau Welbeck's, and of the threadbare, dusty much be-travelled little figure you were almost ashamed to claim as your sister. I went through a small performance before the glass for my own especial benefit, and was just in the act of personating some grand French dame, when Angelique's low knock disturbed me.

(*To be continued.*)

GARDENING IN NOVEMBER.

GARDENING in November does not at first seem a very attractive pursuit. Townsfolk will wonder what can possibly be done in the fogs, and the damp, and the darkening days of the commencement of winter. "Surely, 'tis better," they say, "to keep warm and cosy by the fireside, than to potter about among the fallen and falling leaves, at the risk of an attack of rheumatism or influenza!" But the country-born and country-bred know that there is a different side to this gloomy picture. As the green leaves on the trees change their colour what a wealth of rich and varied hues delights the eye! There is hardly anything more beautiful, or more enjoyable, than a walk through a wood on a fine, crisp, autumnal day. Although the glory of the summer flowers may have passed away with the first frosts, yet there is one plant which admits of no rival in the month of November, and might easily hold its own, even among the more brilliant blossoms of July and August. We mean the chrysanthemum, concerning which we shall have something more to say presently. About the middle of this month we sometimes get a very short but beautiful season, called St. Martin's summer, when the summer seems to come back and wish us "farewell" once more.

But we are wandering away from our subject. As the progress of vegetation is now arrested, this is the time for pruning, transplanting, and making general alterations in the garden—operations which would be extremely injurious to the plants were the sap in active motion. If the weather be open, and there be no hard frosts, the end of October, and the beginning of November, should be one of the busiest times of the year. Now is the time to carry out all contemplated changes; and one of the chief pleasures of gardening is that of anticipation. New beds may be planned, plants shifted to more suitable positions, hardy creepers pruned and trimmed, and the ground dug in with leaf-mould and manure. And all this work must go briskly on, in order to get everything thoroughly accomplished before the frost, or heavy rains and gales foil the most earnest endeavours. All signs of decay should be at once removed. The leaves which fall should be swept up and preserved as valuable manure. All the waste of the garden should be thrown together, and suffered to rot, for the same purpose, and whatever there may be of the same kind already decayed, is the finest dressing that can be applied. Hoeing, weeding, clearing paths, digging vacant spaces that may be required for bulbs, are duties which should, at this season, on no account be neglected.

In the greenhouse, the lights should be opened for a short time every day when the sun shines. The watering of the plants should be gradually lessened, in order to give them a season of repose. A first-rate authority says:

—"Keeping plants too hot is a mistake that many amateur gardeners fall into, and it is a very injurious one, as greenhouse plants, being natives of climates only a little warmer than our own, are thrown into a state of unhealthy excitement by too much heat; and this excited state is particularly injurious to them when it occurs at a time when they ought to be in a state of complete repose." This is advice which everyone would do well to profit by.

Culture of the Chrysanthemum.—The chrysanthemum was introduced into this country from China in the year 1754, but it was not until 1789 that the choicer varieties were imported to Marseilles, thence to find their way to England. To grow the plant naturally is about as simple a task as any to be found in the range of gardening. If you have no old plants of your own to commence with, procure some young plants in February or March. These should be well-established in small pots, and the point of each should be stopped (*i.e.*, the extreme tip of the shoot picked out) by the middle of March. This will induce them to throw out a number of branches. Keep them near the glass in an airy greenhouse. In about four or five weeks after the first "stopping," all the points should be stopped again, and, after the interval of a week, shift them into pots six inches in diameter. Any nurseryman will give you the proper pots. As a rule, each shoot would be stopped when it has about three or four leaves developed upon it. They must never be shifted at the same time as they are stopped. Early in June they should be stopped for the last time, and about a fortnight afterwards they must be shifted into their blooming pots. Now begin to train the shoots as near as possible to the edge of the pot, taking great care not to break them off, and trying to get the plant into a good rounded form. There must be no more stopping, and no more shifting, and they must be carefully watered, for nothing is more injurious to chrysanthemums than to allow them to suffer from want of water. As soon as the buds are formed, clear liquid manure ought to be applied to them rather freely, for they are somewhat gross feeders, but it should be weak rather than strong, for there is danger to them if they are overfed. If you desire quality rather than quantity in your plants, all the side buds should be removed, leaving only one large bud at the end of each shoot. Pompones are grown in exactly the same manner as the large flowering varieties, excepting that the "disbudding" should be either omitted altogether, or practised very sparingly.

Now let us suppose that you have already some plants of chrysanthemums to start with, and wish to increase your stock. This you must do by taking cuttings, and we think that the best time for the amateur gardener to do so is during the month of May. The best compost for chrysanthemums consists of three parts of good loam and one part of well-rotted stable manure, with a liberal sprinkling of sharp sand. Detach the young shoots from your old plants, and put them into three-inch pots. They should be kept close until rooted and then treated as above described. For these plants of your own striking, eight-inch pots will be large enough for them to flower in, and by careful attention to air and *diet*, you will have the satisfaction of seeing handsome blooms appear of your own culture. When all the cuttings required have been taken from the old plants, they may be turned out of their pots, the deteriorated mould shaken entirely from their roots, and they may be planted out in the garden where they will generally manage to thrive without much looking after.

There is a certain monotony about a display of chrysanthemums, as there are no pure colours among them save yellow; but intermingled with foliage plants, such as palms, ferns, &c., they can be employed in a very decorative manner. The new Japanese variety, with their tall flower-stalks, are very useful in this way.

A selection from the following list may advantageously be made:—

Beverly—creamy white, incurved.
Queen of England—blush, very large.
Cassandra—white, tipped with rose.
Lady Slade—soft pink, incurved.
Gloria Mundi—deep yellow.
Guernsey Nugget—primrose yellow.
Jardin des Plantes—bright golden orange.
Prince Alfred—rosy crimson, incurved.
Mr. Gladstone—deep red.
Prince of Wales—dark purple.
St. Patrick—deep bronzy red.
Mrs. Sharpe—rich pinkish rose.

Of the Japanese kind, Red Dragon (dark red, tipped with yellow) and Boule de Neige (large white) are excellent specimens. Of the Pompones you may select Bob (dark crimson), Mr. Astie (golden yellow), White Trevenna (beautiful white flowers), and Fanny (dark maroon red).

This is a good month to plant roses if they have had a check by frost, and if their wood is ripe. Any time from the present up to Christmas may be selected for moving old rose trees, or putting in new ones. It would also be well now to shorten all the long branches of your standard roses that have grown large and heavy, as the high winds are apt to do them considerable damage; but all *pruning* (as generally practised) must not be attempted before March. We do not believe in autumn pruning. Climbing roses must be well fastened, and the loose branches cut away. Protect your tenderer sorts, such as the Tea-scented, Bourbons, &c., by mulching the roots, and shielding the branches with some such stuff as dried fern or litter. Wicker baskets are useful for this purpose, although, perhaps, a trifle unsightly.

Crocuses, and many other smaller bulbs, like snowdrops, aconites, &c., should be planted at once, if you have not already done so. It is very effective to plant the crocus bulbs in patches of six, alternating the colours; thus you may begin with a patch of yellow, then plant one of blue, then white, and back again to yellow. The bulbs should be put into the ground at a depth of two inches, and six inches from the edge of the border, and they will give a fine display early in the spring. This method is an improvement on the old-fashioned way of planting the bulbs singly, in a row.

Hyacinths will come to perfection either in glasses, pots, or (out of doors) in beds. For glasses and pots, plant in October; for beds, in November.

Culture in Glasses—As all roots shun the light with as much instinctive care as stems and leaves court it, the sort of glasses best suited for growing hyacinths in water are those of the darkest colours, such as blue and green. It matters little whether rain, river, or spring water be employed, provided that it be clean, and the softer the better. Fill the glasses sufficiently full for the bulbs nearly, but not quite, to touch the water, and put them at once in a dark cool place. As soon as the roots are seen to be growing down freely, place the glasses in a well-lighted and warm situation, such as the window of a sitting-room having a southern aspect, for without sunlight the flowers will not bloom well. Let them be kept in as equable a temperature as possible, as rapid and extreme alternations will inevitably injure them. Provide supports in good time, and if the leaves become dusty, clean them with a sponge dipped in water, but do this very carefully, so as not to injure them. The glasses should be examined every ten days, and fresh water, off which the chill has been taken, be added. A lump of charcoal in each glass will generally prevent the water from becoming fetid.

Culture in Pots.—For growing hyacinths in pots, the soil should be rich and light, and in moderately moist condition. The best plan is to grow each root in a pot by itself, in pots five or six inches in diameter, and let them be well drained. Fill the pot quite full of soil, and then press the bulb down into it, neither too loosely nor too firmly, nearly covering it with the soil. When the potting is complete, the pots must be placed in a dry, cool situation, and the tops covered with some light material, as cocoa-nut fibre refuse, or equal proportions of sawdust and ashes, to the depth of four or five inches. They should remain in this state until fairly started, when they must be placed in subdued daylight, that a healthy green hue may be slowly acquired. The floor of a cool greenhouse is a very good place for them at first. As soon as the green colour is decidedly established, place the pots as near the glass as possible, and supply them with water, taking great care to protect them from frost. Pure soft water is better for hyacinths than any liquid manure. If you want the bulbs to bloom at Christmas you must pot them in September. When the flowering is over, cut off the flower stems, and keep the plants in a frame, regularly supplying them with water until the leaves die down; then lay them on their sides in a dry, sunny place, with their heads to the north, for about ten days, after which time they may be shaken out, cleaned up, and stored away. It is not a bad plan to plant the hyacinth bulbs, when they have finished flowering, out in the open border, when they will come up next spring and do well.

Hyacinths in beds like any good garden soil well drained, for they will not bear to stand in any damp place during the winter. The bulbs should be planted three inches deep and six inches apart. The hyacinth is so hardy that no protection is required, unless extremely low temperature occurs after they have begun to grow freely, when dry litter is as effectual as anything. The Roman hyacinths afford an early supply of bloom, as they can be forced into flower six weeks after they are potted, and a continuous supply can be kept going until the general collection of hyacinths are in flower. Plant the bulbs four or six in a pot; they should cost about 3s. the dozen.

Tulips stand unsurpassed as spring flowers, and no garden should be without them.

With regard to their cultivation, the directions already given for hyacinths will answer every purpose for ensuring success with these equally beautiful plants. When grown in pots, plant three in a five or six-inch pot. When grown out of doors, plant the bulbs six inches apart and three inches deep, and do this about the middle of the present month.

A very pleasing effect may be produced in spring by now planting large masses of snowdrops, crocuses, and daffodils *in the grass*, in front of shrubbery borders, or under trees. These should be planted in patches, and not too close to the house, as the tops ought not to be cut down in spring until after they are dead, which leaves them somewhat unsightly for a time. Snowdrops and crocuses may be put in by making holes with an ordinary dibber, afterwards covering the bulbs with a little loose soil. For daffodils, holes must be made with a spade, but whichever way the planting is effected, it can be done, with ordinary care, without destroying the beauty of the lawn.

And now, if you can manage to do all the work mentioned above, you will find November one of the busiest months in the gardening year. C. D.

THE RESULT OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

PAINTING COMPETITION.

Examiners:

JOHN C. STAPLES and THE EDITOR.

THE examiners have, on this occasion, a grateful task to perform in awarding high praise to those competitors to whom have been allotted prizes and certificates.

The improvement on former competitions is remarkable, and very encouraging, and the Editor and Examiner are pleased to have grounds for believing that the remarks published on the occasion of the last award of prizes have borne sound fruit. "The girls" have, it would seem, taken in good part the criticism then offered, and are now aiding to establish a creditable standard of amateur work in these competitions. It remains to persevere steadily and heartily, and to raise that standard year by year until the paintings and drawings sent in in response to the invitation of the Editor shall reach the highest point of excellence attainable by girls of taste and intelligence who can devote only a portion of their time and energies to the culture of their artistic faculties.

The result of this competition, could it have been submitted to those girls who were of the opinion which one of them (herself a prize-winner) has expressed, namely, that our criticism is too severe and our standard too elevated, would have convinced them that the tonic of rebuke is a wholesome and bracing medicine, and is calculated to produce a healthier growth of honest effort than the enervating influence of indiscriminate praise. Therefore it is now necessary to urge, in the most earnest and serious spirit, that, although much, very much, has been accomplished in the last six months, much yet remains to be done. A higher standard is attainable, and needs but study and perseverance to make its attainment secure.

Passing from the general to the particular, the drawing which has gained the first prize in the First Division calls for a few words of comment. Simple and suggestive in its treatment of the idea sought to be expressed, it excels in drawing, colour, tone, and unity of effect. The figure is particularly well-conceived and designed, and the expression is charming; the doll, too, is a happy accident well rendered. This drawing was much and deservedly admired, but it has one serious blemish. The picture, with its frame, towards which the little girl's eyes are turned, is crude in colour and feeble in drawing. It glares unpleasantly, and the eye is, consequently, forcibly dragged, as it were, instead of being gently led, to a secondary point of interest in a corner of the picture.

A COPY OF THE FIRST PRIZE DRAWING (1ST DIVISION).

On the whole, however, the success of this drawing should encourage the young artist to renewed efforts, for there are indications in her work of a capacity of no mean order.

The second prize in this division is taken by a drawing of still life, which shows evidence of much study and conscientious care. It is not difficult to perceive that this competitor has prepared with taste and judgment a model of her subject in all its details, and has then rendered as faithfully as she could the objects before her. The result has, in consequence, an air of truth, only marred by the faulty perspective of a spray of jasmine in the foreground.

It is only fair to a candidate to whom has been awarded a first-class certificate for a design of girls and children with an empty birdcage, surrounded by a floral border strongly designed and coloured in flat tints, to say that it was not without considerable hesitation that the prize was awarded to the actual holder. The prize was eventually given to the younger competitor.

In the second division there were very few competitors. The work in this division was marked, as might be expected, by a certain quality of immaturity, yet the drawing which takes the first prize is fairly good and worthy of its place.

The second prize drawing shows considerable feeling for rich and harmonious colouring. This picture is, however, marred by the feebleness of the figures introduced into it.

In the third division some of the landscape work shows taste and promise, more especially when the age of the aspirants is taken into consideration. There is however, a tendency to arbitrary modes of expression copied from the work of inferior artists rather than from Nature; for example, a blotty, would-be masterly, method of putting on the touches which cannot be too strongly deprecated.

A feature of this competition which deserves remark is the imaginative power displayed by several candidates, who conceived their subjects in a poetic vein, but lacked the technical knowledge and dexterity necessary to express their ideas by means of the arts of design and painting.

The most remarkable of these is an oil painting in which is attempted to be depicted the

THE SECOND PRIZE DRAWING (FIRST DIVISION).

young and beautiful spirit of an aged person floating upwards and gazing back at the bed whereon lies, in the calm of death, its earthly home of clay, the old home of flesh in which it had lived and wrought so many years. A flaming sunset decks the background, the rays pointing upwards to the skies.

No idea so poetic as this was put forth in any of the drawings or paintings, but the necessary training and technical skill were wanting for its effective artistic treatment (though even in this respect there were not wanting indications of an undeveloped capacity), and in a painting and drawing competition it was impossible to award a prize for the idea alone. The excellences which the work possessed can only be acknowledged in this place and in this manner.

A similar idea was expressed, in more homely guise, in a drawing representing a dragon-fly darting into the free air from the husk which had contained it in its immature state. This drawing, too, lacked in artistic value what it possessed in appropriate conception.

A third drawing which showed imaginative power was one which sought to represent a fettered and wounded slave sleeping by the cornfields where he laboured, while above him floated the faint simulacrum of his dream of home in his native land, from which he is driven by brutal slave-hunters. If this competitor possesses the faculty of arranging words in rhythmical measure, she may, as was pointed out by the Editor-in-chief, produce on that theme a telling poem, but as a painting her production has, it must be confessed, but few merits.

Lastly, among the rejected drawings and paintings were some which manifested an entire absence of capacity for graphic expression; on these it would be an ungrateful task to dwell. Those who produced them will soon learn by experience that their strength and their opportunities lie in another direction, and in that direction the Editor and the Examiner unite in wishing them a brilliant and solid success.

FIRST DIVISION.

(Girls of 20 and under 25.)

The *First Prize* of Three Guineas is awarded to

Agnes Malden, St. Laurence Rectory, Ventnor (21).

Second Prize (Two Guineas).

Annie Wall, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove (20).

THE FIRST PRIZE DRAWING (SECOND DIVISION).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

(Ages from 20 to 25.)

Saunders, Jessie Sophia, Slough, Bucks (23).
Elwood, Nellie, Nottingham (25).
Parkes, Emma Jane, Birmingham (25).
Hughes, Frances Mary Shaw, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake, Leicestershire (22).

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

(Ages from 20 to 25.)

Hale, Sarah, Taptonville, Broomhill, Sheffield (22).
Smith, Katherine Percy, Rotherham (20).
Alexander, Alice Margaret, Hazelhurst, Lengie, near Glasgow (25).

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Reed, Catherine Isabella, Bishop Auckland (23).
McCabe, Constance Ethel Franck, Ryde, Isle of Wight (21).
Powell, Mary E. Vere, Hurdcott-park, Wilts (22).
Reed, Alice, Jarrow-on-Tyne (24).
Metcalf, Clara, Ringwood, Hants (24).
Harston, Mary, Fairfield, Liverpool (23).
Walker, Catherine Elizabeth, Whitby, Yorkshire (24).

SECOND DIVISION.

(Girls over 16 and under 20.)

FIRST PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Eva Webb, Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush (19).

SECOND PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Beatrice Didham, Middleton, Bideford (16½).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Lindsay, Mary, Passage West, Co. Cork (17).
Webb, Eva, Shepherd's Bush (19).
Copeman, Constance Gertrude, Liverpool (20).
Banks, Nina S., Wolverhampton (19).
Gill, Susanna Josephine, Bath (17).

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Hall, Frances Eleanor Radcliffe, Congleton, Cheshire (18).
Pulley, Annie Sophia Jane, Bath (25).
Smith, Helen, Whalley Range, Manchester (18).

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Legge, Gwen E., Derby (17).
Stansfield, Evelyn Crompton, Yeadon Leeds (19).
Ludlow, Elizabeth, Abbotsford-road, Redland, Bristol (18).
Heelis, Emily Jane, Hawkshead, Ambleside (19).
Thomas, Marian, Huddersfield (17).
Molyneux, Maud, Cuckfield, Sussex (18).
Boughen, Marian Barnard, The Upper Close, Nodwick (17·9).
Currie, Jessie, Glasgow (18).
Talcke, Lizzie, St. Peter's Park (18).

THIRD DIVISION.

(Girls under 16 years.)

FIRST PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Beatrice Sara Hunter, Shrublands, Saundersfoot, S. Wales (15).

SECOND PRIZE (HALF-A-GUINEA).

May Cook, Addiscombe, Surrey (15).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Lowden, Laura Rosa, Reigate, Surrey (15).
Cook, May, Addiscombe, Surrey (15·2).

THIRD CERTIFICATES.

Reoch, Helena Frances, Kelvinside, Glasgow (15).
Cranstone, Beatrice, Hemel Hempstead.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

II.—PAINTINGS IN OILS OR WATER-COLOURS.

THE subject of the paintings for the next Prize Competition in oils or water-colours is—

ADVERSITY.

This subject may be treated in a variety of ways by our readers. Girls who are fondest of landscape-painting can depict a ruined house, castle, or a neglected hamlet, and others may suitably carry out the idea by painting an uprooted tree, a torn nest, or a broken flower; while figure artists will find no difficulty in selecting many excellent illustrations of the subject.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty-one, or above the age of sixteen.

Two prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the Paintings for examination is Tuesday, February, 1882.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The size of each painting to be decided by the artist herself.

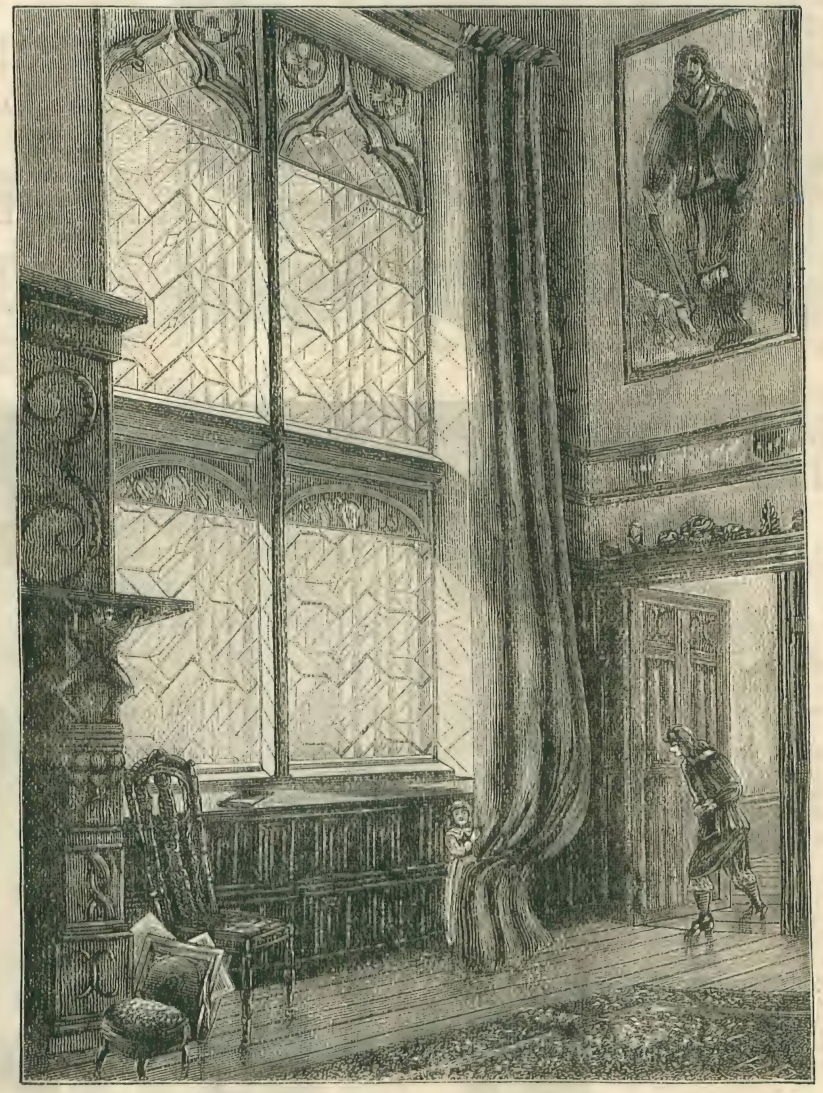
The paintings must be packed flat, and forwarded, prepaid, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

After the examination the pictures will be distributed amongst the various London hospitals, to relieve plain walls and cheer sad hearts. Each competitor will be informed by the Editor to which hospital her painting has been presented.

Each painting must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this painting is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)



THE SECOND PRIZE DRAWING (SECOND DIVISION).

A BLUSH ROSE.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTENING.

AMONG the shopkeepers of Spindleton none were more respected or better connected than the Vaudreys. They belonged to that honourable class whose goods and whose word might be relied on.

How they came to be shopkeepers affects not this story, but Mrs. Vaudrey—who had slipped into her position with more adaptability than her less flexible and fluent spouse—was wont to say they were the first retailers in either family. Indeed, a considerable flouncing of family pride hung around the active, talkative little woman's skirts, out of which had grown a horror of all that was mean or vulgar.

Picture her dismay when Miss Amabel—a damsel eight years old, fresh from her visit to Mrs. Marbury at Saltwych—bounced into the parlour the next morning at breakfast-time, dragging reluctant Rosaline after her, *sans cérémonie*, to be introduced to her papa, in the broadest of broad dialects and in the roughest manner.

"Oi say yo mun come in! Mamma, Rose wunna come in, an' oi say she mun! There!" she cried, triumphantly, as Rosaline Bateson, pulled forward with a jerk, curtseyed in the doorway, blushing with shame and confusion.

Mamma set up her hands in genuine consternation. Was that the decorous little girl she had allowed Mrs. Marbury to carry away into Cheshire six months before for

the benefit of her health? If six months in the country had so transformed her daughter, what might she not expect to find the nursemaid, born and reared there? And if such were Rose's speech and manner how could she retain her?

She was not long in doubt. Whilst Amabel rushed round the table to embrace her papa, dragging the breakfast-cloth awry, and shaking the freshly-poured-out coffee from the cups, the new nursemaid, whose face was painfully flushed, faltered, in tones as pure as her own—

"Excuse me, Mrs. Vaudrey. Miss Amabel insisted on bringing me to see her papa."

She curtseyed again, and would have withdrawn had she not been called forward to take the baby, and to answer a kindly question or two respecting their previous day's journey, which her new master put to her, and which she answered with modesty and propriety, and with an inward shrinking of which they knew nothing.

"She'll do, poor lass!" was his mental comment.

"My mind's relieved," was that of Mrs. Vaudrey. "There is no danger of the children contracting vulgarity from Rosa. There is more hope that Amabel will refine under her influence. If her conduct equals her manner she will certainly be an acquisition. As for Amabel—it's dreadful!"

Poor Amabel! She had been petted and spoiled by Mrs. Marbury's aged father, allowed to run wild about the sleepy little town and the fields with a tribe of grandchildren, and whilst gathering health in their midst, had gathered also their rough manners and broad vernacular. She had come back a romp, to be rebuked by her mamma from hour to hour, and contrasted with her quiet, well-behaved brother Jack, as being "more boyish than the boy."

Mocked and mimicked whensoever she opened her lips, in spite of her disclaimer, "Grandfather Kington taught me to say it," she was glad to retreat to the old play-room, which had been converted into a nursery, and give vent to her injured feelings there.

If she expected sympathy from Rosa, whose native dialect was being impeached in her small person, she soon discovered her error.

"My dear," said Rosa, on one of these occasions, "no good little girl would say, 'Oi conna,' and ''Oi wonna,' and 'Yo shanna ma' me!' to her mamma. It is disobedient as well as impolite."

"Grandfather Kington gave me a penny and a cake to say it to Aunt Marbury," sobbed Amabel.

"No matter, my dear; you grieve your dear mamma when you say it, and some day, when it is too late, you may be sorry you ever gave her pain in any way," the deep sigh which accompanied this, and the tears in Rosa's mournful eyes serving to point her speech.

Amabel remembered that Rosa had no mamma, and stealing an arm round the nurse's neck, whispered, with a kiss, "I will try to please mamma, Rosa! But, oh, it *is* so hard."

At all events Amabel was safe from taunts and mockery with Rosa, who, much of her time, seemed lost in thought; and it is certain the grave melancholy of her demeanour, and her softly-modulated tones, did somewhat towards toning down the rough speech and manner of the tomboy.

THE FIRST PRIZE DRAWING (THIRD DIVISION).

Rosaline—or Rosa, as she was now called—had been quite a fortnight in her situation, and had passed the painful ordeal of examination and criticism from Mrs. Vaudrey's married sisters, before her mistress was pronounced strong enough to resume her position as head of affairs in Newmarket-street, since that involved going to and fro morning and night, and separation from the baby.

In that fortnight two events occurred. Miss Amabel was packed off to her former day-school along with Jack, two years her junior, and baby Bessy was christened, with as much attendant festivity as if she had been born with the proverbial silver spoon in her mouth, and all the old family honours thick upon her.

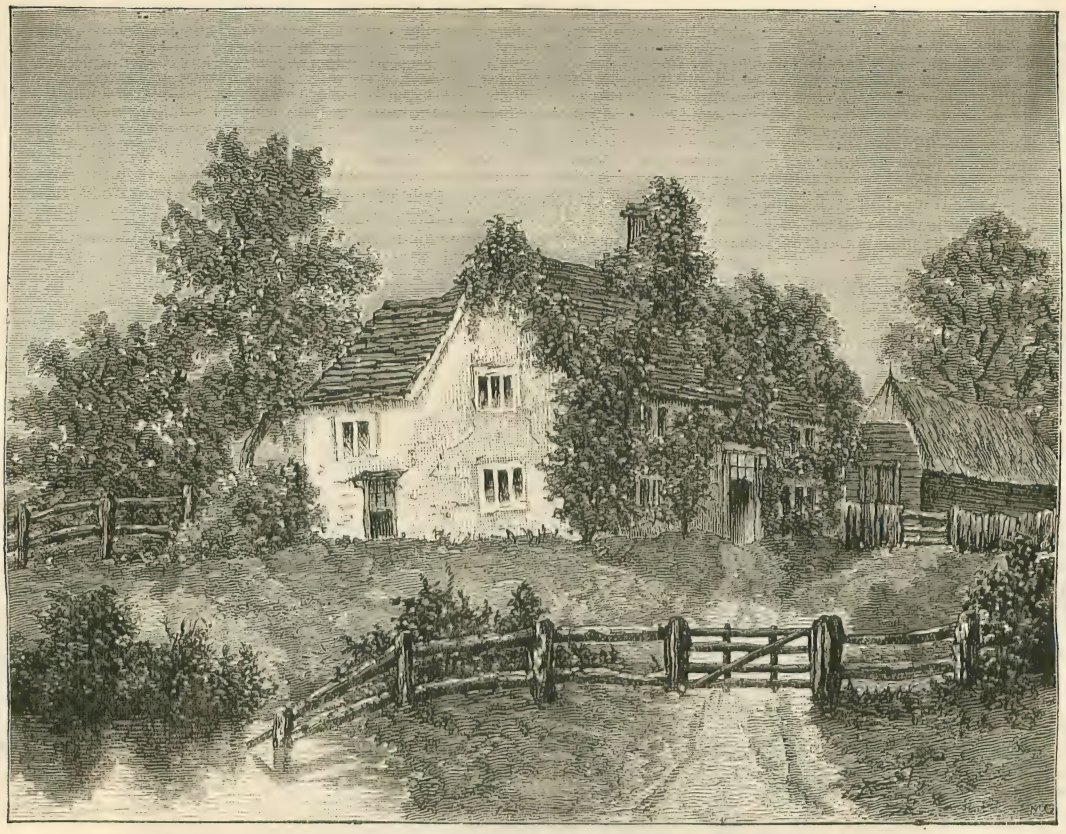
Miss Danvers had initiated Rosa in her duties on her first arrival, well pleased with her modest contession, "I know nothing of children, Miss Jane, but I am desirous to learn and to do my best." Yet her ten days' probation had not removed her personal sense of awkwardness and unskilfulness when the important christening-day arrived. And there were unsubdued memories and a leaven of pride to arouse a painful contrast between the past and present, until she scarcely knew whether to be more sad or grateful for the new *coloured* dress provided for her wear, in lieu of her own mourning, black being deemed unlucky on such an occasion. She felt as if the neat buff print was a badge of servitude, inasmuch as it seemed to ignore her personal bereavement; and her first emotion was regret that she had left Saltwych.

On second thought a deep flush crimsoned her face and neck, as she admitted to herself, "Yes, yes; it was—it must be for the best! Mrs. Marbury was right. He is not likely to look for me, or follow me here; and if I am reduced I can preserve my self-respect even as a servant," from which it may be inferred Mrs. Marbury had some motive for sending Rosaline Bateson away which had not been communicated to the Vaudreys.

All the week preparations had been going on. Fresh stores of glass and china had come into the house or out of closets; there had been polishing of plate and furniture, the concoction of jellies and pastry, stuffing and trussing of poultry; and on the day itself such a roasting and boiling, and decanting of wine and spirits, as tested the whole resources of the establishment, Miss Danvers being the active directress of all but the shop, of which Mrs. Vaudrey took charge.

It appeared to Amabel as if her mamma devoted the whole morning not occupied by customers to lecturing and instructing her in deportment and behaviour, and it was quite a relief to her young mind to be told it was time she went to Rosa to be dressed.

The dressing process in the nursery was yet incomplete when mamma, stylishly arrayed in sea-green silk, with a bonnet of lace and marabout feathers, came in to add a few finishing touches to the bow of Miss's pink sash and the tucks of her white frock, to the frill round the neck of Master Jack's blue velvet pelisse, and the fit of his white trousers, before dismissing them with extra admonitions to sit still with their hands folded before them in the drawing-room, until the company came. There, when the sponsors arrived, the boy and girl were found occupying footstools on each side the fireplace in prim silence, only speaking when spoken to, and watching Rosa as she quietly held up the beautiful baby in its long white robes to be admired, and blushed at



SECOND PRIZE DRAWING (THIRD DIVISION).

every sentence addressed to her. Nor were they released when, the baby having been sufficiently admired, Miss Boyle, one of the godmothers, relieved Rosa of her burden, and the party set off in a coach to the parish church; the last charge to Rosa being that she was to keep the children in good order.

But Rosa herself was called away—requisitioned to make herself useful in laying the cloth in the back parlour for the late dinner.

This said late dinner had disorganised the whole domestic machine. The children's ordinary meal times had been grievously overlooked. Miss Amabel's country appetite became imperative. She left the seat where she had been doing polite penance, and ran downstairs towards the kitchen "for something to eat."

At that moment, Ann, the big cook, who happened to be near-sighted, came out of the kitchen with a large saucepan of hot water, intending to utilise the parlour fire for boiling vegetables. It was growing dusk, the back lobby was never very light, the saucepan and Amabel came into collision, and the contents went streaming over the child's bare neck and arms.

As she ran screaming into the kitchen, much-flurried Biddy, with a quick "Get out o' this," intensified her pain with a smart slap on the scalded arm, before Rosa, who had witnessed the accident, could interpose.

The next minute Aunt Jane had Amabel in her lap and was stripping off the drenched white frock, whilst Rosa hurried for old linen and vinegar, obedient to orders, her pale face paler than ever.

Miss Jane blamed Ann and Biddy both. The former, with an air of injured integrity, cried, "What call had th' lass t' run agen th' saucepan? 'Twere her own doin', I say;" and was in the high stilts all the day afterwards; whilst poor, hasty Biddy was loud in lamentation of her own "mistake."

"I am very sorry indeed, Miss Jane," said Rosa, apologetically, as she saturated the linen rags for application to Amabel, now in her nursery bed; "but I am afraid it was my fault. Amabel had told me she was hungry. I should have attended to her wants myself. I hope Mrs. Vaudrey will not send me away for my negligence."

"I—it was—s—n't y—you; it w—was Ann," sobbed out Amabel from her pillow, as Miss Danvers looked up at the apologist with kindly eyes, saying, "Send you away, Rosa? No servant was ever dismissed from this house, except for wilful or culpable ill-doing. Come downstairs now, and I will give you some cake for the child."

"Poor, dear Amabel!" murmured Rosa, as she put the slice of cake into the unscalded hand. "Do not cry; it makes my heart ache to see you in pain." A tear fell like healing balm on the little heated brow as a kiss was pressed on the sobbing lips, and the child was comforted.

Not so Rosa. The day's mischances and annoyances were not over, and it was sad for her throughout. With sensitive memories of her own home and a retiring delicacy which was certainly innate, she shrank from the prominence into which she was brought and from contact with coarser natures.

As baby Bessy was brought back from church, and handed over to her, fresh visitors arrived. There was an influx of Mrs. Vaudrey's married sisters and intimate friends into the nursery, where she had to undergo a fire of cross-questions relative to her own antecedents, equally with Amabel's accident. She answered respectfully, though with a shrinking reserve, as a rebellious something bubbled up into her throat, and would not be kept down. Again she was required to exhibit the wonderful baby in the drawing-room, where she underwent a scrutiny as close as the little infant. Once or twice her eyes and ears encountered a visible stare, or an open expression of admiration, which set the sensitive ears of Rosa in a tingle, her downcast lids and flushing brow bearing witness to her pain.

How thankful was she when the signal for dinner permitted her escape to the nursery, and to her own sad ruminations, interrupted though they were by Amabel's weary expressions of pain, and Bessy crying to be fed, the festivities going on as if no one had an ache or a pain in the world, least of all, under that roof.

Master Jack, allowed to put in an appearance with the dessert, and to drink his baby-sister's health, 'like a man,' contrived to linger behind with the gentlemen. And when the ladies passed the door of the silent nursery, on their way to the drawing-room, in animated converse, Rosa was fortunately unconscious that she was their theme.

The outspoken question, "Vaudrey, where did you pick up that pretty nursemaid?" had been put across the table by the godfather — a bewhiskered individual named Waters, who owned to "a weakness for pretty faces." This had been supplemented by a younger man—a Mr. Bowford—who added, "Bashful as well as pretty, sir."

Among the feminine tongues in the drawing-room the conversation tended to controversy, Rose's good looks and her unconsciousness of them finding some few supporters beyond Mrs. Vaudrey and Miss Boyle. Mrs. Waters, however, jealous of anyone pretty as herself, went so far as to say,

"She is neither so handsome nor so bashful as some people seem to think; and I am afraid Mrs. Vaudrey will find her mistake out before long, though the girl does look as mournful as a mute."

"And as pale as paste," added a remarkably rosy-cheeked Miss Fisher, who was supposed to be angling for Mr. Bowford. "I

quite agree with you, Mrs. Waters—the girl is only artful and demure. Did you see how she reddened if a gentleman did but glance towards her?"

Mrs. Vaudrey was annoyed, and so was Miss Boyle. The latter had a spice of sarcasm in her composition. She could not forbear saying, with quiet point,

"Dear me! *Are* red cheeks artful, Miss Fisher? I was not aware of it!" which, somehow, set the ruddy cheeks still more aflame.

"I think, ladies," said Miss Jane, fresh from a hasty toilette, with very unusual severity, "the Christian ceremony of the day might have suggested worthier matter for conversation than backbiting a poo——"

Backbiting in the drawing-room and reverie in the nursery were alike broken in upon by a sharp cry, a rolling fall downstairs, and a general commotion.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK AND WORKSHOPS

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

PERHAPS there are few subjects which have occupied more attention during the last few years than that of finding useful and remunerative employment for women and girls. When this subject is under discussion, I often wonder whether the persons who talk, I had almost said clamour, about the right of our sex to put a busy finger into every kind of pie, have considered how very large a share girls have long claimed in the work of the world—claimed, seized, and kept it too; and their share is daily increasing, not only in amount, but in importance.

In what a number of handicraft trades are girls employed, and almost every fresh invention finds them more work to do. The pen with which I write has, in all probability, passed through their hands; the paper has been manipulated by other girls. I take up a book and find the name of a female writer on its title page; I admire an illustration, and, lo! the initials of a lady artist are at the bottom.

Very likely the block from which the impression has been produced was cut by the firm fingers of a girl wood-engraver, for I have seen girls doing excellent work in this line. One quite young lady's face flushed with pleasure as she told me of commendations she had received; but *she* did not tell me how filial love had been the grand motive which had induced her to take up a work requiring such nicety of sight, delicacy of touch, patience and perseverance in the carrying out. But she had found her reward in seeing the look of anxiety fade from the face of her widowed mother, and the increased comforts her labour had won for their modest home.

If I turn to the clothes worn by the family, I find that the machinery by which the raw material has been fashioned into beautiful fabrics of silk, wool, and cotton, has been worked by girls in almost every stage of its development. The lace which adorns our clothing, the stitches which join its parts, tell of the taste and industry of female fingers.

If we have been unfortunate enough to lose our natural teeth, the artificial ivories, if of the very best quality, have probably been shaped by lady workers in this peculiar branch of industry.

Were I merely to give a list of the trades and various kinds of work in which girls and women are employed, I should fill a chapter at once. There are so many in which a large share falls to their hands, and in some very important branches they have a monopoly. I prefer, therefore, to go from shop to shop, factory to factory, show my girls at work, describe their employment, and give some idea of its effect on health and feminine character, and of the wages which may be gained by industrious workers.

THE FIRST WORKSHOP.

As a dweller in Manchester, it seems natural for me to start in a Lancashire mill, where girls are so largely employed in the manufacture of cotton. From the very moment that the great bales are opened, and their downy contents exposed to view, female hands begin to operate upon the raw material.

The workshop or mill, as a rule, is not a handsome building to look at, either outside or in, though of late more attention has been paid to its external appearance; and the rooms, which used to be very long and narrow, are now in new mills made double the old width, to admit of improved machinery. They are also loftier, and consequently healthier to work in, though the rooms in which some of the operations are carried on are kept very warm. In these the temperature is often as high as eighty or ninety degrees, as a matter of necessity, to preserve the elasticity of the cotton. The rooms are heated by steam-pipes, and the steam is always running through these, even when no work is going on, for if the air were allowed to cool the cotton would become brittle, and would be continually breaking during the very fine spinning and doubling processes.

Cotton, though such a homely material as to be in use everywhere, is yet one which requires very delicate treatment. It is as susceptible of any change of temperature while in process of manufacture as is a dainty hot-house plant. It is simply unworkable in many climates, and, strange as it may seem, our moist Manchester and its lesser neighbouring towns, are found to suit it better than infinitely more attractive places.

Look at the Lancashire mill girls going to their work in the early morning. They are not to be found very neat and trim on working days. They go to their daily toil in short stuff skirts—generally of cheap winsey. Sometimes there is a waist as well; sometimes there is only the high pinafore, made of coarse "flax," as it is called, which covers the undergarments and protects them from the oil with which the machinery is lubricated, and with which they cannot help coming in contact.

Many of the girls—half-timers especially—wear wooden clogs, and clatter across the pavement in them. Some, indeed, go barefooted about their work and bareheaded to and from the mill in moderate weather. The almost universal covering for the head and shoulders is a common woollen shawl, which does duty in cold and wet weather for bonnet, cloak, and umbrella. It is really the best kind of wrap for girls employed in such hot rooms, as it covers well the head, throat, and chest, and diminishes the chance of cold from the sudden change of temperature as the girls pass out into the wintry air.

When the great bale of cotton has been swung up by the hoist and landed on the floor of the mill, where it is to be opened, the contents are pulled out. The great package vary in weight according to the countries from which they come, the United States sending the heaviest bundles or bales, which sometimes contain from 450lb. to 500lb. in each. Brazil, Egypt, the East and West Indies are the other countries which send the work material for our girls to operate upon with their nimble young fingers.

If you were to handle the cotton as it is turned out of the bale, you would find that, creamy white as it looks, a good deal of cleaning is needed before it can be spun into thread. Most of the refuse matter—such as stalks, husks, and seeds—was removed before the cotton left the country where it was grown, by means of a machine called a saw gin, or by rollers, so there are only bits of it here and there amongst the soft fluffy stuff which the girls are drawing from its coarse wrapper. If the contents are not to be mixed with another variety, the cotton is placed on the feeding apron of a willowing or a blowing machine, and is drawn under the great iron rollers which pass it on to the beaters. These beaters whirl and thresh the cotton with prodigious speed and vigour, so that a great portion of its impurities is removed. The process is repeated by the second pair of rollers and beaters, and these iron-workers, kept flying by the great steam engines, do in an amazingly short time what would otherwise require many hands and many days of tedious labour. This used to be done by women who beat the cotton with sticks, and they were called "batters."

The whirling of the beaters causes such a draught that if you and I were to be long exposed to it we should suffer from cold. But the girls who feed the machines are used to it, and seem neither to be disturbed by the noise nor the little hurricane to which they are subjected.

Next they carry the cleaned cotton to the spreading machine, through which it passes out in fleecy sheets, which are wound on large wooden rollers, ready to be carded. To look at it you might think the cotton was straight and smooth enough for any purpose. But no. The fine hairs, called the staple, and which may be long or short, must be daintily combed out and made to lie parallel to one another, just as do the hairs which cover your heads when they have undergone careful brushing.

Formerly this carding or combing was done by hand, now it is done by beautiful machinery. Once it used to be necessary to stop this last machine in order to clean the teeth of the card, which became clogged; now the comb itself is combed whilst at work, and the obstructive particles travel down at the back, forming what looks like a breadth of fine gauze, which grows with every revolution of the machine.

The mass of cotton no longer travels in a broad sheet, but passes out through a tube in the shape of a loose band, and coils itself neatly into a long tin case, prepared to receive it. A number of these belts, or "slivers," as they are called, are now put together, and twisted into one band as they pass through the drawing frame, and are again dropped in coils at the other end into a tin as before. All inequalities have been reduced in this process, and the cotton bands are now ready for slubbing.

The cotton passes in turn through slubbing, intermediate jack, and either throstle or mule frames, according to the purpose for which it is required. The warp, or lengthway thread, in a piece of calico is usually spun on what is called a throstle frame; the weft, or crossway thread is spun on a mule frame. In all these processes the cotton bands are again combined, lengthened out, twisted and reduced in size, whilst the strength is increased.

The self-acting mule frame or "cast-iron spinner," as it is sometimes named, is a really beautiful machine, and those in large

modern mills have from one to two thousand spindles on each. The frame runs out a distance of six feet, carrying with it and twisting at the same time its thousand or more of threads. It runs back to its place, and as it runs the thread is wound on to the spindles until they are filled. The spindle full of cotton is called a "cop," and this is next doffed—that is, the cops are taken off, placed in neat rows in the "doffing tins" or cases, and carried off to be weighed and the work entered to the credit of the spinner.

These cops go to be variously applied. Some go to the weaver, as weft for the shuttle; some to the doubler, to be made into thread for lace making, the manufacture of sewing cotton, or for reeling into hanks which are then formed into bundles, weighing about ten pounds each, and packed for sale or exportation.

The degrees of fineness are marked by the number of hanks which go to the pound, the lower figures marking the coarse counts, just as they do on our cotton bobbins.

Let me give you one instance of the wonderful fineness to which cotton can be spun. A single pound of cotton has been made into a thread one thousand miles in length.

I have named, without particularly describing, each process through which the cotton passes, in order that I may give you an idea of the surroundings of my factory girls whilst they are at work, and tell you what share they have in the manufacture as it passes from stage to stage.

Children, both boys and girls, are employed in most mills. Those under thirteen years of age are called "half-timers," two of them counting as equal to one "hand." They thus get half a day's schooling and half a day's work, unless they have attained such proficiency that they have passed the standard required by the School Board. But, however clever they may be at books, a merciful law prohibits them from working more than half time until they are turned thirteen.

These youngsters are employed to fetch and carry, also as piecers and as doffers in the throstle rooms. You would be surprised to see how rapidly the threads are joined by their nimble fingers. In drawing out the cotton the threads often break, especially when a poor quality is being spun, but, quickly as the machinery moves, the ends are joined again by the piecers without stopping it, unless an extraordinary number are broken at once.

Girls and women mind nearly all the frames I have mentioned. They keep the frames supplied with material, remove the bobbins as they are filled, and pass them on for the next process, until the twisted cotton is ready for the mule or throstle-spinning. As a rule, the mule frames are tended by men called "ciphers"—I suppose because the machine does so large a portion of the work. The ciphers are assisted by male or female piecers, who work at the middle or end of the mule, and whose wages vary.

Doubling has hitherto been done wholly by girls and women, but men are now employed in some places because the law permits them to work longer hours. The weaving is also chiefly done by females, each of whom has from two to four looms in her charge, according to her skill.

The average wages paid are from 5s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per week, the doffers getting the lowest sum, and jack and throstle-tenters the highest. The weaver gets 5s. per week per loom, but if she has four looms she requires a helper, to whom she pays about 4s. 6d. per week.

Winders, reelers, and gassers get about 11s. per week; but I have not yet told you what the gassers do. If you were to take a hank of doubled yarn in your hand before it had undergone this process you would see that it had a downy appearance. In spite of all the twisting that it has undergone, the minute ends of the fibre are visible, and cause this slightly rough surface. For some kinds of fine lace and other work very smooth thread is required. In these cases it must be gassed.

The gassing-frame is fitted with a number of tiny gas jets, and each thread is run rapidly through one of these from its bobbin and wound on to another. The operation is so rapid that the down is singed off without injury to the thread. This is a noiseless operation in comparison with the clatter going on in most of the other departments.

The weaving sheds are the coolest, but the noisiest of all. The clatter is almost deafening. When the Shah of Persia was in Manchester a few years ago he was taken through one of the finest mills in the neighbourhood. I believe few things astonished him more than his experience in the weaving shed. All the many hundreds of looms were started at the same instant; and, whilst he was utterly bewildered with the noise, they were as instantaneously brought to a stand, and there was perfect silence.

Now, dear girls, if you have followed me thus far, you will have realised in what way many thousands of young people like yourselves are earning their daily bread: out in the early morning, passing their days amongst the rattle of ceaseless machinery, with the smell of oil pervading every place, and beginning this, too, at an age when so many girls have never known what serious work is.

There are many drawbacks in connection with the life a factory girl is compelled to lead. The mixture of sexes is one of these, for boys and girls, young men, and young women, are often indiscriminately employed. Girls hear and see much of which it would be better for them to remain ignorant; and many know almost nothing of the use of the needle, of cookery, or domestic duties of any kind. Yet the very fact of their being able to earn their own living renders them too soon independent of parental control, and I have known many instances of their leaving home rather than yield to the reasonably-exercised authority of a mother.

This independence has another bad effect in some cases. It is apt to destroy family unity. I remember being told by a clergyman, who was a regular visitor in his parish, the population of which was largely composed of factory workers, that many of the young people took their meals separately, and bought their own provisions, paying only a trifle for lodgings. He spoke on the subject to a mother who answered, "Eh, sir! We cut four loaves at this table!" The four separate loaves represented as many separate interests in that small household.

Again, being so long confined in the close atmosphere of the mill, the girls, naturally enough, like to get into the open air when working hours are over, and sometimes they parade the streets, talking and laughing noisily, and using words that we regret to hear from the lips of girls. They make acquaintances, sometimes in the streets and sometimes in the mill itself, and the mere boy and girl "hands" think if their earnings are sufficient to support them separately they will be riches when united. So they marry, often before they are out of their teens, and when they are not only ignorant of household duties, but have never had a thought of the solemn responsibilities on which they are entering, or which will follow.

Then, when the girl-wife becomes a girl-mother and her earnings are stopped for a time, the young husband is unable to support them all in decent comfort. She goes back to work when she ought to be tended at home, and the infant is left, perhaps, with the tender-hearted mother whom the girl-wife set at defiance a year ago, or with some elderly neighbour, who, for a trifling payment, takes charge of the little ones whilst the parent is at her work.

I know THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER goes into the hands of many a young worker for daily bread. I wish I could send a message through its pages to every thoughtless girl who is so ready to take upon herself the solemn duties of wife and mother. Oh, that I could induce such to pause, to listen to parents, to think for themselves—above all, to pray for guidance to Him who has said, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go."

I have seen so much sorrow and misery, such neglected homes and sickly, ill-tended children, so much trouble that might have been saved for want of listening, thinking, and praying, that I should indeed rejoice if my words could induce young and thoughtless girls to pause before they run headlong into similar difficulties.

Yet, on the other hand, I thankfully bring to mind the face of many a dear young wife and mother, whose early days have been spent in a mill as a factory operative, yet whose conduct adorns her Christian profession. And it is a pleasure to think that many of these have been influenced in the night-school carried on by Christian women and girls, whose hearts were full of love for their hard-working sisters.

In my next chapter I hope to tell something of this school and its scholars, and to follow some of the thread which they have helped to manufacture and see it turned to account in a Nottingham lace factory.

VARIETIES.

THE GOOD INFLUENCE OF GOOD WOMEN.—There is nothing by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women.—*Sir Samuel Romilly.*

SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE. — She suffers herself to be seen through a microscope who allows herself to be caught in a fit of passion.—*Lavater.*

WHAT THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS.

MANY attempts have been made to reduce the song of the nightingale to words and letters. The most successful is that of Bechstein, a German whose name must ever be connected with singing birds, and he gave it in the following way. However uncouth it may look, it must be acknowledged by all acquainted with the song to be a very remarkable imitation, so far as the usual signs of spoken language can represent the different notes and modulations of the nightingale's performance:—

Tiouou, tiouou, tiouou, tiouou,
Shpe tiou tokoua;
Tio, tio, tio, tio,
Kououtio, kououtiou, kouotiou, koutiouio
Tokou, tskouo, tskouo, tskouo,
Tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii,
tsii,
Kouorror, tiou, tksoua, pipitksouis,
Tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso,
tso, tso, tsirrhading.
Tsi, tsi, si, tosi, si, si, si, si, si, si, si,
Tsorre, tsorre, tsorre, tsorreki;
Tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu,
tsi,
Dlo, dlo, dlo, dla, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo,
Kouiou, trrrrrrrritzt,
Lu, lu, lu, ly, ly, ly, li, li, li, li.

THE STAY AND SOLACE OF MAN.—As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing

tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—*Washington Irving.*

CHOOSING ONE'S COMPANY. — Be very circumspect in the choice of thy company. In the society of thy superiors thou shalt find more profit; to be the best in the company is the way to grow worse; the best means to grow better is to be the worst there.—*Quarles.*

ON THE MUSICAL RACK.—The illustrious Goethe was not particularly fond of music. Once at a Court concert at Weimar, when a pianist was in the middle of a very long sonata, the poet suddenly rose up, and, to the horror of the assembled ladies and gentlemen, exclaimed, "If it lasts three minutes longer I shall confess everything!"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two mighty pow'rs, that animate the mind,
To elevate or to debase mankind;
One raises us to work, to wait, to pray,
The other often leads the other way.

An ancient town, not far from Severn's side,
Where first was seen, in lordly pomp and pride,
A poet's noble masque (in olden time),
Whose lofty words disdained the aid of rhyme.

Those whom fastidious Grecian scholars hate,
That vulgar crowd which they abominate.

Rebellious son, from Mount Olympus hurled,
To seek a place more fitting in this world;
He fell—and though the poets say, "'tis true,"
"When broke his fall," his leg was broken too.

A busy borough town of Suffolk find,
Without it—ah! indeed, we should be blind!

XIMENA.

THE FOURTH FINGER OF THE LEFT HAND.—The fourth finger of the left hand has from long usage been consecrated to the wedding ring, from an ancient belief that from it a nerve went direct to the heart. So completely was this fanciful piece of physiology confided in by the Greeks and Romans, that their physicians termed this the medical or healing finger, and used it to stir their mixtures, believing that nothing noxious could communicate with it without its giving immediate warning by a palpitation of the heart.

WHAT IS BEAUTY.—It is difficult to say what constitutes beauty in woman. The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose ring to suit a South Sea Islander. African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw; and thus goes the world, the criterion of beauty differing with the latitude and longitude.

WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—It is better to have a clear conscience and be censured than to have a bad one and be flattered.

HOW TO RECOGNISE IGNORANCE.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, pride, and arrogance,
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.
—*Butler.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (page 23):—

S O U T H
W I F E
(Y) E A
E A R
T R U A N T

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A MOTHER.—There is an excellent art college opened at South Wimbledon, where all the branches are taught under one roof. Address the Lady Matron. Art College. It is open to both boarders and day students.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Shall we repeat to you the speech that was so often made to us in our youth, "that there is no royal road to learning"? If you want a game of the kind, why not invent it yourself? We do not give the private addresses of our contributors.

TERRIER and ROSEBUD.—Write to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge, for this year's list of classes.

ANXIOUS ONE and GERALDINE.—Inquire at Messrs. Novello's, or any good music-publisher's.

IGNORAMUS, HOPE AND DESIRE, ALICE ÉMILIE C., IGNORAMUS No. 2.—Read "Help for Study at Home," page 599, vol. ii.

GODIVA.—The ages as given by Hesiod are five: gold, silver, brazen or warlike, heroic, and iron, or the present age. According to Lucretius, there are three ages, which are distinguished by the materials principally employed in them—the ages of stone, bronze, and iron.

CLARA H.—We should obtain the third-class certificate if possible. Read "Help for Study at Home," page 599, vol. ii.

MISHTIE.—"Schloss" is the correct way of spelling "castle" in German.

ART.

ALICIA M.—The School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings is two ozs. methylated spirits, and half drachm of gum mastic, apply with an odorator.

COCKATRICE. — Use Roberson's medium, or else "Veloutine."

MARY.—The process for transferring pictures to glass is a patent called "Vitremane." Inquire of an artist's colourman.

BERANGERE.—We shall give a full account of how to paint magic lantern slides in our "Occupations for Invalids."

LALLA.—We do not give addresses, and should advise your putting your own shoulder to the wheel and going yourself personally to sell them.

ADMIRER OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."—The simplest way of coating or polishing plaster of Paris casts is with skimmed milk. Lay it on the model till it will imbibe no more, laying on with a camel's hair brush. Then place it aside where it will be free from dust When quite dry it will look like polished marble. If the milk be not perfectly skimmed it will not answer. 2. Whichever way you like.

A WEEKLY SUBSCRIBER.—You require some black or blue tracing paper to transfer your pattern. You surely don't mean to say that you have never taken a bath?

WORK.

SPREAD EAGLE, HELEN, and JUSTINA.—1. We know of but one method of making a three-cornered shawl, and that is "with the round hole" of which you speak. 2. The name "Psyche" is pronounced as if written "Sykey." 3. Beau Nash was the Master of the Ceremonies of the Pump-room at Bath, who pretended to lead the fashions, and was nicknamed "King of Bath." He was born at Swansea in the year 1673. His history is given in "The Book of Days."

A MILLINER.—We regret that we cannot give addresses. The illustrations are drawn by our own artist, and the styles may be copied if not found ready for purchase by the person who desires them.

VIC.—We thank you for the recipe for cleaning gloves, which we subjoin for our readers. Pour some benzoline into two basins. Wash the gloves well in one, and repeat the process in the second. Put on the gloves, or draw them upon a wooden glove-tree, smoothing them out well. Then hang them out in the sunshine to dry and get rid of the odour. A bright day should be chosen for the process, because they must not on any account be dried near a fire. In fact, no fire, candle, or lamp should be in the same room where they are cleaned and dried.

TWO CORNISH GIRLS.—We cannot make promises; but surely there can be nothing to complain of in that way, when patterns are so easily originated when once you know how to work macramé at all.

MAIA, NODROG, A MATRON, IGNORANT ADA, E. M. S., MAGNOLIA.—For a full explanation of your query about the "fly" pattern see page 608, vol. ii.

GYTHA.—Shape your frame of ribbon wire, then melt a cake of white wax, throwing in with it when melting as much powdered vermilion as you please, and *while* the mixture boils hold your frame over the saucepan, and pour it quickly over the frame with an iron spoon. It cools immediately, and the frame is done.

SUNBEAM.—The method of doing spatter or fern work is to take a piece of white jean the size you need. Pin it on a drawing-board, and with very minute pins fasten on it a fern or leaf. Mix plenty of Indian ink in a saucer, take a fine comb and brush (which are sold for the purpose), dip the brush in the ink and rub it over the comb, thus splashing the ink on the linen. Let it dry thoroughly; then unpin your flower, and you will find it left in white on the jean. Put in the veins and fibres with a fine brush.

MUSIC.

B. I. A.—We are glad that you so much appreciate Lady Benedict's articles on "How to Play Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words." We have no doubt that if she made any omission of the kind you name, respecting the "time" to be kept, she will supply it.

N. B.—The "C" was a missprint for a "B." We are glad that you got the right book.

F. AND H.—"Tre corde" is Italian, and in pianoforte music means that the pedal which moves the keys or the action must no longer be pressed down. "Una corda" means that the soft pedal is to be used.

ÆSTHETE.—The lines you send us are part of an ancient hymn to the Apostle St. John.

TROUBLESOME. — "Loure" and "Lourré" are different words, which you have confounded by writing the term "Louré," which would be wrong in either case. "Loure" means to unite the notes, and also denotes an old and slow French dance. "Lourré" means the same in French as "Legáto" in Italian—viz., smoothly and connectedly.

COOKERY.

A LOVER OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."—See page 255, vol. i., for a recipe for sherbet. No, we do not call that "slang."

AN INQUIRER.—Ask at a restaurant, or of the secretary of a club, where the chefs are sometimes allowed the privilege of taking pupils.

A CANADIAN GIRL.—For recipes for Parkin, see vol. i., pages 399 and 222. From Easter to the 1st of July.

AUNT BOND —See vol. i. page 540. Use a little ammonia and water to clean the candlesticks.

FLORENCE.—Wash the lard well with clean cold water, then repeat the process several times with rosewater.

TITANIA.—See "Useful Hints."

KATURA DOROTHY and A SUBSCRIBER (June 29th) — See page 511 and 560, for the fullest details on the subject of preserving and bottling fruit. We are obliged for "Subscriber's" advice about putting the jam into pots while quite hot, and covering them up, so as to precluded all chance of the fruit becoming mouldy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. G. TOPLIS.—Amongst the Tudor arms and badges to which you refer, what you call the "grating" is the "portcullis" (or "porte-coulisse"), the barrier let down to guard the gates of a castle. It was the chief feature, or "charge," in the arms of the "City of Westminster," and is to be seen in all directions in the chapel of Henry VII., being his favourite device, as importing his descent form the house of Lancaster. It was also one of the badges of Henry VIII., and appears on some of his coins. 2. The "Griffin" is the armorial bearings of the Spencers and innumerable other houses. The cognizance of the principality of Wales is a "Dragon"—not a "Griffin." It is one of the most ancient heraldic charges in this country; and winged dragons are the supporters of the coat of arms of one of our Irish earls. It was the standard of the West Saxons, and was represented, winged, on a pole near the person of Harold. Moreover, it was the supporter of the royal arms of Henry VII. and all the Tudor sovereigns, except Queen Mary. Prior to their time, it had been borne by some of the early Princes of Wales, and also by several Kings—Henry III included. At the battle of Lewes, 1264, the chronicler, Peter Langtoffe, says,

"The King schewed forth his schild, his
Dragon full austere."

At the battle of Crecy, also, Edward III. had a standard "with a Dragon of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and a fair lilies of gold." It likewise appears on a coin of Henry VI., and was one of the badges of Edward IV. A "Hound" has almost invariably some connection with field sports. Your writing is legible though not pretty, and for your kind letter we return our best thanks.

RUBY.—The banns should be published on three successive Sundays, and it is customary to commence three Sundays previously to the wedding. The term is derived from the Saxon word, "Bannan," to publish or proclaim. Procure a certificate that they were called, and the unavoidable postponement of the marriage for a time after the third proclamation unchallenged by any one would not then signify, as illness might perhaps necessitate some delay.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER —We are much gratified by the kind acknowledgments you send on account of

the benefit derived by your daughter from one of our prescriptions, and glad that she is now able to return to her work.

IDELETTE.—Avoid reading by gaslight. Use a good candle, or a pair, and either fasten a shade upon it, or place it at your side or behind you, so that the light shall never fall on your eyes, but only on your book. Better to go to bed very early and get up the earlier to perform your studies by daylight; but never even then facing the light.

JESSAMINE HAMILTON.—August 22nd 1867, was a Thursday. Inquire for a bound copy of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, called "The Girl's Own Annual," at some booksellers' shops.

TOTTIE.—It is stated that an admixture of malt in wheat flour renders bread made with it more digestible to delicate persons; that it is more agreeable in taste, and keeps sweet and moist longer than ordinary bread.

SMUT.—The swelling probably arises from damp or wet, and they require a warmer and drier place to live in.

TOT.—1. If you constantly take notice of, and talk to them, they begin to talk much sooner. 2. We do not know.

IRENE DEVEREAU.—Ammonia will clean the locket. Your writing is not at all pretty, nor do we think it free enough for secretarial work.

EMMIE RANG.—Many thanks for your verses, the sentiments of which are excellent, but the rhymes are defective. They lack originality of ideas and beauty of language, which should all be found in combination, or the composition could not be regarded as poetry.

MILLY, OF KUTLAND.—We do not at all understand what you mean by saying you think us "a little too hard on the general" (servants?). It is not at all unnatural to "hide a secret sorrow from the world's eye." Of course you may; and as you were so much scoffed at for your religious principles amongst the thirteen fellow servants, we can understand that you are happier in a single-handed place. Tact and prudence are frequently necessary to make your religion appear attractive, rather than an object of ridicule.

KATE SMITH.—We thank you for your kind and appreciative letter, which has gratified us. You will write a good hand with a little more care and copy-writing. The sentiments of the lines sent are good, but, as pieces of composition, we regret that they are not suitable for publication.

JANE DODGE wishes to suggest a little piece of easy work for unoccupied but willing fingers. It is to make card-texts for the "Flower Mission." A threepenny sheet of cardboard will make one hundred cards, which should have a narrow border painted round the edges, the text being very neatly and legibly written or printed, in the middle. They should be forwarded to Mrs. Handcock, Darby Street Mission Schools, Royal Mint-street, Minories, London, E.C. This Mission distributes from 1,000 to 1,400 bunches of cut flowers weekly, many of them having a text of Holy Scripture attached to them, but a considerable proportion have none. The poor homes to which they are taken are in the neighbourhood of the "Seven Dials," and other poor districts.

PRIMROSE.—Try a tablespoonful of salt in a jug of lukewarm water, which, we think, would tend to the preservation of the cut flowers.

AN ANXIOUS READER.—We sympathise much with you, but could not recommend any sort of home employment that would be lucrative, which could be carried on "between whiles" when attending to a shop. All trades require some expenditure of money for appliances also.

LOO.—How could the word "ocean" be divided into more than two syllables, being pronounced "o-shun"? "O see-an" would be both incorrect English and a vulgar affectation. There is a tendency amongst young people at present to "mince their words," especially in the pronunciation of the letter "o," which, instead of being given its full sonorous sound, is used somewhat as in the words "brow" and "now." Say "ho-ly," not "haw-ly." This is a "provincialism." You write fairly well, but your pen is too hard for your hand.

ALISON.—It is impossible to direct you to further studies, so as to improve your education, when you omit to name the books you have read, and the departments in the general course of studies followed in the schools. One hint we may give you unasked. Never write thus: "9-6-81." At first sight we could not imagine what the figures meant. It is altogether commercial, and never should be seen in private correspondence. You write a good hand.

BEATRICE.—We refer you to our index. Our weekly numbers are one penny each. At any bookseller's, or newspaper office, they will procure as many as you require.

HELEN ADAM and SUSANNA EVE. — "The Whole Duty of Man" is by Taylor.

LETTICE D.—Your writing is too large; your "m" and "n" like "u"; your final "n's" are unfinished, their second halves having apparently fallen down and the tails of your "g" and "f" are only half finished. Yet your hand is very legible, and promises to be very good if attention be paid to these defects.

A CERTAIN M.D."—The "h" in such words as where, wheel, which, when, whirl, what, whole, must be aspirated. In the case of the first four words a mute "h" would change the signification. As we have before observed, there are only four or five exceptions to this rule—which were given. Write the word "beginning" with two "n's."

TROUBLESOME.—The individual addressed by our Lord in the words you quote was making vain excuses for declining His invitation, or rather command, to follow Him. It appears, therefore, that the rebuke his excuse received was designed to be sternly sarcastic, and expressed our Lord's opinion of his spiritually dead condition. Two lessons, at least, may be learnt by us from this history. Firstly — that no self-imposed duties, however seemingly right in our own eyes, are to stand in the way of our childlike and immediate obedience to Him, in the fulfilment of those duties which God, in His Divine providence, has imposed upon us. Secondly—that we must "seek first (above all other things) the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness." All else must be subservient to this supreme duty. 2. There are full instructions in your savings bank book to furnish the answer you require.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You can obtain protection and the necessary separation, but we advise you to go to a magistrate, and be guided by his advice and information as to the ways and means.

GLADYS.—From your acquirements, your salary as a governess should be from £50 to £60 per annum. But your age is a disadvantage, as it would not yet carry weight with girls so far advanced as to need your teaching. You should procure a certificate,

A QUIET HALF-HOUR.

and might obtain a situation as teacher in a high school. A private situation in a family might be obtained through the exertions and interest of friends, or your parish clergy; otherwise you will have to advertise.

E. M. H.—A commentary upon the Holy Bible from Henry and Scott, with notes from other writers, is published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., complete in six vols. at 30s. half bound; but any single volume may be obtained; and of course, that on the New Testament only. There is also a "Pocket Commentary" by the same authors, the Old Testament in two vols., the new in one. The three vols. half bound in calf 6s.

NATURALIST.—Harland Coultas's book, "The Home Naturalist," published, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would suit you admirably.

A POOR GIRL.—You might make a child's petticoat, and so save materials.

LEONE NOEL.—Of course you can attend the morning service in Westminster Abbey on Sundays without any special order or ticket; but the vergers will not show the side chapels or any of the interesting monuments and curiosities on that day.

KITTY O'HARA.—Use unslaked lime for cleaning the "steel ash-pan." Should this fail, employ powdered brickdust and oil, rub dry with brickdust, and polish with crocus and a leather. This latter is the recipe for cleaning swords. Keep them free of moisture. You both write fairly well. We regret that you had so long to wait for an answer.

TWO ROSEBUDS.—1. In reference to the present given by a bridesmaid to the bride, two points should be considered: the means at the free disposal of the former, and the requirements of the latter. When the bride's circumstances are very limited, everything—whether in the way of dress, ornaments, books, plate, or useful articles for bed or sitting-rooms—all afford her bridesmaids a choice. 2. At any time of the year a quarter or an hour's swimming in a tepid bath would be sufficient for health.

OUR NELL.—Yes, you may wear silver and gold in slight mourning; and, latterly, people even wear them in deep mourning, although not correct according to generally-received rules.

A FARNHAM GIRL.—You do not change the blotting-paper often enough under the press to express and remove all moisture. We have often given advice on this subject. Write copies, as your hand is irregular.

MONA.—To make lime-water, take of fresh burnt lime 8 oz., and pour one gallon of boiling water upon it, cover up closely, and when cold put it into a glass bottle. When required, pour off what is clear for use.

S. JANE S.—We could not waste our time on answering useless and silly questions.

MAPLE LEAF.—We thank you for your kind letter from our Toronto friend, a city with which we are very familiar, though not with Florida. Our criticisms on the writing of correspondents are made at their own request. You write a pretty and legible hand yourself. We regret that, at present, there is no competition open to you of the kind you desire.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—There is a Bible Flower Mission in Darby-street, Royal Mint-street, Minories, under the charge of a Mrs. Hancock—so our correspondent kindly informs us for the benefit of our other readers. We wish that many hampers may be sent in for the benefit of the very poor of that neighbourhood, who are rarely, if ever, able to see a flower in a garden, field, or country lane.

BARBARA VILLIERS.—Soot is employed in gardens for the purpose of preserving the plants and flowers from grubs and destructive insects. Read our article on terra-cotta painting. We cannot afford to waste time over continual repetitions.

PALMY AIR.—We imagine that you are confounding sepia and Indian ink. All such inquiries should be made of an artist's colourman, in whose shop all pigments and drawing and painting materials are procured, advice and every information supplied likewise.

BETH sends us a poem of her own likewise, and as we said to her sister-poet of mariner proclivities, we see much that is poetical in her verses. But in her case we must warn her against adopting the mannerisms—and consequently defects in the style—of even the most distinguished writers. As, for instance, the repetitions making breaks in a line:—

"In the evening—in the gloaming."

and

"Of a life all free from sorrow,"
"Of the days of long ago."

A little reflection will suffice to recall the model selected. We are much obliged to her and her companions for their kind appreciation of our efforts to please them.

PUCK.—For the story of "Clytie" see page 303, vol. ii. We do not see what you mean by "being fearfully and utterly a degenerate member of society" because you cannot appreciate Bret Harte's prose poems, which are, perhaps, the most perfect word-pictures that ever were written. When you say you "prefer the witticisms of Artemus Ward," it is equal to saying that you prefer the "Bab" or "Bon Gaultier Ballads" to Mrs. Browning.

CHANGEABLE SCHOOLGIRL.—Pray to God for His grace to assist you in trying to improve your character. You ought to write copies.

A SAILOR ON VARIOUS SEAS.—Our young friend with a very long name sends a little poem for criticism. It shows much poetical feeling, and promises better things in the future. But there are lines that hobble on a short allowance of "feet"—as, for instance, the second lines of each verse are sometimes of seven, sometimes of six only; and the beat, or emphasis, falls occasionally on one word, and then on another, as if some of them had tripped up over a stone or other obstacle. Count the feet (syllables) of every line on your fingers, and when you have decided on the place where the beat shall fall in each line, take care that the corresponding line shall match it exactly.

SMUT.—1. We see no reason why you should not play the violoncello. 2. Rabbits should have a little hutch in a stable, or outhouse, or barn.

JENNIE R. AND OTHERS.—In preparation for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations, and in connection with the London centre of the same, instruction by correspondence is given by certain qualified ladies. Classes open from 14th Dec. to the end of May. Apply further to Miss A. Shore, Orchard Poyle, Taplow, Maidenhead.

R. N. C. begs to thank most warmly all those who have so kindly responded to her appeal for the incurable children, and who will be pleased to hear that sufficient money has been sent to defray the expenses of several drives.

Our readers are reminded that the Extra Christmas part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, called "Christmas Roses," will be published on Tuesday, October 25. Those girls who have not already ordered it of their booksellers should do so without delay.

VOL. III.—No. 95.] OCTOBER 22, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

NEW CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER.

IN the last of our articles on the subject of "Seasonable Dress," we mentioned, first, Lady Bective's patriotic efforts to aid the wool industry of England, by bringing back "lustre" materials to fashion. It is now hoped that Her Majesty the Queen may be induced to become patroness of the scheme, and the Duchess of Cambridge has already joined the increasing band of supporters. Meanwhile, the clever heads and hands in this noble army of ladies have been occupied in designing dresses which may be made from, and look well in, lustre fabrics, for use this autumn; and we quote the entire list for the benefit of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

NEW WINTER COSTUMES.

[*All rights reserved.*]

"Costume.—1st. Black alpaca, a deep flounce put on in double box pleat, down back pleat a stripe of black moire ribbon about one and a half inch wide; edging of black lace to the deep pleat. Tunic, a very tight straight piece across front, with rows of ribbon to match the flounce, and caught up at the back with a large moiré bow and ends. Body, a *black silk* jersey, with bands of black moiré down the front and round collar; moiré sleeves. 2nd. The same in ivory-white alpaca. 3rd. The same in cream, with edgings of narrow gold braid to wherever the moiré ribbon is; loose jackets to each, trimmed with gold braid and moiré ribbon, ribbon bows "à flats," and braid mixed down the fronts. 4th. Cream serge skirt in large flat pleats, ribbon and gold braid run on along the bottom, four rows of ribbon, and eight of gold braid edging it; jersey body of wool which matches the serge (or silk jersey both alpaca costume), trimmed with rows of gold braid and ribbon: the body fastens up the front with a lace of gold cord."

The great drawback to this effort in favour of "lustre" materials, is their unsuitability for winter wear, so we must patronize serges and tweeds, as well as the hundred other woollens, under fanciful names, of English making.

What is called the *demi saison* (half season) between the summer and the winter, is always a most disagreeable time of transition; for one never knows how to dress to meet the requirements of the changing weather. We cling to the dresses of summer, they were so pretty and so becoming, while the shop windows are full of the heavy and more sombre garb of the coming winter. Then comes the difficulty of selecting the winter costume, and we do not advise any of our readers to choose it too speedily, but to wait till the days of early autumn be past, and wear out anything which happens to be in the wardrobe. Meantime, the fashions are coming out, and in some of them we shall perhaps find "the very thing" if we be not too hasty in our purchases. Beige, as an inexpensive and excellent wearing material, may be recommended to those who must make their purchases at this season; it seems more in favour than ever, as it is eminently suitable to the *coulissés*, or gathers; and is very light, even though much gathered both on the skirt and bodice; while, last of all, but not least, to the economical, it washes as well as a cotton, and looks like new.

Those made for ordinary daily wear follow the same styles as have been used for the pretty ginghams, which have been so much worn, and have no trimmings save the gathers, and the new buttons of gilt or silver, which lighten every costume now. If needed for best dresses, watered silk will be found to trim them well, and handsomer buttons should be selected. Fine serges are also used in the same way as the ginghams, but if made by a tailor, they are simple and severe; and have no trimming save rows of stitching and kilting, which are not quite so fine as of yore.

Brown seems to be the popular colour of the season, but some of the colours we now call by this name we should have once termed red, and others yellow; as the shades range between these two hues. Terra-cotta is now more like the red-brown of the Devonshire soil, and is a very becoming colour to the fair as well as the dark. Then there is a new colour called "Pharaoh," of a brick-red, which is probably the cause of its name, in connection with the brickmaking king of Egypt.

A quieter hue is chocolate-brown, and a beautiful russet; while for those who like yellow-browns, there is a colour called "burnt corn," which is very pretty. Next in fashion to brown, and in popular favour, comes olive green, and this seems to be the colour for all cloth over-garments, be they ulsters, jackets, or Newmarket coats; the latter being the favourite shape with both old and young, and quite throwing the long-used ulster into the shade. "Hubbard cloaks" are also worn by persons of all ages, and are being made for the autumn of fine cloth, and cashmere, lined with a colour.

There is no doubt but that for the winter mantles, and not jackets, will be worn; though there are some long paletots to be seen in the shops. Our large illustration of five figures

INDOOR DRESSES.

shows all the prevailing ideas, which have appeared up to this date. The first figure, to the left, wears a "Mother Hubbard cloak" of figured satin, such as has been the favourite wear for elderly ladies this autumn; and the two figures next to her may be seen in what will probably be the usual mantle for the winter; made of cloth, and edged with any kind of fur which the wearer may choose to afford; ermine, so long out of date, has returned to fashion, and this we fancy will be good news to many of our readers, who have sets of this fur stored carefully away. It is especially to be used for children's cloaks and jackets. The last two figures wear, first, a long polonaise, made of serge to match the dress, and trimmed with braid, and, second, a dress of tweed, trimmed with fur, or feather trimming, and a small mantle and muff to match.

Our next illustration shows two indoor dresses. The standing figure wears a pointed bodice, and a kilted tunic surmounting a scarf of plaid. The skirt is kilted, and the battlemented edges show a facing of plaid, to match the scarf, under the kilts at the edge of the skirt. The sitting figure wears a princesse dress, with a long skirt and a gathered front of plain material. We are so often asked, through the medium of our correspondence columns, to suggest a way of doing up some dress which has been allowed to lie by till its alteration seems well nigh hopeless, that we give these two examples, on purpose to aid those who need ideas and suggestions of this description.

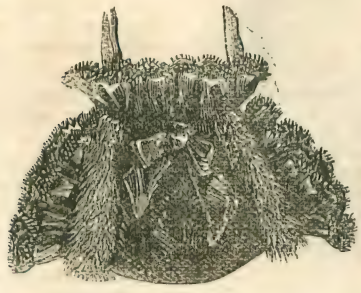
Our third illustration will be welcomed by many of those who read our paper, and who, though mistresses and mothers, are still girls in years and feelings. Two little dresses and a cloak are given in it, all of them simple and pretty, and so clearly depicted that they may be understood at a glance.

We have not yet given a word to the new hats and bonnets. For the former there appears to be no regular shape, for they are bent and arranged to suit the taste of the maker or the fancy of the wearer. The hat most worn at present is a straw one, with a rather wide flat brim, much narrower at the back, and pinched together over the coil of hair. It is worn at the back of the head, and sets like a frame round the face. The crown is a low one, and the brim is lined with pale-coloured silk, or cream-coloured Spanish lace. In the country, and at the sea side, sailor-hats are worn; and some of them are loaded with flowers and fruit as trimmings; but the prettiest have only a band of ribbon with a bow in front, and a single flower, without leaves, thrust through the band and lying on the brim. Then there is a sugar-loaf hat, which is remarkable but not pretty, and another hat of a boat shape, which has all its trimming put on behind, leaving the front bare, and making the ordinary observer believe that the wearer dressed in too great a hurry, and put their hat on the wrong way. A lace fall, from two inches to four in depth, is worn round the brim of some hats, and is very becoming to the wearer. Felt and plush hats and bonnets will be very fashionable, and feather hats and muffs. The latter can be made at home, without any trouble, and at very small expense, as the shape can be chosen and covered with black, and the feather covering bought ready to put on; the whole not costing more than seven or eight shillings. The Princess of Wales has quite set the fashion of wearing fruit on the bonnet instead of flowers; and some of the autumn bonnets are very effective. The fashion is an economical one too, as the bonnet needs no other trimming save its wreath of fruit, and the velvet strings of a handsome width, which tie it on beneath the chin in a large bow, but very short ends.

Belted waists and pointed bodices are now more fashionable than the coat bodice, though we shall wear the latter all the winter, as it is too convenient to be given up. The jersey continues to be worn, and both polonaises and princesse dresses, so every one has a choice; and it is a comfort to think that we are no longer in such bondage to Dame Fashion, that we must of necessity wear all she dictates; but we can make our selection, and can wear our dresses a second season, without feeling ashamed of ourselves in any way. But in order to be able to do this, we must choose them carefully in the first instance.

"I hate the bother of dress," said a young girl the other day. "And so do I," was my answer, "for it is sometimes very wearisome; but when I consider that it is only by my

outside woman that my neighbour can judge of me at first, I am reconciled to do my very best to make myself agreeable to the sight." Yes, girls, this matter of dressing suitably, in good taste, and according to your means, is a very important duty, which applies particularly to girls who wish first to prepossess others in their favour that they then might cheer and



A NEW AND PRETTY MUFF.

help them in their path through life. And, depend upon it, a person untidy in her appearance or neglectful of the art of adorning the body, is frequently denied the opportunity "to charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

NEW MUSIC.

NOTICES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

NOVELLO & Co., Berners-street, W.

FIVE pieces for the pianoforte. By A. C. Mackenzie. No. 1 commences with an impromptu in the key of C. A soft, smooth, and pleasing little bit for the display of a light and graceful touch.

No. 2. A bright *staccato* fugue movement.

No. 3. The author has taken Longfellow's words—

"Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean rhyme,"
Cried King Olaf; "it will cheer me"—

as the subject; beginning in a slow and stately style, followed by a double-forte *presto agitato*, and then dying off in alternate pianissimo and forte passages.

The 4th motif is in the valse time, and No. 5, "Evening in the Fields," is a pretty descriptive piece, in which the enjoyment and tranquillising influences of a summer night may be brought to the ear by means of the finger.

PATEY AND WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough-street:—

Nocturne. By Ernst J. Reiter.—A pleasing theme with a quiet accompaniment played by both hands, by which means the sustained notes are well marked, good practice for smooth and even playing.

La Balançoire. By Paul de Cernay.—A characteristic piece with singing melody, and swinging movement, easy to catch and perform.

J. H. BARNETT, 67, High-street, St. John's Wood:—

Sunbeams on the Spray. By Theo. H. Barnett.—A nice, light little piece, suitable for committal to memory. Will be sure to please.

J. AND W. CHESTER, Brighton, and REID BROTHERS, 436, Oxford-street, W:—

Song of the Stream. An impromptu for the pianoforte. By Arthur H. Jackson.—A flowing, smooth movement, soft and sparkling, in the key of F.

Waking Dreams. By Emily Hughes.—Very light and gracefully written.

VOCAL MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Duet from Berlioz's *Beatrice and Benedict.* Adapted by Joseph Bennett. Accompaniment by Francesco Berger.—A rather elaborate duet; the accompaniment requires good execution and the singing needing care, but well repaying the attention necessary for its proper rendering.

Hard to Please. Words by Alice Evégard, music by Francesco Berger.—A sprightly little ballad, and telling if correctly interpreted.

A Parting Gift. Words by H. J. C., music by Charles J. Hargitt. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. Written in two keys, No. 1 in D flat, No. 2 in B flat.—The style and character good and rather uncommon.

The Radiant Lady. Words by Hugh Conway, music by A. H. Behrend.—A plaintive little song describing a poor lonely child placing a bunch of humble daisies on the grave of the gentle lady who alone was kind to him. The idea is pretty and the music easy.

HOWARD AND CO.

The Watermill. Music by W. Irving Bishop, words by Sarah Doudney.—The subject of the song is the recalling of the proverb, "The mill will never grind again with the water that is past," suggesting a wholesome lesson. The music is in character with the words.

HOWARD AND SONS.

Nuts and May. Music by A. G. Gits, words by James T. Browne.—Fanciful but pretty words to simple music.

Putney Bridge. Words by Juba Kennerley, music by Henry Pontet.—Like "Twickenham Ferry," the story refers to crossing the river, with similar consequences. The music and words are well-matched, and if properly sung will be accepted as a pleasant change to a more solid style.

WEEKES AND CO.

What Shall I Wish Thee? Words by Frances Ridley Havergal, music by C. H. Purday. Wishes for "A Happy New Year."—Mr. Purday's music is graceful and very interesting. The words, by the late Miss Havergal, are, of course, most loving and

"TWO LITTLE DRESSES AND A CLOAK."

beautiful. We specially recommend this song.

Lead, Kindly Light. (Sacred song.) Words by J. H. Newman, music by C. H. Purday.—An easy and simple arrangement to well-known words.

GODDARD AND CO., 4, Argyll Place.

The Children of our Native Land. Written and composed by Mrs. Edmund Campbell.—An easily-taught song, with a hue of chorus.

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Wheel of Fortune. Words by Edward Oxenford, music by Milton Wellings. No. 1 in G, No. 2 in F.—The songs of this popular writer are well known, and the "Wheel of

A NEW HAT.

Fortune" is by no means inferior to "At the Ferry."

A. COX, 29, King-street, Regent-street, W.

Jessie of the Lea. (Ballad.) Written by J. H. Jewell. Composed by Burnett Gilbert. A quaint little ballad, simple and sweet; written in three flats, and of moderate compass.

My Sailor Love. (Ballad.) By Gordon Campbell. Composed by Madame Sainton-Dolby. The composer's name is sufficient to recommend this song to our musical friends. It is written in two sharps, and the accompaniment is easy.

The Falling Star. Poetry by Fanny R. L. Lablache, music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A pensive little song suggested by the legend of a "star of destiny," and pleasingly set.

Separation. (Duet.) Music by Ciro Pinsuti, words by Lewis Novra.—Commencing with solos for two voices and ending in a well-arranged duet.

A duet for equal voices on the words *In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.* Music by Louis W. Parker.—A quiet and effective rendering of Isaiah xxx. 15—18, ending in six bars without accompaniment, after a soft rolling passage in the bass.

Our Rest Remaineth. Music by Henry Smart, words by Helen Marion Burnside.—Another sacred duettino. Both words and music sweet and wholesome.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Only to Love Thee. Music by Franz Abt, words by Edward Oxenford.—A pleasing song with nicely-arranged accompaniment.

LAMBORN COCK.

At Sunrise. By Francesco Berger.—A cheerful little duet for two soprano voices of moderate compass. The words and music in harmony.

Three two-part songs. By Ciro Pinsuti. Words by L. A. Johnstone.

Heather Breezes. Soft and graceful. The accompaniment harp-like and trilling.

Boating. Another descriptive duet in two flats, enhanced by a telling accompaniment.

Not Even a Sparrow.—Thoughtful words clothed by excellent music. No difficulties either for voice or piano, but smooth and pleasing.

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

I.—THE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

"STRENGTH!" says Lucy, in a little thin querulous voice, the very accents of weakness, "Yes, tell me the secret of being strong."

"And me," says Ellen.

"And me," says Ruth.

That I shall to all of you, only be quiet and do not expect a patent prescription for building up a constitution of iron, or for making you as strong as the girl in the story whom no one could bind, even with chains.

"Is it more wonderful strength than that?"

Yes, much more wonderful. The strength even of the mermaid who could sink ships and of the magician who could control the moon is nothing to it.

"To be weak is miserable," says Milton, "doing or suffering," but it did not need a poet to find that out. Who ever knew the weak to enjoy life, and who ever heard of them excelling in anything? The best of things has always been on the side of the strong. They are not upset by trifles, and you never hear of them going to the wall. And it is not only to themselves that the strong are useful: they cannot be done without by other people. If you want to find a centre of influence, or to secure assistance in any cause whatever, go to them. There is no consolation or support to be got from the weak. The strong, too, are not miserable, and never have gloomy fits, for theirs is a cheerful philosophy. They have faith in God, in themselves, and in humanity.

"No doubt," says Marion: "vigorous health has a wonderful effect on the mind, but to be physically strong is not in our power."

Why, Marion, I did not speak of that. Do you really suppose I want you to be like the strong man of Islington, who could lift three hundredweight with his teeth, and bend a poker by striking it against his forearm? Spirit is superior to matter any day, and spiritual strength is far more to be sought after than bodily. I would have you strong in services and attentions, and in the power of blessing others. It does not even follow that you must be clever; you girls are all to be greater in heart than in brain.

"You may say what you like," says Lucy; "it is impossible that I can ever be strong, spiritually or in any other way."

Now, Lucy, you take a wrong estimate both of yourself and of what is possible. There was a man once in a country town who took it into his head that he was made of glass, and he used to walk about very slowly and cautiously for fear he should break all to pieces. You are almost as far wrong in judging of yourself as was that crazy man. We may think ourselves very brittle ware, but there is strength lying dormant in all of us, and were I you, I would not call myself weak even though I were less than the least little woman ever seen in a penny show.

"What is the real source of weakness?"

Wrong-doing. There is no mistake about that. Everyone is weak when she acts against conscience, and there never was a truer proverb than "A guilty heart makes a feeble hand." Only do as you ought not, and, even though the bravest of the brave, you will become very, very timorous.

Agnes cannot settle to read: "I am incessantly troubled," she says, "by the recollection of broken promises." Rosa cannot sleep: "I have feverish anxieties," she says, "for I have shut my ears to the calls of duty." Elizabeth cannot face her friends: "I have been playing the hypocrite," she confesses, "and am afraid of being found out."

"And what is the source of strength?"

Why, my friends, that is none other than God Himself. He had the whole secret of the matter, who turned himself heavenward, and said—

> "All helplessness and weakness, I
> On Thee alone for strength depend."

Of ourselves we are weak—indeed, we are next to nothing; but the moment consciousness of Divine aid springs up we can do and dare everything. God is certainly the fountain of strength, and without Him we are in a feeble condition.

Maggie long ago found that out. She, more than anyone I know, has a habitual sense of the Divine presence, and a firm belief that her help is on high. This earth, to her, she says, seems but a realm of shadows, whilst the unseen world is the only reality. In consequence, she has all the virtues of the strong. She is sincere—she can afford to be. She knows no mean passions, neither envy nor jealousy. She is everything she should be, and everything, girls, I would have you become. Only the other day I heard Maggie account for it all. "How good and powerful a friend," she said, "you will find in God, if you will but form a sincere, steadfast friendship with Him!"

Strength, no doubt, brings its own temptations. The strong find it difficult to keep from being overbearing; and we have all met some strong people who were either cold and hard, or exceedingly rude and disagreeable. But that is the misuse of strength, not its use. It should always go hand in hand with patience and gentleness, for it was never meant to be the privilege of the strong that they should trample on the weak.

Those who have power are bound to make a good use of it, and really there is plenty for them to do. The struggles of life, however, are often much exaggerated, and a great many of the difficulties against which we think we shall have to exert our strength are hardly worth speaking about. They remind one of the trolls we read of in northern stories. These trolls seemed very substantial, and sometimes very ferocious folk when looked at in front, but they were hollow behind; and the way to get the better of them was simply to keep them talking till the sun rose. When the first ray of the sun shone on them they burst. So with these difficulties. Turn on them the sunshine of goodness and common sense, and they burst, like the trolls.

But even suppose them to be real difficulties, we are all the better of battling with them. Every victory, as everyone knows, makes the next one easier. Conquer pride, we are stronger; overcome anger, we are stronger; vanquish sloth, we are still stronger, just as the giant was who added to his strength the strength of every man he slew. The service may be hard, but we must not think about that, and after all, there is a pleasure in fighting when one is getting the best of it.

Let us go on, then, courageously. Rest will come in time, for, to quote the words of an old writer, "God sends his servants to bed when they have done their work."

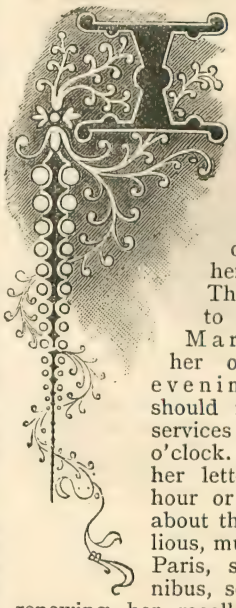
JAMES MASON.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.

LES FILS DE LA MARQUISE.



"S it that Mademoiselle is attired? Madame la Marquise is in the *salon*, and bids me say that she waits for mademoiselle there.'"

The next morning Damaris went out alone to carry her letter to the post. The mornings were to be her own. The Marquise had told her on the preceding evening that she should never require her services until after twelve o'clock. Having posted her letter, she spent an hour or two in wandering about this beautiful, rebellious, murderous, and cruel Paris, sometimes in omnibus, sometimes on foot, renewing her recollections of streets and public buildings, whose acquaintance she had made originally under Colonel Hartley's escort. Brave and high-spirited as Damaris was, it was impossible for her to compare that happy past with its bright future to the uncertain present—to the solitude which was likely to surround her in her new position, without experiencing a certain sadness of heart. This one morning's indulgence she allowed herself.

"But it will not do to repeat it," was her conclusion, as she bent her steps slowly back towards the Faubourg St. Germain, when the mid-day hour approached. "I do not wonder that Lot's wife became a pillar of salt through turning longing eyes backwards towards the life that lay behind her. I should become something equally incapable of doing my duty in the present if I were to dwell often upon that which is gone for ever. There are some things which it is beyond the power of any change of fortune to take from me. Let me bless God for those gifts, and go boldly forwards to meet the unknown future."

As Damaris was mounting the broad stone steps of the public staircase towards the *premier étage* she met two gentlemen descending arm in arm. They paused, and drew aside for her to pass, with a graceful inclination, indubitably French. Damaris acknowledged the politeness with a little bow and a murmured "*Merci, messieurs,*" and, as she passed onwards, just lifted her eyes from the ground where they had rested as she pursued her train of thought. She saw only one face—fair, pale, preoccupied—whose expression struck her as curiously familiar. As she continued to ascend she asked herself where she had seen it before, and when?

Soon after she reached her room,

Angelique came to her with a message from the Marquise to the effect that she had had unexpected visitors—that she was fatigued, and wished to rest; but hoped Mademoiselle Hartley would be ready to drive with her in the Bois de Boulogne at five in the evening. Before dismissing Angelique, Damaris's curiosity led her to put several questions.

"It is very early for visitors, Angelique. I thought Madame la Marquise never received until the evening."

"But, mademoiselle, it is a thing altogether different: these are the sons of Madame la Marquise."

"And have they just left? I must have met them on the staircase, then?"

"It is probable. But surely mademoiselle would have known if she had met Monsieur Etienne St. Just and Monsieur le Marquis de St. Aubin?"

Angelique evidently thought that they carried the patent of their nobility in their faces, and that it must at once impress the most casual observer.

It was absurd, then, to suppose that she had met either of these strangers before. Damaris dismissed the idea at once as extravagant. She had learnt from Madame Argent, in her visit to her of yesterday, certain particulars with regard to the Marquise. How that she had been twice married: her first husband was the son of a very wealthy banker of Paris, her second the impoverished Marquis de St. Aubin, who possessed little beyond his name and the old château which bore it. By her marriage with her second husband she had forfeited her right to the ample dower left her by her first, but her eldest son had insisted upon restoring it to her when she was again widowed. More than this, he had purchased the château and lands of St. Aubin, giving so good a price for them that the young Marquis, who was destined to win for himself distinction in the army of France, was fairly provided for. From that time all ought to have gone well with the poor Marquise, "who has known so much trouble in the illness and death of her two husbands," said Madame Argent. "But God has ordered otherwise, and has seen fit to send my sweet friend bitter sorrow through this younger son, who is in no way fit to be the brother of Monsieur Etienne, nor the son of so gentle and lonely a creature as the Marquise. We generally find that in every family there is a canker worm, my dear Mademoiselle Damaris, and you cannot be long in the household of the Marquise without discovering where it exists in this case. The young Marquis is handsome and intellectual, there is even something peculiarly winning in his manners; but do not be deceived by them: at heart he is a spendthrift and a libertine. But, thank God, the dear Marquise has had compensation for the care caused by her younger son in the sterling qualities of the elder, who is as austere in his life as his half-brother is corrupt. But even in and through Monsieur St. Just, pure and noble as he is, grave maternal anxieties have been given her. Of these, however, I need say nothing; they will doubtless reveal themselves to you, and it will be better to leave you to form your own opinion entirely, than to endeavour to prejudice you in any way. From what I have said you will understand that the dear Marquise, amiable and tender-hearted as she is, has been most peculiarly tried. One needs to remember that it is expressly stated that the Lord chastens all those whom He loves, and scourges every son that He receiveth, otherwise one would be puzzled to reconcile such sorrows as those which have been the portion of the Marquise with our ideas of justice. To poor human eyesight her character seemed almost perfection, even in her maidenhood. Probably it had to be proved in the furnace of affliction. I speak thus confidentially to you, my dear Damaris, because I have confidence in your generous and affectionate nature, and would like to enlist both qualities on behalf of my friend. You have a task set you, and a great privilege given you, to minister to the necessities of this lovely and loveable spirit, to lighten the tedium of her hours of weakness and confinement, and to soften the pressure of her anxieties."

Damaris replied with grateful thanks, assuring Madame Argent that already her heart was enlisted in the service of the Marquise, and that she looked forward to the duties that awaited her with glad anticipation.

"You will be placed in a position requiring much tact and delicacy, as well as right judgment," continued the old schoolmistress; "but I am not often mistaken in my estimate of individual character, nor do I believe that you will in any way fall short of the cordial recommendation which I gave to the Marquise. I believe that you possess more discretion than is usually found in women of your years, and less foolish vanity; and do not forget that the Marquise has taken you wholly upon this assurance."

Damaris gravely responded that she would do her best to prove herself worthy of the trust reposed in her, recalling curiously what the Marquise herself had said to her that morning upon this very subject.

"One thing more, my dear child, and then I have done: do not rely upon your own wisdom. Human wisdom at best is fallible, and you are still young. Seek God's guidance in all things, implore the aid of His Holy Spirit to control and direct your steps, listen for its voice, and obey its promptings. In old age one has learnt by experience to distrust one's own judgment; it is only in youth that the sublime faith in one's own powers exists and misleads."

Damaris had assured the Marquise that she was not romantic, but she could not repress altogether the little thrill which came to her with the thought of having met these two brothers of Madame Argent's narrative, the black sheep and the one whose character was spotless as a saint's, linked arm in arm like any two ordinary specimens of everyday manhood. She had only seen one face, and now regretted that her momentary glance had not taken in both, that she might have received the impression of a difference. Whose was the face she had seen? Did it belong to the black sheep or the saint? She could not answer the question satisfactorily to herself. Modern black sheep, more's the pity, do not go about with the brand of their iniquity upon them, and are apt to keep every trace of their wickedness well under the surface, and even to cover it with special fascinations. For this very reason, and because something in its expression persistently haunted her, Damaris began to connect the face in her own mind with the name of Jerome St. Aubin. She would not allow that there was anything to admire in it; she began to feel slightly resentful of it, and to admit even a sense of injury, as though, through the dear Marquise, she herself had been wounded by its selfishness.

At five o'clock the Marquise was carried to her carriage, and Damaris took her seat by her side. Through partial paralysis she was not able to walk, and indoors used a wheeled chair for transit from room to room. During the drive she was lively and entertaining, drawing the attention of Damaris to the various points of interest in the park, and to people of her acquaintance whom they met, but she made no allusion to her morning visitors. When they reached home, and Angelique came to resume the charge of her mistress and carry her off to her room, the Marquise, as she dismissed Damaris, said—

"Wear the robe I sent you again to-night, *petite*. My sons will do us the honour of dining with us."

Very shortly after Damaris had gone forth with her letter that morning, the Marquise had been surprised by the arrival of Monsieur Etienne St. Just. She supposed him to be at St. Aubin, absorbed in his usual studies, and marvelled greatly to see him in Paris, without having received any notification of his intended visit. She instantly, and with alarm, connected his coming with Jerome. Nor was her instinct at fault. It was the Marquis's affairs which had brought his half-brother up to Paris. An hour's close consultation left the Marquise sad and despondent.

"Has Jerome no shame—none whatever, that he will again let you do this thing for him?"

"It is the last time," said Etienne St. Just, calmly. "I will free him only upon that understanding. I dare not let my affection for him trespass upon the just claims of others."

He sat with his hand resting across his brow, its shadow falling over the lower portion of his features.

"No," said the Marquise quickly; "we must not forget that, Etienne. However much you may give of your own, what must in the course of nature belong to another you cannot—ought not—to alienate."

He whom she addressed neither moved feature nor muscle.

"It is good of you," she cried, with a little burst of enthusiasm; "generous—noble!"

"God knows," said he, wearily, "I have no dearer hope in life than to see him change the course of his. And if

all that is rightfully my own would purchase for him a determination strong enough to carry him safely along the path of honour, I would thankfully relinquish it."

"I am sure you would; but this is not within the bounds of human possibility. Each individual must work out *his own* salvation through the merits of the one Saviour who has given His life for all. No man or woman can become the saviour, or the providence even, of the life of another."

There was silence for a few seconds. Then Monsieur St. Just raised his head, and spoke with forced lightness.

"*Eh bien, ma mère*, are you pleased with your new *demoiselle de compagnie?* Angelique tells me that she has arrived."

Smiles began to sparkle through the sad overshadowing of the Marquise's countenance.

"The impression she has made may be expressed in one word. She has perfectly bewitched me, Etienne."

He smiled a calm sort of smile, such as one bestows upon the delighted enthusiasm of a child.

"*Vraiment!* And you so hard to please, *chère maman!*"

"Nay, wicked boy, you are making game of your old mother. Just to tease you, I will not say another word."

"That is cruel, to excite my curiosity and raise my hopes, only to dash them to the ground."

"I am not sure whether it would be wisdom on my part to praise her to you. I will leave you to find out her good qualities."

Etienne, who saw that his mother was dying to give vent to her enthusiasm, and who liked to humour her in her little weaknesses, here professed to be so humbly penitent for his impromptu sarcasm, that she was fain, in all good faith, to forgive him. She was in the midst of a glowing description of Damaris when Angelique interrupted them with the announcement that Monsieur le Marquis had arrived. The Marquise's volubility was cut short; her countenance changed. Monsieur Etienne left his seat for one a little in the rear of his mother's chair, and within the screen of the rose-hued curtains, which threw their warm glow over him.

Easy, graceful, debonnair, Jerome came, treading with springy step over the soft carpet. Never surely was black sheep more fair of face, or of more winning deportment. The Marquise's brow cleared in spite of herself as he took her hand, raised it first to his lips, and then saluted her delicate cheek; and even Etienne's glance softened as it rested upon him.

"I am interrupting; pray go on with the subject under discussion," he said, with the perfect assurance of one sublimely unconscious of any demerit in himself, and who takes his welcome for granted.

"We were about to compare our private opinions of the administration of M. Thiers," said the Marquise, with demure gravity. "I have been endeavouring to convince Etienne that it is both wise and political to allow one's self to float with the tide of popular opinion. He disagrees."

Jerome's careless glance went from one face to the other, without, however, perceiving anything to belie his mother's words.

"I did not know that Etienne took any interest whatever in politics; he is coming out in quite a new character."

"One advances naturally as one gets older—that is, wisdom grows where it has once taken root. I wish she had obtained even the smallest of settlements in your breast, my son."

He shrugged his shoulders, and lifted his shapely brows with comic deprecation.

"Everything in its own season, *ma mère*—wisdom and grey hairs, youth and folly. There is a time even for the sowing of wild oats."

"And for reaping the fruits thereof. As a man sows, so must he also reap; do not forget that."

"The harvest will be my own. What does it matter?"

"Will it be entirely your own? Are you sure of that? Etienne, have you nothing to say to this foolish boy?"

Etienne rose resolutely to put an end to the interview, which he saw was particularly trying to his mother.

"Yes," he said; "but I will say it to him in private. You will lunch with me, Jerome. The mother has already had as much excitement and fatigue this morning as is good for her."

With his arm thrust through that of his brother, Monsieur St. Just bore the Marquis away to that *rencontre* with Damaris on the public staircase.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK IN THE MISSION FIELD.

I.—IN INDIA.

I fear that more than one girl who takes up this paper will be inclined to pass over an article with such a heading as having no interest for them. And yet I believe that there is not one reader of this magazine who, did she but know the importance of this mission, would not only feel interested in it, but also impelled to help it by any means in her power.

To understand the necessity for the Zenana Mission, we must first see clearly the condition of the women, and the position they occupy in India.

It is difficult for our free happy English girls to realise at all the misery and degradation of that position. There are some energetic souls in England who work hard to uphold the rights of women here; but if they could change places for a month with an Indian lady, even of very high rank, they would be quite contented with their own lot for the future. So little are women thought of in India that when telling the number of his children a man will frequently mention only his sons; the daughters are not worth reckoning, being considered only as a trouble and expense.

But a short time ago it was a very common thing for baby girls to be actually killed, and by their own mothers, too, the chief reason being that in course of time they would have to be married. This in India is such a troublesome and expensive ceremony that two or three such would seriously impoverish even the most wealthy families, while it is a very great disgrace to have a daughter unmarried, so that the simplest way out of the difficulty was to kill the poor little baby and save all further expense and trouble. At last this infanticide became so general, and so openly practised, that the British Government interfered and made the crime punishable by law. But even at the present day it is to be feared that a considerable number of deaths are occasioned by want of proper attention if not by deliberate intentional neglect.

The life of those who grow up, however, has so little happiness that one is inclined to think that those who die young are the least to be pitied.

When the little girl reaches the age of five or six years, or sometimes much younger, the father begins to look about for a suitable husband for her; and this is not always an easy task, as it is essential that the bridegroom should be at least of as high, and, if possible, higher rank than her own. If she should reach the age of thirteen or fourteen without a suitable husband having been found, her father is in despair, as she is getting quite too old to be married. No orthodox Hindu would allow his son to marry a girl as old as that. When the father has found a boy to his mind, he offers his parents handsome presents to induce them to consent to the match, and if his offerings are considered sufficiently costly, and an alliance between the families desirable, the children are betrothed, and this ceremony being considered as binding as the actual marriage, the little girl's lot in life is fixed.

Hitherto she has lived a comparatively free life, but now all that is changed. She is strictly confined to the zenana, as the women's apartments are called. She may not go out, nor be seen by any man except her father and brothers. Under her mother's superintendence she learns all that is considered necessary for a lady's education—cooking, and the performance of religious ceremonies—that is all.

After an interval, longer or shorter, according to the convenience of the parties concerned, the marriage ceremony takes place. The little bride is taken, closely veiled, to the house of her father-in-law, for all the members of the family live under the paternal roof at first. And here she begins her married life, from henceforth to be her husband's abject slave. She never goes out of the zenana, and even in the house of well-to-do men these apartments are sometimes of a wretched description. At any rate, if there is in the house a room more uncomfortable, and in a worse position than the others, that is the one assigned to the ladies of the household.

If, as is often the case, the husband has other wives, the new bride will not be very cordially welcomed to the zenana, which is the scene of endless quarrelling and petty jealousies.

The old hymn says:—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

And we can hardly wonder that these poor ladies, shut off from all means of either amusement or usefulness, should beguile the time by quarrelling in default of anything else.

The poor creatures have absolutely nothing to do but dress themselves up in fine clothes

and jewellery, make and eat sweetmeats, and gossip with each other about the trifles which are their only subjects of thought and conversation. They can neither read nor write nor sew, and have no ideas beyond the four walls which shut them in.

But it is when sickness comes that their real misery begins. The wives, all jealous of each other as they generally are, are not likely to show much tenderness; the husband is probably simply annoyed at being deprived of the services of a useful attendant, and the poor invalid is left to herself to bear her sufferings as best she may, with no one to nurse her or say a sympathising word, and no little dainty dishes provided to tempt her appetite, besides being shut up, probably in some close stifling room with none of the conveniences for cooling the air which the hot climate renders so necessary.

There are native doctors, it is true, but their skill is doubtful, and if they are called in they are not permitted to see their patient, but only to speak to her through a curtain.

Supposing she grows worse, and the doctor pronounces her case to be hopeless, if they live within reach of the Ganges, the family make preparations for conveying her to its shores. Here the dying woman is laid down, with her feet in the sacred waters, and deserted by all save a son or a brother, who occasionally moistens her lips with the mud of the river.

As soon as her last breath is drawn, and her spirit fled (for in such a position she is not likely to recover, though careful nursing might in many cases restore such a one), the son goes out into the water, as far as the depth will allow, dragging the poor body after him, then giving it a final push out into mid-stream he turns away and goes homeward.

If they live too far away from the sacred river, the body is burnt instead, and the ashes, with the exception of a few which are preserved to be cast into the Ganges at some convenient time, are left to the mercy of the winds.

And thus closes the history of the most favoured of the women of India. Should she have the misfortune to become a widow, then indeed her lot is the most miserable that can be imagined.

It is only comparatively recently that the practice of Suttee, or burning the living wife along with the dead body of the husband, has been abolished by British interference. Sir John Lawrence introduced three clauses into the agreements by which lands were leased under British authority: "Thou shalt not slay thy children; thou shalt not burn thy widows alive; thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers." And it was only after agreeing to these stipulations that the lessee was allowed to take over the land. Now the widow is allowed to live, but it is a life of ignominy and wretchedness for which she is spared.

It must be understood that after betrothal, if the boy die the girl is as much a widow as though the marriage ceremony had been actually performed. Thus many are widowed while still quite young children, and having never even seen the bridegroom whose death has doomed them to perpetual widowhood. From that moment the poor girl is treated almost as though she had been guilty of some crime. All her gay clothes and ornaments by which she set such store are taken from her, and henceforth she may never wear anything but an ugly dun-coloured robe devoid of any ornament or relief whatever. Her hair is cut off, and this, to her, terrible indignity is repeated every ten days. The vermilion mark on the forehead is removed, and the Tali or marriage-badge, answering to the European wedding-ring, is taken off. She was, till recently, prohibited from ever contracting a second marriage, she must only eat once a day, and that the coarsest fare, and she must sleep on the ground instead of on a bed. She becomes a sort of drudge in the zenana, and is compelled to perform the most menial offices for the other occupants. Even if her friends were inclined to relent towards her and cease to exact any of this course of severity and unhappiness, the poor widow herself would probably prefer to continue her self-torture, for the idea of it all is that it is as a punishment for some failure of duty towards the gods that the widowhood is sent, and that, by inflicting all this suffering upon herself, she may ensure the happiness of her husband's spirit in the land to which it has gone, and so atone for the calamity which her sins have brought upon the family. It is hardly to be wondered at that suicide amongst widows is very common.

Through the interposition of the British Government, the remarriage of these child widows is now permitted, without the infliction of any of the heavy pains and penalties which were its former punishment; but it is still very uncommon, and when it occurs is the subject of gossip for months. The idea that a child of seven or eight years old should be condemned to a life of misery and reproach simply in consequence of the death of a betrothed whom she has never seen, is so utterly repugnant to all our ideas of justice and charity, that we cannot but wonder that such a state of things should have existed to the present day.

We now come to the question how we favoured Englishwomen can help these poor unhappy sisters of ours in India.

The only way to bring them any permanent comfort and enlightenment is to open their eyes and their hearts to receive the hope and peace of the Gospel.

At first, to obtain admission into the zenanas, was extremely difficult. Of course the strict seclusion in which the ladies are kept renders the visits of missionaries out of the question, and lady missionaries were not welcomed, if admitted at all. They gained a footing very gradually, teaching the ladies to do embroidery and other kinds of fancy work, then to read and write, and so gradually feeling their way till the prohibition against introducing the Bible was removed. Now that their visits are valued the missionary ladies refuse to visit where the Word of God may not be taught; but in spite of this there are a great many zenanas open to them.

It was soon found that those lady missionaries who understood the practice of medicine were not only admitted but eagerly welcomed, and acting on this idea, the way to obtain entrance to the most strictly closed zenana is made clear. The lady missionary, called in for the sake of her medical skill, is able at the same time to minister to the sick spirit of her patient, who, feeling deeply grateful for the relief from bodily suffering, is generally willing to listen to something about the strange religion which can create such kindness and sympathy in its followers. When she is recovering she is thankful to be taught any kind of needlework, and perhaps will learn to read, which gives an opportunity for further conversation, and gradually a new life seems to open out before her, though still immured in her zenana prison.

As soon as the missionaries gain any hold upon a place, their next proceeding is, if possible, to open a school for the unmarried girls, though the great law of caste makes this rather difficult to manage. When possible, there are two schools—one for high and one for low caste girls.

The great want now is the establishment of schools and homes for widows, to which they may go, on embracing Christianity, and being, in consequence, turned out of the zenana.

The other girls usually leave the school at a very early age, either to be married or to join their husbands, if already married, for they frequently remain with their parents for some time after they are married, if the ceremony is performed when they are very young. But the widows, who are supposed to attract the curse of the gods, have nothing before them but drudgery. The object of these widow schools is, in the first place, to render their dark lot a little brighter, but also, it is hoped, that having become Christians, they may be educated to become missionaries to their countrywomen, for which they are more fitted than any foreigner can be. This has been carried out in several cases with great success.

One young woman, married at eight years of age, became a widow at thirteen. Soon after she went on a pilgrimage for some years from shrine to shrine, wearing man's dress, as is the custom for pilgrims, and living on alms. Coming, by chance, into a Christian school, she was struck by what she heard, came again and again, and finally renounced her idolatry and pilgrim's life, and is now being trained in a widow's school, whence she hopes soon to go out amongst her fellow-countrywomen, to bring them also into the light. These widows' schools are but few in number at present, but it is earnestly to be hoped that the funds of the mission may be increased, and fresh assistants offer themselves, so as to allow of the establishment of more schools.

But how are the girls in England to help on this good work? The harvest is great, the labourers are few, and recruits are sorely needed. Though we cannot all give ourselves entirely to the service and go and work in the field itself, we can all help at home. Of course, funds are always needed, both to support those mission stations already established and to start new ones. It is not always easy, however, to raise much money amongst our friends; but the Indian mission may be aided more easily than many others, because money is not the only means of helping. Working parties are frequently organised at which a number of articles are made, which are then sent to India and sold at one of the mission stations. This plan is generally more successful than selling the articles at home, as English made things as a rule sell for much higher prices in India than they would here.

Again, the attendants at the schools are very much encouraged and stimulated to study by receiving some little gift at Christmas, and the prospect of such a reward for good conduct, however trifling, materially increases the attendance; so that gifts for this purpose are always thankfully received by the missionaries. Little dolls are wonderfully appreciated by the children, and the elder girls are delighted with small books, work bags, and so on. So by a trifling outlay of time and money the girls of England can send a good deal of happiness to many a little dark girl in India.

Another plan of helping is to undertake to collect so much a year, perhaps sufficient for the support of one girl in one of the orphanages. The amount necessary is very small; six or seven pounds a year will provide food and clothing, and if several friends unite in raising this sum it does not become a very heavy burden.

When we consider that all this mission work we have been speaking of is confined to the higher classes—for it is only the wealthy people who can afford to keep their wives immured in zenanas—and that there are the great mass of poor people also to be raised from the dark night of idolatry and heathenism, ought we not to strain every nerve to help this mission till it is able to extend its field of operations down to the very lowest and poorest of the Indian population?

MARY SELWOOD.

THE CITY WORK-GIRL'S REVERIE.

THOU art imaged in fancy, thou wide-spreading sea!
Thy waters had ever a magic for me,
And sometimes I pray that my footsteps once more
May ramble again on thy rock-bounded shore.

I long for the breeze stealing in from the main,
To cool my flushed cheeks with its freshness again;
I long for its fragrance to feel it impart
New health to my pulses, new hope to my heart.

Alas! the bright waves are but memory now,
No salt-laden breeze calms the throb of my brow;
It seems like a dream that I stood by the sea,
And watched its deep billows, so mighty and free!

At times, when the city's vast thousands move on,
There comes to my ear the same murmuring song;
Thought leads me away, and I hear the loud roar
Of the restless surge lashing and sweeping the shore.

Deep waters! blue waters! oh, fain would I greet
Thy snow-wreaths of foam dashing in at my feet!
My thoughts would grow calmer, my spirit more brave,
My heart would keep time to the chime of the wave.

Oh, dear ocean voices! from waves wild and deep,
From ripples that seem in the sunshine asleep.
I start from my dream! 'tis no ocean's hoarse strife,
But the tide sounding on is the current of life.

Yet why should I murmur? God knows what is best:
He gives me my *task*, He will give me my *rest*.
He has promised His workers—yea, even to me,
I shall see Him at last o'er the crystalline sea.

M. M. POLLARD.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER V.

GOING.

WITH some little difficulty Cecil Fitzroy succeeded in finding a house of the desired kind, within a short distance of his parents. His work hitherto had been in the provincial bank of a country town, but the small offer of a responsible post in a City bank, with good remuneration, and still better promise for the future, had caused his removal to London. The house in question was small, but convenient, with modern appliances for comfort. A busy month of furniture-choosing and preparation followed.

Ella was greatly missed in the Fitzroy household, after their move into the new little house, even though she lived so near that meetings were a matter of daily occurrence. She had thoroughly endeared herself to them all by her gentle and self-forgetting ways. Decima counted it a poor substitute when, somewhat later, Miss Dora Fitzroy again made her appearance. The visit this time promised to last long. Miss Fitzroy came before Christmas, and when the middle of January arrived she still showed no signs of departure.

"The fact is, I believe she has taken a resolution never to leave this house until she can drive Mademoiselle before her," said Mr. Fitzroy one evening.

"I am glad she is not hurrying away," Edith observed.

"'Birds of a feather flock together.' You and she are cut after the same pattern, my dear Edith."

"And therefore we suit," assented Edith, calmly.

"And therefore we *don't*," said Decima. "Hsh—h! She's coming."

"Very rainy evening," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Are you discussing the weather?" asked Miss Fitzroy, entering. "I wish Englishmen would make a resolve to overcome that national propensity. It is a foible."

"Gigantic national resolution!" muttered Mr. Fitzroy. "I wonder how it is to be carried out?"

"Edith, I have brought the knitting that I spoke of. Would you like to learn the stitch now? Dessie, I think you had better take a lesson at the same time."

"Thank you, Aunt Dora, I never knit," responded Decima.

"Some day you will be sorry that you have not used your opportunities."

Dessie did not look impressed.

"I am afraid you won't turn Dessie into a sempstress," said Mr. Fitzroy. "Too hopeless an undertaking for even your herculean energy. Hallo! Who's that? I say!"

The door had opened and closed, and a figure stood within, somewhat shaded by the large screen. A slight movement forward revealed a young man of about twenty-one, sufficiently like Edith to have been recognised as her brother, but fresher, fairer, more alert in his movements, retaining still a certain general boyishness, yet in look and action thoroughly a man.

"Harry!" was the universal cry, "What *has* brought you here?"

"Business!" Harry briefly answered, advancing for the necessary round of kisses,"

"Why, you told us you couldn't possibly come home this winter!"

"You said you couldn't afford it, Harry!"

"And you declared it would be a waste of time."

"Yes, and I quite agreed," chimed in Miss Fitzroy. "I would not have chosen Paris for you in the first instance, but once there——"

"Well!" said Mr. Fitzroy, "I should about as soon have expected to see the man in the moon."

"My dear Harry, why did you not write beforehand?" inquired his mother.

"My letter would not have reached you so quickly as myself."

"Tremendous determination," said Mr. Fitzroy. "A sort of sudden bolt across the Channel. What crossbow shot you here, may I ask?"

"Dessie's last letter."

"Mine!" cried Decima. "The most stupid epistle I ever indited. There positively was not a grain of information in it."

"I found one grain—never sent me before—the name of your French governess."

"Mademoiselle St. Roque!" exclaimed Dessie.

"What! the French governess!" and Mr. Fitzroy burst into a peal of laughter. "You don't mean to say you have crossed the Channel merely to enter your protest against her! Of all things, I thought you had grown older by this time!"

"It is perhaps because I am older that I appreciate the importance of action."

"You boys think everything important! When you have lived as long in the world as I have, you will see matters differently. How is it that you have never made any objections before? What do you want us to do? Turn her into the street at ten minutes' notice?"

"We can discuss that by-and-by. The reason I never objected before is that I never before heard her name."

"And now you have heard it, what do you know of her, pray?"

"I know her by sight and by character, if she is identical with a certain Mademoiselle St. Roque pointed out to me immediately after *my* first arrival in Paris. It is to settle that point that I have come."

"Why not have written and asked us to find out particulars?"

Harry laughed. "I might not have had a very speedy answer."

"I cannot think what you have to complain of," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "Mademoiselle is quite a lady, and gets Dessie on well with her French, and Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton had a high opinion of her."

"I have always had my doubts about the reliability of that recommendation," remarked Miss Fitzroy.

At this moment Mademoiselle herself came in. Decima watched her with intent eyes, while Mr. Fitzroy said,—

"Allow me to introduce to you, Mademoiselle, my second son, just returned from your beautiful capital."

"'HARRY!' WAS THE UNIVERSAL CRY, 'WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?'"

Mademoiselle advanced a step, bowed, stopped short, and looked embarrassed. Harry's bow was constrained.

"You appear to be acquainted with my son, Mademoiselle," said Mr. Fitzroy, not a little entertained.

"*Mais non*," exclaimed Mademoiselle, with apparently unnecessary vehemence. "I haf not nevare seen Monsieur biffore in all my life—nevare!"

"I am not surprised that Mademoiselle has forgotten me," said Harry. "I have a very distinct recollection of seeing Mademoiselle at the entrance of the Louvre. I was spending the day with a Monsieur Lalange—a gentleman not unknown to Mademoiselle St. Roque."

"*Non, non*—it vas not me," said mademoiselle, decisively. "I know not no gentleman of dat name. Lalange—*non!* It must have been anoder person dan me."

"You see, my dear boy, it is very easy to be mistaken, after a mere passing glimpse," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Hardly—in this instance," said Harry, quietly. "However!"—with an air of dismissing the subject for the moment—"I have not asked yet after Cecil and Ella. You have them settled near you! How are they? Cecil seems to have found a model wife."

"She is a good girl," said Mr. Fitzroy, "and exactly suited to Cecil. Not pretty, I suppose—at least, the ladies don't count her so—but charming, certainly."

"And the boy?"

"Oh, he is splendid!" said Dessie. "*So* clever, Harry. He will shine some day."

"Cradle-geniuses are not uncommon," said Mr. Fitzroy. "Especially in the case of the first grandchild."

"But, papa, he is *really* clever. Very few children of his age can talk as he does. And he has such original ideas."

Mr. Fitzroy went into one of his peals of laughter.

"Original ideas at eighteen months! Well done, Dessie! As if every notion that the youngster brings out doesn't come second-hand from the nursemaid!"

Decima objected strongly to the supposition, and conversation between them all had no chance of flagging. Nothing further was said about the direct object of Harry's return. Dessie was in a state of high curiosity; but even after Mademoiselle's unusually early disappearance he kept provokingly clear of the subject, and would take no hints. She became convinced, at length, that her wisest plan was to retire, and to await the morning for further enlightenment. Voices, long-continuing, in the drawing-room, and reaching her in a distant murmur, did not lessen her curiosity, but no one came near to give her information.

At breakfast-time Dessie was aware of a general atmosphere of disquietude. Mr. Fitzroy, for once, made few remarks, and Mrs. Fitzroy had an agitated air. Harry alone seemed entirely at his ease.

Immediately the meal was over, Mademoiselle moved towards the door, and Mr. Fitzroy was just deluding himself with the idea that it was too late to intercept her, and that he might defer his disagreeable task until the afternoon, when Harry made a move in the same direction; and his voice was heard in a decisive—

"Mademoiselle, may I request you to step into the drawing-room? My father desires a few words with you."

Mademoiselle vanished in the required direction, and Harry waited in the doorway. Mr. Fitzroy rose reluctantly.

"I suppose I shall be allowed no peace till it is done! You *are* a fellow for keeping one up to one's duty. Please to come with me and substantiate your charges, for I don't half know what I am to accuse her of. Alicia——"

"Not I, thank you," said Mrs. Fitzroy, drawing back. "That is just the kind of thing which I cannot stand. You and Harry must arrange matters, only pray do nothing that might annoy Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton."

Father and son went away, and Dessie eagerly begged for particulars.

"Did you not hear last night?" asked Miss Fitzroy.

"No; I tried to catch Edith when she passed my room, but papa was with her. Do tell me, mamma. Does papa mean to send Mademoiselle away?"

"I don't know, I am sure, what he means to do. I wish Harry were a little less impulsive," complained Mrs. Fitzroy. "This sort of thing is so disagreeable."

"Disagreeable, but necessary," pronounced Miss Fitzroy. "If Mademoiselle is what Harry believes——"

"I daresay he is mistaken."

"He seems very sure of his ground. Harry has a good memory for faces, and this Monsieur Lalange seems to have been well acquainted with the St. Roque family."

"Most likely some other branch of the family," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"But what *does* Harry think?" asked Decima.

"My dear Dessie, it is quite sufficient for you if your parents decide that she is not a fit person to be your companion," Miss Fitzroy said.

"I like to know reasons, though," murmured Dessie.

She had to wait awhile longer, since no once seemed disposed to give them to her. Then the drawing-room door was thrown open, and Mademoiselle appeared to be retreating upstairs, flinging angry words behind her as she went in shrill tones—

"Den you may say vat you please! *Non*, I vill not listen. *Non*, I vill not hear. *Non*, I vill not stay in dis house, not von more night—no, not if you vas to demand of me. I vill go dis ver' instant. Call de cab. Dis ver' instant, *s'il vous plait*."

"By all means, Mademoiselle," Harry's voice made answer. "You are of course at liberty to leave when you wish, only please to remember that you do so of your own free will. We have no desire to detain you, but my father has expressed his willingness that you should remain a week or ten days longer."

Mademoiselle's raised tones died slowly away in the direction of her own room.

Mrs. Fitzroy opened the door, and called—

"Harry!"

"She's off!" said Mr. Fitzroy, responding to the appeal, and giving vent to his feelings in a comical little shrug.

"But surely you will not allow it," said Mrs. Fitzroy in dismay. "To send her away at half an hour's notice! Harry must be mad! What will Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton think of us?"

"Mademoiselle will not go to her," said Mr. Fitzroy. "She threatened to do so, but sheered off the moment Harry talked of calling and explaining matters."

"But, of course, Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton will hear! And she was so much interested in Mademoiselle. I cannot think what you can have said to make Mademoiselle in such a hurry to leave."

"I spoke the truth, mother," Harry said, gravely. "You would not have had me do less."

"There are different ways of managing. I do so dislike this kind of thing. It makes one quite talked about. I wish——"

"You had better let the matter rest, Alicia," said her husband, with meaning in his tone. "Harry knows what he is about. I would not have refused a week's grace, but if Mademoiselle prefers to go at once, so much the better. We are well quit of her. She has let me see a little of what she is in the last half-hour."

Mrs. Fitzroy, if convinced, was not consoled. She complained and protested still, and at length, with a dissatisfied expression, quitted the room.

"So I was right, Edith, after all," exclaimed Dessie.

"Right—how?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"Why, I always thought, papa, that there was something odd about her. I fancied there were things in her past life that she would not quite have liked us to know. Do you remember that trick I played her—pretending I was her cousin, Miss St. Rock—and do you remember how frightened she was at my mysterious hints?"

"So that was done designedly. It never occurred to me that your words had a definite meaning."

"Oh, yes; I didn't speak without an object. But papa, what *do* you know now about Mademoiselle St. Roque?"

Mr. Fitzroy looked at his son, and drew his lips together, with the softest possible commencement of a whistle.

"It is not necessary that you should hear particulars, Dessie," said her brother, decisively. "Mademoiselle is not a fit companion for you."

"And you don't mean to tell me any more?"

"No. That is enough."

"Splendid martinet thrown away," murmured Mr. Fitzroy. "I don't know what on earth made him fix on the medical profession. He will stand opposite his patient, dose in hand, and give the word of command,—'Ready—Present—*Drink!*'"

"Dessie has hardly come to the age when it is advisable to explain all one's reasons for action," said Harry, with a touch of annoyance.

"We don't go in for reserve in this house. However, in the present instance I agree with you. Therefore, Dessie, ask no more."

"I told Edith I did not think mademoiselle a nice person, papa, and I think she would have told you, only she knew it would be of no use," pronounced Dessie.

"Pretty well, that!" said Mr. Fitzroy, looking at his sister; and before he could say more a servant entered.

"If you please, Miss Dessie, your mamma wants you to take some books upstairs that you have got belonging to mademoiselle. She says you have some besides those in the schoolroom."

(*To be continued.*)

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Examiners:

MARY LAYBOURN and MARIE KARGER.

THIS competition has not been so largely responded to as previous competitions in plain needlework. No doubt the holiday had much to do with this. On former occasions the work of the younger ones has been as good, sometimes even superior, to that of the elder girls, but in the flannel petticoat contest there is a marked difference between the exhibits of the three classes, and the palm, as well should be, was carried off by the elder girls, whose work deserves high commendation.

How often shall we have to repeat that the buttonholes should always be cut rather larger than the size of the buttons. Many of the buttonholes this time again were quite disfigured and drawn out of shape when the petticoats were, with some difficulty, unbuttoned. The most general mistake, however, occurred in the seams and the embroidered scallops. A great number of the seams were merely opened and herringboned along the very centre, just leaving on each side the frayed-out edges, quite unprotected. In opposition to this untidy and by no means durable method, the herringbone of other petticoats was repeated three times—in the centre and on each edge.

Most of the embroidery was tastefully and nicely wrought, but a few of the scallops curled up and set badly either from being nicked too deep or worked over too tightly, while several had apparently been cut before being buttonholed.

However, the garments sent us will be valued by the poor, suffering hospital patients when we shall have sent the petticoats to them on behalf of the workers; and we here take the opportunity of thanking our readers for their generosity in thus providing the poor and needy with a warm garment for use in the coming winter.

FIRST DIVISION.

(For girls of twenty and under twenty-five.)

FIRST PRIZE (THREE GUINEAS).

Clara Miskin, Rochester (21).

SECOND PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Mary Isabella Covey, Kingskerswell, S. Devon (25).

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Lucy Iklen Andrews, Ilkley, Yorkshire (23).
Caroline Townsend, Dublin (24).
Annie M. Mercer, Leicester (23).
Kate Page, Stockwell, S.W. (23).
Henrietta Balfour, Fife, Scotland (23).
Elizabeth Green, Leighton Buzzard (22).

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Jessie Katie Mayhew, St. Paul's Vicarage, New Kent-road (24).
Jane Halliday Symington, West Wickham (22).
Jane Handford, Eastwood, Nottinghamshire (25).
Ellen Drew, Western House, Newton Abbot, South Devon (25).
Hannah Rose Miller, New Park-road, Brixton-hill, S.W. (20).
Constance Julia Leadum, Mortimer, Berks (24).

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Mary Ann Baslow, Hensnett, near Dudley (22).
Marion Leslie, Highbury-hill, N. (23).
Emma Pritchard, Savile Park-road, Halifax (25).
Emily Agnes Rhodes, Isledon-road, Finsbury-park (24).
Edith Ellen White, Alviagton, near Lydney, Gloucester (22).
Mary Moyce Irving, Westoe, South Shields (21).

SECOND DIVISION.

(For girls under twenty and over sixteen.)

FIRST PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Alice Hall, Oxford Circus, London, W. (19).

SECOND PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Nellie Small, Bideford (17).

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Angela B. Carter, Lewknor, Tetsworth, Oxon (18).
S. C. Peachey, Crescent Lodge, 78, Anerley Park, S.E. (18).
Florence Sardeson, Howell, near Sleaford, Lincolnshire (19).

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Ethel Beaumont Buchan, Itchen, Southampton (17).
Louisa A. Smith, Mayfield, Shortlands (16).

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Amy Rose Brett, Penselwood, Bath, Somerset (19).
Dora H. Cunnington, Southgate House, Devizes (18).

THIRD DIVISION.

(For girls under sixteen.)

FIRST PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Minnie Caldecott, Church-square, Basingstoke (16).

SECOND PRIZE (HALF A GUINEA).

Poppie Dunning, Gonvill Lodge, Southsea (14).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Emily Spicer, Beaford, North Devon (15).

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Edith Gray Wheelwright, Canterbury (13).

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Emily Unsworth, Moss Side, Manchester (14).

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

III.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

THE subject of the new Prize Competition in Needlework will be a Sampler, which will be returned to successful competitors after the prizes and certificates are awarded by the examiners, in order that each worker may retain it as a permanent memento of skill in plain needlework. Other Samplers that are not deserving of prizes or certificates will not be returned.

The material of the centre is white linen, the frill white mull, nainsook, or Scotch lawn. The stitches shown are hemming, whipping, gathering, and sewing on; buttonholes, stitching, hem-stitching. The marking of the alphabet in the centre may be done in red cotton, if desired.

Size of interior of Sampler—

8 inches long by 6 wide.
Frill, 2 inches.

The alphabet to consist of large and small letters, worked in the correct marking stitch, as shown in the illustration.

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two Prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

The last day for receiving the Samplers for examination is Tuesday, February 21, 1882.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The Samplers must be forwarded, prepaid, to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

Each Sampler must bear the full name, age, and address of the competitor on the last line of the Sampler, as shown in the illustration; and the following must be written upon paper, and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher, and firmly sewn at the back of the Sampler:—

"I hereby certify that the entire working of this Sampler is the sole, unaided work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

A BLUSH ROSE.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," &c.

CHAPTER III.

MISCHIEF AND MELANCHOLY.

Miss Danvers was out of the room in an instant, and not she alone, for when Mrs. Jack, who lay there in a senseless heap, too heavy for Rosa's slender arms to lift; and bending over both, his bushy whiskers unpleasantly close to her shrinking head, was Mr. Waters, who apparently had not spared the wine.

He was saying in tones meant to be paternal, "My dear, let me assist you," when a younger and steadier arm and voice interposed with a from Mrs. Vaudrey, and, as the boy's face was turned upwards to the light of the swing lamp in the hall, Rosa saw with alarm, which shut out all other impressions, that his eyes were closed and he helpless.

In another moment Mr. Vaudrey had taken the limp form into his fatherly arms, and Miss Jane had pressed to the front ready for any emergency.

THE COMPETITION SAMPLER (*see previous page*).

Vaudrey would have followed, she found Mrs. Waters and Miss Fisher before her on the stair-head craning their necks over the balustrade in eager curiosity.

The nursery door opposite was open, and on the lowest stair stood Rosa with her back towards them stooping over something on the mat at the foot, round which a crowd from the dining-room was gathering. It was Master respectful "Permit *me*. I hope the little fellow is not much hurt;" and Mr. Bowford, who had thus pressed forward in a double sense to the relief of Rosa, lifted the boy from the floor.

A spasmodic "Oh!" from above, which seemed to have an echo in a fainter key, drowned the low-voiced "Thank you, sir," of Rosa. There was a sharp cry of acute distress

"Bring him into the kitchen, James," said she, "and then take Emilia and the rest out of the way. Rosa can do all I want."

Others might retire, but the mother would not be kept back with her son lying as if dead across her sister's lap. She stood there with clasped hands, trembling with nervous agitation—and utterly *helpless*. Much more helpless than unskilled Rosa, who was as ready to

remove Jack's frill, loosen the collar of his velvet pelisse, and to run for "vinegar and brown paper," as was Jenny, the maid of the old nursery rhyme.

For, although stunned, Jack was *not dead*, and he had no broken limbs. The "vinegar and brown paper" were simply required to plaister an unwonted protuberance on his forehead. His only material injury was from *wine!*

It turned out that Mr. Waters and an uncle equally indiscreet, had, unobserved by Mr. Vaudrey, supplemented the half glass given in honour of the occasion with sundry little sips, until something potential, besides his father's command, warned Master Jack to retreat.

He had managed to reach the stairs, and by grasping the balustrades to mount midway, but the steps seemed to slip from beneath his feet, and whilst he was thinking his own head a humming-top, *he*, and *not* the stairs, had slipped in reality.

The nursery was a long room in the rear of the house over the kitchen, overlooking a high wall and corresponding windows beyond, having a fireplace at the extreme end opposite to the door, which opened to the staircase midway between the ground-floor and the drawing-room. Thither tipsy little Jack was carried to sleep off his stupefaction, and awaken in the morning to a consciousness of headache, sore limbs and brow, a nauseous dose of physic, and a succession of admonitory lectures not more palatable.

Meanwhile Rosa was left in charge of the little ones, thankful to be so left. And between the feeding, nursing, and undressing of baby Bessy, who was inclined to be fractious; the soothing of scalded Amabel's pain, mental and bodily, by whispered words and a renewal of cooling vinegar-cloths; the covering and re-covering of restless Jack, who tossed about in uneasy slumber, she had not much leisure for thoughts of self or anything but her pressing duties; and the sounds of passing feet on the stairs, the hum of voices, whether in song or conversation, even the echoes of laughter, only made her more glad to be alone.

Proud and sensitive to a fault, she had been annoyed by the catechism and scrutiny of strangers during the day, especially with the easy familiarity of Mr. Waters, and had charged her altered position with all that was so new to her. And trying, as she did, to school herself into submission to her lot, against which her nature rose in rebellion, she might have dismissed the matter as one of the inevitable evils of servitude had not chattering Ann brought into the nursery along with the tea-tray a something which took away poor Rosa's appetite.

Ann had been four years with her mistress, had seen nursegirls come and go, but to none of these had a nursery been assigned. And when, with the best of motives, a room was set apart for the new maid and the children, the act was resented in the kitchen as a personal affront. Family and nurse were alike voted "stuck-up," and displeasure was shown in many small ways. The new dress given to Rosa had spoiled the tempers of Ann and Bridget for the day. If Ann had drenched herself with the hot water she poured over Amabel she could not have smarted more than she did under the mild reproof of Miss Jane. She was not naturally ill-disposed, but in her irritation it was some satisfaction to turn the tables on the more favoured dependent.

"Well, my fine lady, I hope you've done mischief enough for one day! Mistress is rare and angry. Had you looked after them children, yon lass had ne'er ha' bin scalded, nor the lad tumbled down stairs. An' now for all your quiet ways and looks you've made a pretty mess, an' well-nigh spoiled the pleasure of the whole party."

This was Ann's brusque address to Rosa as she set down the tray with a clatter which woke the baby, and in answer to the girl's open-eyed wonder, she blurted out with equal disregard to the other's feelings and to veracity:—

"Aye, you may stare; but there's bin Mrs. Waters in hysterics, and Miss Fisher all in a tremble, holding a smelling bottle to her nose, and all through you. *They* were watching you from the landing when you had all the gentlemen round you, and Mr. Waters and Mr. Burford *my dear*-ing you like anything. It's plain to see you've set up a coolness between Miss Fisher and her sweetheart, and if them Waterses don't quarrel all the way home my name's not Ann Bounce."

She did not say that Mrs. Waters was a fanciful simpleton who went into hysterics on any or no occasion, or that Miss Fisher baited her hook occasionally with an icicle, or that Rosa's propriety of conduct and demeanour had been fully vindicated and her history told before the assembled guests; she only added a few pungent details, winding up with, "An' it's all your doing, Miss Rosa!"

All *her* doing? Rosa sighed as she sent away her tea untasted. Another girl might have wept out her disclaimer. She was too proud for that, but the pain was deeper. Ann carried away the tray, but she could not carry away the sense of shame and humiliation which had fallen upon the orphan girl.

She took herself to task, wondered what she had said or done to cause such a tumult or to set people against her, and she shrank within herself as she reviewed the harsh judgment of Mrs. Waters and her friend. As she walked about the room with restless Bessy, the hardship of her lot seemed to press heavier and heavier upon her. The secret poverty endured whilst her mother lay dying was as nothing to it. "Would it be always thus? Was Edna likely to suffer as she was suffering?" she asked herself again and again, and as she paced the long room, a morbid, melancholy sense of hopeless degradation took possession of her. There was no bridge to recross the gulf between Miss Rosaline Bateson, of Wych-Mount, and Rosa, the Spindleton shopkeeper's nursemaid.

From a restless pillow and unhealthy dreams Rosa awaked the next morning, listless and unrefreshed. The after-party bustle in the house did not rouse her. The unwonted tediousness of the children did not disturb her. If she was sad before she was sombre now. Even Master Jack observed the shade on her expressive countenance, and, sidling up to her, asked if she was "being sorry because he had been so naughty."

From the first she had shown a desire to learn, and to oblige, and to make herself useful; had offered to knit socks for the little ones in her spare hours, and was *beginning* to take an interest in lessons and games. Now that was over. She did not fail in any given duty, but she went about her tasks without soul or spirit, seemed to shrink within herself when spoken to, and rarely spoke herself when addressed. The knitting-needles had no longer the sharp metallic click of pleasant occupation. Indeed, her work was apt to drop into her lap, and lie there disregarded, as Baby Bessy did when quietly disposed.

Ann and Biddy were quick to observe the change, and spoke of her contemptuously as "Molly Mopes."

Mrs. Vaudrey had resumed her place in the business; Amabel and Jack went off to school again, not much the worse for their mishaps, and twice each week-day, weather permitting, Rosa was required to carry Bessy, in a long blue cloak, bordered with swansdown, to the mother in the Newmarket-street establishment.

One might have expected a young girl fresh from the country to be attracted by the shops in that busy thoroughfare, with the throng of vehicles and well-dressed pedestrians; but, strangely enough, after a few days she sought out the less-frequented bye-streets, where she could take her way unobserved.

Something of wounded pride, no doubt, there was in this, something of growing despondency, but something, too, of genuine modesty, which shrank from the public gaze, all the more since the note of alarm sounded by Ann, and another note of alarm, which Mrs. Marbury would have held good and sufficient.

One day her course was arrested by an elderly lady, who, attracted by the bright cloak, asked to look at the baby, and, professing herself struck by its remarkable loveliness, announced herself as the wife of a physician in the neighbourhood well known to her master and mistress, and begged that Rosa would accompany her home that the doctor might have a peep at her charge. Rosa hesitated only a moment; she had seen the old lady in the Older-street shop through the glass door, and did not like to refuse. It was not far to Queen-street. The doctor was in his study.

Rosa was left barely a moment in the hall before the doctor's wife called her into the shady room, and taking baby from her arms presented it to the doctor, whose eyes had settled, but kindly, on the face of the nurse as she entered.

"Is she not beautiful?" asked the old lady, triumphantly.

He lowered his eyes to the infant.

"*Very!*" said he, with quiet emphasis, touching the baby's dimpled chin. "I hope she will not be spoiled."

A glass of home-made wine and a biscuit were pressed on Rosa whilst Bessy was caressed and admired, and after a little conversation, and a message of congratulation for Mrs. Vaudrey, they were allowed to depart, Rosa having no suspicion that she had been borne there for inspection quite as much as the wonderful baby.

The door had closed behind her; she began to descend the flight of steps. Another foot paused on the lowest step of the ascent. A pair of long limbs caught her eye, then a familiar face, on which sat the unmistakeable stare of gratified astonishment.

"Rosa Bateson, as I'm a living man!" was ejaculated in an underbreath, a hand was put forth as if for her to take. But, without a word, she brushed past the speaker ere he could bar her passage, and was half-across the street before he had recovered from his bewilderment.

The long legs were after her in a trice; but she ran rather than walked, scarcely feeling the burden in her arms, as he huddled question upon question, to learn, if possible, why she had left Saltwych, where and with whom she was living, and her errand to his uncle, Doctor Ashworth.

Not a reply did he get beyond the one remonstrance—"Mr. Freeland, I beg you will not follow me!"—which she might have addressed to the winds. He was determined to see her home, he said.

At once she turned to the left instead of the right and up a narrow street, with the twofold purpose of escape from observation and future pursuit. Again she turned, this time into a dingy street which had no apparent outlet save a narrow tunnel right ahead, and with a smile he slackened his pace.

Suddenly she darted towards a side door in a blank wall which opened to the touch; it was closed as quickly, and her pursuer heard a bolt grate in the staple as he reached it.

She was in a long narrow entry between high walls, with a similar door at the extreme end, an entry common to five or six houses, of which Vaudrey's was the last.

Here she rested to recover breath and composure before she lifted the latch and opened the yard-door to take her fellow-servants by surprise.

The united cares of shopkeeping and housekeeping did not leave Miss Jane Danvers much leisure for repeated visits to the nursery, and the habitual melancholy of Rosa did not strike her. She found the girl open to instruction, respectful and obedient to orders, Jack and Amabel made no complaints, the nursery seemed to keep the house quiet, and so far all was well; for neither did Rosa complain.

But one morning she chanced to overhear Ann say to Biddy whilst waxing the oil-cloth in the lobby.

"A pretty nurse that Molly Mopes is for a babby! Give me a lass with some life in her. A dull nurse makes a dull babe. And there she sits with Bess on her lap and never so much as opens her lips to say a word to the child, or even to smile in its sweet little face. I've no notion of your stuck-up dolls!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Jane to herself, "We must remedy that. No doubt the girl is dull and solitary, stuck up there with nothing but walls and back yards to replace the fields and foliage round her own home."

So in the afternoon Rosa was told she might bring the baby into the parlour whilst the others were at school. "You will find it more lively here than upstairs, Rosa, and we wish you to be comfortable." "Thank you, Miss Jane," said the girl, a faint tinge rising on her cheek, and baby evincing a disposition to cry, she began to pace the room, monotonously patting its back as a pacificator; casting an occasional glance towards the glass-door through which Miss Jane had vanished to serve a customer.

"You need not walk about so much with Bessy, you will weary yourself and teach the little darling bad habits," said Miss Jane on her return, taking the infant in her own arms, and making a playful demonstration for its amusement.

Rosa stood there waiting, but without a word even to the child.

"Which do you like best, Rosa—the town or country?" asked Miss Jane, to draw her out.

"The country, ma'am," was answered with a sigh.

"I suppose you had a large garden at Wych-Mount?"

A still heavier sigh heralded the brief reply, "Yes, ma'am, and an orchard."

"Um!" thought Miss Jane, "this will never do—Ann was right;" but she continued talking to Rosa about various matters, whilst she herself warmed baby's little toes by the fire, and treated it to an occasional burst of nursery nonsense, until customers called her away, and she handed the laughing little one back to its nurse.

Returning in some fifteen minutes, she found the girl looking into the fire vacantly, dreamily shaking the child's coral and bells to keep it quiet on her knee.

"This will never do!" repeated Miss Danvers to herself, but only to herself, intending to wait the result of her experiment.

There was plenty of life in that back parlour. Besides the succession of customers in the shop, there was a frequent influx of callers, some of whom merely said "How do you do?" and were off again; others who came to chat with Miss Danvers, or to talk politics with Mrs. Vaudrey, too free and easy to take further note of Rosa than a casual glance.

The girl would rise to retire on their entrance, unless Miss Jane made a sign for her to remain; but whether she came or went, or whether she was taken by surprise in the nursery, the same settled melancholy was apparent.

At length Miss Jane spoke. It was in the nursery one evening, after Jack and Amabel were in bed, and baby lay in her cradle. She had found her knitting slowly and mechanically in front of the fire, sighing heavily, and too much lost in thought to hear the door-handle or the footstep.

"Rosa," said Miss Jane kindly, "are you unhappy here?"

"No, ma'am," she answered quietly, with a contradictory sigh.

"Because," continued the good creature, "if you are not comfortable, do you not think we had better send you home again?"

"*Home* again!" the girl echoed, in a tone which, like the sad eloquence of her large lustrous eyes, went straight to the dear old maid's soft heart. "*I have no home!*—no home but this, and if you send me away——"

The sentence remained unfinished, save with a choke.

"Poor child," interrupted Miss Jane, "we are not likely to send you away without sufficient reason, but we like to see people around us cheerful and happy, and you appear to be miserable. Would you prefer to spend your evenings in the kitchen with Ann and Bridget for companionship?"

Rosa shook her head with a slight shudder of repugnance.

"No, thank you; I would rather sit here. But, oh, Miss Jane, I hope you and Mrs. Vaudrey are not angry with me again. I'm afraid I am not a good nurse; but when I do wrong, if you would only tell——"

"Angry with you, and *again!* What do you mean? Who said we were angry?"

There was no answer, save a flush which mounted to the girl's temples. She could not stoop to tell tales.

Miss Jane was observant. "We have been sorry for you, my dear, not angry," she said, gently, and went straightway downstairs to ask an important question or two, both in the kitchen and parlour, and to set the wrong right, if possible.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TOINTA.—You could obtain your training and diploma at the Edinburgh School of Cookery. We cannot say. Write to the hon. sec., Albert Buildings, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

POODLE.—It quite depends on how you practise; we should divide the hour into two half-hours. Want of attention and reflection are too often called want of memory.

LITTLE NELL.—The address of the College of Preceptors is 42, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

GRISILDIS.—We should endeavour to keep up the three languages. Surely you are not in earnest when you ask if two societies, bearing different names, and having different addresses and rules, are one and the same? Write for fuller particulars; the fee is 1s.

TOM THUMB.—For the Cambridge Local Examinations, read article at page 115, vol. ii. For the Oxford Exams., address the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College.

HELEN CAMPBELL.—For information about Whitelands Training College write to the Rev. J. P. Fannthorpe, Whitelands College, Chelsea, S.W.

EMILY B.—A book on medical botany would be what you want. "Powdering" means objects at certain regular distances worked on materials, and intended as a background or foundation.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A CORNISH MAIDEN.—1. For apple jelly see page 175, vol. i. 2. You keep your preserves in a damp place. A recent correspondent has advised us to cover up the preserves while hot, not to leave them as usual till cold, to prevent mildew.

A PAPER MAN.—To remove ink spots see page 439, vol. ii.

STATEMENT.—Use a clean sponge and some hot water, if the colour of the carpet will bear it. If not, use, as so often advised, a little oxgall in the water.

NUDINE.—Several recipes are given at page 407, vol. ii., for taking out mildew. The 28th January, 1860, was Saturday.

CHIPS.—We dislike steel fenders ourselves, because of the extra work they entail on the housemaid. Perhaps a little vinegar and water would do it good. Say "next Thursday," meaning, if you are speaking on Monday, the following Thursday.

JENNY LIND.—The sparkling globules you notice are bubbles of fixed air. Such brown spots are caused by washing the face while hot. Read the article by "Medicus," pages 443, vol. ii., 581, vol. ii.

MINNIE WARREN.—Use warm soap and water to the counter, and a scrubbing-brush. Read "Seasonable Dress." Copy-books can be got at any stationer's.

WORK.

A WELL-WISHER.—In "My Work Basket" you will find any number of suggestions for work.

OAKLEAF.—The Roman apron, which was illustrated at page 473, vol. ii., seems a favourite for the purpose.

EILEEN.—Your letter is very straightforward and honest in its candid acknowledgment of your being "a poor relation," but beware of even your honesty making you feel bitter in spirit towards anyone. We should advise you to leave off mourning for the day, and wear a dark steel grey or handsome brown silk, or silk and cashmere, walking dress, with small cape and bonnet to match. Have them made well and stylishly, for in the United States people are apt to judge much of new-comers by their outward appearance, and, for your husband's sake, it is wise to "do at Rome what the Romans do."

DEAR DARKEY.—Read "A Grammar of Embroidery," page 108, vol. ii., and also "Crewel Embroidery for Dresses," page 228, vol. ii. Both of these will give you full instructions for dresses embroidered in crewels, and also designs. The penny French and German grammars, to be found at every railway station, issued by the Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Foreign Languages, are the simplest and cheapest we know.

B. N. S.—At most fancy wool shops you may obtain designs for any alphabets required.

AMY.—Try a paper-pattern shop, and you will probably find several to suit you.

MAY BIRD.—Black silk gloves may be worn in the deepest mourning, and watch-chains of jet, whether cut in beads or links. We advise you to be less extravagant with the letter "t" in the word "writing"; it should not be written "writting."

IGNORANT HOUSEKEEPER.—Cover the chair with green velvet, or else with black satin, for the seat, and green satin in gathers round the edge. The old Berlin wool work is now returning to fashion, and perhaps you might like that.

URSULA.—The Neapolitan apron is made of one breadth of material, and has no fulness, pleats, or gathers at the waist. The length must be according to your own height—one yard is usually enough with the turn over.

READY, AYE READY.—Any good pattern may be used, provided you cut the articles out yourself. A. E. I. means "For ever."

JOSEPHINE, WILD WAVES, and M. M.—For directions how to make a beaded watch-chain see page 591, vol. i. This answer may suffice for many correspondents who have asked the same question.

COOKERY.

FIDELIS.—We are much obliged to you for the recipe you have sent us, and insert it, as follows:—*Queen Pudding*—Take half-pint of breadcrumb, one pint of new milk, yolks of two eggs, peel of one lemon, two ozs. of sugar, and one oz. of butter. Mix all well together, and bake for an hour. Add a layer of preserve on the top; beat the whites of the two eggs to a froth with the juice of the lemon, and two ozs of sugar, and lay it over the preserve. Then bake again for a few minutes, and serve when cold.

A LOVER OF COOKING.—Wring the pudding-cloth out of boiling water, and flour it well with the flour-dredger. This will enable you to turn the pudding out beautifully. Read "Bread and Bread-making," pages 350, 439, vol. i.

MARY B.—A lump of unslaked lime is said to be of service.

NAUSICAA.—The yolk of a hard-boiled egg rubbed smooth and mixed with a tablespoonful of vinegar, two of salad oil or cream, and a little salt, is a good plain salad dressing. Some people add a little mustard. An article will be given on the subject.

PATTY BRANGHAN.—Please refer to "Useful Hints" and the correspondence, for numberless recipes for puddings of all kinds.

MUSIC.

KELY.—It seems to be the general rule to play them in the manner described, so far as we know. Inquire of a good bookseller.

E. M. K.—The word *ossia* means "or," "otherwise," or "else"; *ossia più facile* means "or else in this more easy manner." So in the piece you mention you have a choice of two or three ways to play the passage. Pronounce as if written "Mendle-sone,"

"Vaag-ner," "Taale-berg," "Bear-li otz," "Baach" (guttural), "Spor," and "Sno-pin" (nasal, as in French).

PUELLA.—The price of a concertina depends on whether English or foreign—the former are the best—the number of the keys, the description of the case, and whether new or second-hand. A good second-hand one would be preferable to a poor new one. You may have a good memory for tunes, and yet have an untrue ear.

E.—The real name should be given for the competition. It is never wrong to give pleasure to others, so if you can play or sing, and your parents approve, by all means do so at the Penny Reading.

T. E. S.—Thank you for the chant and hymn. Although correct, they do not show any originality, but we think the habit of composition a very excellent one, and resulting in much improvement.

ART.

MILLICENT H.—We regret that at no time can we assist our readers to dispose of Christmas cards, &c. They must be sold by individual exertion alone. Thank you very much for the pretty example you have sent us; it is reported that hand-painted cards are to be very much used next season.

CHICK.—Read "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. "Such a heap" is a most inelegant expression.

MINNIE.—Use a fine copal varnish on the painted part only.

K. R. (Kimbolton).—The sketch is to be an original one, not a copy. Why not read the rules of the competition carefully?

ENIL.—The tale called "Sintram," by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, is said to be founded on a picture by Albert Dürer, in the Munich Gallery, called "Death and the Knight." It is a beautiful allegorical tale of sin and temptation overcome.

ANNETTE and AUDREY CAMPBELL.—Read "Occupations for Invalids" on colouring photographs.

FANCY.—Use carmine tendre A; if good, it ought to be what you require. At a formal afternoon tea cream and sugar are put in by the guests; when only intimate friends are present, the person who pours out the tea makes inquiry and puts them in herself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILY.—You ask if it is right to receive the sacrament if you do not feel changed in heart. Certainly not; but do not judge hastily as to what you call "changed." If you have a true desire to live according to the law of God, and if you wish to show your thankfulness for the love and sacrifice of the Saviour, there must have been a great change from the natural state which is without such feeling. Some knowledge as well as feeling is required in a young communicant. In the Church of England the necessary instruction is given usually in the Confirmation classes. In other churches and denominations the minister gives instruction, and there is also an examination before admitting to membership. This examination ought to be made, and is made, in a private and considerate way. On one occasion in the Kirk of Scotland a girl applied to be admitted to the sacrament, but when she was before the minister and elders she was unable to answer some very simple questions. They told her she seemed scarcely fit to be a communicant. She burst into tears and said, "Though I canna' speak for Jesus, I could dee for him!" She had the one true qualification—love to Christ—and was admitted. Too often the sacrament is taken formally, and for the sake of respectibility, instead of devoutly, as an appointed means of grace. In former times communion with the Church of England was compulsory for the holders of any public office or appointment. This was a sad abuse, and made the sacrament a political test instead of a church ordinance. The removal of this abuse was effected by the repeal of the "Test Act," of which you may read in the history of England.

ELSIE and SEMPER EADEM.—The Gregorian Chant was so named after Gregory the Great, who improved upon the Ambrosian Chant in about the years 590—600. St. Ambrose introduced the latter A.D. 384, having derived them from Antioch, where they were established by St. Ignatius A.D. 107; who in his turn received them from the Jews, this mode of chanting being of extreme antiquity. Gregory increased the number of the tones from 4, to 8. The Anglican Chants are single and double. The former date from about the time of the Reformation, and the latter from the time of Charles II. 2. "Semper Eadem" writes a good and legible hand.

COLLEEN RHU.—"Playing for love" is equivalent to playing for nothing, or with no stakes at all. The recipes you ask for have both been given in "Useful Hints" several times over.

GREENGAGE.—Consult "My Work-basket" for the newest and best ideas on work for bazaars and sales. You may paint on egg-shells with either oil or water colours.

MARY.—It was just after the Battle of Worcester, Sept 3rd, 1651, that Charles II. was forced to conceal himself in the oak tree at Boscobel. When he returned to England on his birthday, May 29th, the oak leaf was popularly displayed in memory of his adventure.

ADELAIDE.—The Jewish year begins with the month *Tisri*, immediately after the new moon following the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year begins with the month *Nisan*. They date from the Creation, which they fix at 3,760 years and 3 months before the commencement of our era. The twelve months are named as follows: Tisri, Marchesvau, Chislev, Thebet, Sebat, Adar, Nisan (or Abib), Tjar, Sivan, Thammuz, Ab, and Elul.

EVELYN MONTALVAN.—The 4th of May, 1848, fell on a Thursday.

MAUDE.—1. Yes, the climate of Brussels is decidedly cold in winter, and you should go there well prepared for it. 2. Try the effect of placing a lump of charcoal in the water to preserve the cut flowers.

L. S. (Birmingham)—We thank you for the information kindly given to benefit those who cannot afford to pay much for their tapestry cloth, as a foundation for painting, and for the specimen enclosed. But we cannot give addresses. The example sent, procured from the Welsh manufactory, is certainly excellent, and exceptionally moderate in price.

GRANNIE.—The little poems—if deserving to be so called—which you hear at Penny Readings are mostly to be found in a small book entitled the "Penny Reciter," or some such title. You should practise writing copies, as your hand is quite unformed.

FLORA.—The punishment of a pupil must be suited both to the age, the nature of the fault, and the character of the child. We should require to be informed on all these three points before we could give a judicious suggestion. Always remember that corrections are to the disposition and moral character what medicine and all other medical treatment is to the body. No mistakes can be made with impunity. Instead of proving curative, they may be highly injurious, if not actually destructive, if ill selected and misapplied.

LITTLE ROSEBUD has written such a nice little letter it could not be misunderstood. Castile soap is good. Powdered borax, or a very little washing soda, or either bran or oatmeal, will soften hard water for purposes of personal ablution.

JANEY NICHOL.—We have given all the advice which we are able to afford many times on the subject of the falling off of the hair. Try a strong decoction of rosemary tea.

E. H.—There is no rule nor any sort of etiquette connected with the purchase or wearing of a "mourning ring" for a husband, or anyone else. It is not usual for widows to wear one, and when they do it is a mere matter of personal fancy, and then they buy one themselves. Widows and widowers sometimes present the children, or the intimate friend of the deceased, with a mourning-ring.

MINIE MAY.—Perhaps you might prove an agreeable and useful companion to an old lady, but certainly not competent to teach English or writing to any little girl. You write your letter in the third person, and conclude it in the first. Her composition and grammar are not correct; she leaves out and duplicates words, makes mistakes in spelling, and does not form her letters correctly. Why does she cross out all her capital S's? In all kindness, we beg her to give a year of careful study to these matters before applying for any situation.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—The proverb "A soft answer turneth away wrath" is analagous to the phase which you adopt as a name. Professor Horsford made the experiment of pouring a quantity of oil on the sea during a stiff breeze, and found that he thereby calmed so much of the water as it covered, and Commodore Wilkes, of the U.S.A. navy, witnessed a similar effect produced by the leakage of oil from a whale ship, in a violent storm, off the Cape of Good Hope. The phenomenon is probably one with which our ancestors were well acquainted, and this recognised fact became the origin of a very pertinent simile.

ALPINE ROSE.—Whether you will develope into a poet, or an author of any description, by the time that you reach the age of thirty or forty, it would be impossible for us to tell you, as you are so very young that you have everything to learn before you can attempt to teach others, or originate new ideas. Your acquaintance with the rules of metrical composition is too slight as yet for you to attempt to express your thoughts—however pious the feelings that prompted them—in verse.

MAUD, OF MONTREAL.—There is no limit made in reference to the letters of our correspondents. Write as often as you like. Keep your plants in separate pots. Of course, a south aspect would be preferable to the "north-west," but rooms are so well heated in Canada in the winter that the aspect would signify less there, indoors, than in England. Your writing is very neat, and appears to be formed.

FLOY.—For all crochet work, see "My Work Basket," and all the articles on the subject. It is very bad style to drop the prefix, "Miss," on a visiting card.

R. F. WILLIAMS.—We regret to be obliged to remind you that we cannot supply any addresses, as that would amount to advertising.

UNE JEUNE FEMME.—You should take the umbrella to the shop where it was purchased, or show it to some umbrella-maker, and consult him about it. You need to write copies to improve your hand.

MARGARET R.—Post-office orders are obtained at post offices, and you can send them either by post or by a private messenger. Your letter, now answered, was scarcely worth the stamp you placed upon it.

BUTTERFLY.—We thank you for your praise of our paper, and regret to say that we can suggest no method for removing the little white specks that sometimes come in the nails. If anxious about your nails, keep them carefully cut, the dead skin as carefully pressed back, and wear gloves as much as possible. It may be well to grease the nails at night. Your writing is good.

LALAGE.—Your writing is very angular, and too full of crabbed-looking little twists and flourishes. Get rid of all these excrescences, and round all your letters.

ANNIE M. MAY.—You should have lessons from a swimming mistress. We cannot "give you a compliment on your writing," nor on your spelling, nor grammar.

MIGNONETTE.—Your name is a French term applied to persons or things that are exceptionally pretty, delicate, elegant, or charming, and the termination "ette" is a diminutive.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—The initials "Q. V.," often appearing in "Encyclopædias" and elsewhere, represent the Latin words *Quod vide*, or "which see."

META ROSSE.—The figures appearing in the margin of the Revised Version of the New Testament are simply guides by which you may be enabled to refer to the Authorised Version, on a comparison of the numbers, marking chapters and verses.

JOAN.—In reference to the passage in Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—

> "And over those etherial eyes
> The bar of Michael Angelo,"

it is thought by some that an allusion must be made to the straight overhanging brows characteristic of that great sculptor's busts and statues, which peculiarity is very remarkable in the Medici Chapel. However, we only give this as one opinion on the subject—not as a decisive assertion. You do not name your age, but inquire as to your eligibility as a competitor for the essay prize. See our rules on the question. We admire your writing.

ANGLICANA.—*Arcades ambo* means "arcadians both" (of them). The sentence is taken from an Eclogue of Virgil. 2. *Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt*, means that if you refuse to go to war, you may have to sacrifice; or, in vulgar but common parlance, to "eat humble pie." But the "quæ" may be "qui."

ALICE IRENE.—"Croquet" rules are variable. You should be guided by a published collection of them. 2. The word "house-wife" has two significations, and the distinction between them is marked by a difference in pronunciation—viz., a notable house-keeper and mistress of the household is called a "house-wife," and a long case for holding skeins of thread and silk, needles, buttons, &c., is called a "huz-zif."

IRVIN.—We do not give addresses. Such societies are formed in circles of friends, amongst young people. We are glad that our paper was such a comfort to you when abroad.

P. P.—Write and ask permission of the several authors; if dead, from their editors and publishers.

QUEEN MAB.—Inquire at a good bookseller's.

G. WARINGER DE W.—We are not acquainted with any key to the persons named in Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion," and think that none has been published.

KAFFIR.—There is a tradition that one of the O'Neiles, on his return home from some warlike expedition, vowed that he would be the first to touch the shores of Ireland. But finding his vessel outstripped by others, he cut off one of his hands and flung it on the shore, in order to touch the land before they did, and so to keep his vow. Hence the emblem of the "Bloody Hand" on the arms of the Province of Ulster. 2. Unless personally forbidden to speak to them, or against the rules of your school, there would be no harm in speaking to your schoolboy acquaintances. But we fancy that it would be a violation of the rules of a school, and a smile or bow in passing would be the limit of any act of recognition. Slope your writing the right way, and do not make a Greek "e."

CON.—If your bracelet turned colour it was not made of jet, but was an imitation in "vulcanite." We have recently given a recipe for cleaning the latter.

QUEENIE.—We prefer advising you to consult your doctor than to give advice for your eyes. The cause producing a stye should be discovered, which may be from blood-poisoning through bad air, or personal delicacy, or much crying. The redness produced by a severe blow may last a long time. It fades of itself.

CASSANDRA.—Some benefit might be obtained from using a little alum in the water if the hands perspire greatly. The salt water means bay-salt or rock-salt; no matter how much is placed in the water, it can only hold a certain amount of solution. The water should be warm.

IN THE FIELDS.

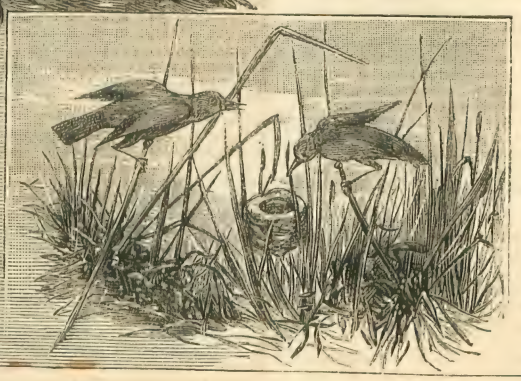
LOOK at the tall, seed-laden grass,
The feathery heads that cover it;
See how it bends, in heavy mass,
To let the rippling breezes pass
That race so swiftly over it.

How quickly doth it fall and rise,
With rustling sound incessantly;
You cannot trace it as it flies,
It mocks the most observant eyes,
In beautiful inconstancy.

The lusty blackbird's mellow note
Is heard from yonder hawthorn tree;
Up to the clouds the lark doth float,
And from his slender, speckled throat
Pours clearest, sweetest jubilee.

In yonder thicket sings the thrush
To cheer his mate upon her nest
Save for these sounds from cloud and bush,
All Nature lies in glowing hush
And calls the soul to peace and rest.

XIMENA.



VOL. III.—NO. 96. OCTOBER 29, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

EDITH.

YOUNG Edith read of knights and dames,
Of deeds of prowess done;
And sighed there were no deeds to do,
No guerdons to be won.
Young Edith's heart was good and true;
But are there now no deeds to do?

Is there no sickness to relieve?
No anguish to assuage?
No ignorance to triumph o'er
And teach the lettered page?
Alas! there's work enough to do
For hearts like Edith's—good and true.

In every county, every town,
In our loved native land,
Some sufferer needs the pitying eye,
And craves the helping hand;
And is there braver work to do
For gentle hearts and good and true?

Five years are past. In one long room
With gas'liers blazing bright
Full forty working men are met
To learn to read and write.
Chill poverty had nipped their youth;
They'll learn their letters now, forsooth

Grim faces marked by grimy toil,
Smooth faces pale and thin;
But all lit up by earnestness—
The glow that makes men win:
Ah! braver deeds are doing here
Than clash of knightly sword and spear

To lift the lowly from the dust.
To clothe the barren mind,
Is giving freedom to the slave,
And sunshine to the blind.
Ah, Edith! here is work to do,
But Edith's here—both good and true.

[*All rights reserved.*

Her presence gives the potent charm
To book and slate and pen;
Her gentle words have won the hearts
Of those rough earnest men;
She is their Angel! Saint of light!
They are her guerdon—won from night.

FREDERICK BRABHAM.

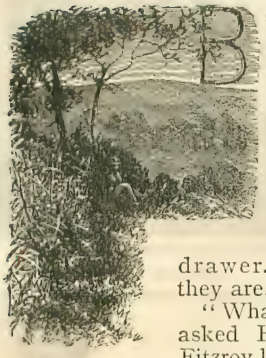
"IS THERE NO SICKNESS TO RELIEVE?"

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

GONE.



"BOOKS of Mademoiselle's! Oh, to be sure, I'll bring them," said Decima, jumping up. "You need not wait. Let me see, I put them in my drawer. Yes; here they are."

"What are they?" asked Harry, as Mr. Fitzroy left the room.

"French novels," said Decima, with a smile.

"I suppose that is a specimen of the kind of teaching you have had," said Harry, not quite prepared for the ready assent of her answer.

"To be sure it is. She has lots of them, and I have read as many as I could. It has got me on splendidly with my French."

There was a marked frown on Harry's face as he took from her the volumes she had produced, and turned to the title-pages. He gave them back, asking, with sternness—

"Are all the rest like these?"

"The same sort of thing. You need not look at me like that, Harry; *I* didn't choose Mademoiselle. Of course I read what she gave me. It wasn't *my* business to complain, and I am sure the books were very amusing."

"Would you think it no business of yours to complain if Mademoiselle offered you a draught of poison to drink?"

"Oh, well—but that is an impossible case. The books did me no harm."

"There are kinds of poison which work slowly in the system, unknown to the sufferer. You *could* not read these books, Dessie, and not be the worse for them, however cleverly you may hide the evil from yourself and others."

"I must take them to mamma," was Dessie's answer, and she went off, Harry saying, warmly—

"It is perfectly disgraceful."

"Things could not be worse," said Miss Fitzroy.

"It is disgraceful — perfectly disgraceful! A girl of fifteen encouraged to saturate her mind with that disreputable poisonous stuff!"

"I knew it was bad for her," said Edith. "But to speak would have been useless."

"Was my father aware of what went on?"

"Not about the books she read, or mamma," said Edith. "I only found out by accident; but you know, Harry, even if I had spoken it would have made no difference."

"You knew, and did not speak?"

"I never meddle," said Edith, coldly. "It only makes mischief."

"Your plan of never interfering may amount to a positive monomania. To see such evils going on under your eyes and never make an effort to check them! The thing seems to me incredible. Useless to speak! Perhaps so, but what then? You would at least have relieved yourself from the burden of responsibility, and it might *not* have been useless. But all seems to be managed alike here, without care or principle."

Edith looked hurt.

"Oh, Harry, you say such hard things."

Harry woke up to the fact that he had expressed himself harshly.

"I beg your pardon," he said at once. "One may be too severe, though it is difficult to help feeling strongly. I wish I could induce my father to send Dessie to school."

Presently Mr. Fitzroy opened the door, hat in hand.

"Cab is ordered," he said. "Any farewells coming off."

"No. Pray come in, Henry, and shut the door," said his sister. "I do wish you had a proper sense of the fitness of things."

"I thought I had shown the possession of such a sense to an overwhelming degree," said Mr. Fitzroy, obeying orders. "My wife counts it frightful rapidity of decision and action. Harry must bear the brunt of folks' opinions on the question."

"What do you mean to do with Dessie?" asked his sister.

"Do with her? Nothing, that I am aware of. I have done enough for one morning."

"About her education, I mean."

"I am sure I don't know. Talk about instruction when we have just dismissed the instructress! I'll have no more governesses recommended by Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton."

"You had better write to my Uncle Sidney, and ask his advice," suggested Harry.

"Not a bad idea. Anybody may undertake the trouble that likes," added Mr. Fitzroy, with his comical look. "Don't ask *me*."

And Dessie danced in, crying, "She's off! And now I shall have no more lessons for nobody knows how long."

"A good opportunity for showing your powers of self-discipline," said Harry, suggestively. But Decima's expression was not hopeful.

* * * *

"Dessie, how far are you acquainted with your Heidelberg cousins?" Harry asked suddenly one day, nearly two weeks later. Having returned home, though contrary to his first intentions, he had decided to remain for three weeks.

"I am acquainted with the fact of their existence," said Dessie.

"No more?"

"Oh, yes; I believe Uncle Sidney is exactly like papa, and Aunt Laura extremely unlike mamma, and Emmeline the very antipodes of me. That is about all. I can't think why they persist in living abroad. When are you going to see them again?"

"Possibly next summer."

"And you liked them, did you not, in your last visit?"

"Very much. I should like you to have Emmie for a friend."

"I don't believe Emmie would like me. What have you been reading? Shakespeare?"

"I came on a sentence just now that made me think of you."

"Where? Oh, let me see it. This?"—and Dessie read aloud where his finger indicated—"'Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.'"

"Just exactly like me, Harry, and I *am* glad you have found so good a description. You can show it to Emmie when you go to Heidelberg, and ask her if *she* wants such a friend."

"The case isn't quite so bad," said Harry. "Sometimes the grains of wheat *are* worth the finding. Why not give us more of them, and less of the chaff?"

"Why, because I haven't it to give," responded Dessie. "Nothing comes out of the sack but what was in it, you know. Mamma thinks I am made of chaff altogether."

"No, not so bad as that," repeated Harry.

"Why, *you* don't see any good in me," said Dessie.

"Yes, I do. I think you are truthful. You would not lightly break your word."

"No—oh, no, I would not. But that is pride, perhaps."

"And you are good-tempered."

"Oh, well, I don't get put out easily. It isn't my way. I don't care enough about what is said."

"You are truthful and good-tempered,' repeated Harry. "But, Dessie, I do sometimes wonder very much whether you ever *think*."

"Of course I do."

"I have my doubts. You have passing thoughts — passing ideas; but do you ever sit down, and seriously, earnestly, resolutely THINK?"

Dessie for once looked grave, and it was a disappointment to her brother that the return of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy from a walk broke in upon the talk.

"You seem uncommonly sober, both of you," the former remarked. "Harry is the most philanthropic person I ever saw —always trying to improve somebody. What is he after now, Dessie?"

"Only teaching me the difference between grain and chaff," Dessie responded with readiness.

"Advising her to begin the winnowing process," added Harry.

"A profitable subject," said Mr. Fitzroy. "I hope you will go on to teach her how bread is made. Has the post come in? Letters for whom?"

"One for me from Heidelberg. An invitation for Dessie."

"For me! Why, Harry, you never told me!" cried Dessie.

"He was advancing to it, my dear, by gradual stages," said her father. "A little chaff comes first naturally. This is the wheat, I suppose."

Harry held out his letter.

"Would you like to see it, mother? I wrote for advice, as my father wished, and this is the response. Aunt Laura asks Dessie for a six months' visit."

Dessie, for once, found vent for her feelings in a single "Oh!"

"Very kind!" Mrs. Fitzroy said, "only I really do not like to burden them with so troublesome a charge. Sidney is particular."

"The best thing possible for Dessie," Harry answered.

"Mamma, I should not be troublesome," said Decima. "I'll promise anything you like. To go abroad! Oh, delicious!"

"If Dessie were a finished specimen of young ladyhood she would not have had the invitation," said Mr. Fitzroy. "Some people find pleasure in the taming of an ourang-outang! I don't see why we should deprive them of it in the present instance."

"And I may go?" exclaimed Dessie.

"It would leave you time to look about, mother, and to make up your mind for the future," said Harry.

"The result being that autumn will find us in precisely the same predicament," said Mr. Fitzroy. "However, that we may leave for the present. Dessie looks ready to explode. Take a run out of doors and tell Ella, my dear. That will evaporate some of your excitement."

Dessie stayed only to ask a few questions as to particulars of time and arrangement; then she rushed upstairs, threw on her walking-things, and set off at railway-speed for her sister-in-law's house.

Ella was working in the front parlour, with little Hugh playing on the ground, under charge of the young nurse—a recent importation. The latter was a willing and good-tempered girl, and, moreover, a particularly pretty one. Ella liked her, but detected symptoms of occasional heedlessness. She scarcely ventured yet to trust the child alone with her, as she had never hesitated to do with her former nurse.

"You have not been to see us for three whole days," Dessie said, on entering. "Oh, Ella, I have something to tell you! But how is the darling to-day?"

"Not quite himself," Ella said. "I am a little tired just now"—and she glanced at the young nurse. "Hughie has a cold, and his teeth make him fretful."

Baby Hubert brightened up at the sight of Dessie, of whom he was very fond. She actually delayed the recital of her news that she might go down on the floor beside him; while, in his broken language, he expatiated on the excellence of his last new toy—a grey donkey, with panniers and loosely-waving head.

"Yes—beauty—beauty—isn't it, darling?" assented Dessie. "How uncomfortable the poor thing looks, Ella, with it's neck in a state of chronic dislocation. Let me see if I can make Baby's head wag about like hee-haw's."

"Take care, Dessie," said Ella, rather nervously.

"Hee-haw go gallop!" shouted Hubert, enjoying the fun. His stock of words was small, but his enunciation was remarkably clear, and his blue eyes sparkled as he grasped Dessie with his little hands. "Gee-up! Auntie ride!"

"Auntie would smash the hee-haw all to bits if she did," laughed Dessie. "Auntie must ride great big live hee-haws. Ella, why must children always be taught to speak in such a ridiculous way? Why isn't 'donkey' as easy to say as 'hee-haw, and 'horse' as 'gee-gee?'"

"The tyranny of fashion, I suppose, Dessie. It has sway in nursery as well as parlour."

"I wish you would try an experiment with Hughie, and see if he couldn't be made to converse rationally from the first. But he is so unlike other children, I am afraid it would be no test for the generality of them. Little beauty! Isn't he Ella? Just look at him now."

"It is a good thing he is not old enough to understand," said Ella, smiling.

"Ah, you won't let me come near him, by-and-by. I always say so. But I think I could be good for Hughie's sake. I *do* love him, Ella, more than any of you know."

"I think I know," Ella said, affectionately. "He loves you dearly, Dessie. If I speak of 'Auntie Dessie' he always gives a spring of delight."

"Little sweet! It is just like him," said Dessie, administering a vehement hug to her favourite. "But, Ella, all this time I am never telling you my grand news. What do you think of my going away for half a year? I am afraid it will be rather a relief to you all. Aunt Laura and Uncle Sidney have asked me to Heidelberg for six months. Think how delightful!! I do really believe the worst part of the whole is leaving baby. I don't like to lose a single month of him. But it will be lovely to go. I have always longed to see the Continent. And only three weeks to wait, for Aunt Laura knows of a lady going out in just three weeks, and I can travel with her. Oh, Ella, you saw the Heidelberg Fitzroys on your wedding tour. What did you think of Emmie?"

"I thought her particularly pleasing," Ella said.

"Pleasing! Yes, but that is so indefinite. Aunt Dora calls you pleasing, but *I* should never use the word in describing you. It is too cold. Is Emmeline nothing more than 'pleasing?'"

"Perhaps you would call her charming and delightful, Dessie. You are rather fond of extravagant adjectives, I believe."

"Now, Ella, you are laughing at me. But I really think——What is that?—somebody to see you? Must you go?"

"For a few minutes, I am afraid. Will you come with me, Dessie?"

"Oh, no; I don't care for strangers I'll wait here, and help Anne take care of baby."

"You will be steady and careful then, Dessie, dear? I shall not be many minutes gone. Anne, don't let Master Hugh get wild."

"No, ma'am," and "Yes, Ella," came together. Ella left the room, and Dessie seated herself on the floor for a game of play with little Hubert. He was restless and less continuously merry than usual, and presently he crawled away on hands and knees to Anne, who had taken up her work.

"Won't he let me get on with my mending?" asked Anne, leaning over him with a coaxing manner. "Must he be nursed? Very well. Shall I give him a ride on a gee-gee?" and, lifting him upon one arm of the sofa, she began jogging him up and down. Hughie was enchanted. He chuckled and held out his arms to Dessie.

"Auntie Dessie come! Auntie gallop."

"One moment, pet; I'll come," said Dessie, hurrying to the window at the sound of a drum. "Auntie is rather too big, I am afraid, for sofa gee-gees. Oh, Anne, here comes a regiment of soldiers, and an officer on horseback with a plumed hat! Quick, or he will be gone!"

Anne started and turned towards the window, for one moment heedlessly loosening her grasp on the child. In that instant he overbalanced himself, and before she could seize again upon his dress he fell backwards, with a short cry of terror, the little head striking heavily upon the hard floor.

(*To be continued.*)

A SKETCH OF THE CHILDREN'S INCURABLE HOSPITAL.

A FEW weeks ago a simple little poem, entitled "Johnnie," found its way into these pages, and at the same time an appeal was made on behalf of the children of the above Hospital.

To this appeal came an instant response. Voluntary offerings poured in from day to day; generous donors gave largely, others, and some of these mere children, contributed their treasured mite. In a short time a goodly sum was collected, sufficient to guarantee many drives. But, better than the gifts, and sweeter than the richest offering, were the touching words—the heartfelt expressions of sympathy, lavished by these large-hearted strangers on these suffering little ones. Mothers rejoicing in the straight limbs and sturdy strength of their own children, and others who had evidently added to the "store of Paradise," and now wept because "the child is not," invoked tenderest blessings on their heads.

Out of gratitude for this generous response, at once touching and so unexpected, the writer of this sketch—who is herself a weekly visitor at the hospital—feels bound to make some sort of acknowledgment by furnishing a short account of the home and its inmates, that those who have contributed so largely may know more of the objects of their bounty.

The Hospital for Incurable Children in Maida Vale is a hospital in its infancy. It is a small, unpretending house, shut in by other houses of like grade, and only differing from them by the pathetic inscription, set forth in large letters, stating that this is the Hospital for Incurable Children.

Its limited space can only provide for the comforts of twelve children six boys and six girls; but already a larger hospital is talked about. The site is selected, money is being collected; by-and-by it is hoped that a more extensive building may be erected, capable of sheltering a larger number of these helpless little ones.

Incurable children!—saddest words to be read in the page of humanity!—children whose very name seems synonymous with health, movement, activity of mind and body! What? Must these mere infants experience the dread death-in-life of paralysis, drag the shrunken, diseased limbs of old age, and wear at the same time the innocent faces of childhood; try to articulate with palsied tongue, or move, halt and maimed, through the remainder of their lives? Oh! what sadder decree than this in the loving mysteries of Providence?

And yet many of them are happy little creatures—brave, resigned, and bent on extracting the greatest amount of enjoyment they can out of the passing interests of the day.

There is plenty of kindness in the world, after all; and these children come in largely for their share of it. They cannot go out into the country, poor little things! but in the spring-time baskets full of primroses and cowslips and sweet-smelling violets, fragrant with the breath of woods and bushy dells, decorate the rooms; motherly women, with kind faces, cross the threshold, and talk cheerily to the children. At Christmas time, Santa Claus rains a perfect shower of gifts and sugar-plums, the little fellows play with the presents until the novelty is exhausted, and then they hoard them for the poorer brothers and sisters at home.

Children visit the hospital by shoals. One day, as I was reading to the boys, the door opened, a little creature about four, with a sweet rosy face, walked sedately into the room, followed by her nurse and some older children.

Evidently the little maiden was a favourite visitor. The boys' faces brightened as she walked up gravely to each one, and bestowed her innocent kisses; it was touching to watch the tiny creature in her ministration of love. Slowly and laboriously, yet with evident pride, she carried round little gifts of fruit and flowers. The kisses were repeated at leave-taking. "Good-bye. I am going away to Devonshire. I will come and see you again," she said, in her clear, childlike treble, reciting her little lesson with the utmost gravity. The boys looked wistful as the rosy face and dark eyes vanished; a child-angel in a white sun-bonnet had visited them, and they were loth to part with her.

During the few months that I have visited at the hospital there have been changes. George, the patriarch of the boys' room, a diminutive cripple, has reached his sixteenth year, the limit to a child's stay in the hospital, and has returned to his ailing father and his poor home.

"Are you not sorry to leave, George?" I asked, feeling as though, in this case, the hospital must have grown into a sort of home. The little room looked bright as I spoke; a bird sang in his cage; a bright fire burnt on the hearth; gay pictures, texts, illuminated scrolls, decorated the walls over each little cot; the nurse looked gentle and kind; the other boys were gathered round us in a group. "You have been here so many years, George, you must surely be sorry to go?"

He looked at us wistfully, and a little abashed.

"I don't know; I am glad to go home," he said; but there was a sort of reflection of joy on his wan face as he spoke.

Yet his home was poor. His father, who was a bird-fancier, was broken in health—evidently in a consumption; but George had his mother, and he was the eldest. He wanted to go home and help her.

George was sixteen—quite a man now. What though George's body was so dwarfed and puny that he lay like a two-years-old child in his mother's arms; what though those twisted sticks they called limbs inflicted a strange shock on a stranger's mind, the frail body contained a bold spirit. George made mats, which he sold to the visitors, treasuring up the sixpences to give his mother when she came to see him; all his old toys were sent to the brothers and sisters. George would rather be in that poor home, helping his mother with his feeble baby hands, and watching his sick father, than enjoy the comfort of the hospital without them. Brave little heart! God be with thee! for those who know best say that George will never be a man!

A deaf and dumb boy, Frank, the torment and plague of the room, from his love of mischief, has also been discharged. In Frankie's place there sits a dark-eyed boy, Percy.

Percy's case is very sad. He is an only child, and his parents are respectable people. He is a tall, well-formed boy, about ten, but he is fastened into his chair like an infant; his limbs dangle down helplessly; he has no use in his hands, and one of his wrists has been broken and is badly joined. Percy cannot speak, but he utters all sorts of uncouth noises. His intelligence is limited; but he loves music, and applauds after his odd fashion, and laughs with glee at the pranks of the other boys.

There, day after day, he drags on his uncomplaining existence, half conscious — not imbecile—watching his nurse with large-eyed affection, like some faithful animal, cheering and applauding the efforts of his boy companions to amuse him: a pathetic death in life!

Bertie sits on the floor near him—a bright, intelligent little fellow — the victim of paralysis, which has almost deprived him of utterance, but using bravely his poor little stock of words, which consist mainly of "yes," "no," and "thank you." The last is a grand achievement, and is brought out at all times and seasons. Bertie is the most patient, happy little creature! He will sit for hours trying to build up brick houses with his nerveless hands, or endeavouring to catch the bright-coloured ball with the poor fingers that will not grasp it. One marvels what secret fund of enjoyment convulses his frame with suppressed laughter, for Bertie is a joyous little soul, and has endless jokes with himself and the others, though the fettered tongue refuses to give them utterance.

By his side creeps Johnnie, with his sweet face and bent back. Poor Johnnie is bowed down with infirmity like the woman in the Gospel, who "could in no wise lift up herself"; but his countenance is bright and alive with boyish fun.

He has wonderful games of cricket with James, an older boy, whose only mode of progression is on his knees, but who has a special predilection for active sports; while Freddie, a grave, gentle boy, whose left side is wholly paralysed, and who also labours under imperfect articulation, sits by and watches them.

A wan little face from the farthest crib watches them too. Alas! there is sad mischief here, for the poor deformed boy, Arthur, the most intelligent of all the children, has knelt through all the bright summer days, propped painfully on his hands and knees, wasting under cruel abscesses, which sharpen and pale the little face more and more. Sweet-natured and silent, Arthur never complains. "He has no pain," he says; "at least, not much." "Is he not weary of that crouching attitude?" we ask. "Yes," he answers, patiently, "but at night he lies on his side." His bent hands work industriously at the little mats whenever he feels better; he watches the other boys in bright-eyed silence as they prepare for some cheerful drive. There are flowers beside him, the sweet air blows through the open windows, but for him there is no pleasant change, until by-and-by the most solemn and the most beautiful of God's messengers—could we but think so—shall carry the weary little sufferer to that still land where "there is no more pain."

Across the passage and up a few more stairs is the girls' room, where Jenny in her red jacket sits smiling in her little crib, with patient, gentle Louie beside her, while Kitty, with her blind eyes, and sensitive fingers, is ready to feel the visitor's dress and hold conversation with her busy little tongue.

Upstairs is the saddest sight of all. Three dumb little paralytic imbeciles, or with imperfectly developed intellects, and in two cases with other diseases added to the long list of infirmities. Fanny and Alice are, indeed, happy in a limited way; but in poor Janie's case death would come as a blessed release—as the only relief to the diseased body and mind.

Limited space prevents the writer of this sketch from giving a fuller description of this part of the hospital, though she may probably do so at another time; but enough has been said, we trust, to excite still more the warm sympathies of those kind hearts that have already been so generously touched, and to whom it will surely be said one day, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

ROSA N. CAREY.

CONTENTMENT.

I READ the other day of one
  Who, living a secluded life,
Thought how much more he could have done
  Had he been placed 'mid this world's strife.

It chanced, ere long, some trifling act
  As carpenter he had to do,
And from this seemingly small fact
  A lesson for himself he drew.

The business of this nail, he mused,
  Is to stay here and to be still.
What should I think if it refused
  Or wished some other post to fill?

And may it not be thus with me?
  Am not I bidden here to stay?
Why should I seek elsewhere to be,
  Or think my own the better way?

Here in submission will I rest,
  Doing the work that comes to hand,
Concluding *that* for me is best,
  Although it be not great nor grand.

K. F. W.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

CHAPTER V.

DAMARIS TO LILIAN.

"THE news which the Marquise imparted filled me with a little romantic excitement. I confess to having become very curious to know something personally of the two sons of the dear Marquise, longing to discover in one, or both, the promise of comfort to her in the days to come. Madame Argent's account had not left me much hope of this; but then no two people ever take exactly the same views of any person or thing.

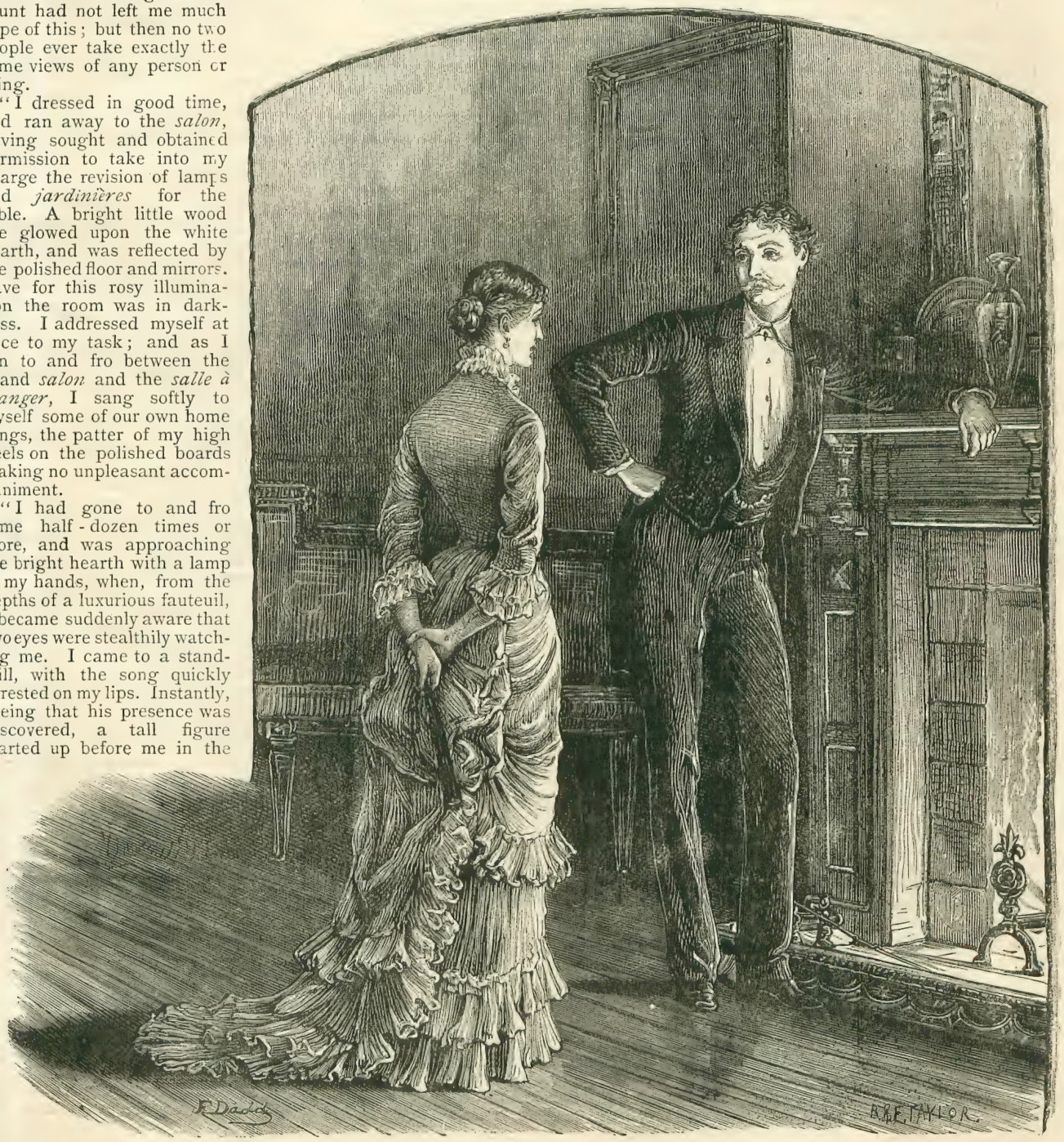
"I dressed in good time, and ran away to the *salon*, having sought and obtained permission to take into my charge the revision of lamps and *jardinières* for the table. A bright little wood fire glowed upon the white hearth, and was reflected by the polished floor and mirrors. Save for this rosy illumination the room was in darkness. I addressed myself at once to my task; and as I ran to and fro between the grand *salon* and the *salle à manger*, I sang softly to myself some of our own home songs, the patter of my high heels on the polished boards making no unpleasant accompaniment.

"I had gone to and fro some half-dozen times or more, and was approaching the bright hearth with a lamp in my hands, when, from the depths of a luxurious fauteuil, I became suddenly aware that two eyes were stealthily watching me. I came to a standstill, with the song quickly arrested on my lips. Instantly, seeing that his presence was discovered, a tall figure started up before me in the firelight, and began to utter profuse apologies.

"'Monsieur Etienne St. Just,' said the voice of instinct within me.

"'I ought, I know, to have made my presence known to you the very moment you entered the *salon*,' he said, 'but your singing put the spell of silence upon me, and I feared to break it, as one dreads the interruption of all most delightful things.'

"In Paris, Lilian, one naturally expects the language of compliment, and the subtle charm which comes from indigenous politeness. I can hardly find English words to express to you what there was of grace and fascination in the bearing of this stranger. He had



"'MY PARENTS ARE DEAD.'"

also the easy assurance of one who knew to the utmost his power to charm, and who was not above the weakness of beholding himself anew in the admiration he excited: man's proverbial vanity in a fresh and more subtle form. As for myself, I had been so much startled by his unexpected appearance, that I felt awkward and altogether at a disadvantage.

"While uttering his graceful apology his eyes searched my face and figure with a sort of 'I-wonder-who-you-may-be' expression in them. I bowed, accepted his apologies, and went on with my task. He took up that position which seems to be as characteristic of the French masculine article as with the English—his back to the fireplace, his coat-tails drawn through either arm—and from that vantage ground watched my movement as the little blue flame of the lamps sprang up at my touch.

"By the time I had finished my task I had quite recovered my self-control, and seated myself upon the hearth to await the coming of the Marquise, in every way as calm and collected as he was.

"'Is Mademoiselle Arglade indisposed?' he asked, presently.

"Now, Mademoiselle Arglade is the name of my predecessor in the service of the Marquise, and if he were Monsieur Etienne St. Just, as I supposed, I felt morally certain that he was as well aware as I of the fact of, and the reason for, her departure. His question was, therefore, as we should say in our English slang, a *feeler*.

"'Mademoiselle Arglade left two months ago,' I said, quietly. 'I am her unworthy successor.'

"'*C'est impossible!*' he cried, with a little start of surprise.

"'And why impossible?' I asked, piqued.

"'Oh,' he replied, with a little careless shrug of his shoulders, 'spring does not *replace* winter; the one season obliterates the other.'

"'Winter has its own especial charms, nevertheless, and a very important part to fulfil in nature's economy.'

"He smiled disdainfully.

"'You do not know Mademoiselle Arglade. She is as nipping as the gloomy month of December, and her very approach gives one the rheumatism.'

"I choked down my laughter, for I felt that he was provoking it at the expense of one who, perhaps, in reality, was rather deserving of my pity.

"'Why do you stifle your laughter?' he asked. 'You may just as well let it have its way.'

"'I am reserving it for a better occasion.'

"'When will you find a better? Mademoiselle Arglade did not approve of laughter; she never indulged in a smile even, for fear of displaying the remains of her teeth. You have nothing to fear in that way; laughter is becoming to you, therefore laugh whenever you have opportunity.'

"He changed his tone to one more serious, with a dash of curiosity in it.

"'Would you think me very rude if I inquire your name? Nay, let me guess it; I am sometimes clever at divining the names people bear. I guessed Mademoiselle Arglade's at once, and christened her Rebecca at the first interview. Her nose betrayed her race.'

"'Unless you have been told it, you will not be able to guess my Christian name.'

"'Is it so uncommon?'

"'It is a Biblical name. I have never heard of but one other person who possessed it besides myself.'

"'Indeed!'

"'And that was my grandmother.'

"'And she——?'

"'Was a Frenchwoman.'

"'Then I must give it a French rendering. Can it be Marie?'

"I laughed.

"'You are clever at guessing, monsieur. That certainly is a Biblicial name, but I should not have thought anyone could imagine it to be uncommon.'

"'Well, then, Josephine?—Marguerite?'

"'Worse and worse. Can you tell me where those names occur, in the Old or the New Testament?'

"'It does not matter. Several women are spoken of without their names being given, they may have borne either of those, for all you can say to the contrary. There was more than one Joseph, why not a Josephine?'

"'Your arguments are conclusive, monsieur. I will give in to a possible Josephine, but not Marguerite,' I said, amusedly.

"'I must throw myself upon your kindness, and ask you to enlighten me.'

"'In a certain chapter of the Acts of the Apostles there is mention made of a "woman named Damaris."'

"'And you are——'

"'Not that woman, but another of the same name,' I said, laughing at his persistency.

"'Damaris!' he repeated, softly, with a strange French intonation that gave it a new sound in my ears. 'It is quaint, and full of character. And you, having a French grandmother, come from England, calling yourself an Englishwoman?'

"'My father was an officer in the English army—Colonel Hartley.'

"'And you come from that great gloomy city, Londres?'

"'No; from a little country seaside place many miles away.'

"'From the country? Then why have you not red hands and cheeks? Have you come to Paris for your own pleasure?'

"'No, from necessity.

"'I suppose your parents have sent you here?'

"'My parents are dead.'

"'Then you are alone in the world?'

"'Not quite. I have a widowed sister, and a little niece and nephew.'

"I was beginning to get tired of this close questioning, but reflected that, being the eldest son of the Marquise, he had, in some sort, a right to the information he was extracting, and could easily obtain it through her if I refused to supply it.

"'You will be bored to death here. Madame la Marquise, of necessity, lives such a very quiet life. Are you not afraid of getting tired of its tediousness?'

"'I do not know what *ennui* is. I can always find plenty to occupy myself. I believe I shall be very happy here.'

"'Ah! now you are sacrificing candour to politeness.'

"'I assure you I am not. I am perfectly sincere in what I say.'

"'Then you are superior to the generality of your sex?'

"'I will not contradict you, monsieur.'

"He laughed.

"'You are very matter-of-fact, perhaps?'

"'I am afraid not.'

"'Romantic, then?'

"'No, monsieur.'

"'What are you, then?'

"'I am nothing.'

"'Nothing! Please explain.'

"'I am nothing that deserves the least attention. I am an ordinary Englishwoman, neither more nor less. I know how to read, to write, to cast up accounts. I can play a little on the piano, also sing a little. I am willing to submit myself to recognised authority, and to do my duty conscientiously. And that is all that anyone can require to account for my being here.'

"'So far so good; but you do not know yourself fully. Shall I fill out the picture? You are a woman of spirit and feeling.'

"'Or you think I am.'

"'Nay, I am quite sure of it. I am a pretty good judge, and I detected so much the very instant you entered this room. And you, can you form a just idea of people at first sight?'

"'I form an opinion, but it has often to be modified on further acquaintance.'

"'*Par exemple*, what is the opinion you have already formed of me?'

"'Naturally, I think the same of you as you think of me.'

"'Is that sentence prompted by your power of perception, or by politeness?'

"'Neither; it came instinctively.'

"'I am deeply grateful for it. That your first opinion of me should be a favourable one gives me more pleasure than I can express. Not penetration, but instinct leads you to this conclusion? You do not think ill of me. Will you give me your hand in token of this.'

"'Why should you need any such assurance? Is not my simple word enough?'

"'I will tell you why presently. Do not refuse to give me your hand upon it. I have the best reason in the world for making a request which seems to astonish you. You have nothing to fear from me.'

"There was something so frank and winning in his voice and manner as he said this, that, in spite of the strangeness of his request, and the even greater strangeness of my assent to it, I held out

my hand to him in perfect faith. He took it, retained it for one second in his, then let it fall gently, almost reverentially.

"'Thank you; whatever happens henceforth I shall not forget that, at the beginning of our acquaintance, you trusted me.'

"His words increased my surprise, and drew my searching gaze to his face. His eyes had a suspicious brightness in them, his features worked. All at once a conviction seized me. Why had I not surmised the possibility before? This was not Monsieur Etienne St. Just, but the black sheep of the family, the Marquis himself. Involuntarily, as this idea occurred and was admitted to my mind, I recoiled slightly. The next instant I recovered my self-command, but it was too late; he had seen and interpreted my action.

"'My reputation has preceded me in your acquaintance, I see, and you have only just this moment discovered that I am the owner of it. You are repenting already, because your true instinct has been in advance of your prejudices, and you would like to withdraw your act of confidence. *Eh, bien!* we will ignore it if you will, but it can never be forgotten.'

"Before I could reply, the sound of the wheeled chair of the Marquise was heard approaching the *salon*, and Monsieur le Marquis hastened forwards to relieve Angelique of her task.

"'What, you here already, Jerome?—and Petite!' as she came further into the room, and noted my presence also. 'You have, then, made each other's acquaintance?'

"'Not until this very moment,' he answered, 'although I have been here fully half an hour. If you will rightly introduce us, *ma mère*, our acquaintance will progress more satisfactorily.'

"The Marquise gravely and formally presented me to her son.

"'And now, Jerome, I will not have you practise any of your blandishments upon this *petite dame Anglaise*. She is under my protection, remember, and shall not be worried by any of your foolish badinage.'

"'Your warning is hardly necessary, *ma mère*. Mademoiselle Petite is wholesomely afraid of me already.'

"'Did you catch her name, Jerome? It is Damaris Hartley.'

"'A peculiar name, don't you think, *ma mère?* But you call her Petite?'

"'What I do is no precedent for you.'

"I was amused, and at the same time somewhat annoyed, by this discussion of me to my face. It was interrupted by the appearance of Monsieur Etienne St. Just.

"The Marquise as formally presented me to him as she had done to his brother. Raising my eyes, I encountered the same grave, earnest gaze I had met on the stairs, and, some way, an unusual quietude came over me, and the same difficulty beset me—the feeling that some when, somewhere I had seen his face before, that it was not that of an entire stranger."

(*To be continued.*)

TWENTY-ONE NUTS CRACKED.

(*Solutions to Acrostics, Riddles, etc., published in "Christmas Roses," the Extra Christmas Part of "The Girl's Own Paper."*)

No. 1.

(Christmastide—Happy New Years.)

C O R I N T H
H A R D R A D A *
R E D - C A P
I S H U R U P †
S T E P N E Y
T O W T O N
M E R L E
A R R O W ‡
S H R E W S B U R Y §
T E M P E R A N C E
I O N A
D E C E M V I R
E A V E S

* Red-haired.
† The largest island of the Kurile Group, on which the Japanese have made settlements.
‡ Three of our kings, Harold, William Rufus, and Richard Cœur de Lion, were slain by an arrow.
§ Scrobbesbyryg, orig., it would seem that the name may have gained in euphony what it has lost in consonants.

No. 2.

Hand-cuffs.

No. 3.

B E L L
I. I. (Aye, Aye.)
R U M
D I C E

Bird-Lime.

No. 4.

The letter I.

No. 5.

C A M
ORMESINDA *
U N I T
RUMOUR
T E R N I †
S A R U M
H E R O
I D E N ‡
P A P A C Y

Courtship, Matrimony.

* Sister of Pelayo.
† "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Canto IV. Stanza 72.
‡ Alexander Iden, the captor of Jack Cade, 1450.

No. 6.

SCOWL, COWL, OWL.

No. 7.

R O O T
O D O U R
S E E
E Y E

Rose-tree.

No. 8.

ANSWERS. — Sheep, star, hare, sea, tar, speak, ear, ask, ha, hake, shark, spear, shake, peas, spa, ta, pa, pear, asp, rake, rap—Shakespeare.

No. 9.

H ermon
E lizabeth
B aanah
R uth
O thniel
N aomi.

No. 10.

D aniel
A hasuerus
G oliath
O zias
N ebajoth.

No. 11.

Twenty-seven.

No. 12.

V A L I D
A L I C L *
T A L C
INDIA-RUBBER
C I R C E
AYRSHIRE
NINE-PINS

* (Robert le Diable.)

No. 13.

Comb.

No. 14.

Olivia

No. 15.

Six.

No. 16.

Daughter.

No. 17.

DRAB, BARD.

No. 18.

1. What do you like for breakfast? 2. Marmalade on new bread. 3. Fried sausages. 4. Bread and butter. 5. Dry bread. 6. Strong tea. 7. Milk and water. 8. Hot buttered toast. 9. Kippered herrings. 10—11. Latin grammar, 2. 12. Natural History. 13. Arithmetic. 14. Spelling lessons. 15. Mathematics. 16. Roman History.

No. 19.

E gypt.
P eter
H erod
R ebekah
A braham
I sraelites
M ordecai.

No. 20.

Egbert, the first King of England.
In eight two seven.

No. 21.

E A D R I C
L E D A
EPAMINONDAS
AMERSFOORT
N E R I *
O I L
R Y E †

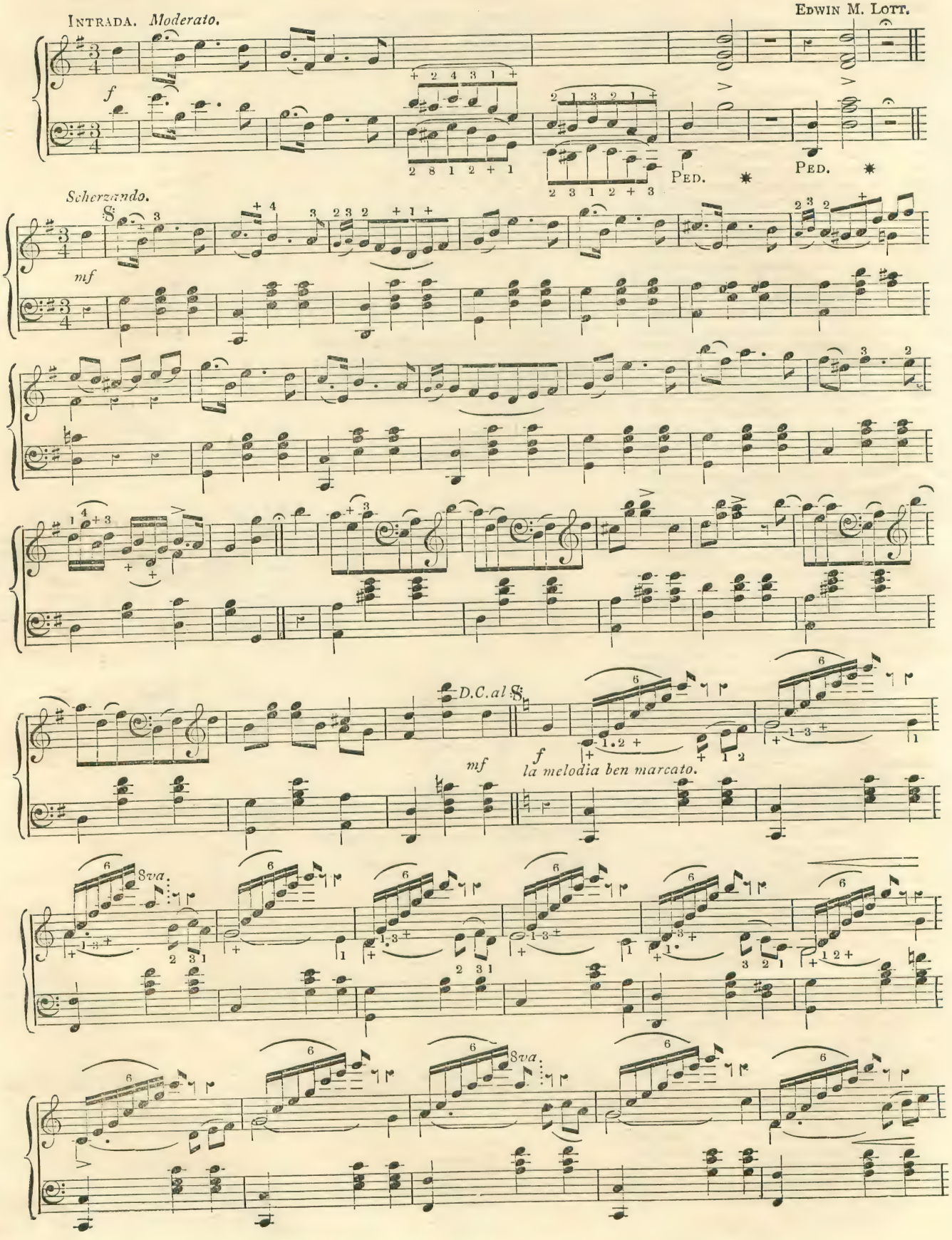
* The Factions of the Neri and the Bianchi (black and white) held Florence in tumult and disorder for many years.
† One of the Cinque Ports.

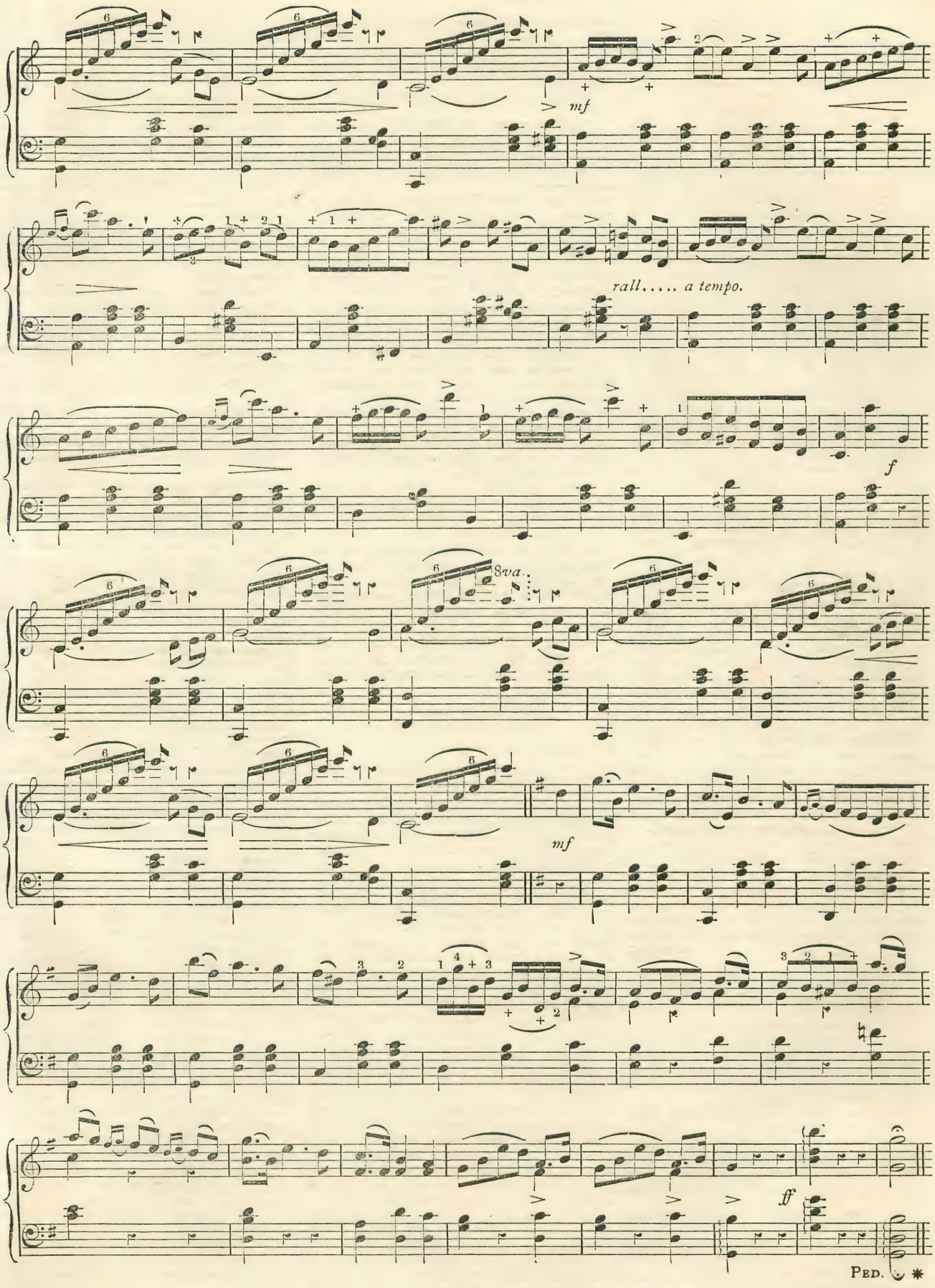
SMALLER NUTS CRACKED.

The letter B—all.—Ball.
Top.—Pot.
News.
Wat Tyler.—Will Rufus.
B A R.—Barbara.
When he looks round.
Because though mackerel is often smelt, smelt is never by any chance mackerel.

LE DERNIER PAPILLON.

EDWIN M. LOTT.

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rall..... a tempo.
f
8va
mf
ff
Ped. ✱

A BLUSH ROSE.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

PROMOTED.

A WEEK or so later Mrs. Waters and her inseparable friend, Miss Fisher, walking briskly up Older-street, to keep themselves warm, encountered a sturdy lass they had often seen hanging about, with the unmistakable blue cloak of Bessy Vaudrey in her arms, and Bessy snug within it.

Before they recovered from their surprise, the girl (Hetty Yeadon, the daughter of a pewterer who occupied one of the area shops, then common in Spindleton) had passed them, and was too far down the street for question.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Waters, "I knew Mrs. Vaudrey would not keep that other creature long. I heard that gentlemen stopped and spoke to her as she went down Newmarket-street with the child in her arms. Mr. Bowford was one of them, and that wild nephew of Dr. Ashworth, from Saltwych, another, and Waters did it once; but I soon put a stop to *that*."

She might have added that Rosa had put a stop to it by taking a less-frequented route, but she knew it not.

"Well, I did not see much in the girl myself; *I* thought her awkward. But men will be foolish, and think nothing of it," added Miss Fisher, following Mrs. Waters up the three steps to the shop over which Miss Danvers presided.

Miss Jane, matching some purse-silk for a lady, just gave them a nod of recognition, which they returned; the shopboy lifted a trap in the counter for the ladies to pass through, and, turning the handle of the glass door communicating with the parlour, they walked in. After depositing their big muffs on the table, they took up their station on the hearthrug, in order to consult the broad, low chimney-glass, re-arrange stray curls, with which the wind had made too free, and bask comfortably in the warmth of the fire at the same time.

Presently they were joined by Miss Jane, who came in rubbing her chilled hands together and saying, with her pleasant smile—

"Seasonable weather this! I hope you are both well, and enjoy it; you look blooming."

She had no intention to perpetrate a pun, or to wound Miss Fisher's feelings, but really the young lady's "cheeks were more blue than blooming, when they came fresh from the open air," as Mrs. Waters was thoughtless enough to say, with a laugh at her young friend's expense.

Then, as she seated herself comfortably, and Miss Jane went to the cellaret for refreshment, she began—

"Well, I see you have got a fresh nurse; a girl who seems to know how to handle a child. I thought you would soon get rid of the dainty miss you had at the christening. Both Lucy Fisher and I said you would find your mistake out before long."

"Yes, we found our mistake out, Mrs. Waters," said Miss Jane calmly. "She was quite unfitted for a nurse in a tradesman's family. We required someone who could associate with the other servants on their own level, and so we have taken Rosa behind the counter."

"You have done what?" cried Mrs. Waters, afraid to credit her own ears.

"Behind the counter! Here?" broke from Miss Fisher.

"No, at the other shop. Emilia has for some time wanted an assistant, partly to relieve Mr. Vaudrey, and enable him to give a little more time here. Rosa acquits herself very well, I am told."

The visitors nibbled their cake, and the pretty matron, with a smile meant to be significant, remarked—

"I suppose is was Mr. Vaudrey's suggestion?"

"Oh, dear no. It was chiefly my idea. I thought we had no right to shut such a girl up in a dreary nursery, above the servants and below ourselves, to pine away with melancholy, and so——"

"I heard you allowed her to sit in the parlour; I suppose that was the reason," suggested blooming Miss Fisher.

"Partly."

"Ah, the girl played her cards well, We said she was artful, and now I am sure of it. What say you, Lucy?" quoth Mrs. W.

Lucy's assent was lost in the entrance of Miss Boyle, with Amabel and Jack at her heels, the former bearing a flaxen-haired doll in a robe of issue paper, the latter encumbered with a Noah's Ark almost too large for his little arms, quite too big for his politeness, since it had nearly gone to the floor in his struggle to remove his peaked cap and make a bow to the ladies.

Amabel, too full of her delight to think of visitors or anything else but her doll, rushed up to her aunt, crying—

"See! see! the New Year's gift Miss Boyle bought me. Isn't it lovely? I'll get Rosa to dress it!"

Mrs. Waters had risen.

"I think you will not find Rosa ready to dress dolls now she is promoted," she said, with a slight sneer, and turning to Miss Boyle added, "What think *you* of this conversion of a nursemaid into a shopwoman?"

"Think! That it does credit alike to the kind hearts and good sense of our friends. *Miss* Bateson" (she laid an emphasis on the "miss") "was not

> "'Born to blush unseen
> And waste her sweetness'—

in a nursing chair; or sit

> "'Like patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief.'

Eh, Jack?" and the lively young lady turned to the boy an inquiring face full of fun, as the others departed, the one saying in an undertone "*Miss* Bateson!" the other openly "Well, we shall see."

"Open wide the doors, Amabel, and let us air the room," cried Miss Boyle, when they were gone. "I sniff envy and all uncharitableness in the atmosphere! Oh, Miss Jane," she ran on, as Miss Danvers returned, "I could not help flinging my travestie at Mrs. Waters; she might have taken out a patent for beauty, she is so intolerant of every pretty face but her own. I have not forgotten the scene at the christening. She must lead that poor man of hers a pretty life."

However that might be, Mrs. Waters and Miss Fisher betook themselves straightway to Newmarket-street with the twofold object of shopping and "seeing how the artful creature comported herself behind a counter." But neither so much as hinted to the other that it was the hour when offices and warehouses poured forth their hungry inmates for the mid-day meal, or that it was possible to meet *particular* friends by the way, as many a lifted hat and bending bonnet indicated.

Yet before they were half down the street they encountered pompous Mr. Blabroo, and with him bewhiskered Mr. Waters, who had a small paper parcel in one hand and a smirk of satisfaction on his countenance, which died out under the abrupt salutation of his better half—

"What brings *you* here? What is that?"

"That? Oh, a couple of pairs of gloves for you, my dear, as a New Year's gift," and he tendered the parcel as if it had been a peace offering.

A smile dawned on his wife's pretty face, but the dawn was as speedily beclouded by Mr. Blabroo's incautious admission—

"Yes, we have been to patronise my brother-in-law's new shopwoman, by way of encouragement to the inexperienced young lady."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Waters in a kind of nervous tremour. "Then it seems I shall have to thank the *new shopwoman* for the gloves!" and, with a mere inclination of the head, meant to be politely sarcastic, she swept on, leaving her husband with his hand outst etched and the parcel in it.

"Young *lady*, indeed!" she jerked out, after a pause. "I see now what brought him so far from the office!"

"Ah, we caught him nicely, did we not?" insinuated Miss Fisher, thinking to fall in with her friend's views.

But Mrs. Waters was not to be calculated upon.

"I think, Lucy, other people are as likely to be 'caught' as my husband," she answered, snappishly. "Mr. Bowford has just gone in to patronise the *young lady*, or my eyes deceive me."

And surely enough when the crowded shop was reached, there was Mr. Bowford waiting to be served—waiting evidently until Miss Bateson should be disengaged.

If such had been his intent, he was outgeneralled, Miss Fisher adroitly interposing between him and the counter, so as to take the place of an elderly lady, whose purchase Rosa was papering up. (In those days ladies were not ashamed to be the bearers of their own parcels.)

Rosa's colour had risen on their entrance, and they set it down to the presence of Mr. Bowford; but they found her perfectly self-possessed, and, though she had occasionally to refer to Mr. Vaudrey respecting goods and prices, she attended to them with composure and a quiet grace they had not expected. They kept her occupied with various requirements, until Mr. Bowford had no alternative but to turn to the opposite counter and ask Mrs. Vaudrey to show him some silk purses, although, if truth be told, Miss Fisher was not far out in her conjecture that he had less desire for the silk purse than for a chat with Miss Bateson as the seller.

Delighted with the success of her tactics, Miss Fisher lost no time in concluding her purchases, and contrived to expedite Mrs. Waters, so that by the time the purse was selected and paid for, they were at liberty to shake hands with Mrs. Vaudrey, and saunter out of the shop in converse with the gentleman in such manner as to secure his attendance for some distance. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to enlist his services on more than one festive occasion during the week, Mrs. Waters improvising a supper party on the spur of the moment, for which act of impromptu generalship the married lady claimed the thanks of her friend later in the day, the twain having a mutual understanding that a match between Mr. Bowford and Miss Fisher, though most desirable, yet needed the skilful intervention of a generous ally.

Little did they think that in their cleverness they had sent the eligible young man to Rosa Bateson as a customer on two separate occasions—first for white kid gloves, and then, as an afterthought, for a dress-tie.

But, surely, had they noted the modest reserve with which she opened parcels, laid the goods before the customers, and recommended this or that, the mantling blushes which she could not subdue, rising almost as freely at the

approach of one as another, illiberal opinion would have died out, or merged into respect.

The position was new and trying. The trade of the Vaudrey's, as may have been seen, lay as much with gentlemen as ladies, and, as may be conjectured, the pretty face behind the counter attra ted an influx of the former. Neither tables nor manners had undergone the French-polishing process in those days. There was less surface refinement; and a good-looking girl behind a counter had frequently a fiery ordeal to pass through. Had Rosa come fresh from the sanctity of home, and a quiet country life, it would have been terrible; but she had had her first experience before she left Saltwych, behind the counter of Mrs. Marbury, and was not wholly unprepared. Bashful she was, but not timid; and though her innate delicacy received many a shock, she comported herself with such quiet dignity that familiarity was impossible, and boldness went away abashed.

"Mr. Vaudrey, would you please to serve this customer," she had said on more than one occasion, when voice or manner had called the mantling blushes to her cheeks, and Mr. or Mrs. Vaudrey was always ready to take the hint—if the customer did not.

Removed from the depressing influences of kitchen and nursery, lifted to the social level of those she served, and treated by them in all respects as an equal, she put forth her best efforts in their service, and after the first newness wore off, she became a most efficient assistant; and it is a moot point whether her increasing loveliness attracted more admiration, or her modest bearing secured more respect.

A country school, a bankrupt father, a dying mother had, in combination, served to check educational progress, and no one was more sensible of her deficiency than Rosa, who at the outset expressed her fears lest she might be found wanting in accounts and penmanship.

"We'll soon remedy that," said James Vaudrey—who might have graduated as a schoolmaster from his proficiency; and without more ado, whenever business was slack, slate or copy-book was at hand. And when business was over, on the way home, or after supper in the snug back parlour, with or without books, he filled her recipient mind from his stores of information, and considered himself well repaid by the results.

Gradually she became recognised as one of the family (not without many a protest from outsiders). The children clung to her; Amabel, who had not been deceived in the item of doll-dressing, felt their mutual Saltwych experience a particular bond of friendliness, and long after the smart of her scalded face and neck was forgotten and Rosa's tear and kiss of sympathy forgotten, too, its influence remained. Another influence, too, she had. The child, so lectured on her hoydenish behaviour, began to look upon the composed demeanour of Rosa as a something to be admired, and, unconsciously perhaps, made her the model for her own deportment when "playing at ladies" with her companions or her dolls.

Lively Miss Boyle took very kindly to her, made her little presents occasionally—large ones would have been "respectfully declined,"—and, urging that

> "All work and no play
> Makes maidens pine away,"

would carry off Miss Bateson for a stroll out of the smoke into country fields and lanes, leave of absence rarely being denied.

Miss Boyle was a young lady of independent means as well as independent action, and her countenance went far to nullify the ill-natured observations of the envious, whilst the sunshine of her beaming countenance sent its rays into the chilled heart of Rosa, already brightened by change of scene and position. She did not forget her parents or her home, but she ceased to sorrow. Young Mr. Freeland, whose undesirable attentions had been the primary reason for leaving Saltwych, had not crossed her path again; and her only anxiety now was for the welfare of her sister, from whom she had never heard in all the eighteen months of their separation.

The previous spring, Mrs. Marbury—in Spindleton for the fashions—had said, "You would only unsettle Edda, my dear, if you went to see her;" but coming again, and hearing that, with the exception of one curt letter from Mrs. King, Rosa had heard nothing of her sister, she said it was "quite time someone looked after the child, who must be fourteen years old, if a day."

Mr. Vaudrey expressed his willingness to take Rosa to Ashtown the very next day, adding—

"I know Bowford will be glad to drive us over if I only ask him."

"Would it not be better to go by coach?" suggested Rosa, with a sudden flush.

"Why?"

"Well—er—I do not like to be under an obligation to—to—a—a—gentleman."

"Obligation! Bowford will be the one obliged, I've a notion."

"There would be more room in the coach," she urged.

"Perhaps—and less fresh air. I prefer the gig."

Rosa knew Mr. Vaudrey of old. He did not waste words when he had decided. But the present proposal was utterly distasteful to her. She had seen another proposal looming in the distance for some time, and seen, moreover, with some dismay, that it had Mr. Vaudrey's full concurrence.

Nothing but her craving to see Edda would have won her assent to be driven to Ashtown by Mr. Bowford. She had never overcome her impressions on the day when Jack fell downstairs. Mr. Bowford might be in a good situation, a man in favour, likely to be taken into partnership, might be respectable and respectful, might have all good qualities with which Mr. Vaudrey accredited him—but Rosa could not see him with Mr. Vaudrey's eyes.

As the latter had said, Mr. Bowford was only too willing to place himself and gig at Miss Bateson's service; and if space for three meant something of a crush, it was none the worse for that.

He showed his sense of the favour in many little ways, and was in the best of spirits; but Rosa's reserve was never more apparent, and Mr. Vaudrey soon ceased to chuckle over his success. She had another reason for silence on the return journey. She had seen her sister, but it had been to weep over her. Edda, with coarse hands and shabby attire, was so evidently a drudge and a dependent, that the contrast between *her* home amongst strangers and Edda's with her kin struck her painfully.

"Oh, Edda, darling, I had hoped better things for you!" she said. "But only wait patiently till I have a home of my own, and I'll take care of you!"

But a home with Mr. Bowford was not in her mind, as that individual discovered before the year was a month older.

CHAPTER V.

TESTED.

"MRS. VAUDREY! Mrs. Vaudrey! come here and tell me who is that in Crowther's doorway? Is he the master of the shop?"

The eager questioner was Rosa Bateson, standing between the two counters of the Newmarket-street establishment in the early morning whilst the shutters were being taken down, and pointing across the wide street to a dark handsome man, who stood without hat on a woollen draper's step; and whose age might be six or seven and twenty.

"That?—oh, that's Mr. Crowther," answered Mrs. Vaudrey, carelessly, after a glance across the road.

"Dear me! What a good and amiable man he seems to be. I quite like his appearance!" exclaimed Rosa, clasping her hands together in sportive admiration.

"Him? Why, Rosa, he's married and has two children!"

"Oh!" cried she, dolorously, lifting her hands in mock dismay, then clasping them on her breast, sentimentally. "Oh, what a misfortune! To think the first time a poor girl admires some one he should be a married man! It's quite lamentable!" and with something between a laugh and a pretended fit of weeping, in which a duster did duty for a handkerchief, the bit of comedy ended.

But she had set Mrs. Vaudrey's tongue in motion, and before the dusting process was over she was in full possession of Archibald Crowther's history, his rise and progress, in which, however, her hearer declared she had lost all interest since he was a married man. Indeed, if we might judge from the crimson on brow and neck, which her lace chemisette could not hide, she was heartily ashamed of her unwonted demonstration, and seemed only afraid lest her jest should be taken in earnest.

Of this there seemed some danger, Mrs. Vaudrey making merry over it, after business hours, at home; but after a little banter, which discomposed Rosa not a little, the matter dropped.

It so happened about this time that some enterprising individual, or individuals, conceived the brilliant idea of adding to the many glories of Spindleton a permanent bazaar, for the sale of fancy and other wares, and the general advancement of trade. It was built on a scale to cutrival the famous Soho Bazaar, and in proximity to the fashionable promenades which it was expected to supersede.

Its erection caused no little stir in the town. There was a general rush of shopkeepers to hire counters, and no small heartburning lest rival traders should obtain the best situations; though not a few of the steady-going grumbled at what they maintained was "just an expensive whim-wham, likely to be more cost than profit." So said James Vaudrey; but his wife was so afraid lest the bazaar should eclipse the shops, and all the fashionable trade go thither, that, as he averred "for peace and quietness," he became one of the stall-holders, though he said, "I'm afraid, Emilia, like Benjamin Franklin, we shall pay too dear for our whistle."

That he was right was proved in the sequel. In advance all was bustle, preparation, and anticipation. There were new goods to be laid in, glazed lock-up cases and other fittings, salesmen and women engaged, and then came a note of alarm—the fine square building would not be ready to time. Ready or not it was opened, and the opening made quite a gala with the music and pomp of a military band, although the walls were not dry from the plasterers, half the counters were incompletely furnished, and the process of unpacking and laying out still going on.

It was a gala day to Amabel and Jack, who, arrayed in their best bib and tucker, had been granted a holiday on the occasion, and who thought it good fun to run to and fro between shop and bazaar with messages and parcels of goods forgotten or wanted; quite a gala to the crowd of gaily-dressed loungers who, like Jack and Amabel, came to see the show of which they made a part.

It was no such gala to the flurried stall-keepers, who were only half prepared, and who scarcely knew where to find the goods

(*Continued on page 78*).

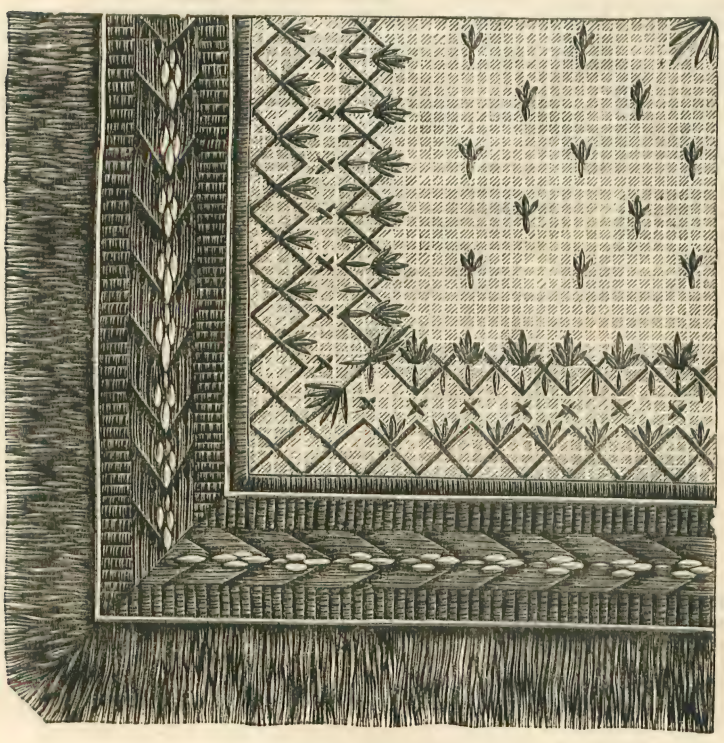
MY WORK BASKET.

WICKER BASKET FOR WORK, ETC.

The basket is lined with olive, or some dark-coloured cashmere, forming a bag, with a heading drawn together by a cord to match. The *lambrequin*, or valance, is of Java canvas, worked in cross or marking stitch, with rose-coloured wools or filoselle; and is lined with glazed cotton, the same colour as the cashmere, and edged with a woollen fringe. Tassels of olive wool, mixed with pink silk, are placed between each dent. The lower tassels are suspended on a triple cord. The *lambrequin* should be fastened to the basket before the lining is put in, and the join covered with a cord or flat braid.

SQUARE MAT.

Our design gives a quarter of the size and pattern of the mat, the centre of which is coarse canvas, either plain or in checks, which is embroidered with wool in contrasting colours. The work is done in long stitch, the stars in simple marking stitch, the *fleur-de-lis* in yellow; the edge of the canvas buttonholed very closely with wool. A band of rep, corded at each edge with fine white or gold-coloured cord, has a wreath of leaves in a lighter shade fastened one over the other with long stitches of gold silk. A firm piece of cardboard, the size of the mat, is covered with coloured cotton, and the work is stretched and tacked round the edges; after which a wool fringe is sewed on.

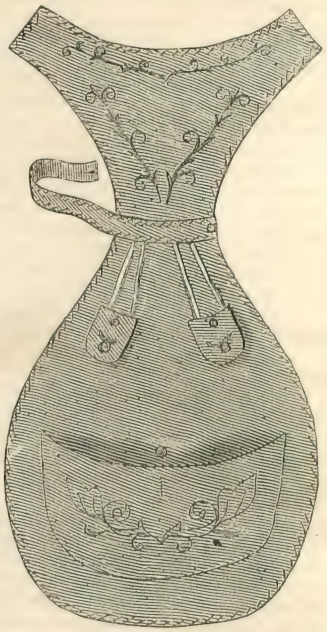


SQUARE MAT.

WORK APRON.

This apron will be found very useful to be worn when any light fancy work is being done.

A very pretty one can be made of black satin sheeting, and embroidered with some pretty bright wreaths; the large pocket across the front is stitched on the apron, and has a button-hole in the centre at top, the button being fastened on the apron. The small pockets hang loose from the waist by narrow bands. They, also, are embroidered, and button in a similar manner. The bib is cut to fit the wearer, and is pinned on each shoulder. The edge of the apron is worked with buttonhole stitch, or simply piped round with satin and neatly hemmed on the wrong side.

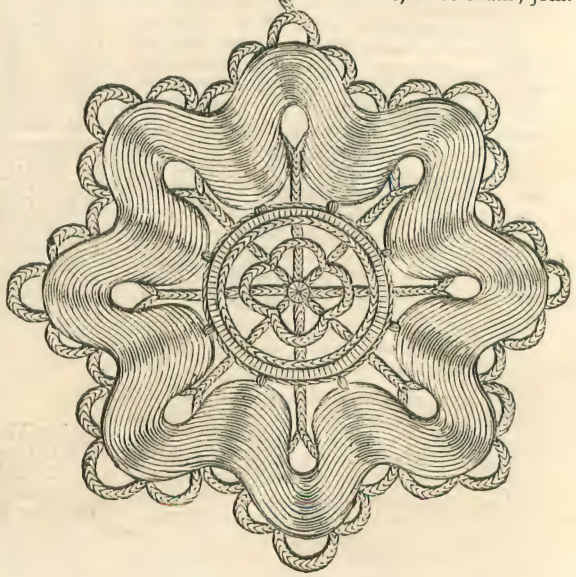


WORK APRON.

STAR OF WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

A length of eight waves of the braid is joined together neatly, and any number made ready for use. These can be converted into antimacassars or bands for bordering. The crochet centre is commenced with a ring of eight single stitches.

2nd Row. — Three chain for first treble, three chain, one double treble, three chain, one treble, three chain, one double treble, three chain, one treble, three chain, one double treble, three chain, one treble, three chain, one double treble, three chain; join.



STAR OF WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

3rd Row.—The same as last row, making the double trebles come over the trebles, and working five stitches for the chains between.

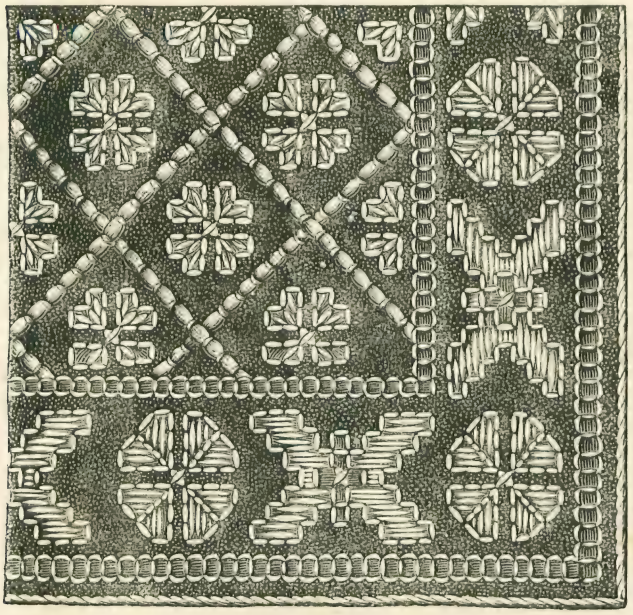
4th Row.—Double crochet into every stitch in last row, with an extra stitch in the third chain.

5th Row.—Commence with seven chain, join to the waved braid, slip the cotton through three stitches, make two chain stitches, and join to the braid opposite the first join; work single stitches down the remaining five chain. Work three single stitches over double crochet row of star, and again join to the braid at bottom of the wave, with a double crochet, and repeat.

Complete the inner part of the star. The edge is formed with simple chains of five stitches all round the outer edge.

The smaller star, used for connecting the waved stars, are worked the same as the centres, and finished on the outer edge of picots and vandykes as follows. Join to double crochet row. *Make thirteen chain, miss seven* and repeat three times.

2nd Row.—Double crochet on the thirteen chain, the three picots between each vandyke are formed of three chain stitches, with one stitch between each picot.



EMBROIDERED CLOTH FOR SOFA CUSHIONS OR TABLE-COVER.

The work is rendered much easier by tacking a thin canvas over the cloth, by which the stitches can be counted instead of drawing the pattern, a work requiring both time and accuracy. The outer edges of the designs are worked in yellow floss silk, and filled in with wool, either of the same shades, or any good contrasting colour.

The long, straight lines are in *Bretonne* stitch, which is done by carrying several lengths of the wool across, and fixing them by cross stitches of floss silk. The canvas is drawn out when the work is finished.

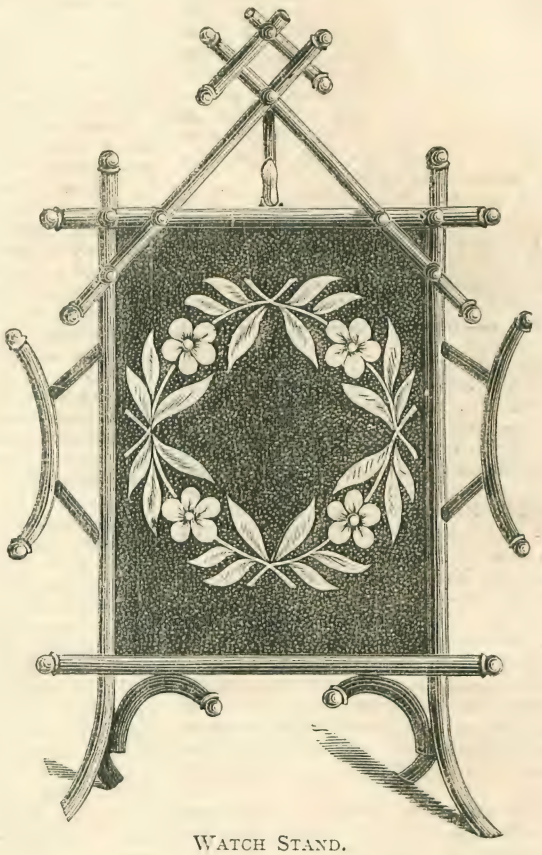
This design is very good for the top of large ottomans or high-backed chairs.

FANCY WATCH STAND.

A little gilt or bamboo stand can be obtained at any good fancy repository, and ornamented by filling the square with a piece of fine cloth or satin, in some rich dark colour, on which the design can be embroidered. The flowers are worked with silks; the leaves in three shades of olive green; the stems are red browns. The cloth is lined with blue satin cloth, and fastened to the frame at the back.

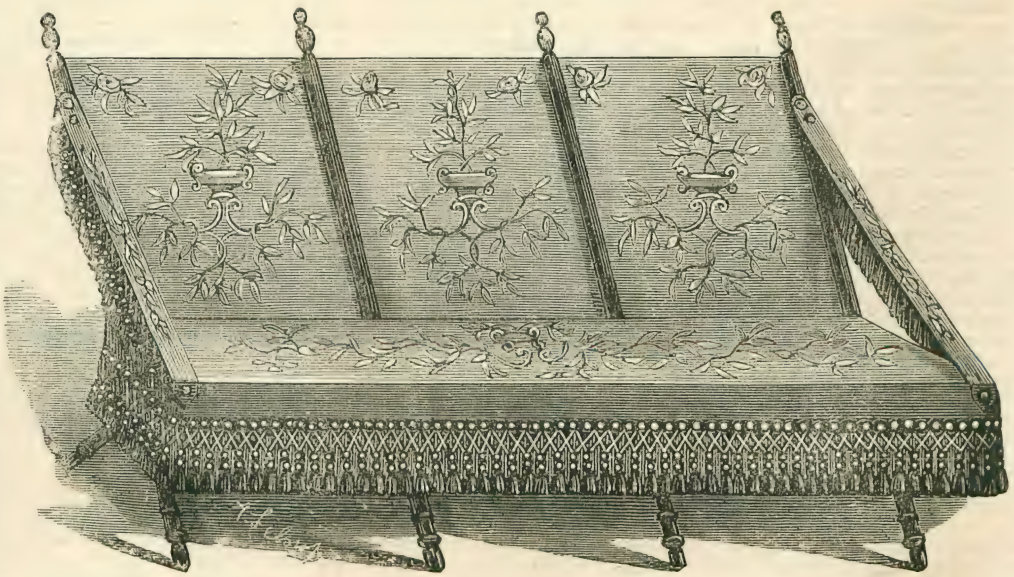
FASHIONABLE SOFA.

The annexed cut gives us the receding sofa which forms a suite with the lounge chairs. The needle ornamentation is carried over the seat



WATCH STAND.

in opposite directions from a centre, but on the back it is grouped, to suit the panels, into three detached sprays with vases and corner florettes. For a dark style of furniture peacock blue or brick red is in good taste for the colour of the material, and embroidered tone upon tone, while for dainty decoration precedence is given to the faintest tints of apple green on a silvery grey or white ground.



CLOTH FOR SOFA CUSHIONS.

(*Continued from page* 75).

for which they were asked; and it was no gala to Rosa Bateson, who, apart from the publicity of the situation, the constant demands on her attention from purchasers or triflers, the frequent "Rosa, where's that?" or "Rosa, where's the other?" of busy Mrs. Vaudrey, became unpleasantly sensible that people, not customers, lingered in front of their stall and blocked the way, that eyeglasses were lifted and levelled at her face by vulgar men, and echoes of her name floated to her ears, coupled with expressions of admiration and epithets which set those ears tingling, and the crimson flag of insulted delicacy fluttering in her face.

Lovely she was, without question. Tall, symmetrical, graceful, with a natural dignity born of pride and modesty—the promise, clouded by melancholy at sixteen, more than fulfilled at eighteen. Few of those who gazed at her with unconcealed admiration guessed how her sensitive soul shrank from such notice.

Her annoyance reached a climax when Felix Freeland, of Saltwych Priory, approached the stall with Mrs. Ashworth on his arm. The old lady—a regular customer of the Vaudreys—stopping to say a pleasant word, wondered not more at her nephew's eagerness to pay for any article she might select, than at the burning flush on Rosa's forehead, or her unwonted reserve and monosyllabic answers when he spoke, addressing her as "Miss Bateson."

Answering his aunt's look of surprise, he observed, jauntily—

"Oh, Miss Bateson and I are old acquaintances. We were friends in Saltwych."

"I think you are mistaken, sir. I formed no indiscriminate friendships in Saltwych or elsewhere," was said with a touch of hauteur, in which, he said to himself, there was more of the Batesons of Wychmount than he had expected after her descent to a tradesman's nursery.

"A very proper, well-behaved young person, that," observed Mrs. Ashworth, as she bore her reluctant nephew away. "I hope you, Felix, never treated her with disrespect."

"Disrespect! Not I. I was extra polite to the—the girl, and she was barely civil to me in return, the haughty jade!" he muttered between his teeth.

His aunt sighed. She had an inkling that her nephew's very notice was disrespect to a modest girl, and she said so. Whereat he laughed.

Another annoyance that gala-day brought Rosa. A dinner in honour of the occasion was held at a neighbouring hotel. As the stall-keepers, thoroughly wearied out, were clearing away and locking up cases before departure Mr. Bowford came up, and, as if he were the bearer of some gratifying intelligence, asked Miss Bateson if she knew she had "been toasted as the 'lovely Blush-Rose of the bazaar' by the gentlemen at the dinner, with three times three."

"I did not think *gentlemen* could be so rude or insulting," was all her comment; and Mr. Bowford felt abashed. The adulation which might have turned a weaker girl's head wounded her self-respect, and he saw it.

Poor Jacob Bowford! Never moth singed his wings at a flame more persistently. He did not seem able to comprehend the finality of Rose's quiet "No;" but hovered about her after his business hours with a sort of self-complacent belief in the old adage, "Nine nay-says are half a grant," excessively annoying to her. For much of this Mr. Vaudrey was answerable. "Much wooing will win any woman, he maintained." He had won his own wife on that assumption, and aired his dogma in the ears of young Bowford as encouragement when he found him smarting under a first refusal; and if the wooing did not progress as satisfactorily as these two could have wished, it was not for lack of opportunities afforded by the head of the Vaudrey household, or of commendations of the suitor, in season and out of season. Then a little self-complacant belief in his own merits and attractions—fostered by Miss Fisher—might have something to do with Mr. Bowford's pertinacity. Certain it is there was always an escort home for Mrs. Vaudrey and Miss Bateson from the bazaar at night, a stay for a game at Mr. Vaudrey's table.

Then, when Mr. Bowford rose to get his hat, it would be "Rosa, show Mr. Bowford to the door;" and however reluctance might be visible in her face, she never ventured an open refusal of any direct order from her generous friend. When possible she made an early escape to her own room to avoid what she regarded as "persecution," though nothing could possibly be more respectful or deferential than the manner of her so-called "persecutor," whose very addresses were the outcome of esteem for her modesty and reserve.

There were other "persecutors" who had no such sanction for their advances—some who presumed on her supposed defenceless position, and against these offended modesty could only raise the ægis of reserve and self-respect.

The Bazaar, as predicted, became the fashionable promenade and lounge, and not a few of those loungers whiled away their time turning over trifles on the different counters, and talking flippant or inane nonsense to the young women behind them.

Of these none attracted more attention than the "Blush Rose," and the Vaudreys gathered a harvest in consequence. The epithet, by whomsoever applied, had clung to her. An anonymous bouquet of blush roses (it was summer time) came so addressed to her the morning after the dinner; two more were offered to her in the course of the day, jellies and sweets brought to her from the confectionery counter, but unless the presenter was a lady, Miss Bateson only curtseyed and begged "leave most respectfully to decline." If pressed her answer was invariably, "I cannot accept gifts from gentlemen." After a time rings, lockets, and other trinkets were brought or sent, but they as surely went back to the sender.

There were assistants at other counters, less scrupulous, who regarded her with envy, wished they "had her chances," and voted her "squeamish" and "stuck-up," but their opinions and expostulations did not change her conduct.

Even Mrs. Vaudrey argued with her one evening (when a fine bouquet of exotics thus rejected had been offered to Mrs. Vaudrey and brought home). "I think, Rosa, you are too particular; anyone may accept a floral offering."

"Not anyone in my position, Mrs. Vaudrey; the very perfume of a flower is a delight to me; but as to accept or reject *one* gift would be to favour or insult some individual, I must either accept or reject *all*. I prefer the latter. "I have had such things offered, as you know, by men whose admiration, on your own admission, was contaminating;" and the light of insulted purity shone in her eye and on her cheek.

"Rosa is quite right," said Miss Jane, stoutly. "What think you, Miss Boyle?" that lady being present.

"I agree with you and Rosa. It is easier to keep a door closed against all comers than to close it when once opened, and the presumption of some men is incredible."

Amongst the most assiduous of Miss Bateson's professed admirers, and Mrs. Vaudrey's most profitable customers, was Felix Freeland, who apparently spent more time with the Ashworths in Spindleton than with his parents at the Priory, and more money at her counter than the latter might have approved.

But Rosa remembered that good Mrs. Marbury had sent her from Saltwych out of this very man's reach, and she remembered, too, the freedom of his addresses when her youth, her inexperience, her recent misfortunes and orphanhood should have been her protection.

He had a free-and-easy friend, a certain Jack Lawless, who was not a whit behind him in attempts to flatter the "Blush Rose," but after she told him that "a compliment to the face was an insult to the understanding," and his mute stare of surprise, she never heard a fulsome word or had a free glance from him.

Felix Freeland was not so easily rebuffed or put down. He had laid heavy bets on "plucking the 'Blush Rose' in spite of the thorns," but he made no progress, though weeks and months went by.

If she saw him in the distance she would call Mrs. Vaudrey to the rescue, or turn her back, and either look out of a window behind their counter, or busy herself arranging fancy goods in the cases on the walls.

"You need not turn round, Miss Bateson," said he, bitterly, on one of these occasions, "I know your back as well as your face."

She turned, and making a profound curtsey, said, "Thank you, sir. It is the first compliment you have paid me."

"Confound her impudence!" he muttered, as he turned away; "but I dare say she is right. If I were only a marrying man I might ——" But here his cogitations became complex and silent. A few days later a small parcel was left on the counter, addressed to "Miss Bateson." It contained a valuable gold watch and chain (at that time a lady's gold chain was nearly a yard-and-a-half long), in a velvet-lined case, and the card of Mr. Felix Freeland, begging its acceptance.

Without a second glance at the tempting gift she reclosed the parcel. On Mr. Freeland's next appearance she handed the packet to him, with the remark, "I think, sir, you addressed this, and left it here by mistake."

"Oh, dear, no, Miss Bateson, I bought it for you. Pray honour me by its acceptance," and there was a something new in his tone, a something born of higher appreciation.

"You have made a mistake, I assure you, sir. I accept no gifts from strangers."

"You surely do not consider *me* a stranger, Miss Bateson. Did you not know me when you were a child at Wychmount?"

"Certainly, sir, we *are* strangers. I am not Miss Bateson of Wychmount. I said you had made a mistake.—Bullion tassels? Yes, madame. What colour?" She turned to serve a lady, and he was forced to beat a retreat.

He left the watch and chain behind him.

That evening the packet, re-addressed by Mr. Vaudrey, was left at Dr. Ashworth's for the owner—Felix Freeland.

As the butterfly season began to wane so did the bazaar. Only irresistible bonnets could be displayed there, and when "the rainy season" necessitated less perishable apparel, the wearers discovered that the Bazaar contained nothing that could not be as readily obtained from the shops. The stall-keepers had long discovered that the moisture from the wet walls had been drawn out in vapour by the heat, only to condense at night, and destroy their more delicate goods. The Vaudreys complained that gloves mildewed, silk fringes and tassels faded, steel purse fittings, meshes, and needles rusted, and the sale was no longer brisk.

One by one the counters were given up. Mrs. Vaudrey, who had contracted rheumatism in the damp, went back to the Newmarket-

street shop, leaving Rosa and a boy in sole charge.

In a few days Mrs. Ashworth called on Mrs. Vaudrey in some concern. "Mrs. Vaudrey," said she, "are you not afraid to trust a lovely girl like Miss Rosa in so exposed a position by herself, so open to temptation?"

"Mrs. Ashworth, I could trust Miss Bateson *any*where!"

"It's more than I'd have said for any of my daughters," replied the old lady, "and I think you cannot see the risk.

They did see the risk very shortly, though not as Mrs. Ashworth implied.

The stock was removed, and the failing bazaar abandoned. Mrs. Vaudrey was cramped with rheumatism, and Rosa was at death's door with a quinsy, the result of damp walls.

Miss Jane had quite her hands full, but Ann and Bridget were as anxious to wait on Miss Bateson now as they had formerly been antagonistic.

"She's a good lot o' pride, but she's summat to be proud on!" observed the former to her colleague, as they saw the nursemaid develop into a tall, lovely woman, as modest and ladylike as she was beautiful, and her illness called up kindliness from the very depths of remorse.

Amabel was distracted, patient Jack was dismayed, Mr. Bowford was anxious and restless, Miss Boyle came in a cheerful volunteer to nurse the patient, and seemed to bring hope in her train.

Still Rosa lingered—grew worse; there was some talk downstairs of Mr. Vaudrey fetching Edda, whilst Miss Boyle, upstairs to keep up the sick girl's spirit, began to mimic Jacob Bowford's lugubrious voice and woebegone aspect in asking, "Is Miss Bateson any better to-day?" and did it so ludicrously that Rosa's risible faculties were excited; the effort to laugh broke the quinsy, and when the doctor came to lance it in the morning he found her, half famished, almost devouring boiled chicken.

There had been another inquirer during her illness—one not less anxious than Mr. Bowford, though he was answered more curtly, and that was Mr. Felix Freeland.

He hung about the place, and added materially to the exchequer of Hetty Yeadon for the freshest news from the sick chamber.

And no sooner was Rosa pronounced convalescent than the wild young man, somewhat sobered and steadied, sought out Mr. Vaudrey, and expressing the utmost regret for anything he might have said or done to hurt Miss Bateson's feelings in time past, and the depth of his respect and esteem for her character, which had wrought a corresponding change in him, made her, through Mr. Vaudrey, a formal offer of his hand, and produced a letter to prove that it was with his father's sanction.

"Um!" quoth James Vaudrey to his wife, "Bowford's nose is put out of joint now, or I'm no prophet. The lass is ambitious, and will snap at the chance of being mistress of Saltwych Priory."

But Rosa did not "snap at the chance." She "declined the honour," much as she had declined Mr. Freeland's golden gifts. His "respect" for her could not teach her to respect him.

Mr. Bowford was not any nearer winning her either, though, according to Miss Boyle, he had been the means of saving her life.

And now, on the first day of her return to business, Rosa going leisurely down Newmarket-street in the forenoon, observed a shutter up at each window of the opposite woollen-draper's.

"Mrs. Vaudrey," said she, curiously, "who is dead at Crowther's? The shutters are up. Do you think it is his wife?"

Mrs. Vaudrey looked up. 'Dear me, so they are! I shouldn't wonder; she has been ailing a long while."

If Rosa was unusually thoughtful that day, Mrs. Vaudrey attributed it to the languor of recent illness.

Strange to say, that evening Mr. Crowther, who had never entered the shop before, walked in and began, "Mrs. Vaudrey, you will have heard of my loss; and such a loss! Well, my little boy is ill now, and I do not know how he should be treated. You are a family woman, perhaps you can tell me what should be done."

"Nay, Mr. Crowther, I am more of a business than a family woman. My sister Jane is more of a doctor than I am. Our roads lie in the same direction. If you will walk home with us to-night Jane will soon tell you what to do."

He professed himself grateful, raised his hat from his curly head, and was gone, without so much as a look at the other counter, where curious Rosa was standing "all ears and eyes," as Mrs. Vaudrey afterwards remarked.

Closing time brought Mr. Crowther across. He was introduced to Miss Bateson by Mr. Vaudrey, who, patting her on the shoulder before looking-up, said "She has only just given the undertaker the slip, and is but a white Rose at present, this adopted daughter of ours; but we hope to see the roses bloom again ere long."

The gas was out, or they might have been seen in full bloom even then when Mr. Crowther looked up at her. Red roses or white were equally lost in the shade of her cottage bonnet, as Mr. Vaudrey, pocketing the keys, cried, "Come, Rosa, take my arm for a crutch. Mr. Crowther will take charge of Mrs. V.," and in less than fifteen minutes they were in Older-street, stating Mr. Crowther's dilemma to the presiding genius.

"Dear me!" cried Miss Jane, "Two motherless children left to the care of an ignorant servant. The boy ill, and your wife lying dead in the house! Dear me, dear me! If I could only leave the shop I would go up in the morning and see what really is the matter."

"I can take your place, Miss Jane," put in Rosa modestly, her colour rising as she spoke.

"It is very kind of you really," said Mr. Crowther, addressing one or both, "especially as I am comparatively a stranger."

He was not a stranger long. Miss Jane prescribed homely and immediate remedies for the sick boy; saw him the next morning, found him worse than she had anticipated, and did not quit the little fellow again the few days he lingered.

The little girl she had sent in her father's care to keep Bessy, Jack, and Amabel company. They received her with glee, unawed by her black frock, but that and the child's motherlessness struck a vibrating cord in Rosa's breast. She petted, nursed, and comforted the child, and so won her way into its heart that when the two funerals were over and Mr. Crowther would have taken Miss Eliza home to his lonely hearth, she clung to her new friend and with tears entreated to "stay with pitty Mit Rosa an' Amabel."

A longer stay was permitted. The widower, whose home had been desolate for over a year, walked home one evening with the Vaudreys, and, as a rule, offered his arm to Miss Bateson—not to Mrs. Vaudrey—for the walk. Greatly to the surprise of the latter, Rosa took the proffered arm, and apparently accepted conversation. To no other young gentleman had so much been conceded. Perhaps she did not regard the widowed father of two children as a young man. At all events, he was other than Mr. Bowford, whom she was apt to answer in monosyllables, and who had fain be content with a walk home by her side unattached.

That young gentleman had of late thought to pique Miss Bateson into jealousy by an occasional display of attention to Miss Fisher, who, having discovered that her recalcitrant swain had found the Blush Rose somewhat thorny, professed contrition for rash judgment, and outdid Miss Boyle in demonstrative good will towards her rival.

He might have spared his pains. He only entangled himself in Miss Fisher's net, without moving Rosa in the least.

It was anything but pleasant to encounter the handsome and well-to-do widower at the Vaudrey's night after night, where Miss Boyle protested "the two men glared at each other, and would have fought for the lady's smile had not duelling gone out of fashion."

At length—when even Mr. Vaudrey could say, "I say, Bowford, I'm afraid Rosa will slip through your fingers. Crowther seems likely to cut you out"—he determined once more to bring matters to a crisis, and he did.

Rosa's perception had measured Mr. Bowford from the first; he was shallow, self-satisfied, deficient in generous impulse. She put him to the proof.

"I am sorry, sir, you could not take my first answer as final. It might have spared us both some annoyance. And, Mr. Bowford, whoso marries me must find a home also for my sister Edda. I scarcely think you are prepared to do that."

Prepared! he looked petrified. "A girl without a penny stipulating that a man should so burden himself! Nay, nay; men might go distracted over a pretty face and modest ways, but keep a sister as well as a wife, that was too much of a good thing! Better have stuck to Lucy Fisher, who could put a gold frame round her pretty face!" he thought to himself.

His departure was more abrupt than dignified, and Rosa was called to account by Mr. Vaudrey for his sudden exit.

"Mr. Bowford had not calculated on making a home for my sister as well as for myself," was all her reply.

"Oh, that's it, is it? But will your new admirer be more generous, Rosa?" questioned Mr. Vaudrey.

"Yes!" faltered Rosa, her cheeks as rosy as her name.

Down went Mrs. Vaudrey's patchwork and Miss Jane's spectacles.

"Then it's all settled!" was the simultaneous cry.

"Yes; I have promised to be a mother to his little girl, and he has promised to be a brother to Edda."

And so, in less than twelve months, the sweet Blush Rose was transplanted to new soil, to bloom, if possible, with fairer grace. Years added dignity to her bearing, matronhood added a charm to her beauty, and deepened her husband's affection; the modest delicacy which had been her chief characteristic and brought her so many admirers as a maiden, winning her, as a wife, universal respect and esteem. Even Amabel, to whom the wedding was an event, was proud to take her as an exemplar, and never forgot her saying that "Modesty was the fairest jewel in a woman's crown."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

JOSEPHINE TOURTELL.—Any colour will look well combined with écru—a grey or blue, maroon, or grey-green—suiting the colour to the complexion of the wearer. As our magazine is in a satisfactory condition, we shall not require you to become, as you say, "a *prescriber* to it."

MACGREGOR.—1. The great secret in pressing flowers is to avoid placing them under any great pressure, and to change the blotting-paper frequently. 2. Ask your tailor to make you a light waterproof tweed habit, which might be worn over a warm woollen "jersey" in the winter.

L. E. C.—White satin would not be at all suitable as a material for doyleys, and would not prove so satisfactory as jean for etching upon. You promise to write well, but the "t" needs improvement.

PEM.—We have given directions for washing embroideries in silk and crewels; but unless certain that the former are "washing silks," you had better send them to a cleaner.

MATER.—For an elderly person we could not recommend more suitable work for leisure moments than strips of knitting or crochet-work, with which to form young children's winter petticoats. We can supply a nice pattern for one formed of only two breadths, viz.—Cast on 120 stitches; knit two rows plainly, slip one*, make one, knit two together, repeat from *. This forms border. First row: Slip one, knit one, knit two together (o), make one, knit one, knit six, knit two together, knit two together, knit five, and repeat from (o) until there be but four stitches left. Then make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, and knit one. Second row, purl; third row, repeat first row; fourth row, purl; fifth row, repeat the first and third; sixth row, plain knitting; seventh row, purl; eighth row, plain knitting. Repeat the pattern from * till long enough. The best wool to employ is "German fingering," and the right size of the needles No. 7.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE WHO ADMIRES THE G. O. P.—There is an industrial school for twenty girls between ten and fifteen years of age at Fareham, Hants. Address, Miss Hope Johnstone, High-street, Fareham. There is also a training home at the Elms, Copper Mill-lane, Walthamstow, Essex Address, Mrs. Wilkes.

MARGARITA.—It is impossible to answer all your many questions. Directly Apollo was born he is fabled to have killed the serpent, Pytho, whom Juno had sent to persecute his mother, Latona. "Io Pæan" is a hymn sung in his honour in consequence, also an exclamation of joy used in speaking to the other gods. The Castalian spring, or fountain was situated on Mount Parnassus, and was sacred to Apollo and the Muses. Apollo was the lover of Daphne, but she endeavoured to get rid of his importunities by flight, and, imploring the aid of the gods, was changed into a laurel, on which Apollo adopted that tree as peculiarly sacred to himself. Apollo is called the "Great Lycian king," because he had a temple at Lycia, in Asia Minor, where he was fabled to pass the winter, going to Delos for the summer.

M. M.—Holy Scripture gives us no information as to Elijah's father or family, save that he was a Tishbite, a native of Gilead, on the east bank of the Jordan.

MUSIC.

MURIEL MABEL ALICE.—Write to the authorities or the secretary and inquire the meaning, and the names of the books which you require to read. "Evening Harmonies" would be more suitable.

KATIE M. C. and MARIE.—Admission to the Royal Academy of Music is by examination (fee, one guinea) which is remitted on admission. Entrance fee £5, fees for instruction £10 per term. There are twenty-four examiners, severally residing in various parts of England, in Edinburgh, Dublin, and the Channel Islands. Apply for all further information to the Secretary, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W.

HOUSEKEEPING.

UNDINE.—The brushes used for the floor can be obtained ready-made only in France, though they might be ordered at a brushmaker's, and obtained, perhaps, here. Beeswax is the only thing used, we believe.

ALMA.—The old custom of offering cake and wine to visitors is now quite obsolete, and afternoon tea seems to have taken its place.

ISABEL B.—Perhaps a little ammonia might be useful in taking out the stain. The capital of the new kingdom of Italy is Rome.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUCY OF ELLANGOWAN.—There does not seem to be any story about the origin of the motto; if it is the custom to rise early, you of course must conform to it.

TOPSY.—They always taste more or less of the clay.

ALICE H.—Thank you for the pamphlet. We always sympathize with our girls in their attempts, though we are compelled to criticise them.

T. M. E.—We hope your parents will consult a doctor for you, for your digestion seems seriously out of order, and your general health weakly and low.

RUBY.—Read "Comedones," page 174, vol. ii., and follow the advice of "Medicus," using a mild transparent soap.

EDITH LICHFIELD. If the neuralgia be in the face you should have your teeth examined, as the cause may be detected in one of them. 2. Write, and lay any drawing upon a higher desk, or table.

the Extra Christmas part of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," is now ready, price Sixpence.

CONTENTS:—

Frontispiece—YOUNG LADY BOUNTIFUL.

The Curate's Daughter. A Story. By ANNE BEALE. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

Christmas. A New Song. By CIRO PINSUTI. Illustrated.

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As it is expected that there will be a great demand for "Christmas Roses," the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are advised to secure their copies without delay.—ED.

(*Drawn by CHARLES GREEN.*)

IN THE GLOAMING.—(Ballad Picture, No. 1.)

VOL. III.—NO. 97. NOVEMBER 5, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW TO PLAY BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

By LADY BENEDICT.

THE next sonata to be considered is *Op.* 14, *No.* 2, *in G*. It has been said that Beethoven himself explained this sonata as a dialogue representing the entreating and resisting principle. The first movement seems, however, to amount to a serious quarrel, and it is generally taken to represent a dispute between man and wife. She makes her request at first gently and coaxingly. In bar 7, after the double bar, the left hand passage seems to denote a stern refusal, and 11 bars farther on begins a persistent and vehement demand, answered angrily and mockingly below; then a pause; then the first subject again. It works up to a climax at the pause after the triplets on the dominant seventh on *D*, where the two voices have been heard alternately above and below the accompaniment. Then, again, we have the original request repeated softly, as at first, and the lady has her proverbial "last word."

Be very careful after the double bar, when you have the triplets in the right hand against two notes in the left. The difficulty is augmented in this case by some of the bass notes being *staccato*, but as the bass is here the subject it must be kept in strict time and made prominent.

The *andante* seems to fall like oil on troubled waters; there is a sense of repose about it quite refreshing after the preceding

A REHEARSAL.

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turmoil. It has three variations, the first having the theme in the left hand, the second in the right hand at the half-beat. In the third, the second of the three semiquavers is always the note of the melody, but it should not be particularly accented on that account, as the subject cannot fail to be distinctly heard running through the whole. Take notice that the final chord is *ff*, those preceding it being *pp*.

The last movement, which Beethoven has called *scherzo*, to describe its jocund character, represents the entire happiness of the reunited couple. Just as the sun always seems brighter than ever after a storm, so they are more than usually joyous. She is in a playful mood, and evidently full of fun, as the opening indicates, though in the second subject in *C* we have a touch of genuine feeling. The frolicsome element, however, soon re-enters, and, with mutual assurances that they will never quarrel again, the whole ends merrily with the words, as it seems to me, "Never more, never more," this time, wonderful to relate, the gentleman speaking last! I hope their promises were faithfully kept.

The lively character must be brought out in your performances, a great contrast being made in the *legato* melody in *C*. The run beginning in bar 12 must be played carefully in time, three sets of 3 notes and one of 4. In the reply below the group of 4 begins the run. One is tempted to get them in as one can, without attention to the accent, but it sounds unfinished and slovenly. You will easily find out for yourselves the frequent imitations throughout the movement. One, however, I think, demands a special mention. I mean that in which the voices alternate above and below the triplet accompaniment, reminding one of the similar case in the first movement, the form being retained, the sentiments reversed. You see that even the decrease in the distance between the replies is adhered to. It is an exemplification of the oneness of idea which the great master had in his works.

8. *Op.* 13, *in C minor.*—That Beethoven should, contrary to his usual custom, have given this sonata a name is an indication that he attached a special importance to it. He called it "Pathétique," and by that title it is universally known. We are equally familiar with the names "Moonlight" and "Appassionata," but these were not given by the composer himself. There is also internal evidence pointing to the fact that its author felt in it a more than usual interest. It is furnished with an introduction of an eminently impressive and poetical character. This cannot be too grandly and broadly given; nothing is more distressing than to hear it played in a common, matter-of-fact manner. Of course, I do not mean that accuracy in time is to be disregarded; on the contrary, I would recommend you to count eight in the bar until you are quite sure of it. But correct time and right notes do not alone constitute a good performance, though they go a great way towards it. To render properly what is termed pathetic, we must play with pathos, we must breathe the spirit of the composer, and reproduce in the hearer the feelings which prompted him to write as he did. And this applies to all music. But it cannot be accomplished in a moment, or days, or weeks, or months. After years of patient study we shall still discover new beauties and meanings hidden to us before.

The first chord in the introduction is loud—a great crash, and the remainder of the bar *piano*. So also the second, after which there are occasional *sforzandos*, which must on no account be overlooked. The semi-demi-semiquavers in the last and preceding bar want great delicacy, and are charmingly in contrast with the climax just before.

Then we start off at full speed with the leading theme, which has an agitated accompaniment, and we soon come to the second subject in *E♭ minor*. Here we have a difficulty I have already pointed out several times—viz., the quick alternation of phrases above and below the accompaniment. I have come to the conclusion that the difficulty is more one of the brain than of the fingers. We think about the notes above while we play those below, and long before the moment to move the hand up arrives we begin to play wrong notes from pure nervousness. Now, if we can succeed in reaching the *first* note of each phrase in time, and quite clearly, the real obstacle is overcome, and we ought to be able to finish it correctly. You will tell me that is easier said than done, which is quite true; but if we want to do something easily we must not select Beethoven's sonatas. After the repeat we have part of the introductory matter in *G minor*, and then fragments of the principal subject alternating with an allusion to the introduction, which might, perhaps, escape your observation, being now in even instead of dotted notes. After this we have a left-hand passage, evolved from our leading theme. The second subject is not introduced in the working out. Then follows the ordinary repetition *in extenso* of both subjects, in the primary key of the movement, with a grand climax, and the opening of the principal theme once more repeated, with a strong *crescendo*, brings us swiftly to the end.

The *adagio* could not be more thoroughly in contrast with what precedes it. It is very calm, the sweet flow of the melody being interrupted only by the *A♭ minor* episode, and subsequent modulations. On the resumption of the theme the accompaniment is in triplets, which are first introduced to accompany the episode.

The *rondo*, which is of a lighter character than any other portion of the work, must be played with great precision and emphasis, the first and third of the bar receiving their due accent. The *A♭* episode in the middle, consisting chiefly of minims, is given a little farther on with a running bass, which should be played in a very detached manner, and, withal, not obtrusively. At the next entrance of the leading theme the last part is given to the left hand. Near the end there is an imitation in *A♭ major* of the initial notes, and after two bars, *pp*, an impetuous rush, and the conclusion *fff*.

9. *Op.* 2, *No.* 1, *in F minor.*—This opens in a spirited manner, and, indeed, the first movement is cheerful and animated throughout. The triplets in the subject must be played equally, and this will be a test of the strength of the left-hand fingers. There are no very formidable obstacles, though perhaps the syncopated notes in the bass, just after the allusion to the second subject, may prove troublesome on account of the cross accents. The *adagio* is in quite another style, very sweet and quiet. In the *D minor* episode, beginning in bar 18, the accompaniment of thirds requires very distinct playing. If the fingers are not lifted from the notes as the next are struck the result is confusion. In bar 30, and a similar one afterwards, the first two notes of the triplets are in the treble, and the last two in the bass, so the middle notes of the triplets fall together; and be particular about this, otherwise they sound like groups of four.

The *minuet* is very charming, a peculiarly beautiful effect being made in bar 12 by the addition of that *G* instead of the simple repetition of the phrase; it has, the second time, an appealing sound. In a subsequent allusion to the last two notes the grace note becomes a quaver, a very original and happy device.

The *trio* is capital practice for the fingers, and the fourths in the right hand are sure to give you trouble. Beethoven evidently anticipated this fact, for he has himself fingered them, and I am sure that, knowing this, you will strictly follow the marks.

The last movement is delightful; one thoroughly enjoys playing it, it has so much "go" in it, and is grateful and effective in the extreme. Play the three first chords very *piano* and the others in strong contrast, but all *staccato* and quite together. If you split them in the least, the character is gone. The quiet little bit which follows soon gives way in its turn to a resumption of the original figure, after which we glide gradually, almost imperceptibly, into the second theme, full of passionate tenderness. The double bar is followed by an entirely new melody, portions of which are, later on, interrupted by fragments of the leading theme. After the return to the first subject you will find a shake in the left hand; it is, however, a short one. The movement ends with a reference to the principal theme, this time the chords being in the left hand and the *arpeggios* in the right.

10. *Op.* 10, *No.* 3, *in D.*—One of the most interesting and beautiful of all. You will see for yourselves how wonderfully rich it is in ideas, there being, besides the first and second subjects, so much new matter. The principal subject must be very clearly given out, and care taken in bars 5 and 6 to keep it *legato* in spite of the *A's* above. In bar 11 and the following the melody is an octave higher, the left hand having the *A's*, of which the second must be well marked. In bar 39 and the continuation it is very important that each hand should be prepared to take up its part at the right moment. The four first notes of the leading theme are subsequently made very prominent, beginning from bar 66 in the bass. The two hands take them immediately afterwards in contrary motion, and this passage is difficult, owing to the constant skips. The best plan is to learn it by heart, as there is no time to look at the book when playing so quickly. The *staccato* bass, so frequent after the double bar, should be well brought out, and a great climax obtained preparatory to the return of the leading theme. The observations on the first part apply with equal force to the second. It concludes with an exciting *crescendo*, which must be worked up to the highest possible pitch, the last two chords being struck together and in exact time, as the slightest *rall.* would be fatal.

The *largo* affords a grand opportunity for the display of fine touch. It is one of the most lovely of Beethoven's slow movements; there is something indescribably touching in its speaking melody, and you cannot obtain too rich a tone for its presentation. The whole requires a poetical rendering, but mechanically it is fairly easy. After the return to the subject in the middle there is a bar in *E♭*, in which the melody is in an inner part, and subsequently it is given to the bass, first *pp*, and gradually working up to a *forte*. Notice the ascending *sforzandos*, which cannot be too strongly marked. All ends calmly, however, an allusion to the subject bringing the movement to a close.

The *minuet* and *trio* are simple and graceful. In the former the passages of imitation, each a fourth higher than the one preceding it, should be played vigorously and with marked accent. The first bar of the shake is awkward on account of the two melody notes in the same hand, but you must not use the left to facilitate matters, as it must hold down its own dotted minims. In the *trio* the crossing of the hands, especially for the very high notes, constitutes a great difficulty and I would suggest the following plan. Take all the treble notes written in the lower stave with the right hand, bringing up the left hand to the

triplets at the second beat, and after three triplets, *i.e.*, on the second beat of the next bar, let the right hand take the triplets again. Of course, this is only to be done where the high notes occur to prevent crossing hands, and I think it is a legitimate way of simplifying a very awkward passage, and much better than a wrong note every now and then which otherwise is almost unavoidable.

The *rondo* is quaint and fanciful, the subject, with its frequent rests, its pauses, its sharp transitions from *forte* to *piano* and *vice versa*, and its altogether wavering character, being peculiarly captivating. The portion after the first double bar requires force and vigour. It is difficult, and sometimes the harmonies are so peculiar that we are apt to leave off, thinking we have made a mistake. Practise well the passage following in octaves, and endeavour to make the notes perfectly equal in time and strength. The leading theme at its re-introduction has a varied accompaniment, which is changed again the last time of all. In bar 25 from the end the two demi-semi-quavers are unexpected, and the octave *G* a little difficult to get clearly. A wonderful effect is produced by the four bars of syncopated chords near the end, and a fragment of the subject murmuring in the bass finishes the movement and the sonata.

11. *Op.* 22 *in B♭*.—The vigorous opening of the *allegro* is by no means easy, in fact, the whole movement is crowded with difficulties, which, though by no means insurmountable, suffice to keep one constantly on the alert. Bar 4 and the three next are quite smooth in contrast to the jerkiness of the context. There is hardly time to get in the turns in bar 10, but it must be effected, and without clipping the time of the next note. In bar 16 and the few following guard against the inclination to split the third, especially in the long stretches. A little farther on the left hand has semiquavers again; they are not to be obtrusive—merely a quiet murmuring accompaniment, and even when they increase in sound they should still be smooth. This is to be noted, especially at bar 25, where the order of the semiquavers is reversed. We soon have the second subject in F, and then a right-hand passage, which taxes rather severely the third and fourth fingers, and is on that account excellent practice. The octaves near the double bar, both before and after, need looseness of the wrist combined with power. They are frequently referred to during the working out—in fact, the bass is almost entirely built upon them, being, however, strictly *legato*, while they are originally *staccato*.

The *adagio* begins with an expressive melody. The touch must be varied; in the runs the utmost delicacy is requisite; in the melody an almost vocal quality should be obtained. In bar 35 and the following the first note of the subject must be heard, and you will find it requires some little skill to be able to accent one note more than another when struck together in the same hand. For instance, in bar 35 the *G* must be a little louder than the *E*; in bar 36 the *C* than the *A*, and so on.

Immediately afterwards, where the two hands work together in semiquavers, the occasional melody notes must be brought out like a little moan, and the three *crescendos*, before the return to the subject, marked.

The *minuet* is light and graceful. You will find a rather long stretch in bar 6, but as the *C* and *E* are not held down, I dare say you can manage it. Certainly, Beethoven has no mercy for the left hand. The *minore*, however, is very much simplified by good fingering; in fact, it cannot go smoothly without, and though it seems slow at first, it is much quicker in the end to take every finger as marked.

The effective *rondo* is one of Beethoven's most charming compositions. The subject itself is exceedingly elegant, and is, like many others from the same pen, principally in consecutive notes. Its return is each time prepared with exquisite art, in such a way that we feel it comes quite naturally. Bar 22 and the following, where we have thirds in the left hand and demi-semiquavers in the right, need some little attention to keep the former detached and the latter smooth. Later on the imitation should be well brought out, and not, of the numerous *sforzandos*, overlooked. A lovely variation is effected by the left hand taking up the melody, accompanied exclusively by *F's* above. The second time the right hand has it in split octaves, and here the occasional skips, though small, make it a little difficult to keep quite *legato*. The last variation is one of triplets, and it is followed by a *coda*, which brings to an end this delightful movement.

12. *Op.* 26 *in A♭*.—One of the best-known of all, and I think I may safely say the greatest favourite. Its construction is uncommon, the first movement being an air with variations, the third a Funeral March. The theme of the former is of great beauty. Do not handle it roughly; let it be very smooth, nicely-phrased, and full of tone and expression. Var. I. is flowing and elegant. Notice the frequent accents on the second beat and the third melody notes in an inner part, bars 4 and 12. In bars 23, 24, and 25 the demi-semi-quavers are quite light, and the *sforzando* notes firm, and held their full time. Var. II. has the melody in the bass. In bars 1 and 2 the first note is accented and held, all the others being light; and after this point the melody notes are the second, fourth, and sixth semiquavers of the bar—viz., at the half-beat. Keep the right hand quiet throughout, lifting each chord as soon as struck. Pupils are apt to play Var. III. too quickly, there being so few notes compared with the preceding one. It is in the minor, and is mournful in character; and if this is not carried out, the contrast between it and the next following is done away with. In Var. IV. the bass is almost throughout exceedingly light. The principal difficulty lies in the hands constantly changing from one part of the piano to another. You must be very wide-awake to keep it up without stumbling. The original bass notes are the second and third times each repeated; and here the semiquavers require great looseness of the wrist. Var. V., the last, is perhaps the most beautiful. After a few bars in triplets we have groups of four, with the theme in the middle part. This, of course, must be so played as to be easily distinguishable. A new melody, forming a little *coda*, appropriately concludes this charming movement—a complete and perfect work in itself.

The *scherzo*, full of gaiety and fun, should be brightly played. When the theme is accompanied by quavers, first in the right and then in the left hand, they are to be even and quiet, the melody coming out well. The trio sounds like an endeavour, though a fruitless one, to quell so much buoyancy. The figure of the *scherzo*, though at first kept under, reappears at last as in the beginning.

The majestic *andante* is headed "Funeral March on the Death of a Hero," and, in accordance with this title, it was produced with great effect in London (having been arranged for a military band) on the occasion of the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. Let it be sustained and grandly mournful. A chief feature is the *crescendo* in the demi-semiquavers after the first double bar, intended for a roll of drums: they begin very *p*, and work up to a great *f*; be careful to observe this equally in both hands.

We could not have a more thorough relief than the spirited *allegro* which ends the work. It is quite a study, and must be practised as such, each hand being worked separately for a long while. The subject is sometimes above and sometimes below, and there is hardly time to prepare for what comes next, so quickly do the hands have to take up their respective parts. The fingers are apt to run away with you, especially in the passage beginning in bar 32, and this must be guarded against, or you will have to slacken when the more difficult part re-enters. In the middle there is a repeat something like the one in the Funeral March, with its strong *crescendos*. This sonata, one of the most diversified of all that Beethoven has written, is a veritable drama, and in it almost every feeling and emotion are forcibly depicted.

13. *Op.* 31, *No.* 3, *in E♭*.—One cannot help thinking that in writing this work Beethoven must have been endeavouring to portray the condition of mind known as indecision. It seems almost as though someone were trying in vain to come to a resolution; we often think he has done so, but are many times disappointed. This wavering character pervades the first movement, though the difficulty, whatever we suppose it to be, is certainly solved satisfactorily at the end.

Mark strongly the great contrast between the detached style of the subject and the flowing melody in *B♭* beginning in bar 46. In the eighth bar of the second subject the third beat consists of twelve notes, a great many for the time, and you will find they have to go very quickly. The melody of which I am speaking is preceded by three *F's* in the left hand, which require great force, and must be made quite a feature. In bar 21 before the double bar the grace note following the shake is *B♮*, the next crotchet being *B♭*; pupils often overlook the difference. Mark the accent strongly in the bass to the long shake on *C*. The first note of the bar following the conclusion of the shake is *f*, but the rest quite soft; a great command of the fingers is needed to sink thus suddenly to a *p* after a vigorous passage. The semiquaver figure of bar 20 is employed in the working out; you will, perhaps, discover an inclination to play it as though the first were a grace note, thus striking the second with the beat; this, however, must be checked, the first semiquaver falling with the first, third, and fifth quavers of the right hand, and not a second sooner. The quavers of bar 39 to 43 inclusive should be light, and those which so admirably prepare the return to the subject very *legato*. We have no fresh difficulties after this, unless one may mention the left hand semiquavers quite at the end. As the passage is identical in the treble you must practise it particularly well, that no weakness may be detected in the bass.

The *scherzo* might almost be termed a *staccato* study. The principal difficulty certainly lies in the looseness of wrist and lightness of finger indispensable to the right production of a *staccato* touch; besides which one is so liable to forget that the fingers are to be lifted at once, especially where the right hand goes smoothly. Bar 35 and the following are excessively hard, and the same passage repeated in another key near the end perhaps more so. The eleven last bars are almost invariably played by pupils without any regard to the expression marks. Please notice that the first four are *pp*, and not the least increase in tone should be made till the 5th. In the 7th we begin a *decrescendo*, and the concluding quavers should be merely a whisper.

The graceful *minuet* and quaint *trio* form a charming combination. After the double bar in the *trio*, gradually work up the *crescendo*, and give immense force to the *B♭'s* just before the return to the *p*. The *minuet*, as you doubtless know, is an old-fashioned dance, and here and in the *coda* the dancers and their music seem gradually to fade away in the distance.

The *presto* has the ring of a Hunting Chorus, and is an example of light music in the best

style. The passage, beginning bar 42, presents one of the few instances of Beethoven repeating himself. In the first movement of the sonata Op. 7 in the same key, bar 44, you will find almost the identical notes. I have not yet given you this work, but, of course, in chronological position it is quite early. But to return to the one under consideration. As the *finale* is to be very quickly played, it is in no part easy, but it is especially difficult towards the end where the left hand has the subject sometimes very high in the treble, and the skips, particularly the last ones, have to be quickly effected. The figure of the accompaniment is independently introduced before the two pauses on split chords, and we have snatches of the subject between.

14. *Op.* 90 in *E minor.*—The general directions for the performance of this sonata are given in German, the first movement being headed (to give the translation of one of our learned critics) "with vivacity and throughout with expression and sentiment." It is most fervent and passionate in character, and, as it is very quick, your fingers are likely to run away with you unless well under command. The second subject in *B minor*, beginning bar 56, is immensely difficult, the left hand stretches being large and the semiquavers quick; the right hand notes should be played as *legato* as possible, and with a rich full tone. The various repetitions of the principal theme, with sometimes unexpected modulations, remind one of the devious turnings of a maze. The second section of the subject, beginning in bar 9, is given, just before the temporary change of signature, to the left hand, and here the right hand passages will want careful fingering and practice.

For the second movement we have the following direction.

Tuneful and vocal indeed is the leading theme, and the second section of it particularly fascinating. The melody commencing bar 41 is eight bars later given with a third added above, and an accompaniment in contrary motion, which produces some very curious harmonies, the effect being quite beautiful when all goes smoothly. The movement, though a long one, does not present many difficulties, as it consists mostly of the repetition of the subject, the fourth time the melody being in part given to the bass, in which case care must be taken to impart to it in the left hand all the expression previously obtained in the right. The last few notes of the first subjects are played with towards the end, first in one hand and then in the other, the opening being given once more with a persistency which might prove wearisome were the theme less exquisite.

15. *Op.* 27, *No.* 2, *in C♯ minor.*—Commonly known as "The Moonlight," and headed by the composer, "*Sonata, quasi una Fantasia*"—"almost a fantasia"—though it is much more orthodox in form than many of the others. The direction, *senza sordini*, means without dampers, the dampers being removed by means of putting down the pedal. The pedal is, therefore, to be used throughout the first movement, being, of course, raised for an instant every time the harmony is about to change, so that there should be no confusion. There is no necessity here for the soft pedal. The subject must, of course, be made prominent, and as it is almost entirely played by the fourth finger, it is a little difficult to bring out well. It is, therefore, I think, permissible to strike the melody notes in some cases slightly after the accompanying quaver, but, mind, only slightly. Many of the bars increase in sound towards the middle, and then diminish again, giving an impression of waves or the swell of the ocean. Only quite at the end is the figure of the subject given to the left hand.

The second movement has a great charm, with its alternately *legato* and *staccato* phrases. After bar 8 the right hand has a slight variation, the occasional *staccato* being kept up by the left alone. In the *trio*, play the *A♭* in the bass firmly, as it ought to sound through four bars, and the *D* a little farther on even more so, and be sure not to repeat any of the tied notes.

So far the sonata is easy enough, and you will probably not be prepared for the difficulties which await you in the *presto*. The first eight bars are *p*, with the exception of four chords, marked *sf*. You see, it is always the first of the two chords which is to be accented; the second is quite soft, and there is no *crescendo*. The first quaver in the bass where it falls alone should have just a little accent. In the *f* beginning bar 9 see that you keep down the *G♯*, which is held while the *legato* notes above are played. The shakes in bars 30 and 32 are not easy, especially as the following octave is *sf*. Play the chord in bars 33 and 37 very firmly, and begin the succeeding runs in the most delicate and fairy-like way. Seven bars before the double-bar one is apt to accent the grace notes in the right hand too much; the stretches being long, it is difficult to avoid this. But you must endeavour to do so, and to strike the *D♯* precisely with *G♯* in the bass. In bar 11 of the second part the second subject is transferred to the left hand; and to play the semiquavers above well wants great independence of the hands. Bar 20 of this part is exceptionally difficult. Thirty-eight bars before the end begins a passage which looks rather puzzling, though in reality it is quite simple. Suppose you count eight in the bar, then the first of the four even demi-semiquavers fall on the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth beats. Each of these demi-semiquavers is tied, so when it comes to the chord on the first, third, fifth, and seventh beats, there is only one note—viz, the highest—to be struck, all the others being held. In the fourth bar, however, the demi-semiquavers are replaced by semiquavers, and there, of course, *B♯* falls on the second beat. The *arpeggios*, commencing twenty-four bars from the end, are to be grandly played, and each chord in the bass with a great crash. Do not hurry the little notes ten bars farther on, and after the two octaves, *adagio*, start off once more briskly, not again altering the speed.

(*To be concluded.*)

ABOUT MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

LET us look well to the soil in which the root is planted, and prepare it carefully—let us guard the health of the tree as it grows and flourishes from day to day, and then it will bring forth fair flower or rich fruit according to its kind; let all mothers look well to themselves, and then will it be well with their children—our sweet buds of girlhood, our young men going forth in their strength to labour for full harvests of God-directed work. And what mothers need so much our constant care to lift them up, to make them stand on high ground, and feel and know their lofty responsibilities towards this world and the world to come, as the mothers who reign in the home of our labourers and artisans, who now, in their children, are shaping the men and women of the future that will form the mass of the people? And what better or nobler work can educated Christian ladies find than the work of helping their less favoured sisters on in such a road? This is the work that mothers' meetings lead forward bravely, and this is the work to which our girls may early give a helping hand.

Now, in every matter, an ounce of practical experience is worth more than a pound of theory, and so, to be of the most use we can to our girls in making plain and easy such work to them, we will relate the way in which we started a course of mothers' meetings in a retired country parish, where the population is scattered, and where money is not too plentiful. It will be owned, on all sides, that these two latter facts were not exactly promising for such an undertaking as that of which we are speaking, and that therefore our success augurs favourably for those who begin under more hopeful circumstances.

We set about the establishment of our mothers' meetings with a capital of something over 30s. in our hand, and having thus laid our foundation on what must be admitted to be somewhat narrow means, our next duty was to make the rules for our society. Now the writer being regarded as the most literary lady of the village, was called upon to draw up this document, but her time being always in nearly as limited a state as our funds, she hit upon the following expedient of economising it on the present occasion:—She seated herself at one table to write a long letter to an old Bible-class pupil who had lately become a soldier, and placed at another a lively-witted young woman, who was to be among those whom we call our helpers in our meetings, and who is possessed of the pen of a ready writer; then she carried on dictation and correspondence at one and the same time. This was the way in which our rules were drawn out, and the only things we aimed at in their formation were brevity and simplicity. These were the chief points insisted on in them: "That no woman of evil conduct or character should remain for a day a member of our society; that no one should be allowed to do anything in the work-room to disturb or annoy the rest; that the removal of anything which might be looked upon as common property, such as needles, cotton, &c, should be visited with a fine; and that our society, after the

above mentioned small capital was expended to start us, should be self-supporting."

We had some doubts on one point only: Should babies be admitted into the matronly conclave? It seemed as if their exclusion

"OLD MARY."

must certainly exclude many a mother with them; but, after grave consideration, we made up our minds that there was no help for it. The babies must be kept out; their voices would be utterly incompatible with the calm and order for work and reading which it was our object to establish. We have not found our rule for the exclusion of babies work at all against the success of our mothers' meetings, but it must be mentioned that in other societies of the same sort we have heard of their admittance; on the whole, however, we think that it is best if, for the short period while the meeting lasts each week or each fortnight, the mothers can be freed entirely from all home cares. There is generally an elder sister or a neighbour who can be answerable, for a while, for the children.

Our plan, after having once done this, is to make every woman pay for a garment, completed by her for herself or her family, before she takes it away, and then the money is laid out again in buying fresh stuff for work; thus we adhere to our rule in the most natural, straightforward way of making the society self-supporting. It must be confessed there is, now and then, a slight confusion in the mind of our treasurer about the value of three shirt-buttons; but let that pass, for in her hands our funds are never found to fail. It is not compulsory in our society that our women should use the material we provide—they may bring work of their own; we think this freedom is allowable and desirable in all mothers' meetings.

Another point on which we are very liberal is, that we admit old widows, and girls who, through their mothers' deaths, are become the mistresses of families in their fathers' houses. We should advise all such societies to make the same exceptions to their general rule of only admitting mothers. With regard to all their rules we would say study in the wording of them conciseness and plainness, or rather do not study at all. Just write down what you would say to labourers' and artisans' wives if you were sitting in their cottages talking to them on the subject. We would recommend all to cling most strictly to those rules that shut out from our workroom women with the faintest stain on their daily conduct, as it helps to hold up on high the standard of a lofty, moral, Christian tone, which is so needed among our lower classes, and which it so well becomes a lady, who is worthy of a lady's name, to show forth in all she takes in hand. Our rule, too, with regard to our society being self-supporting is one to be dwelt on and observed, for it teaches our poor men's wives independence and self-reliance—a lesson which they too often want. Lily-like whiteness of life, a right sort of pride, that would rather spend 6d. gained by honest labour than 1s. received as a gift—these are two of the things which our mothers' meetings should strive to teach, and which they may and do teach our more scantily-educated women in the long run;

OUR VOCALIST AT HOME.

and surely our English girls may be glad and thankful if they can at all help towards such a result. And our girls may give most useful help, as we know by experience; they may go to our mothers' meetings to read, to set the work in order, to talk to the women, each doing her utmost according to her talent, each making the most of the advantages which God has given her over her poorer sisters in education and in much leisure time, but employing that education and that time to brighten, and lift up, and benefit them.

A HAPPY AFTERNOON.

Mothers' meetings, founded and kept going by Christian ladies, should never begin without prayer and Bible-reading. We want to hallow to our women the symbols of common daily work which they hold in their hands. We want to make them feel that the Divine Master is as really with their children as at Bethany, where He went in and out as a familiar friend; and so with prayer and with Scripture words would we always strike the keynote of our mothers' meetings. But let the prayer be short and simple, and suited to the wants of those who are to join in it; let the Bible-reading be not too long. We would not wish to wear out our women's attention for sacred things. When the reading of the holy word is over, and every one sits with her work in her hand, then one of our helpers, who are always chosen from the better educated girls in our parish, takes up a book and begins to read, and this reading goes on, with sunny little intervals of chat and laughter, till the end of the meeting, which should never last longer than two hours. The mothers cannot afford, and ought not to afford, more time away from their homes. The choice of books must, of course, rest with the managing ladies, and

with the taste developed by their audience. We think that, in general, story books, with good religious teaching in them, suit best.

The women generally show a liking for tales about people in a higher rank than their own, and the quaint sharpness and aptness of their remarks often bear testimony to the way in which they are entering into every particular, and enjoying the different touches of character.

We spoke, just now, of the strips of conversation which come in between our reading, and talking is one of the things which ladies, and especially young ladies with quick wits and sympathetic hearts, have to do at mothers' meetings. It does these women good for women of a higher education and more gentle breeding to talk to them about everything, about their children, their husbands, their thoughts and feelings on different subjects, their household affairs; it is like bringing them, for a while, into purer and sweeter air. Often, too, in this way, precious seeds, that shall spring up into blossoms for life eternal, may be dropped into many hearts, as the words of the Christian lady touch some sacred theme and dwell for a few moments upon it, and thus the mothers' meeting becomes the ante-room to the holy of holies, into which the mother herself first enters, and then leads husband and child.

It is quite indispensable at a mothers' meeting to have, among those whom we call our helpers—that is those who come to overlook—one person who is clever at cutting out and putting work in order. It is seldom that the class of women for whose benefit mothers' meetings are intended know much about this part of needlework, and we should be sadly at fault without one such directress among us. We must also appoint one of our upper members to take into her special charge the gathering together and putting away of scissors, thimbles, &c., at the end of the meetings, or the result will soon be that all our properties will quickly share the fate of the contents of the naughty girl's work-box in the fairy tale, which were endowed with such lively propensities for taking flight all over the room.

And now as to the class of women that should attend at mothers' meetings. We can speak best a few practical words on this point by glancing round at the members of our own society. Here sits old Mary; she is one of the elderly widows, to admit whom, as has been before said, we slacken our rules a little. After all Mary is a mother, though her babies were men and women long ago. Mary cannot see to use her needle, but she is useful in winding skeins of yarn, and all such odds and ends of work, and she looks forward to her mothers' meeting day as a young beauty does to a picnic. See cannot read, but she takes a shrewd interest in the books that are read, and if you sit down by her for a chat she can tell you some stories that would not look bad in print. She can tell you how, twenty years ago, as she worked merrily in the harvest-field, an incautiously handled scythe made a deep gash in her foot, and how the reapers and the binders stood by horror-stricken to see the blood come rushing out, while she grew feeble and fainted, and all were either too frightened or too unskilful to move a finger in her help, until, at length, her brave young mistress, who was a soldier's granddaughter—a soldier that fought under the old Duke—and showed, in truth, that she was a soldier's child that day, came stepping lightly down into the harvest field from the old manor-house, and bound up the wound as quickly and calmly as if she had been a hospital-nurse. She can also tell you how God took her youngest, her best-beloved, her Jim, and how she wept and would not be comforted, until one night her Father in Heaven sent her a happy dream, in which her boy stood beside her, whispering to her about the golden city from which he had come back to visit her, and where he waits for her in the beautiful Home above.

Here is one who can use her voice yet better than her needle, though that is nimble enough as it goes gliding in and out, leaving the smooth, even stitches behind it. Listen to her on Sundays, as her lips send out a sweet wave of sacred melody in the choir; ask her now, as she sits at work, to make the room ring with the air of some old English ballad, and you will allow that her voice outstrips her nimble fingers. But with all the harmony that is in her, she has to bear, in her home, a good deal that is not exactly harmonious in the way of a long succession of babies, and though she is one of the best mothers that ever rocked a cradle, and will tell you that the baby now in office is endowed with every mentionable charm and talent, and has learned to say her grace before she can speak, she finds her quiet two hours in the mothers' meetings an inexpressible rest and refreshment amid the toils of the week.

Here are two cottage neighbours, whose youth was all one shadow of poverty, the paths of whose married lives have been strewn with many a rough stone of trouble, whose feet have been soiled in the mire of too close contact with sin; here, in the mothers' meeting, they are brought, for at least a short while every week, into a healthy atmosphere of thought and feeling; here they enjoy a little simple, rational amusement; here, best of all, they are touched with a gleam of gospel light.

Such are some of the women to whom our mothers' meetings come as a great blessing, and there are many others; they come along muddy country lanes, through driving rain and icy wind, and come gladly. In a town or a less scattered village mothers' meetings would probably have yet greater success. In such meetings the ladies and those of higher education should sit among the poorer women, doing as much, or more, by the indirect power of influence as by their skill and method in the management of the society. Girls—young English girls—here is work for both your busy hands and active brains; come into the mothers' meeting room, and do something for the Master.

ALICE KING.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

BABY HUGH.

AFTER one sharp cry there was silence. Dessie never, in later life, forgot the sickening terror which she felt, and saw reflected in Anne's face, as they lifted the child from the ground. She would have rushed away to summon Ella, but Anne's agonised entreaties withheld her; and while she hesitated the blue eyes opened, and the stunned stillness was exchanged for a low fretful wailing.

"He is better now," she said, breathing freely again. "He will be all right directly. I really was frightened about the poor little fellow. I can't think how you managed to let him fall."

"I don't know, Miss Dessie," said Anne, pale and shaking still. "I really don't know. I wasn't thinking; and you called out so sudden."

"It was very stupid of us both, and that is the truth," said Dessie. "I shall take care another time to see what you are after before I ask you to look out of a window. The best thing for the bump would be that stuff that Mrs. Fitzroy always has for his bruises; it keeps down the swelling so nicely. Let me see!—oh, yes! I saw her lay it in this drawer the other day. She said she liked to have it at hand. I thought so—here is the bottle. Now, Baby, pet, I am going to put some on, and that will take away the soreness. It was just on the top of the head that he fell, Anne; and you see it hurts when I touch him. Don't start away, Hughie. There, that will do for the present. He will be all right now—he is hardly crying at all, you see; and, really, I don't think he looks more pale than he did before with his cold. He won't feel anything by to-morrow, I expect. Don't look so miserable, Anne; it is a mere nothing, after all."

"No, miss—yes, miss—but——" and Anne wore an expression so utterly woe-begone that Dessie asked—

"Why, what *is* the matter? You need not begin to cry, now the worst is over."

"You don't know, Miss Dessie," faltered Anne, with heaving chest. "Oh, you don't know! Missis will be sure not to keep me when she hears. She warned me yesterday that I wasn't careful enough, and she didn't think I would do. And if Miss Fitzroy hears of it she will never help me to a place again; she will say it is my own fault, and that I deserve it. And it will just break mother's heart."

"Is your mother ill?" asked Dessie, her sympathies enlisted immediately on Anne's side.

"Yes, Miss Dessie; she has been ill

for months; and father is in hospital; and I've been so long out of place; and they did count so on my staying here; and I promised mother so faithful that I'd take care and not lose it for no fault of my own; and I've been trying so hard. I don't know *what* they'll say," sobbed Anne. "To lose it for such a little thing—just an accident—and no character——"

"But, Anne, you have only been here ten days; you would go to your last mistress, not to Mrs. Fitzroy, for a character."

"She's gone abroad, miss; and I couldn't get at her. Mother *did* count so on my staying here," repeated Anne, with a look of extreme distress. "I think it'll just kill her."

"I don't believe you will be sent away, Anne, for such a little thing," said Dessie.

"Oh yes, indeed, Miss Dessie; I'm quite sure to be. If it was anything else it would be different. But Master Hughie —anything to do with him—oh! Missis will never hear of keeping me, nor Master either — I'm quite quite sure. And poor mother——"

"I should be sorry for you to lose your place through me," said Dessie, quickly, allowing herself no time for reflection. "It really is my fault almost as much as yours, for I ought not to have startled you. But, at all events, you shan't get into trouble through my speaking. I advise you to tell Mrs. Fitzroy yourself, for it is best to be open; but *I* won't say a word, unless you give me leave; only you must mind and be very careful after to-day."

"Oh Miss Dessie, thank you!" exclaimed Anne, in fervent gratitude. "I can't say enough, but I *do* thank you; and I don't deserve it, but I *will* take care always, I will indeed, Miss Dessie. You promise you won't tell?"

"O yes! I give you my word for it. I *promise*, Anne, so don't fret any more. I think you are making rather a fuss about nothing, I must say; but now I suppose you will be happy. Will baby come to auntie?" and she tried to lift him from Anne's knee, but instead of responding as usual, he turned from her complainingly, and clung to Anne.

"He has been a good deal like this the last two days, Miss Dessie," said Anne. "His teeth seem to make him fractious."

"Poor little man!" Dessie said, kissing him. "I hope he will soon be all right. I don't like to see him so dull. Mrs. Fitzroy is a very long time with her visitor, Anne. I am afraid I must not wait for her, or I shall be late home. Tell her I was sorry to have to go. You will take great care of baby till she comes? He seems inclined to go to sleep."

"I'll just sit here quite quiet, Miss Dessie; and sleep's the best thing for him. He didn't have a good night."

Dessie felt that there was no more fear of further heedlessness on the part of Anne than on her own part, and she left the house, not sorry to avoid meeting Ella immediately after what had occurred. On her way home, having time to think matters over, she was by no means satisfied with herself. Anne had certainly shown the most blameworthy heedlessness; and although on this occasion she might possibly have done the child no serious harm, there could be no security for her greater heedfulness in the future. Surely Ella ought at least to have been warned—ought at least to have had the option of retaining or dismissing her.

But Anne alone was not to blame. Dessie knew that well enough—had acknowledged the fact unhesitatingly. She too had been in charge, as well as Anne. She too had shown heedlessness, as well as Anne; she, too, bore the responsibility of the accident, as well as Anne. And Dessie could not help feeling that the knowledge of *this*, and not only pity for Anne, had caused her readiness to yield to Anne's desire for secrecy.

Dessie was vexed with herself and with the sensation of relief which she could not suppress, at its being now out of her power to acquaint Ella with what had happened. "For it is out of my power," she argued. "It was just like me to make such a promise without thinking. But now I *have* promised, I can't undo it. After all, I don't see the use of bothering myself. Children have bumps every day of their lives, and it would be very hard for Anne to lose her place, just for one moment's forgetfulness. So perhaps it is a good thing after all that I did promise."

Dessie tried to believe that she really thought this.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

ANECDOTES OF A PARROT.

WE had a parrot once whose aptness of speech was so remarkable that it was difficult to believe the bird was not possessed of the same intelligence and reasoning powers as a human being.

Two instances of this may be given as specimens of Polly's capabilities.

One fine summer's morning, a young woman bringing a message to the house was asked into the kitchen, and while, as she supposed, quite alone there, a rather gruff voice remarked that it was "a very hot day," which it certainly was.

As she did not previously know of the parrot's existence, she was considerably startled, and would scarcely believe it was really the bird who had spoken to her.

Another day Polly's cage was hung up on a tree near the poultry-yard, where a fight for supremacy was going on between two cocks, and the gardener, who was at work hard by, distinctly heard Polly say, "You idiots! Bran" (calling to the big dog who lay asleep in his kennel), "Bran, bite them! bite them!"

ROSIE AND THE DOVES.

AMONG the many pets we kept years ago when living in the country were a beautiful but rather wild-natured cat and an aviary of doves.

Judge of the dismay with which we found one morning that Rosie had been shut up all night with these doves, and was even then lying in an inner cage fast asleep in the same nest with two unfledged little birds.

Of course, the first impression was that Rosie had made a supper off some of the inmates of the aviary, but on counting them not one was missing, and the involuntary prisoner, on being released, was found to be ravenously hungry, which made her forbearance in the matter all the more extraordinary, and may well be noted as a wonderful piece of self-denial.

CAPTAIN BLUFF'S TRICK.

YEARS ago a lady residing in Chelsea had a large and favourite cat, called Captain Bluff, who, among other tricks, had one of jumping up at the door and raising the latch. On one occasion he was the innocent cause of a great fright, although it turned out afterwards to be amusing also.

Unknown, as it is believed, to the mistress of the house, who was spending the evening with a neighbour, the servants were entertaining a select party of friends, and were in the height of their enjoyment, when footsteps were distinctly heard descending the staircase, and, presently, to the horror of the inmates of the kitchen, the door-bolt was slipped, and they found themselves securely fastened in!

Of course "thieves" was the first thought of everyone, and it is recorded that the solitary man of the party turned palest of all at the bare idea of such a possibility; but, most fortunately, just as some of the women showed symptoms of hysterics and fainting fits, a loud and unmistakable mew revealed the intruder.

It was Captain Bluff, who, coming down uninvited to supper, had accidentally slipped the bolt instead of raising the latch.

How relieved the party were need not be told. Still the situation was not an agreeable one; there was no second door to the kitchen, and the window was firmly guarded by iron bars, and even if they stopped a chance passer-by, the hall door was locked, and no one could get in by it to release them.

They were on the verge of despair when the housemaid suddenly remembered that she had left the back door unlocked, and by that fortunate circumstance they eventually escaped from durance vile, but not until some hours had passed, and "missus" was expected back every minute, for they had to wait till the watchman went his rounds (it was before the days of policemen), and by enlisting him and a ladder into the service, an entrance was obtained over the garden wall.

CONSCIENCE IN A DOG

BRAN, the big dog mentioned before in the parrot anecdotes, showed himself conscious-stricken on one particular occasion. We were staying at Yarmouth, and Bran, who was allowed perfect liberty, was *lost* for one entire day!

At night, just before the house was shut up, he made his appearance very tired and travel-stained. Being met at the hall door he was rebuked and his offered paw not taken, in token that he was in disgrace.

His nightly resting-place was a cellar, where he had a comfortable straw couch provided for him, and his usual custom was to run downstairs immediately to his bed and supper; but on this evening he remained at the top of the stairs and cried and whined piteously.

Presently my brother said, "You must come and make it up with Bran, or the poor fellow will cry there all night!"

Accordingly we opened the door, and one by one shook Bran's paw in sign of forgiveness, whereupon he quietly walked downstairs, and after eating his supper with avidity, curled himself up on the straw and went to sleep.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

GENTLE WORDS.

USE gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart!

In lonely wilds by light wing'd birds
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only griefs had grown.

"PROVIDE THINGS HONEST"; OR, THOSE TWO YOUNG HILLS.

By GRACE STEBBING, Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

"AND pray, miss, what may you be wanting?"

This question was addressed to a young lady one afternoon, by a woman standing behind the counter of a small shop in a quiet street in Islington, and the answer was so long in coming that we will meantime go back an hour in the day to tell how Margaret Hill came to be out on an errand that she was so timid about explaining.

Mrs. Hill had been suffering with a bad headache ever since she got up that morning, and as the heat of the day increased it had become so much worse that she had told her two young daughters she must go to bed, leaving them to dine without her, and spend the remainder of the day according to their own inclinations.

"You had better take a good walk, I think, girls," she said, pausing a minute at the door of the sitting-room before she went upstairs. "I shall get well more quickly, I expect, if I am left quite to myself, and fine days at this time of year should be made the most of."

Then Mrs. Hill went upstairs, and, while Margaret sighed, lovingly, "Poor mamma!" her younger sister ran across from the window at which she had been standing, seized her round the waist, and danced with her up the room. This little unexpected ceremony completed, she set her free again, with the laughing remark—

"There, madam, you are taller and older than I am, but you are not so strong, you see."

"Nor so thoughtless and unfeeling either, I am glad to say," answered Maggie, reproachfully. "Whatever can you be thinking of, Nelly, to act like this when mamma is suffering? You have quite bewildered me."

"So it seems. Poor, dear, ruffled-up-the-wrong-way, old Dolly," said Elinor, laying her cheek against her sister's as she spoke. "But don't be too shocked, Maggie dear, for I really am very sorry that mamma is not well, although I can't think a headache such a solemn affair as you do."

"If you do not, you need not laugh and dance about it," retorted Margaret, with her fair cheeks still flushed rather indignantly. And Miss Nelly's laughing face grew more serious as she answered—

"But I am not laughing and dancing about any such a thing; only it does seem so delightfully fortunate that you should get such a splendid opportunity to go out and sell our collection, without mamma's discovering the matter."

Margaret's face cleared suddenly. Some weeks ago the idea had occurred to the two girls to earn some money for the purchase of a new silk dress for their mother by the manufacture and sale of a number of little articles such as they saw in bazaars and fancy shops. Making the things had proved easy enough to their clever young fingers, but the last few days they had grown rather despondent as to the possibility of disposing of them without their mother's knowledge. For months they had not been outside the house door without her, and a request to take a lonely walk would certainly arouse her wonder and questions. As Nelly remarked, "What could be more opportune than the present liberty?"

"How stupid of me not to think of it!" exclaimed Maggie. "Why, it's the very thing, Nell. What o'clock is it? I wonder whether we should have time to go before dinner?"

"It would be much safer if we could," said Nelly, eagerly. "Mamma's headaches are such uncertain things. She may be quite well, and up again, two hours hence."

"You speak as if you thought that would be half a calamity," replied Maggie, but with a smile this time, instead of angry astonishment.

The end of the matter was that Elinor decided to stay at home, in case their mother should want anything, or should wonder why dinner was served late; and Margaret, burdened with a full carpet bag, and overburdened with a long string of injunctions from her young sister not to let the things go too cheaply, and to take care that she was not robbed of the money they gained on the way home, started out on her first expedition as a saleswoman.

Elinor watched her sister from the window with sparkling eyes as far as she could see down the street, and then seated herself at the table with a pencil and a piece of paper to make a calculation of the sum that Maggie would have in her purse when she returned.

There were twelve pen-wipers, and innocent, inexperienced young Elinor Hill put opposite that first entry "Twelve Shillings." One or two of them were so tastefully ornamented with small, brilliant-coloured feathers, that Nellie paused for a few moments in doubt whether they should not be priced at two shillings each. She had seen some, a little while since, not a bit prettier, ticketed at half-a-crown. However, it would be nicer to get more than they expected, instead of only the exact sum she counted on; so she jotted down her "twelve shillings."

Twelve book-markers came next—"six shillings."

"Twelve pairs of dolls' boots and shoes—nine shillings." Most dainty little affairs, made out of kid gloves and odds-and-ends of silk and cashmere. As Nelly jotted down that item her heart glowed with pardonable pride as she murmured the ejaculation—

"And they may just think themselves lucky folks to get them for that!"

"Twelve dolls' bonnets and hats, six shillings."

"Doll's ornamental bed and bedding"—Maggie's *chef d'œuvre*—"five shillings. And much too little too," was again the commentary on the price. "But I know Maggie won't ask more; she is always so humble about the things she has done herself."

Then "Twelve dolls' aprons and pinafores—four shillings."

Altogether the list was quite a long one. There were dolls' frocks and muffs and jackets, sets of table mats and little bags, pincushions and thimble-cases, each and all of which Elinor Hill priced according to bazaar prices. When every article of their manufacture had been set down and duly valued, Nelly reckoned up the amount, and clapped her hands for joy when she found her sum amounted to very little short of the required number of pounds.

"Why," she murmured, gladly, "with another fortnight's work we shall have all we want!" And full of that satisfactory thought, she flew up to the bedroom to turn over the precious bag of scraps which had proved so useful lately. Meantime, golden-haired Margaret pursued her way with light feet. It must be confessed that her heart beat somewhat rapidly, and her cheeks were very flushed, but those were the effects of a timid dislike to walking alone and having interviews with strangers. In her mind there were no more misgivings than in her sister's as to the success of their loving undertaking.

CHAPTER II.

"'IT IS NAUGHT,' SAITH THE BUYER"

MAGGIE walked on steadily, as one who perfectly well knew her destination. More than a week since the two girls had been out with Mrs. Hill for an afternoon's constitutional, during which they had stopped at a second-rate, all-sorts kind of fancy shop to buy some stocking cotton and exercise-books. The owner of the shop had been very civil, and, while Mrs. Hill was choosing her cotton, she had offered a number of small articles for the inspection of her younger customers, with the remark that she always took care to have on hand a good selection of pretty and useful nick-nacks to suit all ladies' tastes.

"Capital, Maggie, capital! she'll be just the very person to buy ours," whispered Elinor, pulling her sister outside the door whilst their mother paid for her purchases.

More deliberate Margaret looked somewhat doubtful as she replied—

"How do you get at that conclusion, Nell? She keeps on hand a good collection to sell——"

"Just so," impulsively interrupted Nelly. "But if she has them to sell, she must buy them first, don't you see?"

Nelly's reasoning, as was often the case, brought Maggie over to her way of thinking, and when they returned home the bill in which Mrs. Hill's change had been wrapped was carefully taken possession of, and the name of the shopkeeper and the name of the street in which she lived at once learnt by heart. Thither Margaret was now bound.

When fair-faced young Maggie reached the shop she stood for at least five minutes looking at the things in the window, as though making up her mind which of them she would buy. In reality, she was concocting the sentences with which she meant to offer her dainty wares, and trying to lay in a stock of breath with which to give it utterance.

At last the shop-door was pushed open, and the carpet-bag carrier entered. But alas for the efforts of the past five minutes! When Dolly got as far as the threshold she stood still again in a sudden panic. She had forgotten every word of her speech, and she was almost breathless!

The shop-owner stared at the new-comer with considerable surprise, as was natural, and at length rather sharply asked the question with which the chapter opened—

"And pray, miss, what may you be wanting?"

Neither Mrs. Budgen's temper nor her wonder were improved or lessened by the reply. After a further short pause came the astonishing answer—

"Thank you—I—I—think—nothing."

"Umph!" exclaimed the woman, with a sort of snort. "If that's the case, then I'll say good-morning to you, miss. I'm going to my dinner."

And, so saying, Mrs. Budgen flounced round, and had actually entered the little sitting-room behind the shop before her unsatisfactory visitor arrested her with the hurried cry—

"I—I—beg your pardon—I mean—something."

Maggie was afraid of the shopkeeper, especially now that she had aroused her to such a state of hasty impatience, but, to confess the

truth, she was still more afraid to think of facing Miss Nelly with the admission that she had made no attempt to accomplish the object of her errand. She made a desperate effort to fight down her nervousness. Walking forward to the counter, she hastily lifted her bag on to it, and, with trembling fingers, undid the clasps. She next proceeded to undo the paper coverings of the doll's bedstead, which had been carried separately for its greater safety.

Meantime, Mrs. Budgen returned to the shop, and stood looking on with a countenance more mystified than before. She was not used to such nervous customers.

"Is it anything of matching that you've come about, miss?" she asked at last, doubtfully.

"Matching!" repeated Maggie, in an absent tone, and as if she did not know what the word meant.

"Aye, miss, matching!" was the snappish answer. "I suppose you're after wanting to match some silks, or wools, or tassels, to some of the things you've got there—isn't that it?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Margaret, with sudden energy at the idea that some imputation of incompleteness had been cast upon her goods. "No, indeed! they are all finished off beautifully, I am sure you will find, if you will only kindly just look at them, please."

It was Mrs. Budgen's turn to repeat words now.

"Look at them! look at them!" she said twice over, while her companion hurriedly pulled out of the bag parcel after parcel, and displayed the contents before her astonished eyes. "And pray, miss," she almost gasped at length—"and pray, miss, if I may make so bold as to ask, why may it be that I, of all people, am to look at all these fal-lals here?"

"Oh!" answered Margaret Hill, in tones of gentle assurance, her courage and confidence reviving as her eyes rested on the really pretty collection she had set out. "Oh! I should like you, please, to look at them before you buy them, and I know my sister would too, to make sure that they are all right and perfect."

Her voice was perfectly decided in spite of the slightly nervous tremor still lingering in it. Nelly making her calculations at home did not feel more innocently certain that their merchandise had only to be offered to be accepted than did Maggie. Poor Maggie!

Having finished her little speech, Margaret Hill was about to raise her eyes to her listener's face, to receive the expected gracious assent to her reasonable proposal, but the next moment she started back from the counter as if she had been shot.

The woman gazed at her for an instant with eyes that literally blazed with anger, and then let loose her indignation in words.

"Before I buy them! Before I buy them!" she shouted, in shriller accents than her listener had ever had to submit to before. "Do you mean to say that you've kept me all this while from my dinner, and dawdling here, to look at your trumpery rubbish because you thought that I'd buy it! I wouldn't give you a shilling, no, nor a paper of pins, for the lot, so there."

With those last words, happily for poor, young, inexperienced Margaret Hill, Mrs. Budgen turned sharp round, and once more retired to her sitting-room, and her half-cold dinner. Had she remained in the shop most decidedly the startled and terrified girl would have run out of it, and left all the tasteful little affairs made by her sister and herself at the shopkeeper's disposal, even without so much payment for them as a paper of pins. As it was, the packing was the most difficult task that Maggie had ever performed in her life, and the elegant bedstead was huddled into its wrappings with an utter want of the admiring care that had so shortly before been bestowed upon it by Elinor.

(*To be continued.*)

ETIQUETTE FOR ALL CLASSES.

So many are the queries put to the Editor of this Magazine on the above-named subject—as may be observed by readers of the correspondence columns—that it may not be offering "too much" of a good thing to collect together fugitive remarks, and answers already made, and to supplement them in the form of a separate article.

The word "Etiquette" signifies a "Ticket," and owes its origin to the ancient custom of presenting a card, containing a list of directions and regulations connected with attendance at Court, to those about to be admitted. As employed by us, it therefore denotes the whole collection of laws by which, in all countries, though customs may vary in each respectively, "polite society" is inexorably governed.

Much that has reference to etiquette may be found, not merely under the title of "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," but likewise in "The Art of Letter-Writing," "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," and "Dinners in Society." But as multitudes who read this paper never dine "in society"—as we understand the expression—and to whom much advice that has been already given must be altogether superfluous, I gather up a few ideas, partly suggested by the correspondence, which may meet the position and circumstances of this class, as well as the better informed.

In the article entitled "The Foundation of all Good Breeding" I endeavoured to demonstrate that certain rules which may appear very trifling are the natural offspring of the highest and noblest feelings. In the present article I wish to point out the fact that amongst these rules of etiquette there are some which belong as much to the young girls of the working class as to those in a higher position. Furthermore, that they are positively essential to their morals and preservation, not alone from the gross evils to which their more or less unprotected situation may often expose them, but also from making most unfortunate marriages, plunging them in pecuniary difficulties and distress. From these remarks it will at once be apparent that the point from which I now regard the question of good manners is that which has reference to the deportment of our girls towards those, of all ranks and ages, not of their own sex.

In common with others, I have been amused, yet even more shocked, with the strange questions raised as to the conduct of young girls and women with reference to young men. Hitherto an extraordinary amount of freedom, and reckless want of caution, as well as of self-respect, has been winked at by the parents of respectable girls of the middle and lower classes, simply because many of them were brought up, or, as I have heard it graphically described, "dragged up," in the same utter disregard or ignorance of the risks run, by infringing the common laws of female self-restraint, tact, and propriety.

At this moment, as I write, my thoughts have been interrupted by loud laughter outside my open window. I looked up to see three well-dressed, fine-looking girls—two of about seventeen years of age, and one rather younger—and, as the habit is of many young people, they accompanied their laughter by rolling about, like boats in a swell, first on one side, then on the other, and tumbling up against one another in a very ungraceful way. I enjoy hearing the happy sounds of merriment amongst the young, and can sympathise in the freedom from care, and the keen sense of the ridiculous, which result in laughter at almost an inappreciable joke—for I was one of that class myself, in

" . . . the days that are no more!"

But such *abandon* and complete freedom of action are inadmissible elsewhere than within the precints of home, or in that of an intimate friend, when all around are on familiar terms; with the merry-makers within some garden enclosure; in a country field, and amongst familiar associates; or at some comic entertainment. But even under such circumstances as these there should be an ever-abiding self-recollection, and slight self-restraint, when in the company of young men; and loud laughter and rolling about are by no means what may be commonly understood as "ladylike," under any circumstances, and outrageously the reverse in the streets.

"Why so?" I think I hear some readers inquire.

Because such utter disregard of propriety, such a public and uninvited display of your feelings and emotions, such an attraction of notice to yourself—directing all eyes to you, even of the "street Arabs"—invites the intrusion of men into your party of merry-makers, naturally disposing them to join you, to learn the nature of the joke. And in thus forcing their acquaintance upon yourself, remember that it is not with feelings of deferential attraction, but with a full appreciation of your lack of proper dignity, and of that amount of maidenly reserve which a girl should always maintain when in the company of acquaintances of the other sex, and even more so in the presence of utter strangers.

Perhaps some may wonder that I should dwell so long on this point. But their surprise will cease when I direct attention to a query recently made, by certain evidently respectable and well-meaning girls, in the correspondence columns, who inquire "how they should act in reference to the strange men who continually address them in the street, and sometimes make an excuse of asking the time, and then join them in their walk, as they (the girls) do not wish to be rude and impolite to them"! The answer given was that such impertinence is generally the result of some lack of dignity of demeanour in themselves—some ill-timed and unseemly laughter or loud talking, inviting the attention of strangers—or from looking in a man's face as he passes. A girl's conduct is thus very often misunderstood, and she has to pay the penalty. Acquaintances are continually formed in this way that may be most unsuitable, and lead to grave and disastrous results. Besides this, they are formed clandestinely, and might be highly objected to by the parents.

I know, from information obtained from domestic servants of my own family, that it is permissible in their class to allow a man to address them without any introduction; and, if found agreeable by the girl, she consents to his "keeping company" with her, should he desire it.

Now, to you, my young friends who belong to this class, I more especially address myself, and tell you that of which you are now quite unaware—that etiquette forbids any man presuming to introduce himself to you; that it is a gross act of impertinence, and

shows that he thinks you of little account, and free to be "taken up" and dropped as quickly as if you were nobody, and no one cared into whose hands you might chance to fall. Just, for example, as they might pat a stray dog in the street, and throw him a bone, without asking anyone's leave; treating you, in fact, as if you were a poor "waif or stray," to whom he paid a compliment by offering to take a walk with her!

Should respectable young women become so cheap and common as this? Turn over, I pray you, a new leaf. Etiquette requires the introduction of a man to a woman, whether she be what is called a "lady," or a working girl. Your characters, the comfort of your future homes, and the happiness of your lives mainly depend on the acquaintances you form with persons of the opposite sex. You are perpetually asking about the same rules of etiquette in reference to them; and I trust that a proper knowledge of them will prove a valuable and efficient safeguard to you in your much exposed and unguarded condition of life.

From this class of my readers I now turn to one raised a little higher in the social scale: those who belong to what is called the "middle class," the youthful members of which appear to be as equally anxious to learn all that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can tell them respecting the rules which should guide their behaviour towards the other sex.

The etiquette to be observed in meeting an acquaintance requires the lady to bow first, as she has the right to look another way, and avoid meeting his eyes (if, for any motives of prudence, and to escape from unacceptable intrusion, she should prefer to ignore his presence, and avoid an interview). In this case, again, the above-named code of rules provides for a woman's defence. At the same time she must beware of appearing to "cut" anyone by allowing them to see that passing them without a bow of recognition was intentional. This would be an act of exceedingly bad taste, and actual rudeness.

Should a stranger be walking with your gentleman friend, when you bow to the latter it is the duty of that stranger to raise his hat to you likewise, but while so doing he should look down, and not meet your eyes during that bow, because such a formal act of respect does not involve you in any acquaintance with him, nor should it lead you to think he means to intrude himself on any subsequent meeting, when no bow on either side should be made. Of course, however, at the time that your friend raises his hat, in acknowledgment of your recognition of him, you should extend your bow, and look towards his friend (if he raise his hat) in return for his salutation.

A foreigner, and an English highly-bred man, will raise his hat on meeting a lady in a hall or passage, or in a narrow path, bringing him closer to her than otherwise he needed to be. This he does merely to set her at ease, and prove that she is in the company of a man who knows how to show her all due respect. But, as in the former case named—if a bow from a stranger—a gentleman should not look at the lady when so raising his hat; but there should be a marked gravity and reserve in his manner and his general bearing.

Again. It is against all rule for a girl to give or receive presents, unless the recipient or giver be one of her own sex. I do not, of course, name this as a rule of universal application; for your first-cousin, with whom you may have grown up on terms of the greatest brotherly intimacy, or your uncle; or a middle-aged man, who is an old family or personal friend, might give or receive any little token of friendship, first premising that these mutual gifts be openly given, and with the full knowledge of his wife, and your own people. "Your good must not be evil spoken of"; in other words—what you may do honestly and innocently is not to bear the smallest appearance derogatory to your propriety of feeling, nor be permitted to bear the least misconstruction.

Of course, when once you have plighted your faith to a man, the case is quite otherwise. Gifts may pass between persons betrothed to each other without fear of misconstruction, and with perfect propriety.

Excepting in reference to business matters, the rule which forbids the exchange of gifts holds good in reference to correspondence.

In meeting an acquaintance out of doors, it would be ill-bred on a man's part to stop you for conversation. It is incumbent on him to turn and walk your way for a few paces, to communicate what he has to say. But this rule does not extend to old gentlemen, nor to near relatives.

In taking a carriage-drive accompanied by gentlemen, whether relatives, old friends, or strangers, except in the case of a very aged man, they should never take the back seat, facing the horses; nor should you offer to resign your place in their (a man's) favour, as that would imply that they did not know the most common rules of good breeding in reference to one of the gentler sex. But suppose the case of your driving with ladies only. If the carriage be your own, request your guests or family to enter first, and assign the best seats to them; at the same time inquiring whether, to escape a cold wind, any of them would prefer to drive backwards; or, whether any young person, who would naturally take a seat with her back to the horses, would suffer from giddiness or sickness from going backwards. If a guest yourself, offer to sit backwards by placing yourself in that position; but yield to the wishes of the hostess, if she appear decided in her desire that you should take the other seat. It would be ill-bred on your part to keep her waiting to seat herself, while you were arguing with her about the occupation of her own carriage! To "do as you are desired" is a golden rule in all cases connected with etiquette.

While on the subject of your conduct in a carriage, I must remind you to sit well into a corner, so as to throw back the shoulders and elbow on the inner side. Perhaps you will ask, "Why sit crooked in a carriage, when you tell us that it is a vulgar habit to do so on a chair?" It is simply because on a chair it has an appearance of discomfort and insecurity which are unpleasant to others; whereas in a carriage the appearance is one of comfort, ease, and security; and, above all, it is to give more room to your next neighbour; and to show respect and politeness, by turning yourself facing more towards them, instead of turning your shoulder to them, and so by sitting square occupying too much space, and thus selfishly incommoding them.

Though comparatively a trifling matter, I may tell you *en passant* that by well-bred people—or at least those persons of this class who have been carefully taught, and have been observant of the modes of speech employed by those very conversant with such matters—the word "ride" is never employed with reference to a carriage, coach, or sleigh. It is always substituted by the word "drive." The latter word does not merely denote the act of holding the reins and managing the horses; it equally signifies that you are being conveyed after this manner, and you drive by proxy. If, for instance, you said (to be consistent), "I took a ride," or "I have been out riding," it would be understood to mean that you had been on horseback. When you go out in any kind of vehicle, you must say you are going to "take a drive," or have been driving; for the horses that conveyed you along were not "ridden," but "driven." To say you were going "to take a ride" in any vehicle would be to stamp you, if not as a vulgar person, at least as a well-bred one whose training in etiquette had been neglected, or who had not had the advantage of associating much with highly-bred persons of their own station in society.

There are certain other applications of words that are quite inadmissible in society, although used by many whose position and good breeding in all other respects are unquestionable; for instance, the word "parlour" in lieu of "dining-room," unless employed in speaking of the small apartment doing duty in the double capacity of drawing and dining-room in a very small house or cottage. In schools the term "parlour boarder" is employed; *but then there* is much to be learnt on leaving the best school by young people going into society as they can all testify themselves.

Again, a custom obtains in Germany of extending the official title of a husband to his wife; but while I have heard persons of undoubtedly good position, and living in upper circles of society, speak of women by the professional rank of their husbands, I have likewise heard the strange incongruity commented upon of hearing such expressions from such persons. Thus, you should never say Mrs. Dr. Dash, or Mrs. Commodore Blank, or Mrs. Major So-and-So, or Mrs. General, and Mrs. Archdeacon "Chose."

Again, do not ask for "a drink of water," say "a glass of water," nor ask for a "bit" or a "slice" of anything. To say "be seated" or "take a chair" are likewise vulgar ways of asking a friend to "sit down." And I may here observe that on paying a visit, if the lady of the house, or whoever may represent her, be out of the room when you arrive, you must stand until she appear; or, at all events, if fatigued and obliged to sit down, take care to rise before her entrance.

Should a gentleman call on you, or come invited to any meal at your house, it shows great ignorance of the usages of society to take his hat from him, which he is bound to bring into the drawing-room with him; unless he be a medical man, who, when paying professional visits, must, by the rules of his profession, leave his hat and stick in the hall. Half-bred people usually torment a man about his hat, and will sometimes even place it in the middle of the table as a mark, I suppose, of respect!

To go out of doors in the act of finishing the arrangement of your out-of-door toilet, and before your gloves are put on, is very objectionable; but nevertheless it is, perhaps, one of the most usual of small misdemeanours.

I have observed that "our girls" are much in the habit of saying, "Kindly *pass* your opinion on my writing," instead of "kindly oblige me with," or "give me," or "would you be so good as to criticise?" or "pronounce an opinion?" all of which modes of expression would be correct.

But the limits of a single article forbid the further multiplication of examples of under-bred expressions and inelegancies. Any further hints for your guidance on the subject of a suitable selection of words and course of conduct must be reserved for a second paper on the rules of etiquette. In the latter I propose to enter fully into the question of complimentary and family mourning, giving the relative degrees of its depth, the style and nature of the costumes, and the term of duration allotted for its wear.

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

INEXPENSIVE JERSEY WONDERS.—To be eaten hot, never later than three days old. 1 lb. butter, 4 lb. flour, quarter pound of sugar, 1 egg, well beaten, with sufficient water to make all the ingredients (with a large teaspoonful of baking powder) into a paste. Knead it well, and roll out as you would for pastry, cut into portions three inches long and two broad, make two slits lengthways in each, and plait the three pieces down in a plait of three, so as to make a shape like a small French roll. Lay them when done on a flat dish ready for boiling. *Boiling.*—Put into a deep stewpan 1 lb. of fresh lard; when it boils drop into it four wonders; they will almost immediately rise to the surface. Turn them about with a steel fork until they are of a rich brown colour, take them out with a strainer on to dishes to dry. Be sure the lard boils again before you put in others, as if it bubbles at all it is a sign the lard does not boil, and the wonders will be spoilt.

CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.—To every pound of fruit allow 1 lb. of loaf sugar and a quarter pint of water. For this purpose the fruit must be used before it is quite ripe, and part of the stalk must be left on. Weigh the fruit, rejecting all that is in the least degree blemished, and put it into a lined saucepan with the sugar and water, which should have been previously boiled together to a rich syrup. Boil the fruit in this for ten minutes, remove it from the fire, and drain the fruit. The next day boil up the syrup and put in the fruit again, and let it simmer for three minutes, and drain the syrup away. Continue this process for five or six days, and the last time place the fruit, when drained, on a hair sieve, and put them in an oven or warm spot to dry. Keep them in a box, with paper between each layer, in a place free from damp.

QUICKLY-MADE AND SIMPLE PUFF PASTE.—Take 1 lb. of dry flour, rub into it 8 or 10 oz. of butter and lard, in thin flakes, placing them on a plate, until nearly all the shortening has been absorbed; mix a little water with the remaining flour, until it is a stiff paste; roll this out as thin as possible, arrange the flakes of butter and lard over it evenly, fold it up and roll it out; fold and roll till the pastry is thoroughly mixed; line your tins, put in mince, or preserve, cover, place in a quick oven, and in about ten minutes they will be of a delicate brown, and will rise to the twenty flakes, which is the ambition of most cooks to attain. The whole affair will be over in half-an-hour, if the artiste has a quick light hand.

RASPBERRY SANDWICHES.—Take one breakfast cup of flour, three-quarters of a breakfast cup of castor sugar, 3 large eggs, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix the flour, sugar, salt, and cream of tartar together, beat the eggs up well and mix them in, pour a dessertspoonful of boiling water upon the soda, and add that to the mixture; after beating it all well together, spread thinly on well-buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven. Cut up in slices and put layers of jam in between; sprinkle a little powdered sugar over the top.

MUD STAINS FROM FRENCH MERINO, TO REMOVE.—Dissolve a little carbonate of soda in water, and wipe the stains with it.

PAINT OR TAR FROM HANDS, TO REMOVE.—Rub the hands with a little butter or grease, and then wash with soap and water.

TO KEEP MOTHS FROM CLOTHES.—A few clippings of Russian leather laid in the drawers and boxes where the clothes are kept.

SPOONS FOR BOILED EGGS.—Cheap bone spoons are the best with which to eat eggs Silver spoons become discoloured, owing to the sulphurous matter contained in the eggs. The quickest method of removing these stains from silver spoons is to rub them with salt between the thumb and finger.

HOW TO KEEP YOURSELF WARM.—Should there be insufficient clothing upon the bed, lay a sheet of brown paper, or newspaper, under the quilt. This will answer all the purposes of a good blanket, and without a heavy weight. A sheet of paper wrapped round the body under the jacket or mantle is a great comfort during a cold winter walk.

APPLE TANSY.—Pare some apples, cut into thin round slices, and fry in butter. Beat up half a dozen eggs in a quart of cream, and pour them upon the apples.

GINGER WINE.—Six gallons of water, and eighteen pounds of lump-sugar. Thin rinds of seven lemons and eight oranges, and eight ounces of ginger. Boil the whole for an hour, and cool. When lukewarm, add the juice of the oranges and lemons, and three pounds of raisins. Work with yeast, and put into the cask with half an ounce of isinglass. Bottle in six or eight weeks.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

CHAPER VI.

LE MARQUIS'S BADINAGE.

DINNER was announced directly after the arrival of Monsieur St. Just, and they proceed at once to the *salle à manger*. As they sat down to table, the Marquise, while chattering gaily, to cover her secret anxiety, scanned eagerly the faces of the two brothers, as the lamplight revealed them to her. She knew the difficulties and dangers of the subject which had been entered upon by them over luncheon that day, and was eager to learn the result. Her first impression of both as she met them this evening was, that Jerome's mood was more than ordinarily careless and *débonnaire*, Etienne's more than usually grave and absent. This, coupled with his late arrival, made her fear that there might have been unpleasantness between them, on account of Jerome's debts. Probably the sum of them was greater than Etienne had told her in the morning he was prepared to pay, or Jerome had refused to accept the conditions Etienne thought right to impose upon him before promising assistance. All these fears and possibilities tormented her, and yet she contrived to preserve an unruffled brow and a bright demeanour, which effectually concealed her uneasiness from the rest. Before Damaris and the servants who waited upon them, she could not, of course, ask or receive any explanation, and could only guess the result of the interview from the bearing of the brothers, one towards the other. Directly after they sat down she heard Etienne address Jerome, using the familiarly affectionate "thou," as usual, and Jerome respond in like manner, and her motherly anxiety was at once relieved. Whatever had transpired—and she knew that she would learn all in good time—she was satisfied that they had agreed over it.

The conversation between the Marquise and her sons was so lively and amusing that Damaris relapsed into partial silence, answering only when addressed, and quietly noting the individual characteristics which came into play as each contributed his portion. It was a novel and interesting study to Damaris; never before had she met people who excited her sympathies and awakened her interest so thoroughly as did the three who had been utterly unknown to her only a few days ago, yet who were destined in all probability to be her principal companions through the coming months, perhaps years. With the Marquise and Marquis she felt perfectly at ease already. Monsieur St. Just was the most strange to her in one way, for they had hardly as yet exchanged a word, and the least strange in another. He was not at all like his brother.

Monsieur le Marquis had great and undoubted personal attractions. He was tall, broad-shouldered, finely formed, with a growing inclination to stoutness. A broad brow, curling brown hair, and large blue eyes, with an expression of languid *insouciance* in them which he himself believed to be irresistible.

Monsieur St. Just, on the contrary, barely reached the medium height, and

was compact and square in figure. He conveyed to Damaris, someway, the impression of highly-wrought steel. There was a steely flash as of hidden reserves of power in his dark eyes, and every muscle, every sinew seemed to be keenly braced to hardihood and endurance. He wore a slight moustache and the pointed beard of the Frenchman, but the moustache only veiled, without hiding, the curve of the firm proud mouth. He did not seem to be so much a man to be loved as one who might safely be trusted.

Jerome might count his victims by the dozen, while Etienne might never find one woman who could sufficiently understand and appreciate him to love him. He had not the smallest pretensions to be called handsome; his face was thin and care-worn, and his hair, even thus early in life, was plentifully streaked with grey. The different physique and disposition of the brothers was carried out even in their hands, Damaris noticed, with a half smile to herself, as they came into play over the dinner-table. Jerome had a fleshy palm, and rather short fingers, with carefully trimmed, almond-shaped nails, which said as plainly as possible that, in his opinion, Jerome, Marquis de St. Aubin, deserved and obtained more consideration than any other person in existence. His easy faith in himself often impressed the same belief on others. The hand of Etienne was thin and nervous, with a springy suppleness about the fingers that showed it to be the perfect instrument of the active brain. It seemed to be always in action, and always employed, almost unconsciously to its owner, in ministering to the comfort of others. Jerome kept his own plate supplied, Etienne was constantly engaged in attending to his mother and Damaris.

When dessert was placed on the table and the servants withdrew, the conversation became more particular.

"So you and Etienne lunched together to-day in the Bois?" said the Marquise, addressing Jerome. "We drove there; I thought we should have met you."

"We chose far too secluded a retreat, *ma mère*, in which to enact the part of Orestes and Pylades. I, as Pylades, would like to assure you that my Orestes has the most excellent soul that ever filled the body of man. I am not joking," he continued, with an earnest thrill in his voice, "though it may sound like it. I never knew until to-day how greatly blessed I am in having such a brother."

The Marquise smiled at Jerome's first words, but became pensive at the last. A passing thought cast a shadow upon her fair brow. Had Jerome accepted without demur Etienne's self-sacrificing kindness? Had he no pride? And was it not her duty to remonstrate with him for Etienne's sake?

Monsieur St. Just saw his mother's misgiving, and hastened to reassure her. For her sake, he assumed a gaiety that was not natural to him.

"And I, *ma mère*, not to be in any way behind Jerome, have made a discovery also. It is not that I have a brother who possesses a far greater power of fascination than I. That all the world knows; but beneath the light chaff of many surface faults I have found lurking an instinctive and reverential love of truth, for its own sake, which has delighted me more than I can tell you."

Meeting the astonished eyes of Damaris fixed upon his face, he added—

"Yes, he has acted with more candour and integrity than he has been credited with by his enemies, and most of his friends, and than I, until to-day, have had the opportunity of putting to the test."

Damaris's eyes wandered to Jerome's face, and discovered that he was really disconcerted by this cordial and unexpected praise of his brother. Not to seem to notice it, she turned her glance aside, inwardly resolving that Madame Argent must have given heed to too much scandal concerning Monsieur le Marquis, and that in reality he was not nearly so black as he was painted. She began to feel a little uncomfortable, to think that this conversation, trenching as it did upon matters private and personal, would be pursued more satisfactorily in her absence than in her presence, and to feel herself *de trop* at this family conclave. She tried to catch the eye of the Marquise, that she might beg permission to retire, but that lady continued in sublime unconsciousness of her anxiety.

"My children, it makes me very happy to hear you praising each other in this way. I flatter myself that you are, both of you, right."

"You think so, being, as you are, the best of mothers," replied the Marquis, "but you have dust in your eyes. I am not fit even to tie Etienne's shoe-strings, a fact which Mademoiselle Hartley confirms with a quiet little approving smile."

"Was I smiling?" cried Damaris, "I did not even hear what you said. I was too deeply studying this decanter and wondering whether it were really Bohemian glass."

"Do not try to make us believe that your thoughts are always occupied with household affairs," said the Marquis. "I believe at that moment they were soaring far beyond the region of decanters, and that you were forming the most severe judgment of men and things."

"I never allow myself to pass judgment on anybody, monsieur."

"So much the worse for those who are not worthy of, but who might be benefited by, knowing your opinion of them. Myself, for instance—I like to know what women, especially good women, think of me. I had far rather receive from their lips a frank and unqualified condemnation than be treated to a distrustful or scornful silence. I hold that none but women can rightly estimate our faults and our good qualities."

Damaris noticed this already with regard to Monsieur le Marquis. No matter what subject of conversation was started, he always contrived, directly or indirectly, to bring it to bear upon himself.

Damaris turned distressfully towards the Marquise.

"Dear madame, will you assure Monsieur le Marquis for me that I cannot be expected to know him well enough to pronounce an opinion, and that I did not come to Paris for the purpose of becoming a second La Breujère."

"*Petite*, you are here as a sort of adopted daughter to me, therefore do and say, on this and all other occasions, just as you like. Answer Jerome yourself, and don't be annoyed by his teasing nonsense; he does not mean more than half of what he says."

The Marquis laughed pleasantly.

"My mother, you see, is not troubled by any of your scruples."

"She knows you so much better than I do, monsieur."

"And thinks less highly of me, accordingly."

"I believe you accused her a little while ago of over-estimating your good qualities."

"At the time when you were supposed to be lost in the interesting study of decanters."

Damaris bit her lips, but his raillery was so perfectly good-humoured that she joined, perforce, in the general laugh at her own expense. When it had subsided, Jerome renewed his efforts to learn what her first impression of him had been. Damaris answered in desperation at last, heartily wishing that he would not persist in dragging her into the conversation—

"How can you imagine for one moment that I should allow myself to form an adverse opinion of you upon so short an acquaintance, monsieur?"

"You evade my question; you will not answer with your customary frankness. I have my reasons for preferring such a request, and I will tell you them when you know me better."

"Nay, let us have them at once, Jerome," said the Marquise, laughing.

"So be it. But I warn you I shall have to tell you a long story."

"Fill my wineglass then, first, that I may have a cordial at hand when required."

"You laugh, *ma mère*, but it is, I assure you, no laughing matter. This very afternoon, an hour or so before dinner, as I sat waiting for you in your *salon*, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a delicious reverie. I was wearied with the fatigue and excitement of the day, and very naturally, as my long limbs rested comfortably in one of your luxurious fauteuils, I mused upon the virtues of cushioned seats in general, just as Mademoiselle Damaris lost herself awhile ago in the contemplation of Bohemian glass decanters. I said to myself, 'How astonished these sofas and easy chairs would be if they were suddenly to find themselves transported into a stable or cowshed! And how equally astonished the richly-dressed ladies who throng these rooms at my mother's receptions would be if, in place of these comfortable lounges, they found nothing but straw litters.'"

"What had become of your common sense, Jerome?" asked the Marquise, laughing.

Monsieur le Marquis gravely shook his head.

"Ask Etienne what are supposed to be the natural effects of the libations in which we indulged this morning to the long continuance of our brotherly affection."

"Oh," said the Marquise, setting her white teeth into her nether lip, "but don't include Etienne in *faux pas* of that description."

"You do not understand, *ma mère*. It was precisely because Etienne did not do his part, that I had to do double duty. Water, you know, never does agree with me. I had a headache. *Voilà tout*. Ten minutes' undisturbed quietude is the best remedy for pain of that description, and therefore I glided into your *salon* without announcing myself to anyone, meaning to rest and recover my spirits."

"I wish you would glide into the subject of your story, and come to the point without further preamble."

"I am nearer the point than you suppose, *chère maman;* now listen."

Damaris, quietly observing the Marquis without seeming to do so as he resumed the thread of his nonsensical recital, had very strong suspicions that the flush on his face now and the brightness of his eyes were due to the same cause as that which had excited his reverie. She had noticed that while Monsieur St. Just constantly passed the wine bottle without lessening its contents, it never went through the hands of Monsieur le Marquis without pausing beside his glass. This suspicion shocked her greatly, and filled her with instinctive repugnance to the exaggerated story he was telling. Her eyes travelled in mute appeal to Monsieur St. Just, but his were fixed upon his dessert plate, as he traced the outlines of the painted flowers with the silver prongs of his dessert fork. Whether or not he were listening she could not tell.

Monsieur le Marquis, with admirable self-control, collected his thoughts, which had appeared to wander for an instant.

"I was in a dreamy state of mind, without being in the least bit stupefied. On the contrary, my visions were quite poetic, as I am sure you will own. From the litter of straw with which my imagination had covered the floor, I beheld a thousand grotesque figures rise. They were all female figures, extraordinarily habited. Some appeared in old Court ball-dresses; others were attired in Flemish costumes, such as one sees at a *kermesse*. The first seemed to be very much incommoded by the fresh straw on the floor, which scratched their ankles, and impeded their dainty steps. The others, in their short dresses, and with strong wooden shoes on their feet, laughed mightily at the distress of the mincing Court dames. One side of the picture reminded me very forcibly of some of Rubens' canvases—large hands, full red lips, fleshy shoulders, and full-blown faces—had an effect as enervating as your softly-cushioned fauteuils, which had vanished altogether. It was evident that they had been transformed into these full-blown dames, but how the hallucination had been effected I cannot say. These buxom creatures, to my astonishment, began to dance in clumsy fashion, making frantic springs into the air, and coming down so heavily upon their heels that they caused the sconces of the chandelier to ring again. Some of them even rolled over amongst the straw, and struggled to their feet, with their yellow or red hair sticking full of the empty blades. The elegant Court ladies attempted to dance more genteelly, but could not accomplish it. The straw stalks stuck in their furbelows, the heated atmosphere made the rouge on their cheeks run into little streaks and furrows, and their eager eyes began to express a terrible fear lest the artifices of the toilette should be exposed."

"Ah, bah! *mon fils*, what terrible nonsense is all this! There is no meaning in it whatever."

"It is all true, every word; I am not inventing. I was the victim of a hallucination, remember. To what conclusions it might have led me I cannot tell. Everything was, or seemed to be, just as I have described, when the spell was suddenly broken by the sound of a woman's voice singing. It was so near to me that I even caught the words, something after this fashion."

Here Monsieur le Marquis sang, in soft musical tones, the gay refrain of the ballad Damaris had chanted that evening, as she filled the vases and trimmed the lamps, before she discovered his presence in the *salon*.

"My dream vanished completely, and a new and stronger enchantment took possession of me. I was alone in the dimly-lighted apartment, and perfectly wide awake. The fauteuils had recovered their wooden legs, and were no longer country girls in wooden sabots; the slender candelabri, with their great hollow bases, were no longer high-born dames in crinolines. In place of such a metamorphosis, I heard the voice singing this little village tune with a freshness and sweetness of tone, of which I have not been able to give you the smallest idea. 'What!' cried I to myself, 'a country girl! Whatever can she be doing here in my mother's *salon*? I'll keep dark; perhaps I may discover. I hear a voice; maybe I'll see a vision, if I am careful not to betray my presence.' I suspended my breath to listen. In another instant the country-girl came within the range of my eyes. Twice she passed before them without seeing me, walking quickly, so close that the folds of her grey silk dress almost touched me."

"It was *Petite!*" cried the Marquise, clapping her hands. "Ah! Jerome, why did you not say so before?"

"It was someone perfectly unknown to me," continued Monsieur le Marquis, a most singular country-girl, as you will admit, for she was dressed quite like a lady. Her bronzed and crinkled hair was plaited close to her shapely head, she showed neither her arms nor her shoulders, but I saw her slender white neck beruffled with lace. Her feet were not habited in sabots, but the heels of her shoes clicked prettily as she passed over the polished floor."

Damaris listened indignantly to this description of herself, and in despair sent another appealing glance in the direction of Monsieur St. Just, feeling convinced that he, more effectually even than the Marquise, could if he would rescue her from the persecution of Monsieur le Marquis. He met her eye this time, but, to her surprise and disappointment, made no effort to help her. With a slight contraction of the eyebrow, and a disturbed countenance, he turned his head sharply aside.

"I must then defend myself," thought Damaris, with some dismay.

Nothing escaped Monsieur Jerome. He saw and interpreted the exchange of glances. Saw Damaris' mute appeal, and read the meaning of his brother's averted face. He saw also how that silent refusal wounded Damaris's pride, and stung her to a haughty self-reliance. His eyes twinkled with fun and daring.

"It is now, or never," he said to himself; "in another moment she will have a whole broadside ready."

Aloud, he continued—

"This adorable apparition struck me at once as combining the two types of my vanished vision; that is, she retained in herself the meritorious points of both. She seemed, in short, to be both a queen and a shepherdess."

"*Petite*," cried the Marquise, clasping her hands enthusiastically, "Jerome is not exaggerating now in the slightest."

Without seeming to observe it, Damaris saw a suspiciously dry, sarcastic expression upon the face of Monsieur St. Just. It nettled her exceedingly, and she was determined that the impression which the Marquis had given of their accidental meeting should not remain entirely uncontroverted. She looked across the table defiantly into the mischievous face of her persecutor, and said, coldly—

"I do not recognise the original of your portrait in the least. I am waiting for you to make it a little plainer."

"I have a good memory," said he, not at all disconcerted. "I describe exactly what I saw and heard. Being attracted by a sudden and irresistible sympathy, I spoke to this pretty country maid. She answered readily, without anything of shyness or awkwardness in her manner, which was perfectly free from self-consciousness, though characterised by truest modesty. Her freshness of spirit, her delicate wit, her light-heartedness, so gained upon me, that at the end of the first five minutes I felt someway as if I had known her all my life. I was as eager to deserve her good opinion as if she had been my own sister. Have I spoken the truth this time, Mademoiselle Hartley?"

"I know nothing of your feelings, Monsieur le Marquis," she replied, with increased frigidity, "and it certainly never occurred to me then to attribute your affability to the exhilarating qualities of the *water* you had imbibed in the Bois. I see now that even under your apparent good-will is a sharp vein of irony."

"What makes you think so?"

"Your exaggerated praises, which seem to be meant to stir up my vanity. But you have only put me on my de-

fence, Monsieur le Marquis, and caused me to feel that it would have been more generous of you not to have begun an attack upon one so inoffensive and unprotected as I. I ought to be beneath your notice."

"*Petite*," said the Marquise, soothingly, "do not be hard on Jerome, nor think seriously of one word that he has said to-night."

"*Maman*," said the Marquis, "it must be your fault that Mademoiselle *Petite* has become so bitter against me already. You have warned her of my faults."

"Indeed, no, Jerome."

"Etienne, it is you to whom I am indebted for this kindness. You have prejudiced Mademoiselle Hartley against me."

"I am not in the habit of speaking ill of anyone," replied Monsieur St. Just, in an assumed tone of indifference. He tried to appear as though his mind were full of other things; nevertheless he had heard every word of the foolish jesting in which his brother had indulged, and the expression of his face was as that of one who, for some secret reason, feels compelled to restrain all utterance of his own annoyance.

"Ah! well," said Monsieur le Marquis, "I see that for some cause or other I have for ever forfeited the good opinion of Mademoiselle Hartley, who looks capable of cherishing the most hardened feeling of revenge."

Words of indignant repudiation sprang to Damaris's lips, but before they had passed them the Marquise expressed her wish to be moved from the table.

"My children," she said, smiling, "you shall, if you are so inclined, continue the discussion another time."

Etienne sprang up to wheel her chair back to the *salon*, and, as Damaris followed, he found opportunity to say, in a low voice, which only reached her ears—

"Do not leave the *salon* after my mother retires to her room. I beg you will allow me a few minutes' conversation with you."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MADGE.—Write to Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham, the secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study. They may be able to help you. We are most thankful to hear that our advice has been of use to you.

E. H.—As you give us no idea of size nor price, we can only advise you, if within reach, to pay a visit to the Religious Tract Society's depository, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and look over the large collection of commentaries published there, or else write for the general catalogue, and select from that. We know of nothing but careful washing with soap and water.

AN OLD MAID.—Read "How to Form a Small Library," page 122, vol. ii., which will show you the best books to obtain, and also "How to Improve Your Education," page 637, vol. ii., which will give clear instructions how to use them, &c.

A GIRL.—We advise you to procure a good history of England, such as Milner's, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and a classical dictionary. The latter may be picked up cheaply at a second-hand bookstall sometimes.

DAISY D. B.—"The Midnight Sky," price 7s. 6d., published at 56, Paternoster-row, is the best book we know on the subject, with beautiful star-maps.

ONE IN A TROUB.—Read 'Sunday School Teaching," page 282, vol. i., and also many hints throughout the correspondence. To be a good teacher you must be full of interest and animation yourself; lack of preparation and langour are sure causes of failure and trouble.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—"Belize" or "Balize," pronounced "Baa-leez," is a corruption of the name of a famous buccaneer—Wallis—and is the chief town of the British settlement of Honduras, on the coast of Yucatan, Central America. The Straits Settlements is the collective name for the British settlements on the Malay Peninsula. They comprise Singapore, Malacca, Penang, and Province Wellesley.

WATCYN.—The old pronunciation is still adhered to in England, but we should advise your consulting some one engaged in tuition on the subject. There is no question of pedantry in the matter, it appears to be only a question of fashion.

HOPEFUL and EDITH MAY.—Read "How to Improve the Education," vol. ii., page 637, and leave off reading novels. Your writing is not at all bad.

EDITH B.—"Charlotte Elizabeth" was the daughter of Mr. Browne, Vicar of St. Giles, Norwich. She married first Captain Pelham, secondly Mr. Tonna, and died at Ramsgate, July, 1846, having been born in Dec., 1790. We do not think you are right in thinking selfishness the cause of so many people being lonely and sad. We think shyness more probably the reason that prevents their making known their griefs. After all, the human soul is solitary, and the "heart must ever know its own bitterness" best.

WORK.

EDELWEISS.—Write to Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard, for book on "cutting out," and diagrams for the same, price 2s., by the School Board Examiner for London.

REEVIE.—Wash-leather gloves may be washed in a tepid lather. The best foundation for a scrap screen is a coarse canvas, or unbleached cotton; both are more lasting than paper.

GYARSICK.—To suit a dark complexion you had better trim the cream-coloured silk with ruby-colour. The verses show a religious feeling, but not any originality nor acquaintance with the art of the poet. It would not even be correctly-written prose.

SENTRY BOX.—Wash the knitted socks in tepid water. New damask table-napkins should be washed before use, but we should use new table-cloths before washing. However, this is a matter of taste. See "Swiss Darning," including "Grafting," at page 314, vol. i. We are much gratified by your letter; and to hear the fact additionally confirmed by your observation that our magazine is read with so much approval by adults of both sexes, as well as by "Our Girls."

A YOUNG WIFE.—We should advise you to keep the dress until you arrive in America, as you will then see what you will require better than you can now. We think that you will find THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER at any good bookseller's.

LITTLE WYCH HAZEL.—We know of no way except washing, for which many recipes have been given. Many thanks for your poem and letter.

ALICE.—It would be wrong to take any employment from another firm which would injure your employers, and if you have the least doubt on the subject, ask their permission. Never do anything that is underhand nor sly.

LUCY.—We shall probably give some instructions on netting, but we think you will learn much more quickly if some kind friend would give you lessons. We advise you to get a roundhand copybook.

A HIGHLAND LASSIE.—"How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, 264, vol. i.

BORSE and TORTOISE.—Consult "Seasonable Dress," vol. ii., pages 401 and 620, for a pretty model of a gathered "plastron" and sleeves, for which your piece of yellow silk might be available. Your own and your sister's hands are too angular. Write roundhand copies.

MICHAELMAS DAISY and SUNFLOWER.—We should advise you to have a needle-woman in by the day to work, and alter the jackets; she will know how to take them in and make them fit.

IRENE.—Wear mourning for a parent one year only. Some people leave off crape at the end of six months, others make the same mourning answer for the year. Grenadine is the best material for summer wear. You may go out to concerts, &c., after six months.

ART.

E. M. K., WESTWARD HO, and MABEL.—See terra-cotta painting, vol. ii., page 225. Also "Velvet-Painting," vol. ii., page 304. "Bookbinding" will be found on pages 342 and 426, vol. ii. We do not give addresses.

GYPSY BRYNTON.—We think your little painting, done without any lessons or assistance, is wonderful, and we advise you to go on and endeavour to improve yourself, as you have a decided talent. There are very good books of sketches for copying to be obtained at a low price; but why not copy nature?

AHTREB.—Inquire of a first-class artist's colourman, who will tell you how and what to get. There are blocks for the purpose. Copy from the sketches in our magazine.

RENE.—Inquire of the artist's colourman where you deal. We do not give addresses.

LEILA.—You must make inquiries for yourself at some heraldic engraver's or stationer's. All work must be found by the worker herself. We think your writing beautifully neat.

LUCENIE.—You make your painting too wet; use less water for your washes, and keep the brush drier. Thank you for all your kind good wishes for our health and happiness.

MUSIC.

CLARISSA writes to say she has written to us three times and had no answer, dating her letter June 29th. We find her answer without difficulty under the head of "Music," in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of July 16, showing that she had neither looked for our answer nor read our paper.

R. S. V. P.—We think your best plan will be to call in a tuner, as few people can take a harmonium to pieces and put it together again afterwards. You write with too large nibbed a pen.

TOPAZ.—Write to the secretary for the examination papers. Clean with bath brick and finish with a little oil.

SUNFLOWER.—It is neither well bred nor kind to talk while singing is going on. Our own good feelings should be our guide in these things, and the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

A. G. B.—Apply to the Secretary, Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. "Koumiss" is a fermented drink, make from new milk. It originally was made in Tartary.

HONEYSUCKLE.—Inquire of a music-seller for a manual to suit you. If you go to bed at 10 p.m., you may rise at seven a.m. with ease, or even earlier, but young people need a great deal more sleep than older ones.

HOUSEKEEPING.

HELENA T.—We find ground black pepper an excellent preservative against moths. The furs should be brushed and beaten, and put away in linen in a tin box.

EINNA.—So far as we are aware, there is no point of etiquette involved in the question you submit to us about plum cake. A plum cake, when uncut, is generally placed on the table entire, and is only cut into slices when too much reduced, and looking too small to be produced otherwise.

PHILADELPHIA.—See "Useful Hints." We should think that the oil you name would be suitable.

POPPY.—Use oak or walnut stains, to be purchased by the quart at any oilshop, and diluted as you please with water.

ALICE.—Many thanks for the letter and recipe.

MARTHA MARY.—To fasten down the covers of preserve jars and make them perfectly air-tight, take the white of one or more eggs, according to the number of covers required. Cut some cheap thin white paper to the size of the pots, and with a brush apply the white of egg to the under side. Put the papers on the pots and press down firmly.

KATHLEEN.—See "Bread and Bread-making," vol. i., pages 350 and 439. A little fresh varnish will probably renew the brightness.

BATTERSEA PARK.—Try a little spirits of wine to the stain, which may perhaps help you. If that do not answer, try ammonia.

WOODRUFF.—Make a paste of quick lime and water, and cover the alabaster well with it. Leave it on for a day or so; wash off with soap and water.

IGNORANCE.—Use a brush and some spirits of turpentine on the varnish. We fancy the stairs were not quite clean. Your letter is a sad one. We think your mind would gain strength, and your sadness be dissipated, by adopting the plan of one hour's steady reading in the day, history being the best subject to choose. Do not neglect the "one thing needful"; and try to keep in mind that our daily work may be made beautiful by being done in the Master's sight.

COOKERY.

WAINING.—Tell your little sister that she will find a recipe for chocolate creams in vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER at page 399. Your letter was read with interest and sympathy, and it is a comfort to think that you have been granted the grace of submission, and the "hope that maketh not afraid" in the prospect before you. May your peace, founded on your Saviour's atonement, continue unshaken to the end!

AZILE SEBMOOC.—There is always a certain amount of waste in ham, which most good housekeepers try to avoid by potting the remainder before it become dry. The meat should be beaten in a marble mortar to a paste, seasoned, and put into jars with a little melted butter at the top. 2. The early spring in March is the proper time to attend to the lawn, if you wish to have good grass.

SEMIRAMIS.—Scalded or Devonshire cream is made by standing the pans on a hot plate or oven. When a bubble comes in the centre we believe they should be taken off. The cream is skimmed the next day.

A YOUNG WIFE.—No recipe is needed. Add to the usual corn-flour mould recipe some powdered

chocolate or cocoa, which you may obtain at any grocer's.

ALISON.—For a recipe for simnel cake, see vol. i., page 480

A TRIED TRIER.—For marmalade receipes, see vol i., pages 176 and 283.

A. C. M.—We should advise you to go to the cookery classes at the College for Men and Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W. They will commence in October.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BETH.—We much approve of stained floors, left visible all round the room, and covered by a carpet having a border more or less considerable in size. A stained and well-waxed and polished floor, covered where desirable with Turkey, or Scinde, or Persian rugs, is likewise far preferable to a floor entirely covered with a carpet which is nailed down all round, and forms a trap for dust and vermin.

P. P.—Cyprus was said to have been the residence of Venus, who was from thence called Cypris. Your writing is too large.

COMPASSION writes very kindly in reference to our correspondent "Margerite," who grieves over having no one to love her, and having nothing to do. She expresses much sympathy for her, and desires her to remember that she has at least the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." We imagine that she has spelt the German word wrongly, which will account for its absence from all the dictionaries that she and we have searched.

LOUIE.—Certainly you may eat lettuce, watercress, &c., at breakfast and tea, using your fingers.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The very desire and effort to realise the presence of Christ, and your acceptance by Him, is an evidence of His grace bestowed upon you. He bestows both the will and the power to serve Him, and when the inspired apostle declares that "He died for all" (2nd Cor. v. 15), how can you question that He died for you?

DARBY AND JOAN and E. C.—Inquire for "boiled oil," and use it as Madame de Lorraine says. Use boiling water to mix the powder, and follow directions given at page 571, vol. i.

DAISY.—See answer to "Alice Margaret," page 559.

BLACK EAGLE.—"Asphaltum" would be a good brown, with a shiny surface.

IRENE.—It is paid out through the various bankers.

DARKE.—Your best plan to obtain information would be to address some member of the Herald's College, as they are the legal sources of such knowledge.

EVELYN HARCOURT.—Pulaski was a Polish exile, who was returning to fight for his country's liberties.

ROWENA.—The date usually given to *Coriolanus* is 1610.

BLONDIN.—We regret we cannot answer either of your questions; it is impossible to make promises about future competitions, and equally impossible to fix a date for an event over which we have no control.

A NICOSIA RESIDENT, V. H.—We do not give addresses. Serge is the best material for a boating costume, or a light thin flannel.

F. J. R.—Make a coat bodice, or long basque of velvet or velveteen to match the silk, and make up the short skirt to wear with it.

QUEEN OF TRIFLES.—We think the cork should be kept in the bottle, of course; but consider your question puerile and foolish in the last degree.

WATCHLESS.—The method you describe of obtaining a watch requires a certain degree of credit, and you had better apply to someone near you. We do not give addresses.

CLERICUS.—We could not say without seeing the novel, and each publisher would have his own rules and opinions. Yes, scarf drapery of all kinds is much worn.

EXCELSIOR—Your writing is legible, and fairly well formed, except the tails of the y's and g's.

F. H. and ROSE.—We do not give addresses in any case, and think you will not find it possible to dispose of your silk in England.

CLIFTONIAN.—We should not in any case recommend any preparation to "eradicate hair," as we consider them useless and dangerous.

MAUD.—We do not think the information would be of value to anyone, so must decline to give it to you.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—Consult a doctor. We could not prescribe for you without knowing what is otherwise the matter.

GOOGEE.—The rules may be found on page 720, vol. ii.

AMY SYBIL DYSART.—Winchester was the capital of the kingdom in Saxon times, and York was the Roman capital and the residence of the emperors when in Britain. Dip the lace into black tea.

CONSTANT READER.—It is not a very uncommon thing to see a white cat with one blue and one green eye. This kind of cat has usually very defective sight. We do not see how you could alter your cat's eyes, even if, as you hint, they are "improper."

A DISCIPLE.—Half a-dozen drops of the concentrated solution of chloride of soda may be taken in a little water before breakfast to sweeten the breath, and a teaspoonful of the same may be used in a glass of water to rinse out the mouth at any time. Dyspepsia and carious teeth are the two causes of offensive breath. Consult a dentist and the doctor. Read "Bright Eyes and Teeth Like Pearl," page 390, vol. i.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—For the explanation of "Mind your P's and Q's." see page 576, vol. i.

AGNES.—You will find the words of "The Paper Ship" at page 192, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is merely a phantasy or dream.

BELLONA.—In all probability, "Natalia" has the same origin as "Noël," which means "Christmas," or born on Christmas Day.

QUEEN MAB.—Wash the drawings with milk and water, pouring it on the surface, and hanging them over a chair back till partially dry, and they have ceased to drip, when they may be laid flat on a drawing board or table.

EXPIRING FROG.—We believe they can be obtained at a bird fancier's, or in Covent Garden Market.

ISA.—We never heard of any "etiquette" in the matter. It is a sign of good feeling and good taste to show your friends how you value their presents; this would naturally lead to your wearing any that could be worn, when the donor was present.

J. H. S.—There is no harm in your shrinking the flannel. No amount of careful work would disqualify for a prize; but the rules of the competition must be adhered to.

COBWEBS.—Consult a manual on chess. It is impossible to enter into rules in a magazine like ours.

GIRLS OF MANCHESTER.—Use brown paper and a hot iron to take out the grease marks.

THE INDISPENSABLE AID TO PLEASANT RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

RHINA H.—Mix up a little soap-ley and quick lime to the thickness of milk and lay it on the marble. Clean it and polish with fine putty powder and olive oil.

LADY JUDITH.—A visit to the representative of Switzerland in London would be your best step. Be sure to be on the right side.

MENEE.—Arithmetic is the first branch of mathematics, the other two being—(2.) Geometry, which includes Trigomometry and conic sections; (3.) Analysis, in which letters are used—which includes algebra, analytical geometry, and calculus. Each of these divisions is divided into "pure" and "mixed."

JEANETTA.—Many thanks for your pleasant letter; we will make a note of your request.

CELIA.—We should think the leather needs re-dyeing. Introduce her as "My cousin Eliza," or "Miss So-and-So," whichever you like.

AMY A.—The picture you send is that of the Lady Anne, daughter of Charles I., who was born on March 17th, 1636, and died November 5th, 1640, of consumption. The picture itself is at Windsor.

ULUNDI.—The 9th of August, 1824, was on a Monday. No, you may copy them but should not dispose of them as original drawings.

CONSUELO.—Groombridge and Son, 5, Paternoster-row, E.C.

E. A. MOSS.—You require a tonic, as your failure of voice shows much weakness. Read answer to "Iolette," page 127, vol. ii.

CAMBRIDGE BLUE.—Your quotation is wrong. *Malo mori quam fœdari* means, "I had rather die than be dishonoured." It is probably a Latinised quotation from Shakespeare.

DESESPOIR.—Your letter is both well written and expressed, but oh, how long! We should advise you to take up some good historical or other work, which will give you something to think about as you walk. Read carefully and attentively, making notes, and endeavouring to recall and think of what you read. Never let your thoughts wander about.

MOSS ROSE.—The recipe appears to be unknown, and is probably the property of the manufacturers. White lace and muslin appear to be worn round the throat, the frills being so high as to need no "ties."

BEATRICE.—You can adopt anyone's name you choose, but must put an advertisement to that effect in some paper. You must take legal advice, as we do not know the circumstances.

M. R. S.—This year's volume commenced in October.

LOUISA D.—You would find the addresses by means of the many advertisements in the newspapers. Inquire of an English bookseller.

AMAS.—We should advise you to have it cleaned, that is, if you value it at all. Home washing, unless you have very excellent servants, will probably spoil your dress for wear. Thank you for the verses.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Take a lawyer's opinion in so important a matter.

MOTHER HUBBARD, BO-BEEP, and VIOLETTA.—We should advise the seaside. A small shilling manual would give you every information.

SHAMROCK.—Wear gloves, and read "Chilblains: Their Cause and Cure," page 51, vol. ii.

EDITH.—See page 439, vol. ii. Use second part of recipe.

MOUNTAIN ROSE.—You should have placed the last two lines of your address to Isabel in inverted commas, as they are quoted from a poem of Lord Byron's. We are sorry for you if, in addition to the "palpitation and choking sensation in your throat," such very unpleasant

> "Thunders in succession roll
> Within the precincts of your soul"

"when at tea in a strange house," or "talking to strangers at an exam." Nervousness produces very distressing sensations, and unfortunately we cannot prescribe for you. Your writing would be improved were the long flourishes left out.

MENDICANT MIN.—Your writing is scarcely legible, and we fail to decipher all the words in your letter. Although we cannot advertise sewing machines, we recommend you to procure one producing "lock-stitch." 2. We should advise a visit to Oban at the time you name, but were it later in the year we should prefer Llandudno.

JESSAMINE.—We are much obliged to you for your kind and appreciative remarks. Your writing is certainly not that of a child of "9 or 10." It would be very well formed were the unfortunate "t" of a natural shape, which at present is sadly deformed.

CAROLLUS.—"60 degrees of heat" is the summer heat for cold water. Of course, there are cases in which ice itself would not be too cold for partial application. We cannot prescribe for exceptional cases, but regard the summer heat of cold water as far more generally safe for purposes of bathing. Paralysis may be induced by bathing in very cold water.

MARCHEN.—For your very kind letter accept our best thanks, as also for the kind offer of the designs. But we are unable to avail ourselves of the numbers sent us. Our correspondents are little aware of the expense incurred in having the "blocks" cut.

AMETHYST.—1. "Bombastes Furioso" was the hero of a burlesque opera, by William Barnes Rhodes. The name is derived from "bombast," which means boasting where no sufficient ground for it exists. "Bombast" is a word borrowed for this purpose from the name of the produce of the *bombyx*, or silk cocoon, and applied to the cotton used in lieu of silk; "bombase" is cotton; "bombazine" is silk cloth crossed with wool. Thus, in literature, "bombast" is used as significant of such an imposition as cotton being palmed off instead of silk. 2. Keep your vinegar-plant in sugar and water, and if you wish to propagate it, divide it, and put portions of the fungus into fresh solutions of sugar and water, in which it will ferment and change it very shortly into the acid required.

LEILITH ST. CLARE.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," by "Medicus," pages 259, 402, and 466, also "The Toilet Table," page 443. We thank you for your kind and interesting letter. We correspond with various Australian colonists, as also with readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER all over the world.

SEMPER EADEM.—1. If your aunt have granted her permission to your enjoying such a recreation, it is quite unnecessary to appeal from her to us. 2. If you think—as you say—that it is a "waste of our time" to write for your benefit, why do you add to the number of our "silly girl" correspondents? But we do not regard it as a waste of time to endeavour to make you wiser and better.

H. BECKETT.—We are much obliged to you for your kind letter, and we agree with your father in his approval of the sentiments expressed in the lines addressed to your mother. But the composition is very incorrect, and even if otherwise the correctness of rhythm alone would not constitute poetry.

VOL. III.—NO. 98.] NOVEMBER 12, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

"TURNING OVER IN HER MIND THE WORDS SHE HAD HEARD."

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE PROMISE.

"I CANNOT think what is the matter with that child," said Mr. Fitzroy, more than a week later, entering the drawing-room with a disturbed look. Preparations for Dessie's departure were keeping her mother and herself busy, and they had seen little of Cecil or Ella for some days.

"He has been poorly with his teeth for a good while," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"I am afraid it is something more than that. I met Cecil an hour ago, and he said Mr. Crewe had just been, and did not appear at all satisfied. Cecil asked me to look in, and I went at once."

"How did Hughie seem?" asked Edith.

"Not at all as he ought. He is heavy and feverish, and scarcely notices anything. One is apt to think more of it, perhaps, with such an intelligent little fellow than with a more dull child. There is a look in his eyes which I don't like."

"What is Mr. Crewe's opinion?" inquired Mrs. Fitzroy.

"He seems to have an idea, from the symptoms, that the child has received a blow on the head. Ella says not. She has watched him closely ever since this new girl came, and does not see how it can have happened without her knowledge. The girl has been questioned, and denies anything of the sort; not that her denial proves much, perhaps. She has a giddy look, but Ella says she has been extremely careful and attentive the last few days. One does not know what to think."

"There are no signs of a blow, then, papa?" said Edith.

"Not beyond the usual array of scars and bruises common to children. That is no proof, I am afraid. The effects of a blow on the head are not always seen immediately."

"Do you remember that he had something of a slight fit when he began to cut his teeth?" said Mrs. Fitzroy. "I hope it is nothing of that kind coming on again."

"Mr. Crewe seemed more afraid of some infectious illness, if there has been no blow. One does not know what pranks the nurse may have played, taking him into some infected place. But, Ella says, 'no' there also. She has never allowed the girl to take him out alone. I don't see how it can have been done, unless by underhand means. Cecil has questioned her closely, and can find out nothing"

"One cannot always know how infection comes," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "Does Mr. Crewe really think it is fever?"

"I don't know. He seems at a loss what to think. I wish they had called him in sooner, but neither Cecil nor Ella are very soon frightened. The girls had better not go to the house until we know what is wrong."

"I should not be afraid," said Edith.

"There is no object in your running any risk. Your mother will, of course, look in; but the quieter the child is kept the better. I would rather you should be on the safe side."

"And I too," Mrs. Fitzroy added.

To describe Dessie's feelings through this conversation is not easy. She was at the further end of the room when her father went in, reading in the window, and she remained there unobserved. Had she come forward her face must have betrayed her.

More than once she almost started forward with a confession of the truth, but the recollection of her promise withheld her. She bitterly regretted—or thought she regretted—her precipitation in making it. She had reason for her regrets. The responsibility which she took upon herself in concealing the true cause of the child's illness was indeed heavy. Dessie realised something of this. She knew little practically of illness, yet she was aware that Mr. Crewe's treatment of the case must be more or less affected by his ignorance of the accident which led to it.

Long after Dessie was left alone, she sat on, book in hand, not reading but turning over in her mind the words she had heard, and striving to think that her father must be mistaken, and that little Hugh would prove to be suffering only from some slight indisposition. In vain—for she could not think so in her heart. Again and again the conviction came across her with overwhelming strength that the fall from the sofa lay at the bottom of the mischief—that she and Anne were to blame for the illness.

She regretted her promise; yet, almost unknown to herself, Dessie was perhaps *not* sorry for her inability to make the matter known. But for this feeling she might not have been content to rest in the inability. Once the thought occurred to her that she might see Anne and press to be released from her promise; and then, with a feeling of positive relief, she remembered that her father had forbidden her to go to the house. "So it is quite impossible," she thought. Dessie was not commonly so submissive. "And even if I might go, I don't believe for a moment that Anne would let me say anything. I am certain she would not; and till she does, I am not free to speak about it to anyone. Ella herself would be the first to say that it is wrong to break one's word—when I gave it so decidedly too, and twice over. Only the other day Harry told me he knew *that* of me, that my word could be depended on. So I must just wait and see what to do After all, I might only make everybody unhappy for nothing; and Anne would lose her place, and Ella would never feel the same for me; and yet baby will most likely be all right in a day or two. I will not plague myself about it any more."

But to avoid being anxious was out of her power, for she dearly loved the child, and was almost as proud as Ella herself of his engaging ways and remarkable intelligence.

Days passed, and Dessie did not go near the house. Baby Hugh was dangerously ill—so ill that faint hopes were entertained of his recovery. Mr. Fitzroy was soon satisfied as to the absence of infection, and Edith was permitted to share in the nursing. But Dessie shrank from the thought of going near those whom she had, through her carelessness, so deeply injured.

Anne was no longer in the house. For a day or two Dessie heard that she was always crying, and that she was a greater trouble than help. Then she was sent home for a month's holiday, a trained nurse taking her place—no small comfort to Ella. Again there was a feeling of relief in Dessie's mind. She counted it more than ever out of her power to attempt to be released from her promise. She had not Anne's home address; and "of course" she could not ask Cecil or Ella for it at such a time; and she was quite sure that if she had it, writing would bring no result. Besides, things had gone so far that a confession, now trebly difficult, would be at the same time objectless, so far as the child was concerned. So, at least, Dessie decided.

Dessie's affection for Baby was so well known that no one was surprised to see her unwontedly quiet and grave, though many were perplexed at her avoidance of the subject of his illness, and her extreme reluctance to go to the house. The family theory of explanation was that Dessie dreaded being betrayed into tears, and could not trust her own powers of self-command.

Preparations for her journey still went on, and were somewhat hurried, since her escort, Mrs. Woodford, had decided to start three or four days earlier than was at first anticipated. Dessie made the most of what had to be done, and appeared to have no leisure for aught else.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK AND WORKSHOPS.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE leaving the cotton mill, which is the workshop of so many thousands of girls, it may be interesting to notice a few of the articles which will be wholly or partially made of the thread which has passed through their hands.

Beside all the varieties of calico, bleached or unbleached, plain and twilled, a vast number of materials are made from cotton yarn. Our daintiest muslins, serviceable prints, and the exquisite sateens which have found such favour of late, and rival silk in beauty, are pure cotton. It is hard to believe that from the very same material, but differing in texture, dye, and method of weaving, come the substantial fustians and corduroy, as well as the velveteen now brought to such perfection that it rivals in appearance the silken produce of Lyons and Genoa.

Counterpanes, toilet-covers and mats, sheets, window-blinds, bed-ticks, white Turkish towels, fringes, braids and many other trimmings, linings for our dresses, stockings, &c., have all passed through the busy hands of our mill-girls on the way from cotton bale to yarn for weaving.

Cotton feeds the sewing-machine and every kind of needle, keeps hundreds of thousands of busy hands at work, and clothes the teeming millions who inhabit the globe, to a greater extent than any other material used for the same purpose.

Cotton forms part of almost numberless fabrics. Many so-called woollen materials have cotton warps, and it is combined—not always in a straightforward way—with silk and linen.

We can hardly over-estimate its usefulness, but we like it to look what it is—honest cotton, not sham silk, wool, or linen. All our lace and muslin window-curtains are cotton products, and the union damasks are a combination of cotton with wool.

Once the surgeon would only be satisfied with linen rag for use amongst his patients; now he finds cotton equally useful in dressing wounds.

It is a very ancient fabric, though we find no mention of it in the Bible. It has been made in India from time immemorial, is early named in Egyptian history, and has also been long in use through all Africa as well. Columbus found it when he discovered a new world; but in this country the cotton manufacture has grown up within a century or so. So long since, a pound of yarn, which to-day would cost half-a-crown, was then worth thirty-eight shillings, and at the end of last century you would have needed a long purse to buy calico, for it was six shillings a yard.

At about the same date only 300,000 bales came annually into this country. Sixty years later it required nearly two millions and a half to keep the machinery going and the hands at work in the mills, for the cotton manufacture occupied 415,000 persons by that time, and continued to increase from year to year.

In my former chapter I said we would follow some of the very fine doubled yarn to Nottingham, and see what the girls do with it there. Nottingham is the great centre of the English lace trade, and, thanks to the caprices of modern fashion, her looms are now flying rapidly, some, indeed, working night and day.

Before I went into a lace factory, I confess my ideas as to the mode of its production were extremely confused. I knew that what are called "imitation laces" were really machine-made, and woven instead of worked by the hand. But I never pictured them in any shape but in narrow strips, as we are accustomed to purchase them.

I got my first lesson at the railway station. On going into the waiting-room to rest a little until the arrival of the train, I saw *a girl, as I thought*, busily engaged in clip, clipping at what seemed almost endless lengths of lace. She had quite a pile of it lying loosely in a shallow basket at her side.

I asked permission to look at her work, and then I found that the long strip at which she was clipping had been severed from a wide breadth composed of many such lengths all woven in one.

Then I saw that in the weaving the thread had been slipped from one little knot, leaf, or star in the pattern to another, and left on the wrong side. It looked like rows of tacking threads, done with perfect regularity, and the work which occupied the young person was that of carefully cutting away all these threads, and scolloping out the top edge, without injuring the little fringe which heads the lace, and is called the purl.

The work seemed very tedious and tiring for the fingers, but practice makes it easy; and I was told that girls of fourteen could earn eight shillings a week at it. My informant told me that she was only a beginner, though she seemed to me to work the small scissors, with their blunted points, very fast indeed, and she had clipped a great many yards, at intervals, during the morning. From the very low price paid for some of the woven laces, it is evident a vast amount of snipping must be done for every shilling earned.

"I lost my husband through an accident on the line," said the young woman. "And I have been put in charge of this room by the Company to enable me to earn a livelihood. When the cleaning is done in the morning I have many hours only partially occupied, so I have taken to the lace-clipping to fill up my time and earn a little money. It is so easy to take up and lay down, as there are no needles, and nothing to get entangled by a quick movement. And," she added, with a sigh, "I have two little children—the elder under three years old—so I am anxious to make the best of every spare moment."

So I found that she whom I had taken to be a very quiet-mannered girl was a young mother, and alas! a widow, utilising every minute by means of the clicking scissors, and so carving out bread for her little ones.

The girls who work in the Nottingham lace factories present on week days and during the hours of labour a strong contrast to our Lancashire mill-girls. They wear no clattering clogs or greasy pinafores, and instead of shawled heads, you see neat hats and jackets as their outdoor trim. But each must dress according to her work, and our Lancashire lassie can and does look equally attractive on Sundays with her Nottinghamshire sister, who takes up the hanks of yarn which have first passed through her nimble fingers.

In one great lace factory—that of Messrs. Elcey—which I had the privilege of inspecting, I found that girls were only employed in two branches of the work—as cop winders and curtain menders. All the designing and preparing of patterns is done by men; though the gentleman at the head of this department said there was no doubt that girls with artistic tastes might do the work equally well.

"But," he said, and I heard this with much pleasure, "in our establishment we never mix our male and female workers. The girls who wind work are under the superintendence of female overlookers, and the same in the mending rooms."

Though girls were not acting as pattern designers, it may interest girl readers to glance with me over the shoulders of some of the *employés* in this department. Here, to my astonishment, I saw a curtain which depicted a bull-fight. This was intended for the Spanish market. It would never be offered to an English buyer. Others had lace valances to match the curtains. Those were intended for French purchasers.

I had often seen these in France, and thought how pretty they were, and how much I should like to see them in this country also, little imagining that they had been made at Nottingham.

Another designer was planning a curtain to match some wall-paper, and so on, tastes of all kinds—national, fashionable, and individual—being consulted.

To describe the loom in which the work is carried out, and which is on the Jacquard plan, would be lost time. The arrangement is so complicated that even a looker-on at the progress of the work can do little except wonder at the intricacy of the machinery and the beauty of the articles produced by it, without understanding the why and wherefore of its various parts. It must not only be seen, but studied again and again, to be understood.

But I saw the looms working out, in the shape of curtains and breadths of lace, the designs prepared with such taste and accuracy. Some webs were as much as 200 inches wide, and would separate into two, three, or four curtains, according to the width and quality required. In order to make a fast, purl edge the loops are worked over a strong thread, which, when drawn out, leaves them intact, and separates the web into breadths.

It is only after the curtains leave the loom that they pass into the hands of girl workers, in order that all broken threads or missed stitches may be repaired. If a stitch has been missed in one part of the pattern, the break is pretty sure to occur again all through the web at the corresponding portion. The overlookers pass the curtains across tables or counters with black-stained tops, and a glance suffices to detect the smallest break in the pattern.

A knot is tied to mark the defect, and the curtains passed into the menders' hands. A few rapid stitches repair the mischief, and when all the marked places have been attended to the curtain undergoes a further examination on the dark surface of the table. If found complete it is bundled away to undergo with thousands of others the bleaching, stiffening, finishing, and packing process. Accustomed as we are to touch lace curtains in a respectful manner, it seemed strange to see them hauled and bundled about so roughly.

I was particularly pleased with the neat, well-to-do appearance of the young lace menders, both as they sat at work, and when in the streets. They looked a bright, intelligent set of girls, and their outdoor manners were quiet and modest. They earn all round—winders and menders—about fifteen shillings a week.

The menders' occupation is certainly rather monotonous and sedentary; but the working hours are of a reasonable length, the rooms are large, and there is plenty of society.

Our kind conductors told us that a number of ladies were in the habit of visiting the lace mills for the purpose of reading to the girls

whilst they were at work; there being no whirling machinery to prevent them from listening though their hands were busy. After the reading they would sing hymns, and we all felt what a pleasant break such visits must prove for the young workers.

Indiscriminate singing was not, however, permitted, lest it should interfere too much with work.

I could not help feeling that for young girls who know no anxiety with regard to the supply of their daily wants, it *should* be a delightful employment to lighten the hours which are spent by their less favoured sisters in bread-winning. What an opportunity would be afforded for showing sympathy, conveying information, and cheering the heart of the young workers! And, as their voices joined in singing God's praises, how insignificant would social distinctions appear while they stood before a common Father, acknowledging the Lord as the Maker of them all, and alike owning their dependence on Him for the supply of every want.

I was told a little story to illustrate the effect of a turn in the fashion upon a particular branch of industry.

Every girl knows that Spanish lace is *the* lace of the present, but perhaps many are not aware that most of what goes by that name is actually made in Nottingham. Indeed, some of it is sent from this country to Spain, re-christened there, and brought back as if it were the production of Spanish workers.

Some time before the present rage set in, a Nottingham manufacturer was almost at his wit's end to find work for his hands. He was most anxious to keep them together, both for their sakes and his own, so he set himself to consider what could be done. He had capital, but if he were to spend it in manufacturing lace for which there was not likely to be a demand, the result might be ruinous to himself and his family. So he reviewed the successive fashions in lace for several past years, and then decided that, as all the other kinds had had a turn, Spanish lace would be the next to come into favour. He accordingly set all his hands to work to make Spanish lace, though he had not a single order or even a prospect of one.

As the neighbouring manufacturers observed what he was doing, and saw his warehouse gradually filling with goods for which no one came, they thought he must be insane. But the tide turned, and when the demand came like a torrent, only our far-seeing manufacturer was ready to supply the new want.

He soon emptied his warehouse, and filled his purse, as he well deserved to do for his sagacity and his kindly consideration for his workpeople.

I am afraid to say how many thousands of pounds he gained; but, at any rate, the profit was a most satisfactory one, and proved that it is a good thing in these days of competition to be able to look ahead.

I did intend in this chapter to give a little account of Christian work amongst the mill-girls, but I must reserve it for my next.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMMINGTON.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSIEUR ETIENNE.

HAVING wheeled his mother's chair up to the hearth and rung at her bidding for Angelique, Monsieur St. Just left them immediately to return to his brother.

The Marquise confessed herself to be unusually fatigued, and retired to her own chamber as soon as Angelique appeared.

Damaris was left alone.

She sat down sadly upon the hearth, where the wood ashes still smouldered. But for those whispered words of Monsieur St. Just, she would have obeyed the impulse which bade her fly to the sanctitude of her own room as soon as the Marquise had departed, there to indulge her mortification and anger to her proud heart's content.

But something in those few commonplace words soothed and controlled her in spite of herself. The tone in which they had been spoken was authoritative, as well as beseeching, and she never dreamed of evading either the one or the other. There, where she sat, she must remain until Monsieur St. Just came to set her free from the obligation, no matter how many hours passed in the interim. Damaris, being strong-willed herself, felt the force of a stronger will than her own more decidedly than a weaker nature would have done, and, being true in her own nature and honourable-minded, she divined at once these same qualities in another. A few hours ago she had no idea of what manner of man Monsieur Etienne St. Just was, and now she was resting in that calmness of repose which implicit faith in another person gives. At first sight there was something infinitely more attractive in the manner and appearance of Monsieur le Marquis, but she had felt a hesitation, a growing doubt, the wherefore of which she could not explain, which had not troubled her for one instant with respect to his brother. She had a curious feeling with regard to him that they were not meeting as strangers—that they were renewing an acquaintance, not beginning one.

Finding that plenty of time was given her for reflection, Damaris naturally began to review her position with respect to its change of aspect from the events of to-day. It was not to be all roses and lilies, as she had imagined. There were quicksands also.

Now that she had cooled down a little, she began to regret that she had allowed herself to feel such hot vexation, and still more to show it, at the badinage of Monsieur le Marquis. Had he intentionally provoked her, and was this to be the usual style of intercourse with him? If so, would her life be endurable with the Marquise, who seemed so very indulgent to the faults of her son Jerome? She dared hope nothing from the intervention of Monsieur St. Just. Had he not treated her several appeals with marked indifference? Besides, if he were able and willing to put himself between her and all further annoyance, she had learnt from the Marquise and from Angelique that it was a very rare thing indeed for him to come to Paris. On this occasion she supposed he had come solely upon his brother's account, from the few words with reference to his visit which had been spoken in her presence. Did the Marquise reside the whole year round in Paris? That she did not know yet, but she supposed that, if she went away, it was only for a short change during the summer months.

And Monsieur le Marquis? Well, she feared that his headquarters were always in Paris, and that the infliction of his visits was a thing to which she dared not hope to find any end. She was more hurt than she liked to admit, because the Marquise had treated her son's obstinate determination to discuss the personal attractions of her *dame de compagnie* before her face more as a jest than anything else, and instead of promptly checking what Damaris in her indignation considered an unwarrantable liberty, had only lightly striven to divert his attention. Damaris's experience as a dependent had not been of long duration. In the seclusion of Frau Welbeck's establishment no indignity of this kind could, of course, have been put upon her. There her position was clearly defined, and she had been thoroughly respected in it.

Here all was different. She had come to Paris with the heroic determination to put up with every humiliation. She knew that it was a species of domestic servitude to which she was giving herself, in which her will must become subject to that of her mistress, the Marquise. But she had never calculated upon her submission taking the present form. When she thought of the Marquis's fulsome compliments, of his gross flattery, her pride seemed to suffocate her. She started from her seat and began to walk agitatedly about the room.

She heard the murmur of voices and the occasional clinking of glass in the neighbouring *salle à manger*. Monsieur St. Just and his brother still lingered over their wine and dessert. When would he come? When would she be free to go to her room? She began to chafe under this feeling of restraint, even while she knew it could not be evaded. All her pride was in arms, and it began to suggest to her that,

if her position were other than it were in the house of the Marquise, even Monsieur St. Just would not feel that he had a right to detain her pending his own good pleasure in this way. But how was he likely to feel a proper respect for her, when he had seen her compelled to submit to such language as his brother had used? This thought was the most galling of all, though Damaris neither understood nor estimated it at its just value.

"Perhaps I did wrong after all in leaving Lilian," she mused, "and this is my punishment. But no matter. If it is to cost me my situation here, and my chance of obtaining such another, I will not again sit and listen to such offensive flattery. I did wrong to come here; but how could I know to what unpleasantnesses I should be exposed? Madame Argent certainly warned me against this *brebis noire;* but I had no idea how defenceless I should be. Maybe no alternative will be left me but to take my departure. So be it. I will go back to England rather than submit to any repetition of to-night's experience."

But Damaris's fortitude was not equal to the contemplation of taking leave of the lovely and lovable old Marquise, who, even in this short time, had won upon her interest and affection. She had worked herself up into a high state of nervous excitement, which found vent when she had reached this point in her meditations in a natural outburst of tears. She crouched down upon a low seat on the hearth, and let them have their way, feeling that they gave relief to both heart and brain.

So she did not perceive when the sound of voices in the next room ceased—did not know when Monsieur St. Just led his brother down-stairs, called a *fiacre,* and despatched him to his lodgings in the Rue de la Paix; nor did she hear his footstep approach the door of the *salon.* He came in with a weary despondency in his step that must have touched her heart at once if she had not been occupied with her own grief and mortification, and found her with the tears streaming down her face.

"You are troubled, mademoiselle? It is not, I hope, for the foolish events of this evening?"

Damaris dashed her tears aside. Her pride prompted her to hide them and their cause, at least, from him.

"I—I—am not crying because I am in any way troubled. It is very foolish of me; but, you know, joy sometimes causes one's tears to flow."

"Oh! I certainly should have been deceived in this instance; but since you assure me that you are weeping for joy, I am glad to find I was for one moment mistaken. I was inclined to think, and to fear, that you had a sudden fit of home sickness, through being left waiting here by yourself so long. Believe me, I could not prevent my being detained. It is kind of you to have remained in accordance with my request. May I thank you for your goodness in doing so?"

He spoke so kindly that Damaris was touched and softened. His air of grave respect, also, was grateful to her wounded self love. She felt the comfort of his presence some way, without in the least understanding how the one conveyed the other.

He did not sit down, but remained standing on the other side of the hearth, and from the way in which he fidgetted with the ornaments upon the mantelshelf it was easy to see that, for some reason or other, he was ill at ease.

"You have, then, been cheered by the reception of some good news since you left the dining-room? The evening post has brought you some letters from England?"

"No—o—," stammered Damaris; "I received a letter this morning."

"From your home in England?"

"From my sister."

"You have many friends at home, I suppose, and you receive many letters?"

"I have only been here two whole days at present, monsieur."

"Ah! *C'est vrai;* and I am forgetting that you are so much of a stranger amongst us. It is no wonder you understand us so little. But are you always so defiant and mistrustful as you have seemed to be this evening, mademoiselle?"

"No; I am not naturally mistrustful. And you, monsieur?"

Damaris enforced her question with a quick, proud glance. If she had been hasty in forming her opinion, surely he had not been altogether guiltless of a similar fault. Monsieur St. Just was disturbed and startled by this sudden turning of the tables upon him. Any direct appeal to him in this way always confused him more or less. He was so peculiarly sensitive that he could not even make the attempt to extract information from others without considerable effort.

"I?" he replied, after a little hesitation. "I do not know. My mind is too full of other things just now to consider the matter."

"You seem to be pre-occupied," as-

"HE SPOKE WITH CONSIDERABLE HEAT AND ANNOYANCE."

sented Damaris. "Do not, I beg of you, make any further effort to speak to me."

"How easily you are offended!" said he, giving vent to the passing thought which her piqued tone excited. "It is precisely because there is something I particularly wish to say to you that I am pre-occupied. It is a delicate matter for me to enter upon, and I hardly know how to begin."

"Leave out the beginning then, and let me have the middle or the end first, monsieur," she answered, demurely. Then she looked up frankly, truthfully, into his too grave face, and said—

"I value plain speaking, and I believe that what you have to say to me can be only for my good."

"You are right. I mean it for your good; but a little doubt as to whether you will take it in that way makes me hesitate."

"Do not hesitate another minute, I beg of you, monsieur. Even if your words should wound my vanity I will believe in the singleness of your motive, and take them as simply as they are intended."

"It is not necessary for me to say much; a few words will, I trust, explain my meaning. I have a very great affection for my brother Jerome, mademoiselle, and to day especially my sympathies have gone out towards him. I am quite certain that in all he does and says he means well, but his lively imagination often runs away with his judgment, as you will acknowledge when you have further opportunities of knowing him. But if the attention he seems disposed to give you should annoy you in the least — if you should find his nonsense and his efforts to get you to return his badinage in any way troublesome, I beg that you will complain to my mother, and to my mother only."

Damaris was inwardly fuming, but she had promised to endure his plain-speaking, and endure it she would, without uttering the indignant retort which burned upon her lips. She set her teeth into them, and her nails into her little pink palms, and so fought with her anger and her secret pain.

"I hope you do not think me presumptuous," continued Monsieur St. Just, "for daring to advise you in this way. I do it because I am very anxious to secure my mother's comfort and happiness, and I see clearly that you have already begun to contribute very materially to both. The companionship of some young and well-educated woman is absolutely necessary to her, and it would give her trouble and annoyance so soon to have to seek to replace you. It would be a great relief to my mind to know that you found the same pleasure in her society that she does in yours, so that your present relationship might be continued indefinitely."

Damaris choked down something that rose almost stiflingly in her throat. It was not all anger and hurt pride now, but there was an undercurrent of something sharper, harder to bear than either. When at last she found her voice, its icy tones sounded strange, even in her own ears.

"I am much obliged to you for your explanation, monsieur. Some day I hope you will do me more justice than you have done this evening."

"Have I been unjust to you?" he asked, quickly. "Be assured I have not in any way meant to hurt your feelings. You see, the matter is just this: my brother is gay, thoughtless, and apt to be disregardful of others in pleasing himself. He follows the whim of the moment without considering whither it is likely to lead him. Therefore I warn you not to think seriously of anything he says; and at the same time assure you that if his badinage should become painful to you, my mother has sufficient influence over him to cause him to discontinue it. He is more amenable to her, in fact, than he is to me; and a few serious words from her are sure to have the effect of restraining his gay nonsense within just bounds."

"I think I understand what you mean," said Damaris, thawing a little; "but, monsieur, I cannot agree with you as to the remedy for this unpleasantness."

"What! you will not complain of it to my mother?"

"No, I certainly will not. One ought to bear anything rather than run the risk of making mischief between those who are related to each other, and who love each other so tenderly as do Madame la Marquise and her son."

Monsieur St. Just appeared to be very much disturbed by this declaration on the part of Damaris.

"What do you propose, then, as a means of putting an end to all such probable annoyance?"

"I see but one way, Monsieur. I am afraid the time may come when I shall be compelled——"

"To quit this house—to leave my mother?" he cried, with sudden energy, which he had hitherto successfully repressed. "That is precisely what I dreaded and have been doing my utmost to prevent. It is exactly what one expects from a woman—the moment she finds herself in a difficulty she will run away from it, rather than make an effort to conquer it."

He spoke with considerable heat and annoyance, and Damaris was maliciously delighted to think that at last she had found the vulnerable spot in his armour, and might, through it, be able to bring down his haughty crest.

"This idea has already found a place in your rebellious little mind, and you are congratulating yourself that a most effectual remedy rests in your own hands. I will leave it there. But, in the meantime, I beg of you to be careful, and not to put it into execution, except as a *dernière ressource*. My brother has been more than usually excited this evening. His great delight and relief of mind at a family arrangement made to-day led him to indulge himself, I can assure you, much more freely than he is in the habit of doing. My mother and I both, knowing this, were unwilling to run the risk of irritating him by opposition. I thought—I hoped your perceptions were keen enough to enable you to understand something of this."

Damaris rose from her seat impulsively.

"Monsieur, pray say no more. I am ashamed of myself for ever having allowed my great annoyance to become in any way apparent to you and to Madame la Marquise. I will try to make just allowance for Monsieur le Marquis, and to forget the occurrences of this evening."

Monsieur St. Just extended his hand, Damaris placed hers within it. He let it fall the next instant, but a smile of infinite relief passed over his expressive countenance.

"Now I know that I have not been mistaken in my estimate of your character, mademoiselle."

The timepiece struck the hour of eleven. Monsieur St. Just started.

"I ought not to linger longer, for I must still see my mother again before I leave, and there are, even yet, several other things I should like to have mentioned to you."

"Will not to-morrow do as well as to-night, monsieur?"

"To-morrow I shall be again *en route* for St. Aubin. The business I have yet to transact with my brother can be accomplished in the morning. I must be satisfied with one last appeal to your kindness of heart. For heaven's sake, for my mother's sake, do not be tempted into leaving her in so sad a fashion as the one you threaten. If I dared, if I could feel that I had in any way the right to ask so much from you, I would beg you not to take any decisive step without first consulting me."

"I think," said Damaris, simply, "that I trust you sufficiently to give you the required promise, if you really care for it, monsieur."

Before Monsieur St. Just could thank her for this concession, Angelique came to the *salon* with a message from Madame la Marquise, to the effect that she was waiting to see her son before she retired for the night.

Monsieur St. Just went toward the door to receive this message, and to despatch Angelique with his answer, that he would be with Madame la Marquise directly.

As Angelique departed, he turned back towards Damaris where she stood upon the hearth-rug. And Damaris saw a marvellous lighting up of his face, and softening of the expression of his eyes as they rested upon her.

"Then this is a compact, mademoiselle. You hold yourself engaged to apply to me, if ever you are tempted to desert my mother on account of the badinage of my brother Jerome?"

"If I find it more than my courage and philosophy will enable me to endure—yes, monsieur."

"I thank you most sincerely. I shall be able to leave Paris now in the full assurance of my mother's happiness and contentment. Farewell, until we meet at St. Aubin."

So they parted. Damaris in her own room, too excited to go directly to her bed, as she passed in review the events of the evening, found a spring of hopefulness and bright anticipation in the

last words of Monsieur St. Just, which in the days to come would carry her buoyantly through much unpleasantness.

"Until we meet at St. Aubin!"

(*To be continued*).

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?

"WHAT would you like to be when you grow up?" asked Nellie Graham, a bright girl of some twelve years, of her friend Kate Clavering, at whose house she and her cousin, Ruth Conway, were spending the afternoon.

"What should I like?" answered Kate; "why, certainly, to be a grand lady and drive in the park, have lots of friends, and go to balls and be admired, and then, when I am old enough, have a handsome husband, and live in a beautiful house, like cousin Margaret. Oh! yes; that is what I should like. But, now, Nellie, tell me in return what you would like."

Nellie had from babyhood been very fond of singing. She had a sweet voice, which promised, with cultivation, to possess great power, and she answered quickly—

"Oh! I should like to be a great singer, and enchant all who heard me. I should like to have every song that was ever composed, and be singing always."

"Oh, Nellie, you could not be always singing," said Kate.

"Oh, yes, dear, I could," she laughingly replied; "for I shall have nothing else to do, and mamma always lets me do as I like. You know I am her only child, and people say she spoils me."

"But now, Ruth, dear," said Nellie, "tell me what you would like to be." Her voice, which had been so full of excitement, sunk almost to a whisper as she addressed her cousin. There was something in Ruth Conway's sweet face which seemed to check the hilarity of her more energetic companions. She looked up quietly, a happy smile lighting up her fair features, and said, very earnestly—

"Dear Nellie, I should like to be a missionary, and carry to poor little heathen girls in 'distant lands the 'old, old story' of 'Jesus and His love.' If God spares me to be a woman, I hope that is what He will give me to do."

Kate and Nellie seemed rather surprised at Ruth's serious wish as they called it; but they soon forgot it, and so the merry girls prattled on, till the August afternoon faded into evening, when the cousins left, and went to their respective homes—Nellie to dream of her singing, Ruth breathing an inward prayer that her wish, so lightly spoken, might be fulfilled.

* * * *

Ten years have passed away. Let us see in what manner our young friends' wishes have been realised. Is Kate Clavering a grand lady? does she go to balls? and is she admired? Yes, she is; but not in the way her youthful fancy painted: she is admired for her patient submission to God's will under a heavy affliction. Alas! how vain is human foresight! How powerless we are to mark out our own life-path! Gay, thoughtless Kate has been for five long years a helpless invalid. When she was about eighteen, she was riding her spirited pony in the park, the animal took fright, and started off at a rapid pace, the groom being quite unable to arrest his course. Kate was thrown violently to the ground and severely injured her spine. The most skilful physicians were consulted, but of no avail; poor Kate would never walk again. It was a very bitter trial to one so fond of gaiety, but her sufferings have refined and purified her nature. She no longer wishes for admiration, but seeks with gentle kindness and thankfulness to repay her kind friends who are never tired of waiting on her. Even gay cousin Margaret, whose surroundings she once almost envied, is very glad to sit and learn lessons of submission from her patient endurance, and all love her more than in her brightest days of health.

And bonnie Nellie Graham—is she "always singing," as in her girlhood days she thought she should like to do? She was, as we have heard, an only child—the petted darling of loving parents. Her father was a rich man, but too fond of speculating; and in one unfortunate transaction he ventured and lost nearly the whole of his fortune. This so preyed upon his mind that in a short time his naturally weak constitution sank under the weight of anxiety, and he died suddenly, leaving his widow and Nellie almost totally unprovided for. Now, is not Nellie's gift of song God-sent? And now is her wish in one sense fulfilled; for she is indeed "always singing"—not for her own amusement, or to enchant all hearers, as, in those far-off days when first we knew her, was her ambition; but she never tires of singing, or, rather, teaching others to sing. And she does still do as she likes, for nothing gives her greater happiness than to be able to provide, by the exercise of her own talents, her darling mother with the necessaries, and even elegancies, of life, to which she has always been accustomed. And she is happy, as all are who strive to do their duty in whatever position they may be placed.

And what of sweet Ruth Conway? Is she teaching the heathen in foreign lands? No; but she is not the less a missionary. God did not see fit to grant her wish; He had work for her among the heathen of her own land. She is no longer Ruth Conway, but Mrs. Fordwell; her husband the hard-working vicar of a thickly-populated East-end parish. His wife is his constant and ever-ready helper in every good work. Her gentle voice is listened to in many a chamber of death, as she sweetly tells the "old, old story" of "Jesus and His love"; her pleasant smile carries sunshine to many a darkened home; rough men stand aside to let her pass, and little children clap their hands with delight at her approach. She is very happy, and, did you ask her, she would be sure to tell you she considers her wish quite fulfilled.

Dear girls, do not count too much upon any plans for your future lives, or be disappointed if your wishes are not granted in the way you would ask. God knows best what is good for you; and if you willingly perform each duty that He appoints, it is far better at all times than having "what you would like."

M. R.

VARIETIES.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

THE following good advice is the result of the experience of Thomas Jefferson, the author of the "American Declaration of Independence." It is very easy to read, and not difficult to remember, and if acted upon, may save one from getting into many a scrape:—

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
Never trouble another for what you can do for yourself.
Never spend your money before you have it.
Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
Take things always by the smooth handle.
When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION. — An ancient Greek was once asked who or what God was. He asked a day's time to think of his answer. On subsequent days he always doubled the time required for deliberation, and when asked the reason he replied that the longer he considered the subject the more obscure it appeared.

PLEASANTNESS AND PEACE. — If we seriously consider what religion is, we shall find the saying of the wise King Solomon to be unexceptionably true:—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."—*Leighton.*

A WOLF'S AFFECTION.—A lady once had a tame wolf which seemed to feel almost as much affection for her as a spaniel. She had occasion to leave home for some weeks. The wolf showed the deepest distress after her departure and at first refused to take food. During the whole time she was absent he remained much dejected. On her return, as soon as the animal heard her footsteps, he bounded into the room in an ecstasy of delight. Springing up, he placed one paw on each of her shoulders, but the next moment he fell backwards and instantly expired.

IN THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold the longest day hath its evening . . . . Use it therefore as the spring-time which soon departeth, wherein thou oughtest to sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

ACROSTIC.

A queen, whom a poet now living
Has drawn with a dramatist pen;
A man never crowned, but yet worthy
To be counted a king among men.

One who should be Protestant pastor,
But, instead, wears a Cardinal's hat;
A land not far off, hard to govern,
All through the bad conduct of Pat.

An old English poet, whose "Pilgrim"
We all seem to know very well,
And a Princess as good as she's lovely,
Who has come to our England to dwell.

Now put the first letters together
Of each correct word when 'tis found,
And they give you the most pious mother
Of an old theologian profound.

DEEDS AND WORDS.—Seek, my daughter, to be remembered by thy doings rather than by thy words.

KIND WORDS.

Words by HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.
(From "Christmas Roses," the extra Christmas Part of "The Girls' Own Paper.")

Music by COTSFORD DICK.

Moderato.

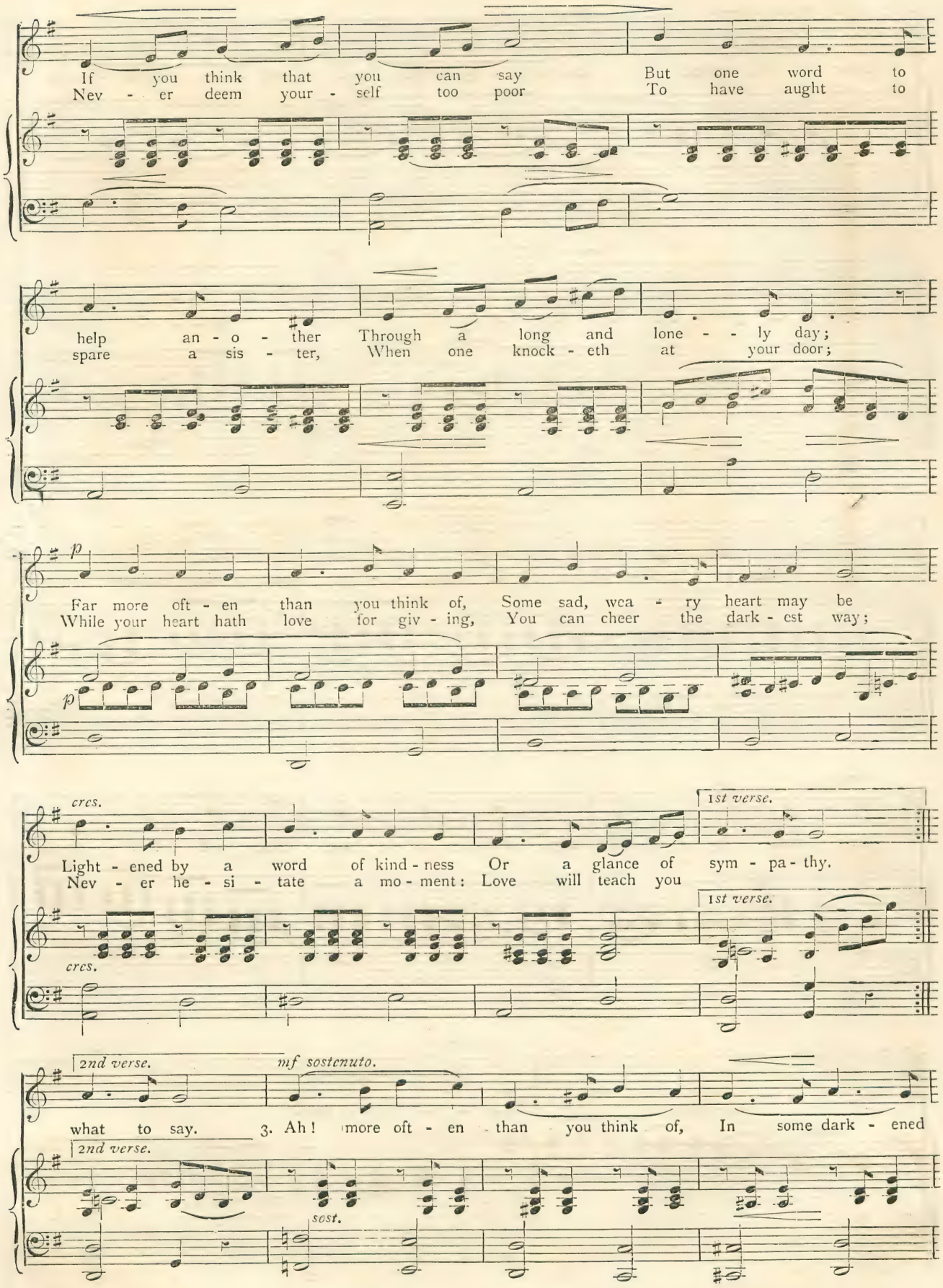
PIANO.

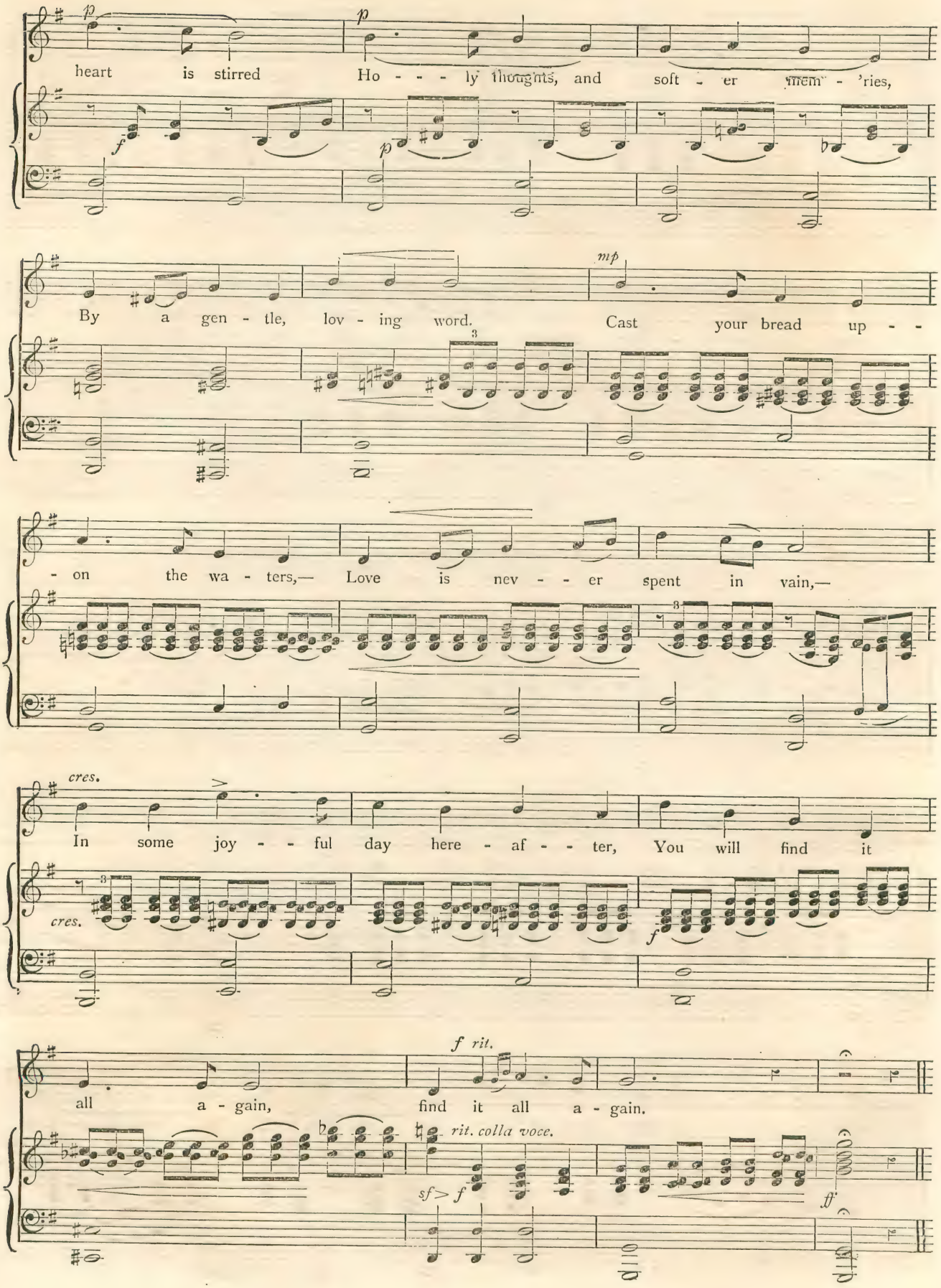
f sfz *sfz*

mf

1. Nev - - er he - si - - tate a mo - ment,
2. Though your days are spent in toil - ing,

mf


If you think that you can say But one word to
Nev - er deem your - self too poor To have aught to
help an - o - ther Through a long and lone - - ly day;
spare a sis - ter, When one knock - eth at your door;
p
Far more oft - en than you think of, Some sad, wea - ry heart may be
While your heart hath love for giv - ing, You can cheer the dark - est way;
p
cres.
1st verse.
Light - ened by a word of kind - ness Or a glance of sym - pa - thy.
Nev - er he - si - tate a mo - ment: Love will teach you
1st verse.
cres.
2nd verse.
mf sostenuto.
what to say. 3. Ah! more oft - en than you think of, In some dark - ened
2nd verse.
sost.


heart is stirred Ho - - - ly thoughts, and soft - er mem - 'ries,
By a gen - tle, lov - ing word. Cast your bread up - -
- on the wa - ters,— Love is nev - - er spent in vain,—
In some joy - - ful day here - af - - ter, You will find it
all a - gain, find it all a - gain.
rit. colla voce.

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section First: Birds—The Starling, and all about it—Jays, Jackdaws, Rooks, and Ravens—My loving and affectionate Magpie, Maggie.

JAYS.

It would answer no good purpose to open up or attempt to discuss the question in these papers as to whether it be right or wrong to keep birds captive in cages. Let me merely say, however, that I quite disapprove of the practice of robbing poor wild birds of their young—it is cruel, it is sinful; and the fact that it always has been done, from time immemorial, and probably always will be done, does not tend to make it less so. At the same time, the statement which I have more than once heard made by ladies, to the effect that they would like to liberate every bird, is simply—I was going to say ridiculous, but that would be rude—but it is a statement made thoughtlessly. For after birds have been kept for some time in confinement, to turn them adrift into the world would only be to kill them.

But if you really wish to do good to even one little waif and stray of a bird, that you see hung up in some bird shop, buy it and treat it with such care and kindness that its life will be all happiness and joy. You can do this, and do it easily, and the affection and love your feathered favourite will evince towards you will amply repay you for all your trouble and outlay.

Nor is there any need why a bird should be always confined to its cage or aviary, be its domicile ever so big. I have yet to learn the name of the bird that cannot be sufficiently tamed by gentleness and kindness to fly about a room, to perch on the head or hand, or feed from the mouth or fingers, and to return joyfully to its cage when required to do so.

Perhaps there are few wilder or more erratic birds in these islands than the *starling*. To be sure these birds come pretty nigh our dwellings, they even build in our chimneys, and sing there, and, silly things, they sometimes even lose their balance and fall backwards down the chimney into a bedroom, probably; but just catch one of these unfortunates and see the look of intense fear in that big bright bead of an eye of his, and listen to his joyous but unmusical scream when you throw him out into the air, and he flies away once more into freedom.

To give any detailed description of the British starling would be a mere waste of time and type. My readers all know the appearance of the beautiful creature, his coat of steel-blue, his speckled back, his lovely breast and head and shoulders, that, in the sunlight, are for ever changing from blue to crimson. They know, too, how graceful his shape is, and how long and strong his bill.

Quite a wonderful weapon is that bill of his. Just watch him stalking across the dewy lawn of a morning early, intent on his matutinal meal; the bill is inserted into every tiny hole, then opened like a compass, which widens the hole so that Dick can peep in and see if anything alive and edible is to be found within — a worm, or a beetle, or a grub. Dick is the early bird that picketh up the worm, and when he finds one he gives quite a little scream of delight. If he has a nest and young ones he flies directly to it, and gives it to the hungriest; if he has no young ones, he eats it himself and goes to look for another. But all the time he is thus engaged seeking his food he keeps—as sailors say—his weather eye lifting. Yonder is a wicked boy looking for a stone to throw at him. Dick knows he can dodge that stone most artistically, and so he does. Yonder, under that Austrian pine tree, lies pussy *perdu*. "If," thinks the cat, "that bird would only come just a few feet nearer, what a nice luscious breakfast I would have!"

"Yes," thinks Dick, "you may lick your lips, old lady, but you'll never manage to lay one of your nasty, thorny hands on my back—so there!"

Pussy seldom, if ever, succeeds in outwitting the starling; sparrows are common game with her; she gets a thrush only too often, and an occasional crocus-billed blackbird, and sometimes even catches poor cock robin; but the starling is too clever by one half for her.

This bird likes a hole to build in under the eaves of an old thatched house, for example, or even in a chimney-pipe, when he can find one that surmounts a room where a fire is never — to the starling's knowledge—lighted. To be sure, if a fire be lighted after the nest is built, Dick finds it awkward, and necessary to look out for other apartments. If you hang a long-shaped box in a neighbourhood frequented by starlings, it is almost certain to be appropriated as a nesting place. But the hollow of an old tree is the favourite position with these birds in which to erect their habitation. In my own poplars I have starlings building every year. The nest itself shows little knowledge of the science or beauty of architecture. But it is comfortable—straw, hay, and dried weeds form probably its foundation; rags, paper, wool, hair, and feathers its lining. In this dimly-lighted recess or cave the female sits all day long patiently on her blue-white eggs, while attentive, loving Dick perches on a bough above bickering to her—I cannot call it singing—and flying away at intervals to bring her food. I believe, too, that he occasionally keeps guard himself over the eggs, while she goes away for half an hour to stretch her legs and scare the cramp away from her pretty wings.

Now, it is not without a reason that I have given the starling first place in this paper, but because I consider it better suited than any other bird to be mentioned herein for a Girl's Own Pet. And this for many reasons. There is no bird I know more loving and affectionate towards its owner, whether mistress or master; there is no bird more amusing; and, with the exception of the parrot, none can talk so well or clearly; while his capabilities of learning to pipe tunes are very great. One particular trait of the starling's character is inquisitiveness. That wonderful bill of his must bore into everything. You have been out shopping, for instance, and have just come in and deposited the articles purchased on the table. While you go to change your dress Dick is on the outside of his cage whistling "Duncan Gray" to himself. He has simply greeted you with the words, "Hullo! darling, back already?" then gone on piping, looking all the while as innocent as a ba-lamb. But no sooner have you retired than "Bravo!" cries Dick, flying down to the table, and commencing in quite a business kind of way to examine the little parcels. Here is a packet of sweets; he undoes them, eats a few, and scatters the rest all over the table. He pulls out a tooth-brush, and drops it over the edge on to the floor. He bores about forty round holes in a cake of scented soap; then he finds a pair of kid gloves, ventilates them well, and tries to swallow the buttons. Next, a carefully-labelled and neatly got up parcel of camphorated chalk attracts his attention. You had meant to use this as tooth-powder, but Dick finds a different use for it; he tears open the paper and scatters the contents to the winds, powdering all his pretty plumage as he does so till he is a very good representation of that *rara avis* a pure white starling; and just at this moment you re-enter to find your pet the very picture of guilt and contrition. He would fly away to his cage if

THE MAGPIE.

he could, but he has got both his feet entangled in a Shetland wool neckerchief, which he found among your other parcels. No wonder you say, more in sorrow than in anger—

"Oh! Dick, dear, what have you been doing?"

The domesticated starling need hardly ever be confined to his cage. The bird enjoys his liberty, and will never abuse it by flying away. Indeed, he comes to look upon his cage as a very handy retreat in times of danger, as well as a useful dormitory, so he really loves it.

My own pet starling used to have his cage hung out of doors all day, when the weather was fine. Dick himself, however, was seldom in it; he would be found in all sorts of odd places, wandering among the flowers, or between the pea rows, or perched on a tree trying over his lessons in talking and singing, or perhaps strutting about on the garden walk, and calling a neighbour's cat "You rascal," with tremendous emphasis on the "r," because she was venturing too near to him. Out for a country walk I never thought of going without my "darling starling," as he called himself. He would perch on my shoulders all the way, sometimes going for a little fly, but soon returning when called upon. I mention these facts merely to prove to you how very tame a starling may become when properly treated. This bird took an intense pride in learning to pipe and speak. The great secret is to have your bird thoroughly fond of you to begin with, and to give him his lessons regularly, bearing in mind that your pet can be easily taught that certain words bear reference to certain actions. If, for example, you are giving him food or water, ask him if he is hungry or thirsty, and do not say "good morning" or "good night," &c., except at the appropriate times. As to teaching him to pipe, a bird organ may be used; whistling a tune to him is better, but this is hardly an accomplishment that young girls excel in; let him, at all events, learn the tune note by note and bar by bar. When one begins to whistle or play a tune to a starling, the bird crouches down in an attitude of the most rapt attention, which is truly wonderful to behold. After listening thus, as soon as I had finished, my own pet used to ejaculate—"Bravo! *Bravo!* Doctor, BRAVO!" most emphatically. You will find the starling a most industrious scholar, so that it will not be his fault if he be not speedily an accomplished one as well.

The Starling's Cage.—This should be as large and as roomy as possible, or else the bird will break his tail and lose other feathers, to the great detriment of his plumage and beauty. The cage may be a wicker-work one, or simply wire, but the bars must not be too wide. However much liberty you allow Master Dick in your presence, during your absence it will generally be as well to have him inside his dwelling place; let the fastening of its door, then, be one which he cannot pick. Any ordinary wire fastening is of no use, the starling will find the cue to it in a single day. Tin dishes for the bird's food will be found best, and they must be well shipped or else he will speedily tear them down. A large porcelain water fountain should be placed outside the cage; he will try to bathe even in this, and I hardly know how it can be prevented. Starlings are very fond of splashing about in the water, and ought to have a bath on the kitchen floor every day, unless you give him a proper bathing cage. Afterwards place him in the sun or near the fire to dry and preen himself.

Cleanliness.—This is most essential. The cage and his feeding and drinking utensils should be washed every day. The drawers beneath must be taken out, cleaned, washed, and *dried* before being put back, and a little rough gravel scattered over the bottom of it. If you would wish your bird to enjoy proper health — and without that he will never be a good speaker or musician — keep all his surroundings dry and sweet, and never leave yesterday's food for to-day's consumption.

THE ROOK.

Food.—Do not give the bird salt food, but a little of anything else that is going can always be allowed him. Perhaps bread soaked in water, the water squeezed out, and a little new milk poured over, forms the best staple of diet. But, in addition to this, shreds of raw meat should be given, garden worms, slugs, &c. Carry him round the room on your finger, stopping when you see a fly on the wall or a picture frame, and holding the starling near it. He will thus soon learn to catch his own flies, and take such delight in this kind of stalking, that, as soon as he can speak, he will pester you with his importunities to be thus carried round.

White fish these birds are very fond of, and also fresh salmon. Fruit should be given to them now and then, a fig being considered by them an especial delicacy. A little chickweed or other green food is also relished; This may be placed on the top of the cage. Finally, starlings, no matter how well you feed them, will not thrive without plenty of exercise. The male bird is the better talker, and more active and saucy, as well as more beautiful and graceful in shape and plumage. Be assured the bird is very young before purchasing it.

Rooks and ravens, jays and jackdaws, all make exceedingly nice pets, and have many strange and amusing ways. I shall have a word or two to say about them in my next. But meanwhile here is Maggie wanting to put in her oar. Maggie is a pet magpie, and has been sitting on the back of my chair looking over my shoulder all the time that I have been writing. She says she prefers speaking for herself, if I will kindly write, she herself never being able to hold a pen properly, though she has oftentimes tried.

"I fully endorse," says Maggie, "all you have written about the starling, especially as regards their treatment, and if you had added that they are pert, perky things, you wouldn't have been far out. Well, we magpies build our nests of sticks on the tops of tall trees, lining it first with clay, then with grass; our eggs are five in number, and if they weren't so like to a crow's they might be mistaken for a blackbird's. The nests are so big that before the little boys climb up the trees they think they have found a hawk's. In some parts of the country we are looked upon with a kind of superstitious awe. This is nonsense; there is nothing wrong about us; we may bring joy to people, as I do to you, dear Doctor, by my gentle loving ways, but we never bring grief. We like solitude, and keep ourselves in the wild state to ourselves. Perhaps if we went in locks, and had as much to say for ourselves as those noisy brutes of rooks, we would be more thought of. Even in the domestic state we like our liberty, and think it terribly cruel to be obliged to mope all day long in a wicker cage. It is crueller still to hang us in draughts, or in too strong a sun; while to keep our cage damp and dirty cramps our legs and gives us such twinges of rheumatism in our poor unused wings, that we often long to die and be at rest.

"The treatment, Doctor, you prescribe for starlings will do nicely for us, and you know how easily we are taught to talk; and I'm sure I *do* love you, Doctor, and haven't I, all for your sake, made friends with your black Persian cat and your big Newfoundland dog?

"No, I'm not a thief; I deny the charge. Only if you do leave silver spoons about, and gold pens, and shillings and sixpenny-bits — why — I — I borrow them, that is all, and you can always find them in Maggie's cage.

"We can eat all that starlings eat; yes, and a great many things they would turn up their supercilious bills at. But, remember, we do like a little larger allowance of animal food than starlings do.

"No more at present, dear Doctor, but remains your loving and affectionate Magpie, Maggie."

N.B.—The grammatical error in the last sentence is Maggie's, not mine.

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

NOTE.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. These amateur compositions are inserted with a view to encouraging our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. Nothing thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer, and be certified as her *bona fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.

THY LIFE.

THY life's a piece of needlework,
  Growing greater day by day;
Whereof thy God supplies the threads,
  Of gold, or dark, or sombre grey.

But thine own hand must weave them in,
  Must make, but never can undo;
And 'tis thy task to weave them well,
  And keep unspotted every hue.

Yet, if upon thy garment fair
  The stains of sin and guilt appear,
Think not that thou canst wash them out,
  By fasting, lab'ring, prayer, or tear.

There flows from Calvary's Cross-crowned mount
  A gushing stream of crimson hue;
It is the blood of Heaven's King,
  Shed forth, oh, sinner, all for you!

That Stream alone can cleanse thy work,
  That Stream alone can make thee pure:
Go, bathe thee in its healing tide,
  And then return and sin no more.

And marvel not if grief and pain
  Among the threads are ever twined;
They serve but to show up the gold,
  More bright, more joyous, more refined.

All that thou canst not comprehend—
  The sever'd link, the twisted strand—
Shall be made plain to thee in Heaven,
  Standing 'mid the ransom'd band.

And when thou see'st the pattern moulded
  In thy troubled weary days—
See'st the fitness, grace, and beauty
  Of the Lord's mysterious ways—
Thou wilt cast thee down before Him,
With the angel-hosts adoring,
  In eternity of praise!

FRANCESCA (17).

FABLETTES.

"HORRID thing!" said the child to the fruit-tree; "I came to you for your fruit, but though it looked so bright and green, it is not nearly ripe. I came, hoping for refreshment and pleasure, and you have given me nothing." "You are mistaken," said the tree; "I first gave you hope, now I have given you a lesson on the vanity of trusting to appearances. If you wait, I will give you a lesson in patience, and in due time I will give you my fruit, and it will taste much sweeter to you than if it had been ripe and you had plucked and eaten it now."

"WHY do you wound me?" asked the maiden of the rose, as she felt the thorns tear her delicate skin. "To teach you," answered the rose, "that things worth having are not attained without some trouble." "Is there no way of overcoming the difficulty?" inquired the girl. "There are two ways," the flower replied. "One is to sit down, and patiently pluck off all the thorns; the other is to grasp the stem boldly, unheeding the pain." And the maiden smiled thoughtfully as she said, "How few people there are in the world who are willing to do either!"

"I WILL give you a golden cage," said the little boy to the lark; "I will carpet it with moss and deck it with flowers; I will put food and water within it. What more can you want?" "Only the blue sky, and the emerald earth, the fresh air, and the glorious sunshine, and, best of all, the sense of being free," answered the lark, and as he turned to continue his aërial flight, he exclaimed, "Strange, strange, that man alone is so unwilling to leave his prison-house of earth, gilded though it be, for the freedom of the blue, eternal heaven!"

FRANCESCA (17).

LOVING SERVICE.

G IVE kindly smiles and words of love
I f you can nothing else bestow;
R eceived are these by One above,
L ittle though they may seem below.
S een in the light of heaven's ray,

O h, what a glorious list are they!
Well done! shall be your rich reward.
N othing on earth can equal this:

P raise from our gracious, loving lord,
A nd infinite eternal bliss.
P our soothing balm in plenteous flow,
E asing the spirits crushed with woe—
R eward awaits you—not below.

ANNIE DAVIS (aged 18).

POSTSCRIPT.

THE Editor is much pained to announce that the poem, "Vanity of Earthly Things," sent in manuscript as the original composition of E. W., aged 18, and published in the October part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, is now proved, after some attempt at equivocation, to be nothing more nor less than a copy of an old hymn, to be found in several hymn-books still in existence, though not commonly known.

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that, had this not been the first instance of fraud in the matter of amateur contributions, he would have published the full name and address of the culprit, both as a punishment for the offence and as a warning to others.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

SLOTTYE.—For the article "How to Embroider in Crewels," see page 96, and "Crewel Embroidery for Dresses," page 228. Write, enclosing stamps, to Mr. Joseph Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You do not write well, and the attempt to make ungraceful flourishes is very vulgar-looking.

LIZZIE.—See page 591, *vol. i., for* a recipe given in "Answers to Correspondents," under "Work," for making a "Tam o' Shanter cap" in crochet.

BLACKBERRY.—As in nature it depends on the amount of light or shadow falling on certain leaves whether you see the veining or not, so in your embroidery those in full light and prominence show their veinings, while those in shadow or foreshortened would present little to view beyond their colouring and outlines. Work them as you would paint them in a picture.

CLARICE IRENE.—Take a pair of embroidered slippers before made up, or one prepared for embroidery, of the size you require, and make as many stitches as would form the width of the toe. Then turn the work, and go back again on the chain made, measuring your work as you form each row with the pattern, and adding stitches at each end until the full width and length of the front of the foot be attained. Then work a long strip at one side only, long enough to extend down one side, pass round the heel, and up on the opposite side till it reach the front of the slipper again, where you must crochet it on, and fasten off.

SIR GALAHAD.—For instructions in knitting socks and stockings see page 157, vol. ii.

INVALID BUTTERCUP.—We never before heard of an invalid buttercup; it is a quaint idea. For a pretty edging in crochet work see page 756, vol. ii.

DAISY.—No flower could be more simple for embroidery in crewels than that indicated by your fancy name. If not sufficiently warm-looking for winter wear, a "bachelor's button" would prove a good substitute, all worked in an even row, and the leaves branching out at the end of each stem at the foot, a few little delicate brown roots appearing below each tuft. Draw the leaf portion of the design first, and then add the stems and flowers, or otherwise you might place the flowers too closely together.

C. M. R.—Work-"housewives" might be made of the pieces of waste leather and folding toilette cases lined with glazed waterproof, manufactured for the purpose, bound round, and supplied with the requisite straps and pockets.

PERPLEXITY.—Consult "My Work Basket."

H. E.—See "My Work Basket," also our crochet articles in vol. i.

KATE W.—Send your embroidered dress to the cleaner's; such things are seldom well done at home.

PERSEVERANCE.—See patterns given already in "My Work Basket."

CUPID.—See "Crochet Paletot," page 149, vol. i.

IVY.—We have been told lately that glass may be cut with a sharp file, using turpentine to keep the point of friction constantly wet. A glazier's diamond would be better than a file. We have not tried it, but we give the recipe on the best authority.

FOUR DAISIES.—Consult "My Work Basket" for the newest and best ideas on needlework. Back numbers may be obtained by ordering from the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Poultice the enlarged joint with bread and water until the inflammation has subsided.

LILIAN.—Shepherds are, it is thought, the original inventors of crochet, and it used to be called "Shepherd's hooking." The word crochet is from the old Danish *krsoke*, French *crochet*, a hook. The art was practised on the Continent in the 16th century, and was then known as "nuns' work." It was brought into Ireland at an early date, and was then called Irish point. It became a fashionable employment in 1837 or 1838.

ELIZABETH.—Called also tricot stitch, Tunisian crochet, railway, fool's, and idiot stitch. See "Crochet for Little Workers," vol. i., page 442. Rub your old picture with half a raw potato, and sponge off with clean cold water.

REGULAR ROMP and A WILD SCHOOLGIRL.—Consult "Seasonable Dress." Retrim your brown tweed with velveteen of the same colour or darker.

MIRIAM MAY.—Keep to your own style of writing. Cashmere trimmed with watered silk would be fashionable for your dresses, and would be useful afterwards.

J. G. W.—We should advise you to add a small round habit-shirt, or border, to the band of your collar, which will keep it down under your dress, as well as prevent your bodice getting soiled. Judging by your writing, we should think you were about seven years old.

HILDEGARDE.—We are informed that good second-hand knitting-machines can be sometimes obtained for £5. They must be purchased with care, however. "Florence" means "blooming." Maud is a contraction from Matilda, a "battle maiden" or heroine.

EVA.—Read "How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, 264, vol. i. The number of meshes required vary according to the size.

D. P. BUTTERWORTH.—We are of opinion that our grandmothers made their own formularies for Poonah painting, and they would not be difficult to do for yourself.

POPPIE DEL CARVILLA.—You will find the Stamp Snake illustrated in the concluding article on "Occupations for Invalids." Many thanks for your little design.

KENTISH LASS.—We shall make a note of your request.

ROSENLANI.—For description of frames see pages 139, 140, 46, vol. ii.

NARCISSUS.—Crape is worn for a parent at least nine months. The fumes of a lucifer match will take fruit stains out of linen.

E. A. S.—You must find out where your great grandfather lived, or where his parents lived, and search the various parish registers. Family Bibles are usually of great use in such searches. There is no other method that we know.

LABOR IPSE VOLUPTAS.—You can obtain knitting cards at any fancy-work shop, which will give the fullest directions.

DOROTHY ALICE C.—Experience only enables you to know how long china should remain in the oven.

EDUCATIONAL.

FLEUR DE LYS' little account of her visit to Notre Dame does credit in every way to her spelling and her education. How thankful we are to have been of use to her, and how glad we are to know that she is living in faith and hope. The monogram you send us is composed of the Tau-cross, like a "T," and the St. Andrew's cross joined, the Alpha and Omega on each side, and the serpent coiled at the feet.

MADCAP and MUSIDORA.—We should advise your writing to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, before risking a journey to Paris in the hope of finding a situation there. There are very few to be had, and they seem more suitable to English nurses than to governesses.

NELL SUTTON.—Read "How to Form a Small Library," vol. ii., page 122.

LITTLE WAIF, STRAY, and GWENDOLINE.—Read "Literary Work for Girls," vol. ii., page 587, and "How to Write a Story," vol. ii., page 665.

HARVOT MARY.—We should read to the children, and teach them verses of poetry, which they soon learn. A course of Kindergarten instruction would be of use to you, we think. We think your friend overlooked the answer.

DOT.—Enclose a stamped envelope for a reply to your letter. The price of the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is 6s.

BROWN EYES.—1. The price of the Bible Handbook is 5s. 2. The address of the Flower Mission is Miss A. L. Boyle, 10, Craven-hill-gardens, W., London.

GUEST, W. K, and KITTY.—Write to the Royal Academy of Music, 10, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. Yes, you must go through the course.

ELLEN.—Such situations are obtained by advertisement, but are not as easy to get as they were. We consider every girl should try for a certificate of some kind, and you are so young you can afford to wait.

JEANNIE.—1. As a teacher of "advanced arithmetic," you should be well acquainted with "algebra" and "cube root," as well as "square root." 2. To write in the third person is a very formal mode of address, and it depends on the degree of intimacy whether you adopt it, or write in the first person. The third person is very commonly used when writing to tradespeople.

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER and BERTIE AND CELLO.—See our reply to "Winnie Davis." It is against our rules to give addresses and advertisements.

F. M. GILL.—You may be trained as a nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., during a period of one year or fifteen months, serving as an assistant nurse, paid at the rate of £10 per annum, and supplied with a uniform. Should you acquit yourself satisfactorily, your name will be placed on the register, and you will be recommended for employment.

M. L. W.—See "Clerks Under Government," page 543, vol. i.

M. R.—The higher local Cambridge examination for women over eighteen years of age is held in June. Apply to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, who will supply all necessary information.

A. INGRAM.—The mistake is probably with yourself. We do not think much of your writing, but think worse of your impertinence, although you may be so important a personage as "a *lady* of from 14 to 18 years of age."

BLIND ELSIE.—A letter addressed to the Secretary of the Asylum and School for the Blind, Magdalen-street, Norwich; or to Miss Stokes, Gloucestershire Home-teaching and Industrial Society, 47, Winchcombe-street, Cheltenham, would procure for you all particulars respecting the apparatus employed for writing by the blind. We sympathise sincerely with you.

NITSNA.—Apply to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden street, Hanover-square, London, W., who will give you all the information you need. There is also the National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, London, W.C., which offers free instruction to English subjects, of both sexes, and without limit as to age, upon success in competitive examination. You had better write to the secretary for all information required.

A. M.—To write a good free hand; the small round-hand supplied in ordinary copy-books should be copied daily, until perfectly acquired. The writer should then adopt some model amongst the specimens supplied by the letters of friends, or a combination of the characteristics of more than one example, and practise until the hand be formed. Exercises in the execution of graceful flourishes would serve to improve any style of writing.

GATTY CAPEL.—The mere fact of your having received contrary directions respecting the finger to be employed in a certain passage by two "equally good" masters proves that it is a matter of no consequence. We hope you have got your certificate by this time.

A SHORT-SIGHTED ONE.—There are constant advertisements in the *Times* and other first-class papers, which you might answer, obtaining references before making final arrangements. The terms would be about £60 per annum. We think the question of leaving your brother requires your gravest consideration, and we are sure you might find plenty of employment if you tried at home.

WEBSTER.—There is no means of remedying bad spelling, except making a constant companion of the dictionary; in time you will improve.

FLORENCE HELENA.—See pages 607 and 730, vol. ii. The fumes of a lucifer match will take fruit stains out of linen.

M. S. W.—Write for the questions you require. We usually say all there is to be said about hair-dressing in the "Answers to Correspondents." The last idea is the "crop," or cutting the hair off short all round.

SGANARELLE.—The translation of your phrases is as follows:—1. He who can perform the most can perform also the least (the greater includes the less). 2. Good blood cannot lie. 3. He is over head and ears in debt. 4. I bought this book second-hand. We do not give addresses.

MARIAN.—We see nothing to prevent your opening a school or educating young children, if you wish to do so.

COOKERY.

M. A. C., AT HOUNSLOW.—See recipes for rhubarb wine, pages 399, 615, vol. i.

THE GREY STAR.—For a recipe for chocolate creams see page 399, vol. i. Oatmeal cakes, page 127, vol. i. You had better procure the first vol.

SUNBEAM.—Take a large tin of tomatoes, add five pints of stocks, with pepper and salt, thicken with flour, and boil ten minutes. To clean sponges, see page 606, vol. i.

M. E. E. and PUELLA.—We cannot tell where the fault was in your cake-making, but M. E. E. clearly baked her cake too long, and probably did not dry her flour nor warm her ingredients before mixing. "Puella's" oven was too hot, to begin with, and her cake rose too fast. None of our correspondents must imagine that cake-making is learnt by one trial or by a dozen; it needs much experience.

ROLLING PIN.—Too much heat will cause the fruit to shrivel, and too little boiling will prevent the crystallisation of the sugar.

SNUB NOSE.—Thank you for your recipes; we are much pleased you have found ours good and successful.

IGNORAMUS.—Cover the meat with a thin layer of freshly-powdered charcoal; both animal and vegetable charcoal have the same valuable properties as deodorizers and disinfectants. Procure from a chemist.

EMILY H.—For "Oatmeal Cakes," see page 525, vol. ii. The legend of John o'Groat's house will be found at page 719, vol. ii.

EDITH MEAD inquires how cut bread and butter may be kept fresh. We know of no other method than preserving it from the air. Put a plate over it.

BLUE BELL.—American "pop-corn" may be flavoured by adding vanille or lemon-juice to the sugar.

MADAME PUFF.—See page 127 of vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, where the method of making oat-cakes is described.

DAPHNE.—We suppose that you omitted to stand the tin for a few moments in hot water, to detach its contents from the sides. This does not obviate the necessity for buttering the inside of the tin.

GERMANIE.—Make your dough with the milk of the cocoa-nut, and shred finely, or grate the fruit into it, and make as any other biscuits.

BLUEBELLS.—A dog's dinner should consist of dog-biscuits and meal wetted and worked up with any remains of broth or soup, or else with water. As a rule, he should be fed once a day, but water should always be left for his use, to drink when he may desire it. Bones, unless of poultry, or very slight ones, may break a dog's teeth; and meat, and especially fat, tend to produce mange, and a bad smell from the body.

F. A. PIERREPONT.—Sweet preserves of every description are suitable for the breakfast table. Ac-

cording to English law, neither a boy nor girl is "of age," until either has attained twenty-one years. Up to that age they are termed in law 'infants." But by a private arrangement of a parent, a child may be what is popularly termed "of age"—that is, independent, and eligible to manage its own income and affairs, at either a later or earlier age, all guardianship being withdrawn. But legally a young person is an "infant," and cannot witness any legal document, under twenty-one years of age.

MRS. FISHER.—We have to acknowledge your kindness in sending us the subjoined recipe for the benefit of our readers:—Barberry and Blackberry Preserve.—Of the fruit, take two-thirds of blackberries to one-third of barberries. Put the blackberries alone into a preserving pan, and stew them till the juice can be fully expressed. Then put the juice to the barberries, and to every pint of this add one pound of loaf sugar. Boil as for other preserves.

R. M.—Your recipe for making a preserve of vegetable marrow may be an acquisition to many, and we have pleasure in giving it insertion. To make it the vegetable marrows should be pared, and, the seeds having been taken out, they should be cut into pieces of about the size of walnuts. To 1 lb. of fruit add ¾ lb. of sugar, dissolved in cold water, and boil in a muslin bag containing a little ground ginger and a few cloves. After all has boiled together sufficiently, add a few drops of essence of lemon.

MUSIC.

A CITY SPARROW.—We think you mean the seventh symphony, probably. Your writing is too scratchy; use a softer pen.

SUSIE K.—It is usual for the hostess to play or sing first herself.

MARABELLA.—Your ear seems defective, but perhaps you might overcome that by practice and training. We should not advise you to strain your voice; you are still so young that you might easily do it harm.

A WEST INDIAN.—Inquire at a music-seller's. You use too hard a pen.

A. L. P.—Go to any music publisher's. You will find their names in a London Directory.

ANXIETY.—We should advise you to write to Trinity College for some information on the subject. Of course, the lists have been published.

SAXON'S PET.—1. We never heard of any other sonatas of Beethoven's. 2. They are not used at afternoon tea. 3. Answer if the card has "R. S. V. P." on it.

SUNDERLAND.—We do not know the expressions, nor the songs wherein they are to be found, nor do we see how you could expect anything so unreasonable. The search would be as impossible as the oft-quoted one for the "needle in the bottle of hay."

HOUSEKEEPING.

ANNIE M.—Clean the chandelier with a little ammonia and water.

POPPY.—See page 399, vol. i. You should practise writing roundhand.

YSCLOTYN.—We are always glad to have letters like yours, and to answer them to the best of our power. We consider baking at home a great saving, as well as much more wholesome. You could bake bread quite well in an American kitchener, or in an ordinary oven, provided it is a good one, and you understand breadmaking. In London you can also send things out to be baked at the baker's shop. Beans, peas, and lentils are all cheap and most excellent winter foods, and you will find that bones for soup are also most inexpensive. Let us hear from you again if we can be of any use.

SUNFLOWER.—Try a hot iron and some brown paper for the grease spots, and then plenty of scrubbing and soda. The last part of the directions will answer for the cleansing of the copper, which must have been sadly neglected.

ANNIE HUNT.—See pages 64 and 319, vol. i., also pages 64, 95, 222, vol. i.

GRATEFUL.—See page 16, vol. ii. Wet the stain directly with a little water. We think the claret must be coloured with something, or the laundress is careless.

ART.

UNA LORELLA.—The fault is perhaps in the method of laying on the varnish; if the brush be too small it will not be smooth, or if the wood be greasy or soiled.

MEG H.—All pictures sent to the Royal Academy must be originals, not copies, however clever they may be.

JOHANNA.—Use Roberson's medium, and keep your colours as dry as possible.

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.—The heat of the weather was to blame; the smallest possible amount of glycerine might prevent similar catastrophes in future.

EDIE.—We do not think there is any medium that would help you, for the water-colours would not wash, as we suppose you know. Why do you make such ugly "t's"?

HOKEY POKEY.—Quite possible, but it is much better to do the painting properly with the china colours.

SENELLA.—There is nothing, we think, will prevent it, except keeping the tubes in a sufficiently damp place, and not purchasing too large a quantity at once. Varnish the flowers, &c., but not the plate.

M. E. H. (St. Helens).—See the last chapter on "Occupations for Invalids." Transparent colours are used for painting on glass.

PRIMROSE.—We think 30s. a quarter would be sufficient for the drawing lessons for elementary pupils.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MINA.—Cassel, being in northern Germany, must necessarily be severely cold in the winter. Your writing is good and legible.

PERINA G.—Use "Insecticide," and get a carpenter or mason to fill up all the holes and crevices in which they live, especially in the kitchen. In reference to the butler's tray and the vegetables, the plan adopted varies in different houses, and is quite optional.

FELLE AND LINA, and SHIRT SLEEVE.—1. We advise "Lina" to consult her mother's taste and wishes, more especially as she will pay for the dresses. When leaving home "for good" one would naturally wish to gratify her most trifling fancy. 2. No planets have tails, although some have satellites, and one has a ring. Comets—astronomers will tell you—are not worlds like ours, but are "of perfectly mysterious constitution and office; some permanently fixed in the solar system, and others attached to it as periodical visitors." They are commonly divided into three parts, viz., the *nucleus*, the *coma*, or envelope, and the "tail."

THE MAID OF NORWAY.—The little roll or piece of bread supplied to each person at dinner is placed within the folds of the napkin, which is laid—or stood upright in some pretty design—on each plate. Of course, where economy demands that the napkin should be used more than once, and is to be distinguished by a ring, the roll or bread may be laid on the opposite side of the plate.

SNAP.—Every unmarried woman should have the prefix "Miss" before her name on a visiting card, but the younger members of a family should all add the first Christian name. If there be a mother living, the daughter's name should be engraved underneath hers on the same card, and if there be more than one daughter introduced into society, "The Misses ——" should be so placed upon it.

L. J. G.—Yes, anyone—whether a subscriber or not—may compete for our prizes.

CURLY LOCKS.—Employ the word "weeded," and rub the brushes clean with flour.

A COUNTRY BUMPKIN.—We did not know that any of "our girls" could be "bumpkins." However, some individual thus described inquires whether it "be *the* thing to mash *your* potatoes and cabbage up together at a dinner. "Bumpkin" proceeds to say—"I have lost my beautiful complexion. . . . . Is there any colouring mixture which would not injure?" Potatoes and cabbage, pounded together, after having been boiled, then fried on a pan and peppered, is called "caul'cannon" in Ireland, and is a favourite dish. We write the name as pronounced, but never saw it in print. We could not recommend you to dye your skin, like an Indian, unless you mean to "take to the woods," and thereby preserve your face from the stings of insects.

POPPY.—Perhaps at some future time an article may be given on leather-work. The materials requisite may be obtained at an artist's colourman's. Skins of thick leather are prepared for it called "basil," and a thinner kind called "skiver." Moulds for grapes, and certain flowers, and moulding tools; also wooden pestles, hammer, nippers, scissors, pins, wire, a knife, small bradawls, a tool for veining leaves, and sheets of glue. Your writing is fairly good.

A NURSE.—We have already recommended a work such as you require, by one of our own writers—see page 611, vol. i., under the title "Food for Invalids."

CIS OSBORNE.—Tell the second suitor frankly that you are already engaged to someone else, and with your parents' full consent—if that be true, and not one drawn reluctantly from them, under a protest of any kind—and that you could not be guilty of so dishonourable an act as to jilt him. You write very well, and your composition is fairly good.

WILD EGLANTINE.—In hot countries the doors and windows are generally closed, to ensure coolness and keep the heated air out. Guam or Gujam is one of the Ladrome Islands. They are about twenty in number and Guam is the largest, being ninety miles in circumference. It is the seat of Government, the chief town being San Ignacio de Agana. It is mountainous, well wooded and watered. The population of the whole group in 1864 was 5,600. The llamas flourish and thrive on the mountains; they were introduced from Peru. The ships would touch on their return to England.

FOUR COLLEENS.—Cashmere is the prettiest and most useful material for bridesmaids' dresses. We should advise you to have pale blue trimmed with pale blue satin. The dresses should be short; and white straw hats trimmed with white satin and white feathers would be very pretty.

A CEMETARIAN.—1. Yes, those of the mountain ash and holly. 2. Try. 3. There is no other way.

MARION.—You must wait for the announcement in the papers.

ORIANA.—Is your letter intended as an impertinence?

WOODBINE.—The colour is gone from the brown silk; it will need re-dyeing to restore it. They are very good pens.

A. F. D.—Before trying to write poetry you will do well to study the rules for its composition, but do not waste your time until better instructed.

GRACE.—Consult a doctor. Your writing is faulty for your age.

MARGNI.—We think you need a simple tonic, for which consult the writings and answers of "Medicus." Clean the brushes with dry flour.

JO.—The question you put to us is so entirely a matter of personal feeling that we cannot advise; the second husband might object or feel hurt.

DOT.—We regret we cannot answer your query, which does not concern us.

CHARLOTTE M.—The National Dental Hospital is in Great Portland-street, W. No letters are required.

LITTLE BODY.—Do not use the recipe if the pearls are set in enamel. A good jeweller might assist you.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MACDOUGALL.—You could not make it at home without a still; so it is best to purchase it at a good chemist's. Lemons are also a good application.

JENNY.—The frosting-powder called "Frost" is purchased by the ounce and is made of powdered glass. We believe it is sold by ecclesiastical decorators and furnishers.

GREY and GOLD.—If you have taken THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER since it first came out, and are "avidious" readers of it, we do not see how you missed finding an answer to your query about Thomas à Kempis.

IRIS.—Half a teaspoonful of Condy's crimson fluid in half a tumbler of water is an excellent morning gargle for a susceptible throat; it should not be swallowed. We do not give addresses. Make your bath water tepid if you feel it too cold.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—A little ammonia may take out the stain, but must be very carefully applied. Perhaps a little zinc ointment might help you, put lightly with the fingers on the forehead. Your writing reminds us of Stonehenge, and is ugly in the extreme.

BROWN EYES has a "very bad, cross, jealous, aggravating temper," which "makes *her miserable*." In the last two words we have italicised seem to lie the root of the whole matter of selfishness. If Brown Eyes thought of and preferred other people's happiness to her own she would neither be jealous nor cross, and as for "aggravating!" "Thou God sees me," this must be her motto, and the constant remembrance of the Divine presence will help her.

NELLIE HOPE.—We thank you greatly for telling us so much that is encouraging. The opinion of your parents in reference to the benefit conferred on some of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and in the case you especially name, we much rejoice to hear. To manufacture lavender-water you would require a still. It could not be made without one. Your writing is neat.

CHARITAS.—Hiccoughs are produced by acidity in the system, or a weak digestion. Many people get an attack if they move about too soon after meals. A small dose of calcined or fluid magnesia, or of bicarbonate of potash, will correct acidity; but you should attend to your diet, to guard against the recurrence of the cause rather than of the effect. Sweet things are very injurious to persons suffering from acidity, and much worse complaints than hiccough are produced by it in the course of time. You have our sympathy in reference to other matters.

JEANIE R.—The publishers of your French book would recommend you another of the same description in German. We do not give addresses. "Stayed" is an instance of bad spelling we were surprised to find in the letter of one who passed four years at a college.

LITTLE SWEETHEART.—The schoolroom maid must act as waitress and housemaid in the schoolroom; in fact, undertake every duty in connection with it, being under the direction of the governess who presides in it. This is a situation very probably within your attainment; but as so very few are offered as stillroom maids, their duties were not described in the article on the subject of "The Duties of Servants."

EDITH.—Many people leave the linen unmarked until after the wedding has taken place, when it is marked in the husband's name. For our own part, so far as feeling is concerned, we prefer everything marked with the maiden name of the bride. A half-worn cashmere or beige would be a good dress for the voyage; and some kind of a hat with a brim, as you will probably suffer from heat after you leave England. Many ladies supply themselves with a black grenadine, as the only sensible cool dress. As no washing is done on board, you will need plenty of underclothing. Be careful to wear tidy boots and dark stockings, and have plenty of clean lace for your neck. Several pairs of gloves are also needed.

A WELSH LASSIE and NIGHTINGALE.—See vol. i., page 319. It is most difficult to break parrots of this trick.

AIMEE.—Black tea is much recommended for washing lace, but it may be stiffened with a little gum, or sugar and water. A few drops of ammonia added to a gallon of water, and applied once a week to the potted plants, is said to perform wonders.

PEARL.—The motto which you mean, though incorrectly, to quote is this—*Le plus loin, le plus serré;* or, "The more distant, the more bound together." The verb *serrer*—of which *serré* is the past participle—means to tighten or draw together. The pronunciation of the names which you require is "Haywarden" and "Hugh- (as fug in "fugue") -enden."

ELLINOR RHYS.—Your letter, or rather your feelings, as described by you, are very contradictory. You cannot be as callous and indifferent to your spiritual condition as you imagine. If you were, you would not have asked our counsel and help to further some improvement in your state. This fact must prove that the Holy Spirit has not forsaken you. Beware of slighting His influence, but rather pray earnestly for His grace and help.

GEORGIE.—Your friend is right in stating that there are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia. They respire, so to say, through a little stem, apparently answering the purpose of a leaf. The tree is known as "the leafless acacia."

UNDECIDED.—The best advice that we can give to any young woman, of however fair education, and perhaps very eligible for a situation as a nursery governess, is this—Do not waste time and money in answering or writing advertisements. Few are the situations open for such applicants; still fewer those worth securing. In any case, such are necessarily only temporary engagements. We recommend you to apply for a situation as a "Lady Help." This might offer a permanent home; and a friendship might be won with the lady who employs you, or with her grateful connections by your faithful service, which might in the end secure you a provision for times of sickness, and even for old age. Apply at Mrs. Crawshay's "Office for Lady Helps," in Oxford-street, W.

MARY JANE.—We sympathise sincerely in the disappointments with which you have met, and the length of time that you have been out of service, but on no account accept any invitations to take a situation abroad, nor apply to any agents but those of the highest respectability. Always make full inquiries before you even go to see the mistress requiring your services, as the most serious mistakes have lately been made. The subject of the protection of young women, including servant-girls, is under the consideration of the House of Lords.

ENNA and GERTRUDE.—Your case is a common one, more especially to young and inexperienced people. In the first place, your distress of mind and desire for the grace of a sincere repentance prove you, beyond all question, to have really received it. Were you hardened you would not feel any distress, nor any desire to be received into God's favour. What is repentance? It is not fits of crying, nor convulsions—it is a turning again to God, from whom you had been estranged. "Sin thus repented of is sin forgiven"; but, beware of the first symptoms of any relapse. The passages you wrote cannot refer to your own present condition, although doubtless they refer to others.

MARTHA.—Yes, there is such a fabric as "Glass-cloth." Probably you have seen little Venetian mats for the table, made of finely spun glass, which usually fill the fingers of those that handle them with minute splinters, like the most delicate needle-points. Glass-cloth is manufactured—in the same way—of glass-fibre for ecclesiastical fabrics of a decorative character in Austria, France, Italy, and in Pennsylvania, U.S.A. It is exceedingly beautiful.

LILLIE and T. T. D.—The House of Brunswick, from whom our kings of the House of Hanover are descended, assume the name of Este-Guelph, being descended by marriage in the eleventh century from the Margraves of Este, in Italy, and the Guelphs in Germany.

A MINNOW FISH.—We should advise you to use rosemary tea for your hair. We think you should keep a bird for a pet, as it is much cleaner and less trouble than a dog. Your letter does you credit.

A LITTLE COWARD.—We should advise you to see that the housemaid keeps the ceilings very free from cobwebs, especially in your bedroom; have the curtains well brushed also, and try to forget your terrors.

S. G. S.—"Woman is changeable" is the translation. *Cachucha* is the name of a Spanish dance.

CORNFLOWER.—Your first Latin quotation means "A just man, and one tenacious of his purpose." The rest are too long. "'Tis better to have loved and lost" is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

OONAGH.—Rub the white leather with a little bread, or pipeclay it.

BESSIE.—George Sand is the *nom de plume* of Madame Dudevant, a French authoress.

AUDREY.—Your nationality is not in any way affected by your place of birth. If your parents are English you are so also.

WHITE PANSY.—St. Pancras was a Roman youth of noble birth, martyred by the Emperor Diocletian at the age of fourteen, A.D. 304. The first church consecrated by St. Augustine in England was called by his name, as the patron of children, from the fact that Pope Gregory's sight of the three little British children in the slave market at Rome led to St. Augustine's mission. There was also another reason more personally interesting to St. Augustine, which was, that the convent of which he was Prior in Rome was erected on the estate which had belonged to the family of St. Pancras, who appear to have been ruined by their adhesion to Christianity. Your last question has been answered several times.

DEWDROP.—The constant use of good lip-salve will heal the lips. Cold cream and glycerine are also good.

ELIGIBLE EIGHTEEN.—The adoption of surnames cannot be traced further back than the latter part of the tenth century. In most cases they appear to have arisen from some accidental circumstance, and a late authority considers that many names in England may be traced to a tribal or a territorial source.

GUINEVERE.—"Leave me to weep," or "Let me weep," is the translation.

A DAUGHTER OF KENNETH II.—Yes, if you wish, by all means, but we should advise you to concentrate your efforts on one good essay.

LUCY T. P.—You do not give any information or particulars of the way in which you treated your tortoise. As a rule they are kept in gardens and lawns, and there can contrive to feed themselves.

NELLIE.—To take stains from white marble see pages 511 and 255, vol. i. Read "Stars of Earth; or, Our Country Flowers," in both volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

HOPE DALE.—You must take your own soap when you go on board ship, and we should advise your wearing a veil constantly. You had better order THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before you leave home.

META.—At a good foreign library you may generally depend on the librarian's recommendation of the authors of books you want. Souvestre, Erckmann-Chatrian, &c., would be suitable.

SNOWDROP.—Perhaps the seed was too old, or you planted it too deeply in the ground.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—The hothouse plants are evidently in a weakly state. Consult a practical gardener, and fumigate with tobacco smoke.

M. B.—A magic-lantern, bright-coloured pictures of places—say in the Holy Land, which can be explained and described—and some music—vocal and instrumental—are all good ways of amusing the poor.

D. F. S.—If you have been stung so often, it is strange that you have not made yourself acquainted with a satisfactory remedy; and if much employed in a large fruit-garden and orchard, we advise you to keep yourself supplied with the antidotes. The blue-bag is old and well-known; but you might make trial of the following recipe if need be. The instant anyone is stung, wet some cut tobacco and lay it on the spot, holding there for a few minutes. Whether much benefit would result from the application were there any delay, and the poison had time to take effect, we cannot say; but it would probably alleviate the pain, instead of immediately curing it.

BROWN GIPSY.—Read the articles at pages 442, vol. ii., and 180, vol. i.

AMY SECUNDA.—Being "presented with the freedom of a city," means being made entitled to its franchise, or to some of its peculiar privileges. Lord Beaconsfield's title died with him.

SISTER.—Read "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i., also numberless "Answers to Correspondents." Apply to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, which will perhaps suit your wishes the best.

ROSE and LILY.—D.C.L. means Doctor of Civil or Canon Law.

LAUGHTER.—"Ada" has the same significance as Edith. Both are old German, and mean "happiness."

IRIS.—You use too strong and common a soap. Why not be guided by the advice given to you by "Medicus," about mild and transparent soaps, with as little a kali as possible in them?

MAY.—Use salt and water to bathe them with, and dispense with high heels.

QUEEN MAB.—Do not sleep on your back, and practice keeping your mouth shut when you breathe.

TOUJOURS GAI.—Your canaries should have nourishing food—egg and crushed hempseed—in addition to their ordinary food. When moulting and afterward, if they seem weak, a rusty nail in water will give them a tonic also.

BUTTER.—We think you lack determination, or you would cure such an ugly trick.

JEANNETTE B.—Write direct to the matron or secretary of the hospital, and ask for information, telling your wants.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.—If they are not white by nature it is impossible to make them so. We could not recommend anything of the kind.

SAIREY GAMP.—Read "Our Mutual Friend, Puss," pages 457 and 518, vol. ii. We think you have fed your cat improperly, and treated it unkindly. Why did you deprive her of meat?

TINY.—There is a certain amount of nervousness caused by self-consciousness, the thoughts being too much occupied on self, and on the opinions formed of you by others. But nervousness may also be the result of ill-health and natural debility. Ascertain the cause, and then a cure may be found. You write fairly well.

FLO.—The word "plait" in reference to the folds made in a dress may be called either as "plate" (the porcelain article on which you lay your bread), or else "pleat," the Gallic word in very common use. If applied to the weaving or twisting together of locks of hair or yarn, it should be called "platt"; excepting when reading the Holy Scriptures, when the style of pronunciation should be more formal and accurate, and where it should be pronounced as written; or, to explain more clearly, as if the word were "*plate*-ing the hair." We do not give addresses; the patterns are sold at fancy-work repositories.

GIPSY.—The initials "P.P.C." on a visiting-card denote three French words—*Pour prendre congé.*—"For to take leave." Sometimes people write "P.D.A."—*Pour des adieux*—"For the adieus"; and sometimes "T.T.L.," or "To take leave." This latter sentence explains the use of all three. 2. You might call to make inquiries as to how the family were, and to be informed "when it would be most convenient to them to receive a visit from you." But to write a note would be a better plan; and remember that when people have just arrived from a journey they may be tired, and the house possibly a little disarranged with trunks, &c.

LUCY.—Our competitions are for girls only, not boys.

CETEWAYO.—Inquire of a chemist; such instructions would be too long for our columns.

SPECTACLES.—The adoption of the violet as the emblem of Napoleon first began when his return from Elba was rumoured. The meaning was—"The flower that comes with the spring." "Arthur" is Celtic, and means high or noble.

DR GRACE.—See Daniel v., 25 verse, for the word you require, though the translation you give seems odd.

HERN CRAN and A LOVER OF TENNYSON.—You will do well to obtain a Tennyson with notes or a glossary.

AN IDEALIST.—We do not judge from the verses you are good enough to send us that you will ever take rank with our great poets, and judging from them, their spelling and composition, we think your story would not be of much value.

AUGUSTA.—Nothing is requisite to retain the colour of black stockings but to wash them in nearly cold water, always. Hot water, strong soap, and soda ruin them. Some people rinse them in salt and water at first to set the colour.

WEG-WARTEN.—The inside of the shell of the ordinary broad bean has been strongly recommended to use. Rub it on the warts, when fresh, twice a day.

TWO CRUSADERS.—Your first question has been answered many times. "Irene" means peaceful, and "Constance" means loyal, or constant. The bluebell and the violet both signify constancy and faithfulness in the language of flowers.

THE PERSON OF THE HOUSE.—Clean white coral by standing it to soak in water for some time. We could not say how remunerative portrait painting would be unless we knew your powers.

MARGOT.—Ancient Roman mime called "Maccus" was the original of Punch, and the story of Punch and Judy is attributed to Silvio Fiorillo, an Italian actor of the seventeenth century. The real origin is probably much older than both, however.

RHEA SILVIA.—No remedy is of any value except strengthening the whole system by tonics and good living, for which you should consult your family doctor.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 99. NOVEMBER 19, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"THE SUMMER IS OVER AND GONE."

HOW soon the summer days have fled!
  Awhile ago the flowers were bright,
Awhile ago the garden's bowers
  Bloomed like a garland in my sight;

But now the last pale autumn buds
  Droop dark and draggled in the grass,
A scent as of decaying leaves
  Steals from the orchard as I pass.

"AWHILE AGO——"

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How soon the summer days have fled!
  Awhile ago the sky-lark's song
Rung out amidst the feathered choir,
  In joyous trillings loud and long;
But now there's silence in the woods,
  Save that the wind with sullen tone
Sighs like a requiem through the boughs,
  Of music hushed, and beauty flown.

How soon the summer days have fled!
  Awhile ago o'er sunny seas
I sailed along in glad content,
  Fanned by soft airs and southern breeze;
But now the dark waves rear their crests,
  The billows rage—the loud winds wail,
And great ships totter as they brave
  The gathering fury of the gale.

How soon the summer days have fled!
  So moan I in my wild unrest;
But He who guides the seasons round
  Knows their appointed course is best.
E'en in the darkest wintry hour,
  When days are dull and joys decline,
The dawning of fresh Spring is near,
  And I can hope, and wait His time.

M. M. POLLARD.

"PROVIDE THINGS HONEST"; OR, THOSE TWO YOUNG HILLS.

By GRACE STEBBING, Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER III.

TO THE LAST MOMENT.

WHILE the owner of the wool-work and fancy shop in Beeton-street, Islington, sat glowering in solitude over her plateful of cold Irish stew, and seventeen-year-old Margaret Hill walked home, feeling overwhelmed with shy shame and miserable disappointment, a girl about a year younger than herself lay on a luxurious sofa in a small bright room, replete with every comfort.

Everything in the room was pleasant to the eyes, with the exception of her own young face. Weary discontent and ill-humour were so plainly written on the pretty features that, as she listlessly turned her head and caught sight of her reflection in the looking-glass on the opposite wall, she muttered, with a grim sort of out-of-humour satisfaction, and half aloud—

"Dear me! how ugly I am!"

A peal of musical laughter from a lady busily writing at a Davenport greeted this declaration, and dropping her pen, she said, with an amused smile—

"My dear child, I congratulate you on your humility. Have you been studying Burns lately—'Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as others see us'?"

"No, mamma," was the answer, with just a ghost of an echo of her mother's laugh; "I've only been studying the looking-glass. And it has not taken much study either to learn that fact of my ugliness."

A disconsolate sigh followed this little speech, and Mrs. Deacon rose and came up to the sofa on which her young daughter lay. As she stood for some moments silently smoothing back some little stray tendrils of wavy, glistening hair, she exhibited small token of sharing her child's modest estimate of her appearance, but when at length she spoke again there was nothing in her words or voice to feed vanity; on the contrary, the girl looked still more abashed when her mother said, in a low, grave tone—

"Whatever our faces may be like, wrong-doing is always ugly. If you had been employing yourself during the past hour and a half, my dear, instead of lounging on the sofa, you would have seen a much pleasanter sight in the looking-glass than you do now."

For a few moments there was no reply, but the nerves of the young damsel were in too irritable a state to take reproof quite patiently. The slight pause was followed by a hasty remonstrance.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, springing up and raising her eyes, filled with indignant tears, "how can you speak like that, when you know I am not able to employ myself? It is cruel of you!"

"It certainly would be," said Mrs. Deacon, "if you really were reduced to such a sad condition. But how even badly cut fingers and a bandaged hand can prevent your doing anything more profitable than spend the best hours of the afternoon lying on a sofa, I confess I do not understand. You began to read the "History of France" last week, but I much doubt if you have got beyond the first fifty pages; and I have seen very little preparation for Signora Crevelli since your last lesson. Are you ready for her to-morrow?"

"Not quite," came the low answer, with the long eyelashes once more lowered. "But you know, mamma——"

"Well, Ida dear, tell me what is it that I know?"

"Why, mamma," a little more bravely, "you know you don't make enough allowance for one sometimes. You are scolding me for being idle just at the very time when I am feeling so horribly disappointed at having to be idle in one way. It is dreadfully difficult to keep my mind on books while I am so vexed at not being able to do the work for the fancy fair. I meant to be so tremendously busy all this week."

"I know you did, dear," answered Mrs. Deacon, more tenderly. "And you must not think that I am not sorry both for your hurt fingers and your vexation. But the matter cannot be helped now, and so it only remains to make the best of it. After all, I daresay your offering will be as large as most. Run and fetch your things, and let me see them."

A burning blush overspread Miss Ida's cheeks and mounted into her forehead as she muttered, "I haven't any things; I haven't done any of them yet."

A second time there was a long pause. Ida's white eyelids quivered, but she did not raise them. Her red lips quivered, too, but no more words came from between them until Mrs. Deacon asked—

"Do you really mean, Ida, that with all your outspoken zeal on the subject, and all your promises to Miss Broad, you have let six months go by without attempting to fulfil them—that you have left all to the uncertainties of this last week?"

"But I meant to work very hard all this week," came the scarcely audible answer; and then, before any more could be said, a servant entered with a letter for Miss Deacon, which the young lady was only too glad to carry off to her own room, to escape further discussion of a very painful topic.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS BROAD'S LETTER.

For some time after her young daughter left her Mrs. Deacon sat grieving over the girl's indolence of disposition, and praying that she might learn to see her fault and have strength given her to cure it; then she went back to her desk, finished her letters, and in her turn went upstairs. Stopping at her child's room on the way to her own, she tapped lightly and entered.

Mrs. Deacon thought at first that she had come to an empty nest, and she was about to leave it again when a sound of *sobbing* from someone hidden behind the bed-curtains fell upon her ears, and in another minute she stood with her arms folded around poor Ida, who was weeping as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, my darling? Is there some fresh trouble grieving you now?" asked the mother, anxiously.

But the young girl shook her head disconsolately. "No, mamma," she sobbed. "No, there is no other trouble. One of this sort is enough, I'm sure, but it's this one got ever so much bigger. Re—read—that."

And putting the letter she had received an hour ago into her mother's hands she broke down afresh and cried as bitterly as she had done before, whilst Mrs. Deacon read the note from Miss Broad, begging her friend to send the contributions of needlework, paintings, etc., she had promised at once, that she might

know what she had to depend upon for filling her stall. The note went on: —

"If I did not feel sure, dearest Ida, that the fulfilment of your generous promises is certain to be so amply satisfactory I should be reduced at the present moment to the greatest state of despair. Next to your own dear little self, Miss de Mattos was my most active helper. Such a heap of things she had made for me; I saw them in her room last Wednesday. I only wish that I had taken them away with me then, as she offered to let me do!

"Late last night her maid came round to say her mistress had fallen ill with scarlet fever—a light form, the doctor says—but of course none of the things can be brought away for the fancy fair, for fear of spreading infection, and I had so counted on them.

"Now all my hope is in what you may have prepared for me, and the trust that, under the circumstances, you will spend all this week likewise in working like a Trojan for the benefit of my stall.

"Hoping to see you this afternoon, or to hear from you this evening,

"I remain yours,

"Overwhelmed with business,

"ALICE BROAD."

As Mrs. Deacon folded up the letter she sighed, and Ida, lifting her tear-stained face, sobbed, "You too think it a bad business, mamma?"

"I think it a very bad business indeed," replied Mrs. Deacon, very gravely, "that all people should learn to distrust my child, should have reason to put no faith in her promises. And all because she persists in indulging her indolent love of putting off everything she has to do, or undertakes to do, to the last moment."

"I thought that you did not care much about fancy fairs," muttered Ida, turning restive again under reproof; but the tears streamed as heavily as before when her mother answered, in the same sad and serious tones—

"I care very much for kept promises, very much for the healthful, bright activity of spirit that does its best to keep them. Ah! Ida, when do you mean to pray, not with lips only, but with your heart, against your besetting sin? Is that also to be put off till a last moment, which may come as a thief in the night when you are least aware. From the moment you rise in the morning, which is always so late that you have scarcely time to say your prayers much less to pray them, till you jump into bed hurriedly at night in the same prayerless state, your days are all passed in putting everything off till the last moment. I confess that I feel ashamed, as most mothers would do, that our friends should all have to learn your laziness, but I am much more grieved when I think of the doom pronounced against the unprofitable servant who was too idle to make use of his Lord's gift. Remember we are not told that he did anything whatever that we call "bad," he was only indolent, lazy, idle. And for him the awful words were said, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."

As Mrs. Deacon uttered that last solemn word she moved away from Ida's side, and left the room. It had indeed been a painful shock to her to find that not even a matter about which Ida had professed a great amount of girlish enthusiasm had induced her to make any effort to overcome the indolence to which day by day she showed an increasing disposition to yield. If Ida felt miserable, her mother was at least equally sad.

But to return to Maggie Hill, whom we left plodding her weary way home to her sister, with her bag as heavy as when she started, and her purse as empty.

(To be concluded.)

THE MIND AND THE HEALTH.

By MEDICUS.

ONE of England's greatest political heroes, now, alas! gone from amongst us — succumbing in his goodly old age to the accident of a cold—was probably one of the hardest working men that ever lived. And not in politics alone were his talents displayed, for his labours were equally as arduous in the vineyard of literature. His career is surely a proof that hard work and constant employment of mind are the very reverse of incompatible with longevity.

A lady of my acquaintance is not ashamed to confess to the allotted span—the three-score years and ten. She has been a most active woman all her life, both in mind and body, and there are certainly few signs of age about her yet. On the contrary, she enjoys exceptionally good health. She is fond of young folks, as all right-minded people of her age are, and there are few of their amusements she cannot take part in with zest. She says she tires sooner than she used to do. This alone reminds her of the flight of time. But why, you may ask me, do I adduce these cases? Is long life, then, a thing to be so devoutly wished for? I do not say it is. This paper is not written with the view to teaching my fair readers how to attain longevity, else it would have had quite a different title. But when we look at the number of aged people who are infirm, we must confess it is far better to be old and hale than old and ailing. Why should age be infirm? Nature, I am convinced, never meant it to be so. On the contrary, after a long life, well spent, the only forerunner to the coming change—apart from accidents—is simply a feeling of tiredness, a weariness, and a wish for rest. This is natural old age. Ah! but mark me, girl readers, there is an old age that cometh not of years, but of carelessness in living and waste of health. Some there be who, as far as all the phenomena of old age are concerned, positively begin to go down hill shortly after twenty. Now I would have those I address be the healthiest of the healthy; that is my ambition. I would have them learn these words by heart, and lay them to heart: *Non est vivere sed valere vita.** And it is with this view that I come before you, month after month, and in my homely matter-of-fact fashion try to teach you some of the golden rules of health, and the simple but beautiful laws of hygiene. My subject matter this month, I flatter myself, you will find neither dry nor uninteresting. The mind has a marvellous effect for good or for bad over the health, and if it be allowed to lie fallow and never exercised, or if the thoughts are unemployed, they act as a depressant, lower vitality, and prey upon the human frame, making it in reality old before its time.

But not only should the mind be kept rightly employed; it should be kept amused as well. Constant work means oftentimes constant worry, and this in itself is depressing and wearying.

But, on the other hand, relaxation from hours of labour does not necessarily imply rest. If the body is tired and the bones ache, lie prone by all means, and take a book and read. But do we not often hear girls complain—after they have got a day or two's holiday—that they don't know what to do with themselves? There seems to be a gap made in their everyday life that they do not know exactly how to fill up. Apart from holidays, however, every girl has, or ought to have, several hours of the day all to herself; the question, then, "What should I do with my leisure time?" comes to be one that is far from unimportant, and one's happiness and health may depend upon a correct answer thereto.

I will try to answer the question for you, or, failing that, put you on the fair road to answer it for yourself. And, to begin, I wish you to believe with me that idleness is prejudicial to the health. This is a truth; it is more, it is an axiom.

Every girl, then, should, in my opinion, have a hobby or hobbies. I confess I do not like the sound of the word "hobby," but I have no better to use. I mean to imply by it some pursuit which may be followed with pleasure. I will now mention a few of the hobbies which may be taken up by girls, with the certainty that by keeping the mind delightfully employed they are conducive to health and a vigorous longevity.

Hobbies may be divided into two classes—namely, outdoor hobbies and indoor hobbies. The former are, of course, more suited for summer recreation; the latter, for the long fore-nights of winter.

Can anything be more delightful, I wonder, than the occupation of flower gardening, when conducted with care and taste? It is not necessary that the space you cultivate should be very large. Better, perhaps, it should not be so, but it will be very small indeed if you cannot succeed in keeping up a perfect succession of beautiful blooms, from the very day that the snowdrops, crocuses, and primroses first rear their modest heads above the brown earth, until the starry and radiant chrysanthemums droop and die beneath the chilling breath of the coming winter. In adopting the flower garden as a hobby a beginner should not attempt too much at first. Lay out your plot of ground, if possible, in the end of this year or very early in the beginning of next. Let the ground be as rich as possible, for you cannot expect to get rich flowers from a poor soil. Let it also, if possible, have a sunny aspect and shelter from the high winds. Follow some plan in laying out your ground, and this plan should first be devised and sketched on paper, with all its walks and beds and borders. For a small garden, tiles, I think, make the best edging, though some like box. Daisies look pretty as an edging, so does the crimson-blossomed sea-pink. Do not despise early spring flowers; no flower that blows or blooms can be considered common, they are all beautiful, and remember Who made them. Do not despise old-fashioned flowers either; what can be prettier than stocks and wallflowers, or gorgeous bells of foxglove growing in semi-shaded nooks, or daisies white and red, or pansies of every hue. Sweet williams make a nice show, and there are dozens of others all easy of culture coming into season month by month and generally blooming for eight weeks at a time. Roses you will have; half standards are best for small gardens, and you can easily learn to bud them yourself on stems of the wild brier. In bedding-out time geraniums will come in charmingly, their gorgeous blossoms enriched by the blue of the tender lobelia, and the orange green of the golden pyrethrum. Nor will annuals be forgotten, best sown in beds, clusters, or borders. What can be more taking, for example, than a border of crimson linums (*Linum grandiflorum rubrum*), set off with splendid marigolds and starry larkspurs. But there, I must not pretend to teach gardening, I am but an amateur myself. I only want to show that health is to be found in the garden, and if you put your heart and mind to the

* Life does not consist of mere living, but living in the full enjoyment of health.

cultivation of flowers, and keep a little book in which to note the results of the experience of one year as your guide for the next, your reward will be great. Early rising will strengthen your nerves, the exercise and use of your garden tools will harden your muscles, and before the summer is over it will be strange indeed if the roses you cultivate be not reflected in your own cheeks, and your breath be as pure as the perfume of honeysuckle blossom.

The study of botany is a health-hobby of no mean order. It carries one far afield, it entails exercise, and it ensures fresh air and sunshine. And it is a study that not only invigorates the body but strengthens the mind as well; therefore, I recommend it. I think, though, that it should be combined to some degree with the study of natural history. In your walks through the fields, in the woods, and by the hedgerows you will meet with many a beautiful bird and beast and beetle. What a pity it would be not to cultivate their acquaintance, to find out their names and ways and habits and habitats, so that if ever you meet them again you will be able to look upon them as quite old friends.

But here let Medicus have a word *in propriâ personâ*. Whether gardening or botanising, you will consult your health and safety by wearing strong soled shoes and thick, warm woollen stockings.

A girl might combine the hobbies of botany or gardening with that of keeping a pet or two. It seems to me such a pleasure, when I am out walking, to be able to cull some favourite herb or seedling plant to carry home to one of my pets.

"There is an eye that marks my coming,
And grows brighter when I come."

Yes, and there are usually a good many pairs of eyes too, and the knowledge that I never return without something nice in my pocket does not detract from their brightness, I assure you.

Birds probably make the best pets for girls, but white mice or rats are very wise and very affectionate and funny; and even rabbits and guinea-pigs are not to be despised. And to those girls who live in country places, outdoor members of the feathered race—such as fowls, or ducks of various kinds, golden and silver pheasants, &c.—are far from uninteresting as pets.

For girls who dwell by the sad sea wave, as the poet calls it, a more delightful occupation could hardly be conceived than that of collecting and studying the various kinds of seaweed, especially that washed up after a storm, and the many curious objects of interest to be found on the seashore. To the natural historian, not a weed is there and not a pebble but has its story to tell.

Now just a word or two, suggestively, about indoor hobbies. Artificial flower-making is a charming one. It matters but little which you make your flowers of—whether paper, or wax, or anything else. Study nature as closely as may be, and the time will pass pleasantly enough, and the employment will tend to bring you health

I can give you no advice about sewing or embroidery or crewel work. They are all good in one way, but let me give you a word of warning. Do not sit too closely, avoid cramped and stooping habits, do not work in too bright a light, nor in a dim one. A light which is mellowed by passing through a ground-glass globe is the best. In working embroidery or sewing, avoid fatigue, or anything approaching to it.

The scrap-book hobby is a good one. I do not mean pasting up bits of flowers and figures which you buy by the gross, but verses and extracts from papers, periodicals, or magazines, and good engravings. You find these in many of our weeklies and monthlies, and a scrap-book may be so lined by them as to become quite a pleasure to look back upon when the year is passed and gone.

In reading good books in the winter evenings do not fail to mark notable passages with a little blue cross on the margin. You can refer back and think over these passages, and note them down in a book with your own remarks. Much good may accrue from this. In writing your own ideas remember these lines—

"Think not too meanly of thy low estate,
Thou hast a choice—to choose is to create."

It is excellent exercise for the mind, the writing of verses. Do not let it keep you from sleep, however.

Although I do not like people given to quotations—a man or woman who quotes being, in my opinion, as bad, if not worse, than a punster—still, the exercise of writing down good quotations from good authors is one that is not to be despised.

Space warns me I must close, but I must have one last word. It is this: there is no better hobby than that of music, none so pleasant, none so healthful, and, if I dared to choose an instrument for you, I would recommend the only perfect one in the world—the violin. At the same time, if you would have good sound lungs, warranted to defy colds and coughs with all their attendant ills, learn to sing. "If," says someone whose name I forget, "you would keep spring in your hearts, learn to sing. There is more merit in music than most people are aware of. Songs are like sunshine—they fill the bosom with such cheerfulness and buoyancy that, for the time being, you feel filled with June air, or like a meadow of clover in blossom."

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

FEARS AND HOPES.

"DESSIE," said Mrs. Fitzroy, on the morning of the last day before Decima's journey, "I really must insist on your going to see Ella this afternoon. I cannot imagine why you have not been before. Of course you are busy; but surely you could spare half an hour. After all Ella's kindness to you, it is worse than thoughtless to neglect her at such a time."

"I did go a day or two ago, mamma; but she could not see me."

"You chose the very time when I warned you that she would be lying down; and you ought to have gone again. If you do not care enough for Baby to do so for his sake, you ought at least to show common consideration for poor dear Ella," Mrs. Fitzroy said, with unwonted warmth. "I really do not understand you, Dessie. You make such professions of caring for Ella at ordinary times, and yet now she is in this terrible trouble you don't care to go near her or to ask her how she is. It seems to me quite heartless, and I can see that both she and Cecil are hurt at the way in which you have behaved."

"I didn't suppose she would care, mamma."

"Then you ought to have supposed it. Of course, I do not wish you to tease Ella with chatter, when she is not fit for it. But to keep altogether out of her way is another matter. Mind, Dessie, I quite *insist* on your going after luncheon. I shall not be there myself before the evening, but you are not to wait for me."

Mrs. Fitzroy did not often speak in so authoritative a manner, and Decima was proportionately impressed. Luncheon over, she desired still to defer the evil moment as long as possible, and went to her packing. But at half-past three Mrs. Fitzroy came to her room with reminders, and at four o'clock Dessie left the house. Her pace grew slower and slower as she approached her brother's, and she stood full three minutes outside the door before she could summon courage to ring the bell.

"How is Master Hugh?" she asked, abruptly, of the servant.

"Very, very ill, Miss Dessie. He has been much worse the last hour—as bad as could be. I hoped it was the doctor, for he's been sent for, and he was out."

"Not really worse?" said Dessie.

"I'm afraid so, indeed, Miss Dessie. The convulsions came on again terrible, and Nurse thought almost he'd die before the doctor could be here. Poor dear little lamb!" and the girl put her handkerchief to her eyes. "I just couldn't bear to stay in the room and see him; and Master had to go out once, he was that upset. But Missis, she never gives in for a moment. It's wonderful to look at her, and think of what she's gone through."

All at once it flashed vividly into Dessie's mind how small was the likelihood that she would ever again, after that day, see her little nephew on earth. She had not realised the truth before; she had put it from her, had refused to face it, had occupied

her mind with other things. Now a picture rose before her of Hugh in health: of Hugh's blue eyes and curly hair and little clinging hands and broken chatter and springing movements; and a great rush of love for him filled her heart. The dread of meeting Ella was suddenly lost in the stronger desire to be with the child once more.

"Shall I let my mistress know that you are here, miss?" asked the girl.

"No; there's no need. I'll go upstairs. They will let me in," said Dessie impulsively, not pausing to think whether in such a moment she might not be in the way. "Which room?"

"The day-nursery, miss." And Dessie went swiftly thither. She opened the door, entered, and there paused.

It was a pretty room—light and airy, fitted up by loving hands for the little household darling. Bright pictures adorned the walls, and one or two toys lay in a corner. Hugh's crib had been moved out of the night-nursery into the more cheerful room, and on the crib lay little Hugh, wrapped loosely in flannel, changed, white, and death-like. The convulsions had temporarily ceased, though the parted lips and tiny hands were twitching still. Ella knelt beside the crib, watching the child with a face of speechless anguish, and Nurse stood near, beside a hot bath, which had evidently been used, a towel flung still across her arm. Cecil's back was to the door, but as it opened he turned, and Ella said eagerly, "The doctor! Is he come?"

"It is Dessie," said Cecil. "Dessie, is Mr. Crewe here?"

"I don't know. I didn't — didn't know—he was wanted. I'm only come — to say good-bye —" and for once Dessie's feelings were too much for her. Her voice failed, and she burst into tears.

Cecil turned back to the child, with a gesture of something like impatience, but a wan smile crept over Ella's face, and she signed to Dessie to draw nearer. "He is not quite so bad now," she said. "See, he is lying quite quietly—quite easily. If only Mr. Crewe would come! Don't cry, Dessie dear."

"SHE OPENED THE DOOR, ENTERED, AND THERE PAUSED"

But Ella's unselfish kindness only increased Dessie's distress, and Cecil was obliged to take her from the room. "I cannot have you there unless you can control yourself," he said, in a voice which sounded stern. "For Ella's sake."

Dessie had no wish to return. The scene had been so intensely painful to her that she only longed to get away. She had yet to learn that we cannot escape sorrow merely by fleeing from the sight of it. Cecil's tone softened as he added, "I began to think you did not care for our trouble, Dessie. I am glad to see it is not so. But if you are with Ella you must not give way like this."

"I can't—can't——" sobbed Dessie. "Oh, poor Ella, *poor* Ella!"

"I must not stay away from her," said Cecil gently.

"O no—no—good-bye!" gasped Dessie.

"I suppose it *is* good-bye," said Cecil, stooping down to kiss her. "I hope you will have a happy time abroad, dear."

He was turning away when she grasped his arm.

"Cecil—do tell me—Cecil, please—he isn't—he isn't——"

"He is worse, but it may not be quite so bad as we fear. The convulsions were frightful for a time."

"O Cecil—he can't—he *must* get well," said Dessie, almost choked.

"If God wills."

"No, no, no—he must—he *must*," cried Dessie passionately. "Why doesn't Mr. Crewe do something to *make* him well? Cecil, don't, *don't* let him die."

"You are talking madly, Dessie. Hush! I can have no more of this; I must go back to Ella. I think I hear Mr. Crewe on the stairs. If you like to wait here, I will tell you presently what he says."

Dessie longed to be out of the house, but longed yet more to hear the doctor's opinion, and she waited on restlessly, through what seemed to her an interminable time. Her one effort was to drive away the recollection of what she had seen, her one aim to abstain from thinking. Neither proved easy of attainment, but when at length Cecil came back, he found her composed.

"I thought you would not be gone," he said. "Mr. Crewe does not consider the case hopeless even now, Dessie. The convulsions have not returned, and if they do not——"

"And if they do——?"

He shook his head.

"Would you like to come in once more?"

"O no—I can't," said Dessie, with a shudder.

"Perhaps you had better not," said her brother kindly. "You will hardly be fit for your long journey to-morrow. Some of us will write very soon, and tell you how the dear baby is——" and he sighed deeply.

"Cecil—please—please tell Ella—I am sorry," said Dessie, with difficulty.

"I will not forget. She will quite understand."

"O no, she won't," Dessie thought and almost said. But her only audible utterance was—"Good-bye, Cecil."

"Good-bye, dear." He paused to lay his hand on her shoulder, and to say unsteadily—"Dessie, do you ever pray? If you do, remember us. There is need! Pray for our darling—and for Ella and me."

"O Cecil, I wish I could—I wish I could," cried Dessie bitterly, and she turned and ran away without another word.

Did she ever pray? Had she ever prayed? She had "said prayers," of course, many and many a time. But that is a different matter. There are hundreds of girls who "say their prayers" daily or weekly, as regularly as they go to bed and dress and eat, yet who know little or nothing about the real meaning of the word "prayer." Had Dessie ever really prayed—ever distinctly asked God for something which she wanted, and looked out for an answer to her request?

If never yet—why not begin?

Ah, why? That was the question. Why not begin at once, without further delay?

What—begin to pray with this unconfessed wrong lying heavily on her heart? Dessie felt the weight of it that hour! Begin to pray, and make no effort to be released from her promise, so that she *might* confess.

Yes, she might have begun even then, if the beginning had been with prayer for strength to take that needful step. But Dessie did not wish to take it—did not wish to be able to take it. To tell Ella all *then* seemed to her an utter impossibility; and to pray without telling seemed to her an equal impossibility. She was like a water-logged vessel, rolling heavily in the swell, powerless to speed before the breeze.

"I wish I could," she murmured—"I wish I could. But to explain to Ella *now*—oh, no, no—never, never!"

* * * * *

Had it not been for a certain amount of packing which remained yet to be accomplished she would hardly have known how to get through the evening. In her anxiety for further tidings of little Hubert, she almost wished she had remained at Cecil's. Her patience was nearly exhausted when, between eight and nine o'clock, Mr. Fitzroy came back from the other house.

"He is no worse," her father said, as Decima rushed out into the passage, and stood there, mutely asking the question she could not resolve to put into words. "There is even a shade of improvement, though so slight that we dare not at present build upon it."

"Oh!" Dessie cried, in an ecstasy of relief. "You really mean it, papa! Better! Then he will get well! Does Mr. Crewe say so?"

"I wish he did. No; it is the merest shade of a change. If the convulsions return, as may be the case at any moment, he must sink. I don't think poor Ella dares indulge a hope."

Dessie sighed, for the tone was not encouraging.

"Are you going back, papa?"

"Not to-night. Your mother will come home after supper, and Edith will spend the night there."

"How is Ella?"

"Worn out, poor girl, but she will not leave the child for a moment. She will break down if this goes on much longer." And Mr. Fitzroy echoed Dessie's sigh.

Morning came, and before breakfast Mr. Fitzroy, though usually by no means an early riser, was at his son's house. Dessie, taking an early meal that she might be in time for her train, waited impatiently for his promised return. Her fly was at the door before he appeared, but his first words sent a thrill of joy through her.

"No worse! On the whole, there is improvement. Mr. Crewe begins to hope that, after all, he may pull through."

"No return of the convulsions?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy, as Dessie clasped her hands, with a rapturous spring into the air.

"None, and we hope there may not be. The pulse is stronger this morning. He is fearfully weak still, of course, and knows no one—not even Ella. Still, there is a change, on the whole, for the better. I think we may allow ourselves a grain of hope."

Dessie took the words for more than their worth, made up her mind that all danger was over, and forthwith rushed into a fit of wild spirits. She flew up and down stairs, rattled unceasingly during the few minutes that remained, was suddenly filled with delight at the prospect of her journey, and drove away with her father by her side, in a general state of overpowering excitement.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO PREPARE FOR AND KEEP CHRISTMAS.

By Ruth Lamb.

It *is* the right thing, and no doubt about it! You, dear girls, ought to have a Christmas number of your *very* own paper. I do not believe your friend, "Dear Mr. Editor," could eat his Christmas dinner with a quiet conscience and a reasonable prospect of its subsequent satisfactory digestion, if he did not provide one for you.

He has given you any amount of valuable instruction in all sorts of accomplishments, and in plain and fancy work, during the past year. You have shown that you valued and used the information given by doing piles of work.

In crochet and tatting, in crewels and matting,
In garments for folks of all sorts and all sizes;
You've worked till you furnished a girl's exhibition,
And gained commendations and, some of you, prizes!

Well, after all this, you ought to have a thorough holiday, and I want to urge upon you the wisdom of taking one when you have the chance.

I sincerely trust that you have none of those misnamed things called "holiday lessons" to do. I know there are some good, conscientious teachers who think their duty is not properly performed unless they give you *just a little work to do some time during the vacation*. As a rule, this *task*—the only fitting name for it—is put off till the last day, and then "scamped," as it deserves to be—that is, scampered over in a fashion with which one's heart and conscience have nothing to do. And yet is none the less a load on the mind the whole time, and helps to spoil the sense of freedom from school-work.

If I were a schoolgirl now—though I am glad I am not, for *holiday lessons* were unknown in my quite young days—I should get up a "round robin," and petition against such an infliction. I should plead that, being expected to work whilst we are at work, we should be allowed to have a real holiday and play heartily whilst we play, especially at Christmas-time.

I was once much amused at reading the following motto, which a youngster of mine had printed very neatly on the outside leaf of a school composition:—

"All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy,
but
All play and no work will make Jack a dunce."

Here we have the very text for my introduction to Christmas. We say to Jack, "Work heartily and play heartily," and the advice is equally good when applied to the youth's sisters. A representative "Jack" said to me one day, "Isn't it a shame to give a fellow lessons to *stew* over in the holidays? As if one hadn't plenty of cramming and swatting"—whatever that may be—"in schooltimes! I think the masters forget that they were once boys, if," he added, with a growl, "they ever were young."

I wish I could give a reflection of that disgusted face, and convey that sound to the ears of every girl. But it does not matter. You have seen and heard the feminine varieties of the same things, and perhaps contributed to the production thereof.

Still, I do not say, "Never look at a school book in the holidays." But let all your reading be matter of enjoyment, not "cram." Then you will go back to school and work, refreshed and strengthened, and do what you have to do the better for your bright interval of rest and enjoyment.

About shopping for Christmas. Never drive it late. Shops are always crammed, and helpers overworked. Purchasers can hardly obtain attention, and gifts chosen in a hurry are often unsuitable. People who drive their shopping, decorating, and other Christmas preparations to the last minute are generally too weary to enjoy *the* day when it comes.

And if you want your own Christmas to be a happy one, let the echo of the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will towards men," come from your hearts. Merry hearts, cheerful countenances, loving words, finding expression in loving deeds, a spirit of peace, forbearance, forgiveness. All these are in harmony with the season's teaching. One of the sweetest thoughts in connection with Christmas Day is this—That as He, the Master of the feast, came on earth to insure the eternal happiness of all His believing ones by the gift of Himself, we, for His sake, should make a point of sacrificing something, in order to render a poor home, a single individual, or even one little child, the happier on Christmas Day. Join together, dear girls, if your means are small, and spread some cottage table with plenty! Buy a homely garment for some old body who shrinks and shivers for want of a shawl. Buy a toy or two for a child who never knows the luxury of purchasing one for itself. Send out a pile of those Christmas cards which have been showered upon you in such abundance during past seasons, and which you are really at a loss to turn to account. Address them to some of your poor acquaintances, young and old. Those little folks whose only acquaintance with Christmas cards is made by flattening their noses against the stationer's windows will not be particular whether those you send are new this season or not.

Neither will the older people amongst your poor acquaintances. I should be sorry to imagine any of you Christian girls without poor acquaintances, who are rendered somewhat happier by the sight of your bright young faces, and cheered by your words of love and sympathy from time to time. Depend on it, if you send some of your handsome last year's cards into cottage homes, you will see them again, hanging over the chimney piece as valued ornaments, framed by the ingenuity of the house-father or some of the young folk.

Or, if you have not acquaintances in poor homes, let me advise you to make some. You lose much if you do not know what it is to see a sorrowful face grow brighter at your coming; a mind seem somewhat lightened of its load by the telling of a present trouble, and by your hearty sympathy and whispered words of hope and cheer. Never mind if the chubby little one strokes down your dress with hands not quite spotless, because it is a treat to touch anything so nice; or if the upturned face, though beaming with admiration of you and your belongings, is not quite fresh from contact with soap and water.

You may find your way to many a mother's heart by means of a kiss on the smooth, fair forehead of her child which is pretty sure to be clean and kissable, though the rosy lips may shine with butter, or be sticky with treacle.

Be sure you cultivate some poor acquaintances, dear girls, and resolve that they shall be the happier, especially at Christmas time, for knowing you.

If you have lots of Christmas cards, that you do not know what to do with, send them to the ragged schools, or the children's hospitals, with a little written message, as from a friend. You will give a great deal of pleasure at almost no cost of money to yourselves.

If you have had a quarrel with a school fellow, or, worse still, with any relative, try to make it up, so that you may end the old year and begin the new in the spirit of peace and good will which befits all times, but should be the special characteristic of the Christmas festival of love towards all mankind.

In order to help you to make up your quarrels, let me advise you to look as little as possible at your own grievances, and consider the other side of the question and how *you* would have felt under the circumstances had *that* side been your own.

If, after all, you feel that you are the person aggrieved, then look into the good old Book and see what the Master of the feast says on the subject, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

I know a gentleman who is of a very impetuous temper, and a little apt "to get into hot water" on account of the pertinacity with which he endeavours to advance his rather peculiar opinions. But, if he has a warm temper he has also a warm heart, and a great deal of right feeling. So, when Christmas time is approaching, he makes it his regular custom to take himself to task, in order to ascertain whether he has, carelessly or unwittingly, offended any during the year that is drawing to a close; or if any friend has seemed less cordial with him than of old.

If he has been to blame, he goes with outstretched hand and honest face; owns that his friend has had cause to be aggrieved, and asks forgiveness and a renewal of the old relations. If there is a coolness which he cannot understand, he asks for an explanation, and says, if he has offended by word or deed, he would like to make amends.

How can enmity or ill-feeling continue to exist when met and battled with in such a spirit? The result, in the case alluded to, has, I believe, always proved satisfactory. Thus, what might have grown into a life-long grudge or quarrel, if treated in a stiff-necked, self-righteous spirit, proves the beginning of a better understanding, and a more real and enduring friendship.

Let me recommend this example for your imitation, dear girls. If you begin to show a spirit of forgiveness when young, depend on it you will not grow into cold, hard, unforgiving, supercilious women in your riper years.

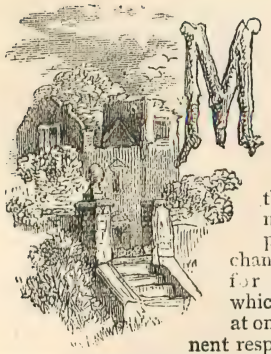
When I sat down this morning, pen in hand, it was with the intention of writing a chapter on Christmas games, in compliance with the request of your Mr. Editor. He told me there was to be a Christmas number of THE GIRL'S OWN, and as I am one of your very oldest acquaintances in its pages, I own I should be dreadfully "put out" if I were to have no flower in the cluster of roses which has been prepared for you. But here have I gone off at a pen-canter into a sort of pre-Christmas preachment, which I hope you will take in the loving spirit in which it is written.

The very name of Christmas suggests delightful pictures to the minds of those who can recall many such seasons spent in bright homes where the happy festival meets with fitting observance. Where friends young and old have been wont to gather, and where, amid innocent fun and mirth, there is yet nothing inconsistent with the sacred origin of the glad season—nothing in our festival which could prevent our rejoicing in the thought of the presence of its Glorious Founder.

May this be the character of your Christmas when it comes, dear girls; and as for that chapter on games that I sat down to write, you must just look for it in your bunch of "Christmas Roses."

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By DORA HOPE.



MARGARET'S new maid, Anne, was, indeed, a highly superior person, as has been said before. She always wore in the morning the neatest of dark print dresses, changing it at noon for plain black, which impressed one at once with the eminent respectability of the wearer. She was never untidy, never behind-hand with her work, never in a flurry. In a word, she was a treasure, and a perfect contrast from the late domestic, Betsy.

This last-named damsel was now married to the faithful baker, and the young couple, as Mr. and Mrs. Newman, had recently opened a small baker's shop in the neighbourhood on their own account, which, it is unnecessary to say, was patronised by the Trents.

But to return to Anne. She soon fell into Margaret's ways, or, rather, Margaret soon accepted most of her maid's ways and suppressed her own ideas, for her admiration of Anne's good qualities was certainly, at this stage, somewhat tempered with awe. On one or two points, however, they were not quite agreed.

Margaret, as we said before, was resolved not to keep her little drawing-room simply for use on state occasions. She had the idea that it had been furnished and made pretty for their own enjoyment, as well as for that of their friends, and having only the two rooms, she elected to sit there always in the afternoons and evenings. With this idea there had been a gas fire placed there, which could be turned out whilst the family were at dinner, or had vacated the room for any length of time. There had been a good deal of discussion as to the advisability of this arrangement, as gas fires are certainly more expensive than coal, but the consideration which decided them was that with only one servant the very great saving of labour quite compensated for the slight additional expense, and Margaret found it a great comfort, before she began fires regularly, to be able to light it just for half an hour, if she felt chilly, without trouble to anyone.

In spite of its convenience, however, Anne seriously disapproved of this arrangement. She appeared to have conscientious scruples against the "best room" being used by the family when without visitors. She put on a solemn and reproachful look when Margaret told her, after lunch one day, to light the

"'WHY, MARGARET, WHAT A HUGE APRON! AND GLOVES TOO!'"

drawing-room fire, as she would be going in there to sit directly, and replied—

"You'll excuse my naming it, ma'am, but in the 'ignest families where I've lived they've kep' the drawing-room special like for company, with the chairs and everything smothered in 'olland covers, even to the chandeliers, and it do seem a pity, begging your pardon, ma'am, to think of all them new things getting spoilt like before two months time."

This was rather rude of Anne, but as it showed the motherly sort of interest she took in her young mistress, Margaret answered good-naturedly—

"Oh, you need not fear the furniture being spoilt, I shall try to keep the room nice and pretty always, and I shall never take any untidy work in there. I think those must have been very rough, untidy people you lived with, if they could not sit in a prettily-furnished room without spoiling it."

Anne seemed crushed for the moment, and said no more till she had nearly finished clearing the table, and Margaret had half-forgotten the subject, when she revived it by saying—

"Only last night, 'm, begging your pardon, master was sitting in one of them light wooden chairs, which there ain't much wear in them I should say, and had got his feet on that sweet, pretty velvet hassock, and I did feel sorry to see it used so reckless like."

"But that hassock is made of Utrecht velvet, which is very strong and durable. Mr. Trent and I do not like having anything about only for show, and not for use if necessary. So now go and light the fire, please."

And Anne obeyed; but she marched out of the room with such an air of superior wisdom and injured dignity, that Margaret felt relieved when she was gone.

Nevertheless, she so far adopted Anne's ideas as to make some very pretty flowered muslin covers, ornamented with lace frills, to cover some of the more delicately-coloured cushions and chairs during the smoky, winter months, but she was careful that they should be so pretty as to rather improve the appearance of the room than otherwise.

Again Anne disapproved of Margaret's little arrangement of her simple luncheon table. Though she was quite alone, she liked to have the table made to look nice with flowers and glass, and indeed lunch may be made a very pretty meal indeed, and in many ways an economical one too, as all sorts of odds and ends can be used up at that informal meal, which could hardly be allowed to appear at a dinner. Not confining herself strictly to butcher's meat, Margaret varied her bill of fare by little dishes of fish, and *entrées* wonderfully concocted from the remnants of the previous day's dinner. The remains of the last night's pudding, when not "warmed up," were cut into slices and served in a pretty, clear, glass dish. The middle of the table was occupied by a round, china "dumb waiter," on which were placed butter, marmalade, pepper, mustard, and salt, any of which she could bring within her reach by giving the "waiter" a turn. The centre of this was always occupied by a little nosegay. When her supply of flowers was low, Margaret was content with a few green leaves and grass; but she fancied she could not enjoy a meal unless there was something of the sort on the table.

She had four small square Japanese flower-pots, with a fern growing in each, for the corners of the table, and altogether it presented a very charming appearance, which Anne did not altogether appreciate. She, in a series of hints and politely-turned innuendoes, gave her mistress to understand that on state occasions a large and massive arrangement in the middle of the table was allowable, but every day, and quite alone, and at the four corners as well as in the middle, this was certainly unnecessary, not to say improper, and she could not submit to it without a faint remonstrance, though, as Margaret attended to the flowers herself, it gave her very little extra work.

Margaret and Wilfred had found it the most convenient plan to conform to the usual London custom of dining late, the maid, of course, dining at Margaret's luncheon time. At breakfast Margaret always provided fresh or stewed fruit, or, when that was very scarce, stewed dried apple rings, or Normandy pippins, as she considered it not only an agreeable but a wholesome adjunct to the breakfast table. Margaret always contrived to be down a few minutes before breakfast time to make the coffee (which was always done at the table, for where is there a servant who can make coffee?) and to see that all was neat and right, though the paragon, Anne, considered this very unnecessary. An egg cosy, and a coffee cosy to match, worked in crewels, made the table very bright and pretty. At this, as indeed at all meals, the dumb waiter in the middle of the table was invaluable, for those at

A NEW TREATMENT FOR FOLDING DOORS (DRAWING-ROOM SIDE).

table could thus hand things to one another without moving from their seats, and were able to dispense with Anne's presence in the room without inconvenience to themselves.

One morning after Margaret had returned from her usual walk with her husband, she received an early visit from her cousin Elsie.

"Why, Margaret, what a huge apron! And gloves too! Well, you *are* careful of your hands. Do you wear gloves all the time Wilfred is away, so as to have them white and soft on his return?" asked this rude little cousin, after the first greetings were over.

"If you had politely waited to be properly announced, I should have had time to take them off, but now you have caught me," replied Margaret. "I always dust these rooms myself, and before beginning I open the window and put on this large apron and old gloves, which I always wear for any dirty work, for I certainly think it a pity to make one's hands rough and ugly when it can so easily be avoided."

"Well, Madge, I am in great straits; you know mother is away, and now here is a letter from Uncle Andrew, who, you know, is a sort of guardian to us children, to say he is coming to dinner on Tuesday night. So, first of all, I do hope you and Wilfred will come too, for he is so alarming that we really cannot entertain him alone in mother's absence. Then I want you to tell me what to have for dinner, for he is so peculiar, he looks most annoyed if there is not a *very* nice dinner, and yet he is always thinking we are extravagant."

"So you want to hit the happy medium? I think, perhaps, I can help you, for I have been studying the subject of little dinners myself, with a view to Wilfred's birthday. What do you say to beginning with real turtle?"

"Now, Margaret, you are making fun. Why Uncle Andrew would never get over it. He would harangue us on the extravagant habits of the rising generation all the evening."

"But he could hardly think it extravagant if you could tell him that the whole tureen full cost only about three shillings. If he looks very much horrified you can lead up the conversation to the great advantage of using dried turtle, and so, after he has tasted it and pronounced it very good, not before, you can inform him that it is made of strips of sun-dried turtle, which you bought at the grocer's for six shillings a pound. Only if you decide to have it you must go and buy the materials at once, as it takes several days to make properly."

"Oh, I am sure I could never manage anything so elaborate as that! Fancy having soup that takes ever so many days to make!"

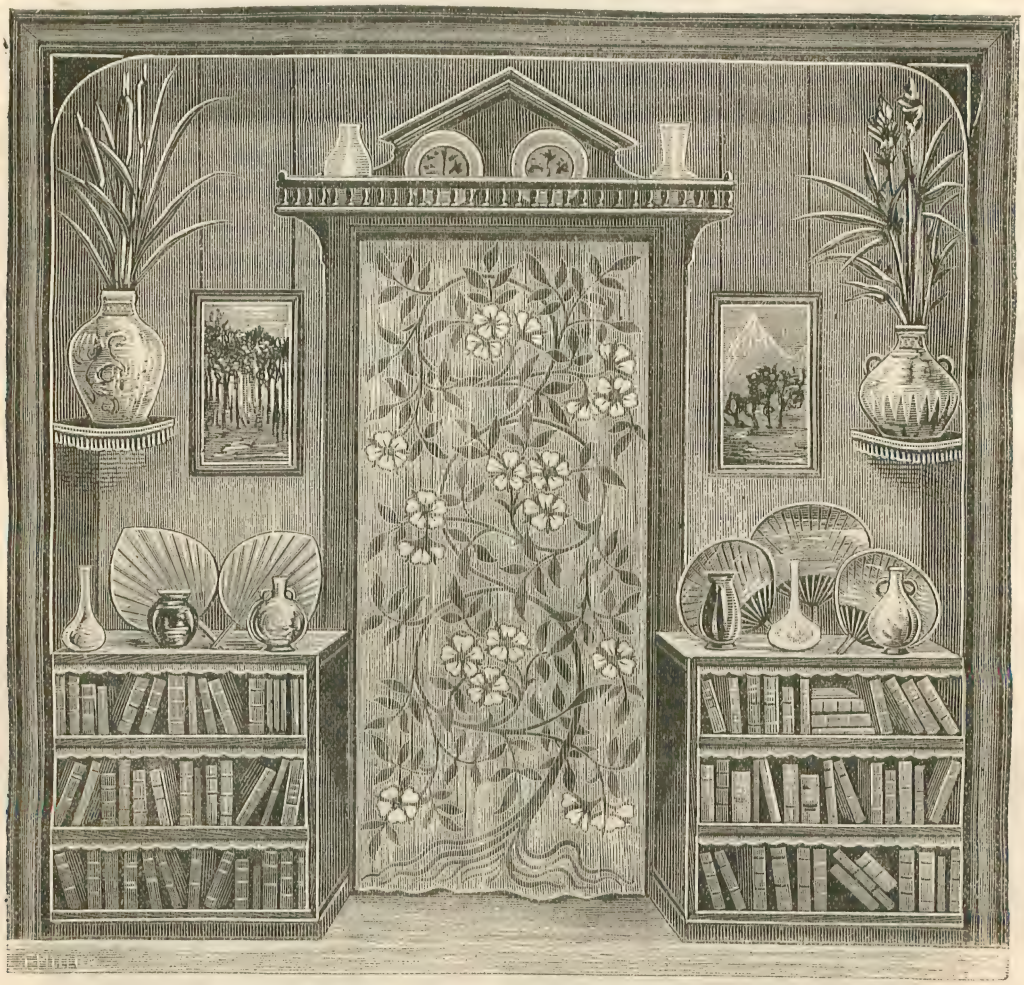
"But it only takes time, because the strips, as you buy them, are so hard and dry, and must be soaked a long time. It is really most simple, and if you do exactly as I tell you you cannot possibly make a mistake. You must buy a quarter of a pound of dried turtle, chop it into pieces; put it in a basin of cold water (rather under a pint), cover it and leave it to soak for twenty-four hours in a slow oven. Then take it out, cut it in square pieces, and put it back into the same water till the stock is ready, which should be, if possible, a couple of days longer; but you cannot allow it quite so long this time, and less time will do, though it will not be so good.

"Then for the stock you will require one and and a half pound of shin of beef, the same quantity of knuckle of veal, a ham bone, if you happen to have one, or if not you must buy a good thick slice of lean uncooked ham, a little lemon peel, marjoram, winter savory, two bay leaves, and, if you can get it, which is doubtful, a little pennyroyal. You must put all these into three quarts of cold water, and simmer it slowly all day, and then strain it; this must be done the day before you want to use it. Then, next morning, add the turtle, with the liquor in which it was soaked, and boil it all together for six hours, and it is ready for table, only just before serving it up you should add a squeeze of lemon. This sounds rather troublesome, but it really is not at all—it only requires to be begun in good time.

"Then for fish, I should advise you to have hallibut, cut in steaks and fried. It is rather cheap, and rather nice, and not very generally used, so it may be new to your uncle. You ought to have one *entrée*, too, but I cannot think of anything very suitable."

"Would mutton scallops do?" suggested Elsie. "People generally like them, and if you would kindly ask me about them, it would give me the opportunity of letting uncle know that they are made of remnants of cold mutton."

"I will certainly, for I should like to know how to make them myself."



A NEW TREATMENT FOR FOLDING DOORS (DINING-ROOM SIDE).

"Oh, you make some mince of any sort of cold mutton, nicely flavoured, you know, with thyme, and nutmeg, and parsley, and pepper, and the yolk of one egg, and just a speck of onion, and all sorts of things, but the meat must not be minced too small. Then you put it in scallop shells, and cover it with egg and bread-crumbs, and just brown them in the oven."

"That sounds delicious. I quite long to come and taste them. Have you decided on a joint? If not, I think I should have a well-hung saddle of mutton if I were you, because you can do it up again so nicely next day, by filling the gap made in it at dinner with mashed potatoes. Then have it warmed up, and it looks like a fresh joint."

"Madge, you certainly are a genius. Now I must rush off and buy that turtle, or the soup will never be done in time. I can manage to invent some sweets myself, I think. Do not forget to be punctual at the banquet on Tuesday. Uncle Andrew is nothing if not punctual. And do not forget to work round the conversation to cold mutton and dried turtle. You might persuade Wilfred to make a few remarks on the various industries of the West Indies, and then it would come in quite naturally, only I am afraid I shall laugh, and spoil it. Now, good-bye; I can see you are longing for me to be gone, so that you can go on dusting those lovely plates on the book-case."

So saying, she departed, leaving Margaret to finish her interrupted work. As "lovely plates" are not always to be found on a book-case, perhaps their presence there ought to be explained.

It will be remembered that the drawing and dining-rooms were separated by folding-doors, to the appearance of which Margaret had a great objection, so they were hidden, and the space occupied by them turned to an account in an ingenious manner by Wilfred's fertile brain. It was in this way. One day before their marriage, Margaret and he were talking over the best place to put the book-case, which was rather a difficult problem, for the space was limited in the little dining-room.

"Look here, Madge," cried Wilfred, suddenly, "you said you did not like folding-doors, so why not have them done away with, or permanently fastened, and the book-case placed in front of them?"

"Yes, perhaps that would do," said Margaret, ponderingly, "and yet I think, perhaps, a communication between the two rooms might be very useful sometimes, though I did condemn folding-doors."

"Well, then—I have it, Margery!" cried the young fellow, starting up, and energetically commencing a rough sketch of his idea on the back of an envelope. "Look here, dear; you have the book-case built the same size as the doors—not absolutely square, but with a few elegant irregularities at the top: so. Have it fitted with shelves of different depths for books, and here and there, perhaps, a shelf for odds and ends of china, or a rack for newspapers and magazines, or a cupboard with handsomely-carved doors, or—in fact, there is no end to the variations you might introduce if once you began——"

"But, please," broke in Margaret, "I do not quite see how we are to transport ourselves through the book-case; or did you mean us to step on the shelves, and so climb over?"

"I was about to observe," remarked Wilfred, "when I was so rudely interrupted, that a doorway should be cut through the middle of the book-case, from which should hang a curtain of some rich, heavy-looking material: red plush, I believe, is considered the correct thing."

"Oh, charming!" cried Margaret; "but I fear plush will be rather beyond our means."

"And the whole affair mounted on castors, so that, if *necessary*, it may be moved away bodily, and leave the whole space clear; but as it will weigh probably about two tons, I fancy those occasions will be rare," continued Wilfred.

Margaret's admiration of the genius displayed in this invention was unbounded, particularly after the idea had been most successfully carried out.

The drawing-room side of it was managed thus: the back of the book-case and sides of the recess were papered like the drawing-room. A small, low book-case was made at each side of the curtained doorway, and on them china and other ornaments were displayed, leaving just room above for corner brackets, holding vases of flowers and a couple of pictures. This gave it the appearance of an ordinary recess, and had the advantage of making the room that much larger.

These book-cases and their ornaments Margaret always dusted and arranged herself, whereby she gained the very desirable end of having no ornaments broken, and also having the books always put back into their own particular places, so that she could find any favourite author in the dark.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOUR PERIODS.

By Alice King.

I.—SCHOOL-LIFE.

The school-life of our English girls! We speak the words, and they seem at once to call up before us the dream of a rose-garden all filled with buds and perfume. The school-life of our English girls!—we speak the words, and as that rose-garden dream fades away, we grasp firm hold, in joyful thankfulness, of precious certainties, of glorious results, of which this same school-life will be the fruitful root, the fair first chapter, the fountain-head from which stream upon stream of sweet waters will flow to gladden generations yet unborn.

Now, in speaking of a girl's school-life, we wish it at once to be understood that we do not mean to limit ourselves to remarks upon what goes on in the class-room and in lesson hours, when grammars and dictionaries are in the hand, when music-books and drawing portfolios are open. These things have in truth their own fitting time and place in our girls' school-life, and we shall say something about them in their turn; but a girl's school-life will be very meagre and incomplete if it does not extend beyond the doors of the school-room. Girls are meant for practical daily life even more than boys; girls, even more than boys, must have an education of the heart as well as of the head, because for women's hearts there is quite as much good, brave work to do in the world as for women's brains; therefore our girls' school-life must be in the home as well as in the school. Let mothers look well to this, for this is their especial province and duty and kingdom, this training their girls in the other school-life, which is not the school-life of the schoolroom. A schoolmistress or a governess may fill a girl's mind with rare stores of knowledge, may deck her with graceful accomplishments, but few save a mother can form a girl's heart. And where can this part of a girl's education be carried on so well and thoroughly as in a bright, sympathetic home? And since this is the case, let us strive to make our homes bright and sympathetic to our girls from the very beginning—from the moment when their sweet young eyes peep out of their cradles.

The first thing which the home school-life must give our girls is a solid religious foundation to their characters. No form of religion that the human mind can imagine could be so well calculated as Christianity to make the female sex shine. Let women, then, seize eagerly the proud privilege, and strive to form their daughters on a high Christian pattern. Love, patience, meekness, long-sufferance, self-sacrifice, are all, at the same time, the noblest products of Christianity and products natural to woman's character. Thus, then, mothers, you have a rich soul full of good seed ready for you; in God's name, in the name of children yet unborn, do not root up, or let die through want of care or sun, or dwarf the precious growth, but help it with every effort to come to perfection.

One excellent way of training our girls' hearts is to lead them early to the homes of the poor, to bedsides of the old and sick. Here they will learn to watch suffering bravely, and to meet it with every possible remedy; here they will be taught—without knowing that it is a lesson, the task will grow so sweet to them—how to feel for others, and how to work for them. A woman's influence depends in a great measure on her depth of feeling and sympathy. A woman's noblest work is, in general, for those immediately around her in her home—for husband and children; then this learning betimes to be full of kindliness and charity must be, surely, a bit of good schooling for our girls.

It is also good for our girls, in the home school-life, to be taught to take a lively interest in the management of a household. This may be instilled gently, and almost imperceptibly, into them, by inciting them to strive to gain a loving influence for good over the younger servants. They should be encouraged to form sewing-classes or singing-classes, or other little schemes for their improvement, and to exercise over them a lady's high moral power—the power which comes from mental cultivation. Let our girls, too, in their home-school be taught not to hold their pretty heads above bending sometimes over the week's account-book, or the cookery-book. Such things will steady the wings of their young imaginations, without making their flight less swift.

There exists among a certain class of English society a received and well-cut-and-dried opinion that it is a necessary sign and insignia of ladyhood to spend a large portion of every day in a state of elegant idleness, that allows of nothing more serious employing a woman's time than gossip, and some flimsy, utterly useless piece of work in wool or silk, or, by way of variety, a little very-indifferently executed music, or illumination of texts that certainly do not shine the more from the way in which they are thus adorned. Can anything be conceived more

unjust and foolish than an education which would tend towards making a woman's story such a pale, thin shadow of real life as this? For are not work and thought the meaning of living? And yet there are some in the land who would turn a girl's school-life into a preparation for just such an aimless, listless existence, by giving her, in her youth, a taste for not one single, solid, useful pursuit. Let us strive to make our girls, in their way, quite as steady workers as our boys; let one essential part of their school-life's teaching, both in the actual school and at home, be to prove that every moment is to be filled with doing or learning something—that not a single faculty is to be wasted. To do this, we must put into the school-life regular rules and methodical habits, for these are matters that are somewhat contrary to many womanly natures, and therefore they must be engrafted early into the female character. In this way our girls' school-life will give them strength of will and solidity of purpose—things which will prove rare blessings to them in days to come. It is well, too, to combat another natural defect of womankind in our girls' school-life by showing them that we do not think it the least pretty or charming to start and scream and faint for every smallest cause, but that we regard self-restraint and composure as qualities that are far more to be admired. Thus we shall build up a firm barrier against foolish affectation, and, moreover, give even a timid girl, through early training, at least some amount of calmness and presence of mind in difficulty and trouble and danger.

We speak of habits of work as being as necessary for a girl as for a boy in his school-life, because woman is the God-given companion and equal of man, and, after all, half the work of the world falls upon her shoulders, though, of course, she labours in a very different workshop from man, and with very different tools. The man or woman who denies this last fact is simply trying to deny the laws of God and of nature. If a girl marries, what a weight of responsible work at once falls to her share—the work of cheering and strengthening and advising her husband; the work of managing her house, and regulating a considerable part of the family expenses, and guiding her servants; and highest work of all—highest and holiest—the work of bringing up children, and training both their physical and mental powers. Is it fair, then, or is it wise, to make the school-life of her on whom such earnest work will, in process of time, devolve, a mere period for gaining a liking for frivolous employments that are not worthy of the name—a field for picking up just a few desultory accomplishments? If, on the other hand, a girl does not marry (and it is well for her school-life training to contemplate, in these days, this possible alternative, and to bring it sometimes even before the young pupil's mind), what various departments of work lie open before her now, in the nineteenth century, which will make her a useful member of the community! She may become an authoress, and, according to what her school-life has been, bring words of wisdom or words of folly to thousands of English homes. She may be a hospital nurse, and, as she goes from ward to ward, both she and her patients will have full occasion to thank God and her parents for the experience she was allowed to gain, and the courage in bravely facing suffering which she was able to make her own, when, in her home school-life days, she went from house to house among the poor and sick. She may be a teacher in schools, a speaker of God's Word to His people, an expounder of the Master's own blessed book; in what good stead then will stand her all the knowledge on Scriptural times and subjects which her school-life gave her; what a calm, safe feeling—the feeling, as it were, of one who has a charmed life—will she have in all the scenes of pain and distress through which her calling leads her, if only she bears about with her a lively religious faith, that jewel of price which we should strive to bind fast upon our young girls' hearts. When we think of all these careers that may lie before our girls, how can anyone presume to speak even of making their school-life a season of aught save serious preparation for earnest duty?

There existed formerly, and, indeed, in some narrow minds there does still exist, a prejudice against women receiving a liberal and comprehensive education. In the eyes of these people a girl is a creature that may be taught to be a first-rate cook and sempstress, but whose intellectual faculties are not to enjoy the slightest development. This creed—fortunately a creed fast dying out in the land—is as unjust to woman as that other theory of which we have just spoken, which would condemn her to complete supine idleness of both body and mind. Woman was created to be the companion and helpmate of man; but how is he to find a companion and a helpmate in one who is so immeasurably his inferior in education that she cannot talk rationally with him on a single subject that interests him? A boy, in the nursery, may have the foundations laid for a great public career, that may prove the glory and blessing of his country; but how can a woman, who has never opened a book stored with the riches of thought and genius of past ages, who has never formed for herself any political or social opinions, lay such a foundation in her son? Let us be very thankful for the vast educational advantages which our times offer to women, and let our girls take good heed that they do not misuse the talents entrusted to them.

The intellectual education of a girl must, of course, in some measure be guided by the intellectual calibre which she possesses. A girl's actual school life must, of necessity, be of much shorter duration than that of a boy; we must not, then, try to cram into it more than it can well hold. We must endeavour, too, to find out as early as possible the extent of a girl's capabilities, and the special direction in which they tend. If a girl has a real talent for music or drawing let it be cultivated to the utmost, while other subjects are more lightly dwelt upon. If a girl has no taste for these arts, let her be allowed to give them up altogether, for inferior musical performance and feebly-executed sketches will merely prove a form of suffering for the ears and eyes of her friends. Let such a girl give her school life to more solid studies, such as literature, languages, &c., and she will soon find her reward. A certain amount of reading in good standard books—poetical, historical, and otherwise—is, indeed, an indispensable part of every girl's school-life, unless her faculties are of an exceptionally low order; for such reading gives her the habit, so needful for female minds to acquire, of concentrating her attention, while, at the same time, it will make a sort of storehouse in her brain to which she will always be able to go in after life. Such reading will also give a girl breadth of mental vision and firmness of mental grasp, qualities always somewhat difficult to be attained by woman.

In the best ordered families even there may come days of trouble and disaster—days when, through a bank failure, or some other like mischance, the delicately-nurtured daughters of the house, who hitherto have been watched and guarded as rare, tender, conservatory plants that not a breath of rough wind must touch, are suddenly cast upon their own resources in a more or less degree, and exposed to sharp blasts of poverty and adversity. In such a case—and in our own days such cases have been far from being the dreams of romancers—how well and happy it is for a girl to be able, through some cultivated talent, or some thoroughly acquired branch of knowledge, to become at once a working bee who can bring back her share of honey to the home hive, instead of being a dead weight hanging round the neck of father or brother. It is simple thoughtlessness and cruelty not to prepare our girls, in their school-life, for such very possible changes and chances as these, even if the fortunes of the family remain unaltered. How often a girl, whose pocket money received from her parents is of necessity, from her father's position in life, small, is glad and thankful for the power of being able to earn a little money for herself, which she can spend in a thousand useful ways, and which will give her the joy of knowing the sweets of charity!

Now let us go and stand on higher ground, and, in conclusion, speak a few words to our fair English girls themselves. Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, such are the things which a Christian girl must make her whole school-life a striving towards. She must work earnestly to make every kingdom of knowledge on which she enters entirely her own, remembering that school-life, like all other life, without earnest work is a mere painted travesty of real existence; but while she thus works she must never keep in view her own exaltation, but must make her chief object being able to do something to God's glory, and, next, something that will benefit her neighbours. She must not try in anything to imitate or rival her brother, because, though she is man's equal, she was created for quite different work from him, because her physical strength cannot bear the strain of excessive mental pressure as the strength of a boy can, and because it was never meant to be formed on the same pattern as a boy's; but, on the other hand, girls must struggle to master every branch of learning they take in hand quite as thoroughly as boys do, and also avoid, in their school life, all superficial outward show of knowledge, for in a Christian girl everything must be true gold—no gilding will do. They must try to put every faculty to its highest use, and not let a single power they possess lie dormant; even the capabilities of their lithe young bodies must be developed to the best of their abilities by open air and exercise, which is too often neglected in our girls' school-life.

Finally, girls of England, keep it ever in your minds, as the highest object of your school life, to form your whole lives on the model of His who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. It is the most exalted glory of woman that the life of Christ may be as fully and entirely imitated by her as it can be by man; in this, the loftiest end of all human work and thought, she need never be second. Let our girls keep all their school-life in tune with this one precious key-note; let them be brave, earnest workers, with the light of this radiant truth falling on all that they do and undertake and learn in the school and at home, and theirs shall be the crown and victory for time and for eternity.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMME ORESTES ET PYLADES.

IN the morning of that day, Monsieur St. Just visited Monsieur le Marquis betimes in his handsome apartments in the Rue de la Paix. He had travelled hastily up to town the evening before, summoned by a mysterious and desponding letter from his brother, hinting vaguely at terrible consequences likely to ensue upon the desperate state of his affairs. He found Jerome lazily pacing to and fro in his Turkish morning-gown and cap, an expression of utter wretchedness and irresolution on his face, glancing askance every now and then towards a little stand upon which lay a brace of silver-mounted pistols. Monsieur le Marquis had admitted to himself over and over again that with them lay the only and true solution of all his difficulties, and yet he lacked courage to lift his hand against himself, and annihilate for ever the miserable ego, with its upbraiding conscience, from which just now he was so eager to escape. It was not fear of anything that awaited him on the other side of the gulf on whose brink he stood, that restrained his hand, but a terror of the unknown, a fearful shrinking from the great black cavity of darkness which he believed lay beyond the horizon of this life. Stray memories of his childhood floated to him as he stood shivering there—scraps of teaching altogether different from any to which he had since lent an ear; but they were to him hardly so much as travellers' tales of far-away countries, for no one who professed to believe in them could ever have heard with their ears, or seen with their eyes, the things of which they treated.

Just when he was nerving himself to take the coward's remedy for the ills which were the result of his own selfish indulgence, Etienne's face appeared in the doorway. Jerome hailed it as that of a saviour, knowing full well that now the worst, if not the full, consequences of his folly would be taken on to the shoulders of another.

He stretched out his hands eagerly, covering almost by instinct, as he did so, those tell-tale weapons from his brother's sight.

"You have come in answer to my letter?"

"In answer to your letter," responded Etienne, thrilling to his finger-tips as he sharply noted every evidence of his brother's extremity.

"It is kind of you. I did not expect you would come in person."

He said this, although he had known fully when he despatched his letter that, unless Etienne did respond in some such generous way, he was lost—utterly, wholly.

Monsieur St. Just sank into the chair his brother drew up for him on the hearth.

"Now, Jerome, let me hear the worst."

Want of frankness, when it was to his own advantage to be entirely honest, could not be accounted as one of the failings of Monsieur le Marquis. Without much preamble, and with only so much hesitation as was due to a certain amount of shame and compunction, he confessed his difficulties to Monsieur St. Just, who listened to the recital in grave silence, save when a curt question of his threw light upon some point which Jerome would have left obscure. In ten minutes or so all was told. Then Monsieur St. Just spoke, and to the purpose.

"If I help you this time, what guarantee have I that such a state of affairs shall not be brought about again?"

The quiet willingness of his tone, without one word of reproach or blame, touched the selfish and self-indulgent Jerome, who, whatever his faults, certainly was not heartless.

"No, no," he cried, "I cannot allow you seriously to burden yourself with the whole amount of my debts. Only help me with your advice, strengthen me with your sympathy, stand by me just now, and I will make a brave fight of it."

"I mean to pay them, conditionally," Monsieur St. Just said, quietly and resolutely. "I came to Paris for this reason. I hesitated to promise so much before knowing the sum total, but only because I feared it might not perhaps be in my power to meet it. But now that I know the full amount, know that it can be done, with some sacrifice on my part, I hesitate no longer. My mother's peace of mind is worth more than this; and, Jerome, she must not know the full extent of your difficulties."

Jerome hid his face in his hands.

"For her sake," continued Monsieur St. Just, "the honour of our family must be saved at all risks, and for this reason also you must not oppose it."

"I oppose it! You forget; disgrace which falls upon me cannot affect you. We do not even bear the same name."

"But we call the same woman mother; and for you to become insolvent would well nigh kill her with shame and grief. I tell you it is for her sake. And if I am willing to sacrifice my means to secure the continuance of her happiness, you can do no less than pocket your pride for the same end."

"She knows enough already to be very anxious."

"So she has told me in a letter I received at the same time as yours. And I am more annoyed, Jerome, that you should have allowed her for one moment to suspect the state of your affairs than at anything else. I am going to her now to reassure her; come to me there in an hour's time. And in the meanwhile think over what I have said. I shall require you to make certain statements in the presence of our notary, to sign certain papers, and then you will be free to lead a better and more honourable life in the future."

Jerome started to his feet in great agitation. He began a hurried walk up and down the room, then came to a standstill on the hearth. He lit a cigar, blew a few whiffs, then cast it aside, to throw himself down into the recesses of a large easy chair that stood opposite to where Etienne was seated. The hope which his brother held out was intoxicating, but he could not, for very shame, accept it without protest.

"Calm yourself," said Monsieur St. Just; "what I do, as I told you before, I do for my mother's sake, and because I believe that the severe lesson you have learnt will not be lost upon you. I hope much for the future. Only remember that, in the course of nature, we may not expect to keep our mother with us very much longer, and do your very utmost to second me in my efforts to keep her few remaining years free from pain and care. This will make my offer seem less humiliating to you."

Jerome silently wrung his brother's hands.

"And now farewell for the present. You will find me in the Faubourg St. Germain in an hour's time. I may depend upon your coming, may I not?"

"I will not fail you," answered Jerome, and could not, for the life of him, command another word.

Monsieur St. Just cast another sidelong glance upon the pistols as he went out, but he believed they would no longer have any temptation for his brother, and that he might safely be left in their company.

Jerome's first act when left alone was to restore them to their case, and turn the key upon them, believing that he might for the present postpone this desperate remedy. This done, he recommenced his uneasy walk to and fro.

Up to this time he had indulged freely in all kinds of pleasurable society and excesses, which led him into an expenditure far beyond his means; but it had never occurred to him that he was injuring anyone but himself by such indulgence. Half heedlessly, half ignorantly, he had allowed himself even to encroach upon that which rightly belonged to his mother, wilfully blinding himself to the fact that upon Etienne alone must fall the burden of repairing this injury and saving her from feeling its effects. And

yet, in spite of what may seem to be unmitigated selfishness upon the part of the Marquis, there were excuses to be made for him. From childhood he had been his mother's pet, and mothers' favourites generally reward such partiality by being both negligent and inconsiderate of those who have made them the objects of it. Nature also had been prodigal in her gifts to him. Taller, handsomer, stronger, and more brilliant than his brother, less reserved, more gentle and caressing in his manner, to the world generally he had always appeared the more gifted and amiable of the two. From his boyhood Etienne's had seemed to be a quiet and self-contained nature, which expended itself through one only channel—a passion for study, a *bizarrerie* which society found it difficult to pardon in a man of his birth and expectations. This taste had always been repressed rather than encouraged by the Marquise, who for a long time had openly deplored its existence, and striven with much delicate *finesse* to win him from what she considered at best but a plebeian absorption. Her opposition had only forced its development, and in proportion as he found himself alternately persecuted and neglected, did Etienne seek all that he required in the inner world of intellect. In reality he possessed far the more intensely affectionate disposition of the two, and yet he was pronounced to be cold and reserved, while Jerome, who loved no one in the world so much as himself, was supposed to be genial and warm-hearted.

Jerome had inherited his gay, pleasure-loving temperament from both parents. The Marquise's first marriage had been made for her; the second was her own choice. Instinctively, in her double widowhood, her heart turned to the child of the husband whom she had so passionately loved—to little Jerome, who had given her back kiss for kiss and caress for caress with a child's playful fervour, while, even then, Etienne had been shy of expressing any of his emotions. He had been keen, however, to feel the preference which the Marquise thoughtlessly displayed. He never made complaint, never allowed her to suppose that he noticed it, nor did he ever in any way compete with Jerome for her favour. But deep down in his heart the sense of injustice lay, increasing his silence and reserve, giving an impulse to his love of contemplative study that nothing could conquer, nothing turn aside. The Marquise's opposition to it had not been without reason. The paternal grandfather, from whom the boy was supposed to have inherited it, had unhinged the delicate poise of his subtle intellect by over much study. The Marquise at times feared some such sad and terrible fate for the boy Etienne, and therefore considered the end proposed justified the means she adopted in his early manhood to win him from his inordinate love of study.

Of late the Marquise's eyes had been opening by degrees to the discovery that she had deceived herself as to the characters of her sons, and, in proportion as she judged them by their actions, rather than by their words, did she awaken to the fact that Etienne's was by far the nobler. But she had grown so accustomed to spoiling her attractive prodigal, that she could not change her manner to him now. Her love for him was not weakened, but it underwent a change; there was more of compassion in it, and less of pride, in proportion as she saw him succumb to various excesses. His follies were not the result of a depraved nature. Vanity first led him captive, then intemperance struck her fangs into his heart, then came loss of energy, and the tyranny which vice exercises over its votaries.

Such, so far, was the history of Jerome, Marquis de St. Aubin.

At this period of his life he had succeeded in banishing his conscience, but not in killing it; it would return to the encounter, to strive even yet for the lead over his better nature. One of these short fierce attacks was pending now. Etienne's noble generosity had recalled it, for Jerome felt a burning shame at the thought that through him his brother must become comparatively straitened in means for the future. He had not intentionally encroached upon his mother's little property, from which she derived her income, but had been blindly led onwards, because he had the power to despoil her to a certain extent, and it was this fact which Etienne was so anxious to keep from her knowledge, this also which made Jerome feel so deeply humiliated in his brother's eyes.

He suffered more from the thought of having fallen in his brother's esteem than he did from knowing that he had, in very truth, robbed the mother whom he professed to love. It had always seemed to him that what was his mother's was also to some extent his; this was the natural result of the way in which she had denied herself to minister to his pleasures; but with regard to his brother, definite relations of *meum* and *tuum* had been preserved. Hitherto, although there had never existed the slightest feeling of aversion between the two, there had not been much confidence and sympathy. How could there be? The life of the one was a continual protest against the life of the other.

Etienne was now making a prodigious effort to reach across this wide chasm which separated them. To him it was possible to bend downwards, and stretch out a helping hand to his brother. To Jerome, a difficult task to reach upwards.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

FROM the Faubourg St. Germain they drove almost in silence to the Bois de Boulogne, where, at Etienne's expense, a dainty little *déjeuner* was ordered. He was resolved to spare neither means nor effort to conciliate and to win over his brother. Jerome expanded over the influence of wine and other refreshment; he began to regain even his lost confidence in himself, and to feel himself capable of great things, and to resolve that on Etienne's side should not be all the nobleness.

"There are still two courses open to me," he said, "without incurring an obligation I never can repay. You shall lend me the money to-day, Etienne, when we go to Monsieur le Notary, and I will give you my I.O.U. Then I will leave the army, where one is more likely to spend a fortune than to gain one, and I will take a situation. I will become a banker, like your grandpère, and in a few years——"

Etienne interposed with his grave, deep smile.

"*Cà! cà!* Jerome. Fortunes are not made in *châteaux en Espagne*. My own arrangement is more feasible than this."

"I will marry."

"Worse and worse."

"This is no *château en Espagne*, I assure you, Etienne. There are heiresses here in Paris——"

"Whom you must not marry on account of their wealth only."

"And why not? It is common enough, this sort of *mariage de convenance*. I wonder that my mother has never sought and found an eligible *partie* for me; but do you know, Etienne, of all the suggestions she has made to me at one time or another this has not been one. She has never yet advised me to marry."

"Shall I tell you why?"

"Is there a reason, and do you know it?"

The elder brother's brow had clouded over darkly.

"There is a reason, a secret, which has been kept from you. I meant to allude to it, because it has to do with a fact which makes it wrong for me to confiscate more than my personal possessions to help you. But I will tell you the story more fully, in the hope that it may deter you from marrying as a mere matter of convenience. You have heard of our cousin, Desirée?"

"Desirée de l'Orme? But she is dead. Did she not meet with her death in some sad fashion while I was out in my first campaign in Algeria?"

"She drowned herself to escape the companionship of an unloving husband."

There was an instant's silence. Then Etienne, white to the very lips, continued—

"She was young—barely eighteen years old—beautiful. She had been sacrificed as a mere matter of policy, and, poor child! she had the misery of loving one who was utterly insensible to her attractions. She bore his chilling indifference for a whole year. *It is* supposed her heart was broken, her mind unhinged."

"And he——" gasped Jerome.

"Was blind, indifferent, absorbed in occupations which made him unmindful even to pity her. She had been forced upon him almost, remember——"

"But *who* was he?" blazed Jerome.

"He *is*; he lives to repent, to wipe out the memory of that one irrevocable year of his life by an agony of remorse that must darken all the others that remain to him."

Jerome's voice changed and softened.

"He is—then——?"

"Your brother Etienne."

For an instant after having made this confession in a low harsh tone, his face was hidden upon the arms he had folded before him on the table. Jerome lifted his wineglass and drained it. He was thunderstruck and bewildered. He had never imagined that in all the past there could ever have rested a shadow of reproach against his saintly brother, Etienne.

Monsieur St. Just raised his head; his features were working strangely, but with a great effort he steadied them.

"My mother made this marriage, believing its effect would be to draw off my attention from my books. Its utter failure has been the most cruel punishment to her. I do not think she will in any way again interfere to make or mar a marriage."

"I should think not. Did this happen at St. Aubin?"

"Her death? Yes; in the Mousse."

"And yet you can bear to live there constantly as you do! It would drive me mad, Etienne. Every place would be haunted."

A smile, morbid and tender, flitted for one moment over the pale face of Monsieur St. Just.

"Well, for me it is haunted. I hear the sobbing sound of her voice in the low summer trickle of the Mousse as it passes the windows, and when the fall roars with its winter torrent I see her slender ghost in the white foam wreaths. It is not by avoiding such memories that one can expiate one's sin."

Jerome listened amazed and full of pain. So strange, so unusual a burst of confidence as this on his brother's part did more to draw them together in five short minutes than years of ordinary intercourse could do. But almost before he had begun to realise that the habitual veil of reserve had been lifted, it was drawn down again.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

LOUIE TRUNDLE.—Gentlemen's braces are generally worked on silk canvas, and lined with white leather. We have recently seen some very pretty ones in Germany, worked in cross-stitch on the ordinary webbing, ingrain silks and cottons being used. Thank you for your recipe. You would obtain the monogram at a fancy needlework shop.

TIM.—See "My Work Basket" for such patterns.

ONE WHO WISHES TO IMPROVE.—We do not think the pattern you require would be interesting to other readers. By tightening in a round antimacassar design while working you would be able to make a cover of it.

CAMPHOR.—Covers for flower-pots, hanging pockets, screens, portfolios, and letter cases may all be decorated with painting.

L. H. C.—Fasten on the satin first with pins, and, when well arranged and stretched, sew round the wires without removing the pins. The stitches are covered with chenille or cord laid round. The handles may be gilded with gold paint, but we should prefer them white.

PIMPERNEL.—Leather work would look very well, or if you paint, you might paint it. Please consult "My Work Basket"; so many patterns have been given that you may easily find one to suit you.

HOUSEKEEPING.

AMY THOMPSON.—Rinse the dress when washed in salt and water, and wring *perfectly* dry through a wringer; dry quickly. The whole secret of success lies in the wringing.

SUSIE M.—Wash flannels in a tepid lather, wring well, and dry quickly. Hot water and imperfect wringing will be sure to make them shrink. Your writing is very legible, and we admire your determination to be thorough-going in your "Cinderellaship."

PASSION FLOWER.—To clean japanned gilt cornices, wash them with a little warm milk, and when dry polish with a soft leather.

GLADYS MURIEL S.—1. Ink stains can be effaced from linen by salts of lemon. Strain the linen over a pewter vessel of hot water, and brush the salts over the stain with a feather, rinsing the injured piece in water afterwards. 2. Wait until your cold be well.

L. E. A. F.—Sulphuric ether, as well as spirits of turpentine, will remove paint spots. Apply with a feather, and allow it to remain wet for some hours.

CANARY.—The cloths are not well washed, or else the tea stains would come out, but in future lay them to soak over night in cold water before the ordinary washing, and rub each stain with soap before it is boiled. See page 126, vol. ii.

MUSIC.

ST. CECILIA.—See page 796, vol. ii., for advice on the subject of studying music. Your writing is excellent, but we can give no opinion about the value of the situation, as it is a difficult one to obtain, and is paid for on special grounds.

INQUISITIVE VIVA.—The Royal Academy of Music hold examinations at Edinburgh. We should advise you to address all the inquiries you have sent to us to the Secretary R. A. M., 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W. He will probably be able to advise you on all subjects.

VIRGILIA.—The answer to your question is a matter of private opinion. A short time devoted to the reading of the advertisements of musical engagements would soon show you, we think.

M. S. MUSIC.—Try any great music publisher, such as Messrs. Novello and Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHRISSIE PARKER.—1. Your first question is a silly one. 2. There seems little room for doubt that Lady Jane Grey was placed on the throne much against her own wish and better judgment. The first thermometer was constructed by Fahrenheit, a native of Amsterdam, about the year 1720.

HARRIETTE is the feminine diminutive of Henry, the head or chief of a house. Your writing is large and legible.

LAUGHING WATER.—Use a little weak ammonia and water to the stains on your dress. The "Man in the Iron Mask" is now, we believe, generally supposed to have been Count Mathioli, the Prime Minister to the Duke of Mantua, who, having been bribed by Louis XIV., betrayed him to his master, and was seized treacherously and immured for life in France.

MAHALAHEEL.—Take the fern to the nearest nurseryman and florist, who will repot it for you in the right soil.

K. E. T.—There is no method of destroying them, save constant attacks with a hoe or garden "spud."

M. D.—We do not give addresses. The *Times* is usually thought the best paper for advertisements.

J. W. M.—Consult "Seasonable Dress." The low round-crowned hard hats worn by boys are now much used by little girls for riding.

CLARIE.—The Emperor of Austria is King of Hungary as well, the latter being a perfectly distinct kingdom.

BLUEBELL.—Clean the fur with plaster of Paris or flour. Improve the general health as far as possible.

WILD ROSE.—The book you require for the pronunciation of names and places mentioned in the Bible, see a small and cheap manual called "The Handy Book for Bible Readers," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

YELLOW BUTTER wants us to tell her "what is the proper height for a young lady." The "proper height" is not an invariable one, as it depends on the proportions of the head and figure, and the due proportions to be maintained. But supposing the symmetry were perfect, you might just as well be a "pocket-Venus" as a grand specimen of perfect and extra development. There is no "proper height" for a tree, nor "proper height" for a building. There is a charm in variety, if combined with correct proportions. The question of size is a matter of individual taste. 2. People do not continue to bow every time they meet a friend during a promenade, but should your eyes chance to meet, you may make a slight smile of recognition.

ROSEBUD.—1. Your gentleman acquaintance needs not to stop to introduce his lady relative with whom he is walking merely because he has raised his hat in acknowledgment of your bow. 2. Unmarried girls have their names engraved under that of their mother on her visiting card, but if she be dead, and they out in society, they may have a card of their own.

A. G. C. S.—We think you had better postpone gathering the ivy branch until the day that you return home. You write well for your age.

RESTLESS.—Restlessness in the limbs, like cramp, is often to be attributed to acidity in the blood, which needs medical treatment. Indigestion may also produce it. You write tolerably well.

CLARA DESMOND.—The "gentleman" who was introduced to you by your host was guilty of ill-breeding in replying to your first remark by saying, "I did not catch your name." It seemed like a distrust of his host's discretion. If he did not know to whom he was presented, he should have taken an opportunity of making a private inquiry elsewhere. In replying, you should have said, "My name is Desmond." You write neatly.

HYACINTH.—We know of no shop nor manufactory where white hands can be obtained. You put your question in a strange way. Wear gloves; you either tan your hands out of doors, or else you have a dark complexion, and in the *latter case you* cannot change your skin, any more than the Ethiope, or the leopard his spots.

A HOPEFUL ONE.—We think that our little "Factory girl," of only fifteen years of age, writes a very creditable letter, far superior to many of those which we receive from her richer sisters. Only on wages of "four shillings a week" she has learned to write a good hand, and to express herself well; making but one mistake in spelling ("writing" with a double "t"). We regret much that, having profited so well with so few advantages, her poem is not suitable for publication.

LOT'S WIFE.—We decline to correspond with anyone who has so little proper feeling and is so flippant as to call herself by such a name. It is quite profane, remembering the awful judgment of God upon the wife of Lot.

ANNIE.—"Readings for Winter Gatherings," edited by Rev. J. Fleming. Three series, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each, published at 56, Paternoster-row. There is also a selection in several volumes called "The Popular Reciter," which you might obtain through your bookseller.

CORNCRAKE.—We are much obliged by your offer, but our contributors in all classes of literary and artistic work are so numerous that we think it advisable not to increase them. We do not consider you eligible for the competitions.

BLOSSOM.—Many thanks for your letter and its enclosure, which, however, is not quite good enough for insertion in our magazine.

HESTER.—We do not think you have quite considered the foolish nature of the question you have put to us. If everyone born at sea could claim a pension, imagine the amount of money required to be invested to pay such pensions. The people who told you such a story must have been mischievous, foolish, or very ignorant.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—When knives are very badly stained we have seen them stuck into the earth several times, a simple process which seems to prove effectual. Your writing needs freedom.

HUMBUG.—The blacking you use must be bad. To take "Ironmould from Linen," see page 187, vol. i. Feed your cats when you feed yourself, and see that the food is nicely cut up.

ALLEGRA.—We hear "Vaseline"—which may be procured at all chemists—is an excellent and softening application for the hair.

EVE'S GRANDCHILD.—Orestes is fabled to have murdered his mother Clytemnestra, to avenge her cruel and treacherous murder of his father. For this crime he was tormented and pursued by the Furies, those avenging goddesses who were the administrators of the punishment of the gods; and he exiled himself to Argos, where he was still pursued, whereon he appealed to Apollo to purify and to pacify the avengers. Longfellow speaks of Orestes at this time as craving "peace," in his "Hymn to the Night." This ancient *myth seems to signify* that stern mentor, conscience, which for ever follows the guilty in this life.

MOCCA.—Try a mixture of spirits of wine and ammonia to the stain, but first find out whether the colour will stand the application.

SYRACUSE.—"A.E.I." would mean "forever," if you require an inscription.

FANTAIL.—Steam the velvet over hot water, and then brush lightly with a velvet brush.

A BRIGHTONIAN.—We believe it is considered best to sleep with a little of the window open at night, and we have known many old people who have always done so and thought it one of the causes of their healthy and long life. No draught, however, is good.

A MACDONALD OF GLENCOE.—You say that you are still only a schoolgirl, yet wish to leave home as a Zenana missionary, although adverse at present to the wishes of your parents. Go home first and show dutiful obedience to your parents until a little older, for very young women are not sufficiently experienced, and do not carry sufficient weight, to be suitable for the work you desire. Your home training, in loving submission to those who are "over you in the Lord," will render you more fit to be a trainer and teacher of others, for it is not merely scholarship and a knowledge of the Indian languages that will form a due and efficient training for such a life. You know your wishes, and when you have exercised patience and "shown piety at home" for a time, your parents will be more ready to accede to your wishes later on. It is no trifling duty to set an example of filial submission to your sisters.

SHIPWRECK.

THE sea is up, and under
Go the shuddering ships:
Booms the fire-seam'd thunder:
Sky black as in eclipse.
O Jesu! hear Thy suppliant's cry,
For Thou art nigh.

Wave on wave in whiteness breaks,
Weighing down the moaning deck;
And beneath is whispered—"Leaks
Gain on us, O vain to check!"
O Jesu! hear Thy suppliant's cry,
For Thou art nigh.

Sails and cordage—all are gone;
Crashing down, the masts o'erwhelm:
O my God, leave not alone!
The ship will not obey the helm.
O Jesu! hear Thy suppliant's cry,
For Thou art nigh.

Vain—ah, vain!—yet not in vain!
As near to heaven by sea as land:
Lord! to Thee I turn in pain;
Hold me by Thy saving hand.
O Jesu! hear Thy suppliant's cry,
For Thou art nigh.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

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DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

"EMMIE LOOKED MOURNFUL AND DID NOT SPEAK."

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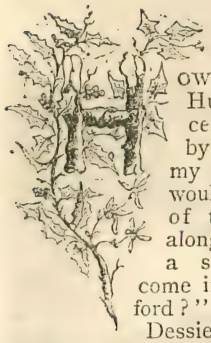

CHAPTER X.

HEIDELBERG.

ow d' you do, Dessie? Hurrah! I was morally certain you would come by this train, though my benighted kindred wouldn't be convinced of the same. Come along! We'll give them a surprise. Will you come in too, Mrs. Woodford?"

Dessie's travelling companion declined to do so. The carriage had stopped at a tall house in a side street of Heidelberg, and a fair-haired English boy, like the other Hubert in size and colouring, and rejoicing in the same name, had rushed out of the front door. He was commonly known as "Bertie," to distinguish him from his cousin. He rattled off a few directions in German as to the boxes, and then turned again to Dessie, who by this time was standing on the pavement.

"Come along. The girls are wild to have you. This is the way. They'll bring your luggage all right, never fear. You don't mind stairs, I hope? Our rooms are on the third story, all on one floor. Nice and airy up there, you know. Ha, Allie, you see I was right!" as a black-haired bony child, of about twelve years, came spinning down the staircase at a reckless pace. "Take care,—don't break your legs, by way of a tragical inauguration of Dessie's arrival. Allow me to introduce you to one another—Miss Decima Fitzroy, incorrectly so named, being not the tenth but only the second daughter—and Miss Alicia Fitzroy, commonly known as Troublesome Allie, *alias* Fräulein Tatterdemalion."

Allie welcomed Dessie with demonstrations of affectionate pleasure.

"You needn't mind anything Bertie says, because he always *will* make fun of everybody," she remarked, as they proceeded upstairs. "He calls me Tatterdemalion because I am untidy—at least, I am naturally; but of course I am trying to get over it, and I think I am better than I used to be. Mamma says so. But boys never see any improvement," and Allie tossed, with an air of superiority, her array of black curls, which certainly did not present an appearance of absolute smoothness.

Dessie had a sense of satisfaction. If Allie in any degree merited the title given to her, the family, as a whole, could scarcely be so painfully well-behaved, and so overwhelmingly proper, as she had feared. This conclusion and the drawing-room door were reached at the same moment. Bertie threw open the door, with a flourishing announcement.

The room was large and light, having a semi-grand piano in one corner, and no carpet on the shining polished floor. A gentleman sat in an easy-chair, reading a crumpled newspaper, and bearing, both in face and attitude, a wonderfully close resemblance to Dessie's father. The same, yet with a difference. Dessie saw the first and was aware of the second fact, even in the first moment of her entrance, though she could not have explained precisely wherein the likeness and unlikeness lay. She could have laughed, however, at the familiarity of the gesture with which he flung aside his paper and started up to greet her.

"How do you do, Dessie? I hardly expected you by this train, but Bertie was right. Have you had a pleasant journey? Here, Laura, my dear—Dessie has come."

A very pleasant bright-faced lady—little and plump—coming out of an adjoining room, responded to the appeal by taking both Dessie's hands and kissing her on either cheek.

"Excuse me. One falls into foreign fashions," she said, smiling. "We are very glad to have you, Dessie. Your father's letter was written so indistinctly that we could not make out when we were to look for you; but the sooner the better. My dear, are you really as old as our Emmie? She must be half a head taller."

"Dessie's face is older than Emmeline's, notwithstanding," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Yes—perhaps so," his wife remarked, taking a good look. "Yes, I think you are right. Tired with your long journey, Dessie?"

"Not in the least," Dessie answered briskly. "I never get tired, and travelling is perfectly delightful."

"You will have found Mrs. Woodford a pleasant companion. How did you leave all at home—the poor baby especially?"

Dessie's inclination was to avoid as far as possible the subject of little Hugh's illness. Few particulars had reached her aunt, however, and direct inquiries made the giving of them a necessity. Her version of affairs was a cheerful one, taking its hue from her own state of mind, and she speedily led off to another topic. Mrs. Fitzroy had penetration enough to see that some strong feeling lay beneath the careless manner, and she followed Dessie's lead.

"I cannot think what Emmie is about," she remarked at length. "Have you told her that Dessie is here?"

"Yes, mamma," was Allie's answer. "I told her, and I dare say she will come directly. She went to change her dress a long while ago, so as to be quite sure to be in time if Dessie came when Bertie fancied she would; but in the middle she took up a book, and the moment she began to read she forgot about everything. I went in just now, and found her standing by the window, with her dress off, and her hair loose—exactly as she was half an hour ago. She began to hurry when I told her that Dessie was here."

"Emmie all over!" and Mrs. Fitzroy half-sighed, half-smiled. "I wish she would learn to do one thing at a time."

"Melpomene is much too romantic a personage to practice so commonplace a virtue as perseverance," said Bertie. "Wonderful to relate! here she is."

Moving slowly, and buttoning her cuffs as she moved, entered a fair-haired girl, tall and rather plump in make, with soft outline, placid eyes, and general expression so pensive as almost to be melancholy.

"Emmie, your cousin has been here some time," said Mrs. Fitzroy, with a touch of rebuke.

"I am very sorry, mamma; I quite forgot how late it was growing," said Emmeline, with a deprecating air, as she offered her cheek to Dessie. "I meant to be ready, and I thought I was quite sure."

"My dear Em! when you never by any chance *are* ready!" said Bertie. "If you had been quite sure the other way——"

"I really am in time some days, Bertie," returned Emmie, with the meekest air of self-defence imaginable. "I am very sorry now. Would you like to come and see your room, Dessie, and take off your hat?"

Dessie sprang up readily, and followed her leader, curbing her quick movements with some difficulty to suit Emmie's deliberate paces. By the way she was wondering how far she would like this new cousin. There was something in Emmie's look which recalled Ella to her mind, yet the resemblance, if it really existed, was very partial. Emmie's dreamy absent air was in marked contrast to the gentle decision of Ella's manner and the clear glance of her eyes.

After brief consideration Dessie wisely decided to suspend judgment for the present, and plunged into conversation with the abrupt question—

"Do you like reading?"

"Very much. Oh, very much indeed," said Emmie, a gleam of animation coming into her face. "I could read all day long and all night too."

"I could not," said Dessie, unlocking her portmanteau, and laughing. "One must sleep occasionally, and I like to talk as well as read."

"One must sleep," admitted Emmie reluctantly, as if it were matter for regret. "But as for the talking, I do not know. I think I could be quite happy, any number of days or weeks, alone in a great library, with no one to speak to me. I love reading of all sorts, but poetry most, and then history. It is grand to live through the lives of great men and good men and noble martyrs in the past, till one feels as if one knew each one individually."

Emmie came to a sudden pause, finding Dessie's eyes fixed upon her with much the same expression as that of a naturalist viewing a newly-discovered salt-water specimen.

"I like history tolerably," remarked Dessie. "Not precisely in the way that you do, I think. Modern history is all very well. I don't care for ancient history. I never can quite put up with the ways of the old Greeks and Romans."

"Oh, Dessie, those fine old Greeks!"

"Desperately ungrateful old fellows! No sooner was a man of any use to his country, than his countrymen fell into a raging fit of jealousy, and did their best to put an end to him. Of course they were generally sorry afterwards, and wrote an epitaph, or something analogous, by way of consolation to his

weeping kindred. And that's gratitude!" concluded Dessie.

Emmeline's face wore a grieved expression, as if certain cherished dreams were receiving a rude shock.

"But some among them were really noble," she said. "Think of Leonidas and his three hundred!"

"Oh, to be sure—that Thermopylæ affair!" said Dessie, delighted to have so soon discovered her companion's vulnerable point; though keener penetration might have revealed to her the fact that the gentle Emmeline was vulnerable all over. "Well, yes, people make a great fuss about it, certainly. But for my part, I can't see what earthly good they did to anybody by being killed. It was a tremendous loss to the country—three hundred of her bravest men swept off at a blow. If they had run away they might have fought another day, and done much more good."

Emmie did not recognise "Hudibras," but she looked greatly disconcerted. Dessie brushed her hair before the looking-glass in vigorous style.

"The fact is, they were afraid to face their countrymen's sneers. Now, *I* call that cowardice. I call it putting their own honour before their country's good. I think they would have shown more self-denial if they had escaped, and confessed their failure, and done better in the future."

"But, Dessie, it was not failure; it was only being overpowered by numbers."

"The less need to be ashamed," responded Dessie.

"And the laws of the country—you know how stern they were—how a Spartan was forbidden to turn his back on the enemy?"

"Then the laws of the country ought to have been different," said Dessie, with youthful inconsequence and dogmatism.

Emmie stood lost in thought.

"I like the 'Iliad' better than anything else in the way of ancient history," said Dessie, objecting to silence. "Pope's translation, I mean. One can read it as a story, without trying to fancy that it is true."

"Why, Dessie, don't you believe the siege of Troy to have been real?"

"Founded on fact, I dare say. But one can't separate the foundation from the superstructure," said Dessie, eloquently. "Dear me, I can't find my hairpins. I see!—here they are. Oh, I call the 'Iliad' immensely amusing. I've read it twice. People's ways in those times must have been comically different from what they are now. Do you remember Menelaus being wounded with a Trojan arrow? Now, of course, in these days, if anyone were at liberty to attend to him, he would be carried off the battle-field, and put into a place of safety till a doctor could attend to him. But that was the last proceeding that seems to have occurred to anybody. Agamemnon marches up to Menelaus, and makes a speech of condolence over thirty lines long, and, by way of keeping up the poor fellow's spirits, expatiates on the way in which his bones are likely to moulder away on the plain. Why, Menelaus might have bled to death, just for want of a bandage!"

Emmie looked mournful, and did not speak. Dessie whisked off her travelling-dress, threw on a second, and made a fresh start.

"Then, another time, Glaucus and Diomed meet in the middle of a battle; and while the fight is going on all around them they make friends—which *I* call an act of treachery to their own sides. They have a grand speechifying, and Glaucus tells a long story about his ancestors—of all places, to choose a battlefield to tell it in! And I always do think it a most masterly stroke of business on the part of Diomed to propose an exchange of armour, when his own wasn't worth a tenth of that which he had in return."

"But he proposed it as a proof that they were reconciled."

"Glaucus, and not Diomed, ought to have been the one to make the proposal. Of course he meant well, but it was rather sharp practice. Did it ever strike you, too, what memories people must have had in those days? If a man sent a message one or two pages long, the messenger, after hearing it once, was sure to repeat the whole, word for word, without a single mistake."

Emmie sighed quietly.

"Yes, I remember," she said. "But I do not think of those things in reading, Dessie. It is the grandeur, the beauty, the courage, the self-forgetfulness of the characters—it is the wishing to be like them—the learning something from them—don't you know what I mean?"

"I never wished to be like anyone, unless it were Ella, and not altogether even like her," responded Dessie. "Certainly I would never take any of Homer's heroes for my model."

Emmie looked hopeless, and a tap at the door was heard.

"Tea is ready," called Allie from without.

"I am forgetting," said Emmie, with a start. "They will wonder what has become of us."

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO RIDE.

IT is surprising how many girls, really ambitious of riding well, never take the trouble to understand thoroughly the management of the reins. They know that the bridles generally used have two, and that these two are called respectively the curb and snaffle rein; but they are by *no means* certain what difference exists between them, and they would, truth to tell, not unfrequently be puzzled to decide in a hurry which is which. The natural inference is that they have been badly taught; but if we look fairly at the matter we must admit that the pupil is oftener to blame than the master. He (I am speaking now of the professional riding master) labours under many disadvantages. There can be no practice between his lessons, as between the lessons of the French professor or the teacher of drawing. Moreover, his charges do not care to consider the ride in the light of a lesson. They anticipate it as a pleasure, which it is not worth while to spoil by paying too much heed to Mr. Martingale's mild injunctions to "shorten the snaffle," or his plaintive reminders that "those reins have slipped again." The knowledge that this is so and the fear of preventing enjoyment no doubt often make a master more sparing of advice than he otherwise would be; but if a pupil display a real desire to learn, and is careful to show that she is profiting by his experience, I am convinced that in nine cases out of ten she will find her instructor quite ready to do his part, and to manifest the greatest possible pride in her progress. The habit of regarding him as a person whose sole office it is to save the pupil all trouble is the secret why half the girls who sit on horseback can never be said to ride.

There are, as before stated, two reins. The upper one belongs to the bridoon or snaffle,

"'SHORTEN THE SNAFFLE.' 'THOSE REINS HAVE SLIPPED AGAIN.'"

and this is united in the middle by a buckle, the lower to the bit or curb, which, instead of a buckle, has a sewing. They are, therefore, readily distinguishable; but in order to obviate any confusion on the part of a beginner, and also because her hand is too harsh and uncertain to be trusted with the means of severer restraint, it is usual to place the snaffle rein only in her hand, and when she has become accustomed to that, to supplement it with the curb.

Of the different modes of holding the reins the following is perhaps as convenient as any.

With the right hand take up the snaffle rein at the buckle; place the third finger of the left hand between this rein (so that you can lightly feel the horse's mouth), and turn it over the forefinger on the off side. Next take up the curb rein at the sewing, pass the second, third, and fourth fingers through it, and turn that also smoothly over the forefinger and the other rein. Then, to guard them from slipping, place the thumb upon both.

In this simple way the reins keep the same position they naturally fall into if laid upon the horse's neck: the snaffle in the middle, the curb outside. If you wish the bridle hand at liberty, a change is effected by holding the right hand over the left and inserting the third finger in place of the second, the second in place of the third, and the first in place of the fourth. Then the thumb presses the left rein between the first and second joint of the forefinger, and the ends of the reins hang down through the hand. To shift them again, place the left hand over the right, drop the little finger between the two left reins, and let the others follow in natural sequence, a finger between each rein; turn the ends over the forefinger, press them with the thumb, and the former position is restored.

Now let me urge you to make yourself quite familiar with these movements; and if you do not ride very often, and are anxious to get on quickly, practise them at home with properly arranged tapes. I have heard or read that if these are fastened to something firm by an elastic band, it will give a good idea of the action of a horse's mouth on the hand.

Another way of holding the double reins is to separate the bridoon rein with the second finger of the bridle hand, and the bit rein with the little finger, turning them both, as before, over the forefinger, and not forgetting to call in the aid of the thumb to keep them from slipping. Some prefer this method, owing to the ease with which, while using principally the bridoon, the bit may be brought into play with a pressure of the little finger.

"SLACKENED UNTIL HE IS DEPRIVED OF ALL SUPPORT."

Besides being expert at shifting the reins from hand to hand, it is necessary to be able to adjust them skilfully, and, without altering the pace of the horse, to the required length. Since the hold upon them must be easy and pliant, they will sometimes imperceptibly slip, although not to any great extent if the thumb is kept where it should be. To shorten or lengthen both reins at once, take them up at the buckle and sewing with the right hand, and so keep your hold on the horse, then, opening the fingers of the left hand, slip it up or down the reins to the desired distance. If one rein only require altering, and not the other, hold the one to be altered at the buckle or sewing, as the case may be, and slide the bridle hand to its place. If one require lengthening and the other shortening, the whole of the reins must be slipped too long, holding them carefully meanwhile with the right hand, then, retaining in that hand only the one to be shortened, slide the left hand down until the proper feeling be obtained.

I have given these directions at some length, because much depends upon their being really understood. More might be said on the subject, but narrowing space warns me that the hands have yet to be considered.

"The hands" are the very soul of riding, just as expression is the soul of music.

It would be idle to pretend that any amount of theory will give that quick sympathy with every movement of the horse's mouth, that sensibility, adapting itself at once to the different peculiarities of different animals, which go to form good hands, for these are, to some extent, natural gifts, or, at least, the result of life-long practice. Still, much may be

"REINS HELD SO TIGHTLY AS TO IMPEDE NATURAL ACTION."

"TO COLLECT HIM AGAIN, RAISE YOUR HAND, AND AS HE LIFTS HIS HEAD GENTLY BRING HIM UP TO THE BIT WITH AN EQUAL PRESSURE OF LEG AND WHIP."

"HOLD HIM STEADY, FOR HE MAY SWERVE AND FLY PAST THE OBSTACLE.'

done by a careful consideration of the chief requisites, and then turning our powers to the best account.

The hands should be light, firm, and never inactive. When the horse is walking, no less than in his more animated movements, the "correspondence," as it is called, between his mouth and the guiding hand must be maintained, and this is equally lost if the reins are held so tightly as to impede his natural action, or slackened until he is deprived of all support.

When this latter fault is indulged in the horse gets into a careless, shambling gait, is liable to stumble, and is technically termed "disunited." In order to "unite," or "collect," him again, raise your hand, with a quickening touch on the reins. The fingers of the bridle hand should always remain sufficiently unclosed to allow of their free play; and as he lifts his head, gently bring him up to the bit with a simultaneous pressure on either side of the leg and whip. Thus he is "united," and the "correspondence" restored. To preserve it, the hand, while its motion is so slight as to be almost unseen, must follow the impulse of the horse's head as it advances and recedes with every step. This "give-and-take" movement is the foundation of all understanding between the horse and his rider. A heavy hand makes a horse pull, or else hang upon the bridle. You are perhaps surprised to see some that annoy you in this way ridden apparently without fatigue, or even effort, by other ladies. The reason is not far to find.

You trust to your strength—in which you are no match for your equine friend; they, to the delicacy of their hands, which, gradually eased to his peculiar bearing, enable them to feel his mouth, and bring him under control, to his comfort as well as their own. Lightness, then, is the first essential; and the hand which accomplishes its object with the least display of force the most perfect hand.

But decision should mark it also, for indecision prompts those jerks and snatches at the reins which are sure to defeat their own end, and spoil the temper of the horse. Every operation of the hand is to be gentle and gradual, that he may learn to rely on the will that directs him. And, remember, that any unsteadiness of the elbows gives fickleness to the hands. In turning to the right, increase the bearing on the right rein by a slight movement of *the wrist*, which brings the back of the hand upward. In turning to the left, bring the nails upward, and the third and little fingers will press the left reins. The extra bearing on one rein must not, however, lead you to neglect all feeling on the other, or you lose the power of steadying the horse. For this reason, the common custom of making the turn by pressing the outer rein against his neck is to be avoided, for then the inner one is slackened, and just when he most needs support it is withdrawn.

I hope enough has been said to impress upon my readers the importance of giving due attention to the hands. We cannot all excel in this particular, but some degree of proficiency is within the reach of all, and without it no riding can be productive of pleasure.

We will now proceed to put our horse through his paces, beginning with the simplest — namely, the walk.

Horses, like human beings, differ considerably in their manner of walking. Some carry the head low, moving loosely and carelessly; some insist upon ambling—a nondescript gait between a walk and a trot—and some step out well, with that freedom and animation which are the perfection of the pace. In the first of these instances you must rouse your careless steed with quickening touches on the reins to make him work up to the bridle, for if not kept well in hand he may stumble; and further to emphasise your wishes, press the left leg and whip lightly against his sides. In the second, to overcome the ambling, he should be pulled up and made to start afresh. It is a habit not always unpleasant, but better discouraged, because it spoils the other paces, and is usually regarded as a consequence of bad riding. In the third and

"THE STEED OBEYED,
WITH ARCHING NECK, AND BENDED HEAD,
AND GLANCING EYE, AND QUIVERING EAR,
AS IF HE LOVED HER VOICE TO HEAR."

last instance, when the horse, carrying his head well, walks away with a firm and regular step, all you have to do is to keep the hands steady and pliant, so that they feel every beat of his action, yield to his movements, and enjoy the result. When wishing to stop, slightly throw back the shoulders, at the moment of increased bearing upon the reins; this, with an instant's pressure of foot and whip, keeps him together, and *prevents him* from making the stop on his shoulders.

The trot is the most difficult pace to learn, and some years ago was very rarely attempted by ladies. Now, however, it is invariably practised as much as the canter. The rein belonging to the snaffle is sometimes called the trotting rein, being the one generally used in this pace. At the commencement, therefore, it should be rather shortened. The alternate action of the horse in trotting makes it necessary for the rider to rise and fall in the saddle in regular time with his step. If this time be not perfectly kept, a jar ensues which is fatal to all elegance, to say nothing of comfort. At a certain point the movement gives an impetus to the body; and when once this can be felt and taken advantage of, the first difficulty is overcome—you have learnt to rise.

What you have now to avoid is the awkward habit of twisting yourself to the left, and rising too high or so quickly that you fall twice when once would be better. Let me assure you that no hard work is needed. The instant the impetus is given—a light pressure of the foot in the stirrup, induced by a momentary straightening of the knee, the latter being all the time kept close to the saddle, will cause the rise to be made squarely and without a bend at the waist. But if you persist in pointing the left foot, and consequently the knee, outward, or neglect to keep the heel lower than the toe, you will never trot comfortably, but always with uneasiness and fatigue.

Do not fancy the faster the trot the greater the skill displayed, but regulate the pace that your horse may not break into a canter, which he is likely to do if trotting at full speed. Should it so happen, bear strongly on the right or left rein (snaffle); if the right, using the first and second fingers and the thumb of the right hand. This will throw him out of his stride, and bring him back to the trot.

The canter, so delightfully easy to the rider, is an artificial pace, and one that constantly adopted causes a strain upon the horse. Hence, if you are wise, you will, as a rule, reserve your canters for the downs, or any nice stretch of turf you may be fortunate enough to meet with, and trot on the harder road.

In the canter the great thing is to have the figure pliant and easy. Sit well in the centre of the saddle and keep as close to it as possible, consistently with accommodating yourself to the movement. Few people find any difficulty in the pace, and it is therefore a tempting one for the learner, who is apt, however, to lean too far back, and to be somewhat unsteady in her seat—an evil remedied by a proper use of the near pommel, the support of the right knee.

The horse leads principally with the right foot when cantering, but can generally be made to do so with either if, in starting, the bearing on the opposite rein be slightly increased. Directly the action is established, maintain an equal feeling on both reins; you will be sensible of the cadence of every step if you have him well in hand. Should he change to the trot of his own accord, employ hands, heel, and whip to collect him, and make him resume the original pace. When stopped he will almost invariably trot a few paces before halting; be in readiness for this, or you will, by jolting helplessly in the saddle, make a bad finale to your canter.

From the canter to the "hand gallop" is an easy transition; too easy, some unlucky individuals have found it, who, not having their horses well in hand in the former pace, have made acquaintance with the latter, and even perhaps with the full gallop, earlier than was desirable. The *first* inclination of a horse to gain upon the hand must be checked, lest he by degrees break away and defy control, and what would have been easy if taken in time prove a task beyond you. As soon, then, as the inclination is perceived, at every beat of his forefeet on the ground draw the reins gradually and firmly upward to the waist. So you pull him together by an alternate easing and feeling of his mouth at every stride. But it is possible he may still resist the hand, and a gallop threaten to end in his running away. In such a case, avoid above all things a dull, heavy pull at the bridle, which will have no effect on his speed, and only take from you all power of guidance. While you retain presence of mind and can guide him, you are still comparatively safe. The voice will often soothe an excited animal, and he is greatly influenced by the calmness or terror of his rider. Speak to him; and if you are inwardly quaking, do not let him know it. Remember that any display of fright will make matters worse, so you may as well be brave.

Besides, you are not yet at the end of your resources. Sitting well back, bear heavily on each rein alternately. This kind of sawing motion on the mouth will probably soon stop him. If not, slacken the reins an instant, and then draw them suddenly up with all your strength, the body inclining backwards, and care being taken that the shock of the halt does not throw you on the pommel.

So much for runaways. Let us hope that your experience in this way may be limited. We will, however, imagine another predicament or two, for although a lady ought never to ride a vicious horse, the quietest animal may some time or other take a freak into his head, and it is only right, therefore, to be prepared for emergencies and armed at all points.

When a horse rears, it is of the utmost consequence to cease bearing on the reins. The hand must be eased immediately, and the body incline forward, to throw the weight on his shoulders and force him down. The least touch of the whip, or tightening of the bridle, or pressure of the heel, while he is in the act of rearing, will cause him to rise higher, and possibly to fall backwards; but as his forefeet near the ground give a smart stroke *behind* the saddle, being prepared meanwhile to keep your balance in case of a plunge forward. It will not do to bear on his mouth too suddenly, for fear of inducing him to rise again: and one can afford to allow a little more law this way, as horses which rear much do not often kick. If the intention to rear be perceived in time, prevent it by slackening one rein and bending him with the other, keeping the hand low. He is thus compelled to move a hind leg, and his attempt frustrated. To divert him from making another, turn him round two or three times.

A horse that is given to kicking must be kept thoroughly in hand, for while his head is up you may be sure he cannot do much harm with his heels. The first symptom of kicking should be met by a sharp reminder from the bit, chiding at the same time with the voice. If continued, sit back, raise the hands—not to pull at him, but to give you the power of snatching his head up at every effort he makes to get it down. It is worth while to remember that kicking may occasionally proceed from an ill-fitting saddle, and to ascertain as soon as possible whether anything is causing pain.

When riding a horse that is apt to shy, do not forget his weakness; and on meeting with anything likely to alarm him, slightly turn away his head. Your aim is to prevent him from noticing it; and by touching him lightly with heel and whip on the side to which you are bearing, and speaking kindly, this will perhaps be accomplished. But if, seeing the object, he suddenly turn half round, do not try to force him back. Turn him completely round, and then endeavour to soothe and coax him until he approach and pass what has occasioned his fright. Ease the hand; yet be prepared to hold him steady, for he may swerve and fly hastily past the obstacle. He will learn from your self-possession that his fears are groundless.

In conclusion, two or three simple rules should ever be borne in mind.

The rider's proper side of the road is the near side, and the paradox, "Keep to the left and you are sure to be right!" holds good in all cases except when you wish to pass anything going in your own direction. That must be done on the off side.

If about to ride with several others, when mounted move forward a few paces; and then keep your horse perfectly quiet, or he may make his companions impatient and restive while your friends are mounting.

Always start gently. It is unwise to excite a horse directly he leaves the stable, and equally so to bring him home heated with a hard trot or a long canter. Let him walk a short distance at least before you dismount.

In going up hill, give him his head freely, and on a bad road do the same—so far as is consistent with keeping a watchful hand upon him—that he may pick his way safely. On a newly repaired road ride where the stones are thick rather than where they lie loosely scattered about the hard ground.

And here these papers must close. I have purposely said nothing about leaping, preferring, in an article merely devoted to ordinary riding, to utilise the space at command by remarks of a more general character. They have attained their object if they benefit any of our girls who would include the art of equitation, as it is sometimes grandly called, among their accomplishments. And I can offer these no better wish than that to everyone, after the rides it is her good fortune to enjoy, the words of Scott may be applicable:—

> "The steed obeyed,
> With arching neck, and bended head,
> And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
> As if he loved *her* voice to hear."

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5. *Birds of a Feather.*
6. *All that Glitters.*
7. *'Tis Darkest Ere the Dawn.*
8. *Between Two Stools.*

Four very graphic and clever songs.

To-morrow. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Written in G and B♭.—We can do nothing but praise all the songs of this inexhaustible composer, who

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I'm Afraid. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Milton Wellings. No. 1 in E♭, No. 2 in F.—Milton Wellings' characteristic songs are always received with favour; and this will not be found less taking than his "At the Ferry," "The Wheel of Fortune," &c.

Thoughts. By the same composer. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.—This is another of Wellings' productions, in a quieter style.

The Motley King. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Alice Upton. For baritone.—A satire on the frivolity often practised, but to be condemned, of setting up "folly in the place of wisdom." This song requires to be sung in a somewhat pompous style.

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The Old Cathedral. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. In two keys, C. and D.—Slow and impressive. The accompaniment is organ-like, and a soft vocal passage at the close, "Not far from home," is most effectively introduced. This will probably be the most popular song of the season.

The Land of Rest. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Mary Mark Lemon.—The subject of the words—a weary child yearning to know "what is beyond our farthest sight?" and the mother telling of the "home of peace," in answer to faith and prayer. The music is very sweet, and of moderate compass and difficulty.

The Snowclad City. Poetry by Clover. Music by Arthur Carnall. In two keys, D and E♭. With harmonium accompaniment.—The story of a poor little crossing-sweeper perishing in the cold street, whilst listening to the message of a "better land" hymned in the old church, is both pleasantly and easily arranged for voice and piano.

Courtship Lane. By Cotsford Dick.—This is a song of quite a different character—lively, easy, and sure to please. It is written in two keys—*F*, *c* to *e*, and *G*, *d* to *f*, with the option of finishing on the upper octave key-note.

METZLER AND CO.

Love, We Shall Meet Again. Words by Gertrude Harraden. Music by Ethel Harraden.—These sisters have written and published music and words which illustrate each other in a masterly manner. The transition from common to three-quarter time, with the words, "Love, we shall meet again," is telling, and the *pp* finale very effective.

The Golden City. Music by Suchet Champion. Words by Dora Gillespie.—The idea in the poem is very originally treated, and the well-known hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," is happily introduced in the accompaniment, which is made still more effective if played on the harmonium. The accompaniment is easy and the compass moderate.

Dost Thou Love Me, My Beloved? Words by Elizabeth B. Browning. Music by Maria E. H. Stisted.—This song requires some attention as to time and expression, but when carefully read will not be found difficult or unpleasing.

A. COX.

He and She. Music by Humphrey J. Stark. Words by F. E. Weatherly.—A capital song, the work of an able and earnest musician. We unreservedly commend this song to the notice of our readers.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Tenderness. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by E. G. Lovell.—An exceedingly simple and touching song. Beginners and accomplished vocalists will be pleased with it.

Three pieces by Henry Parker. *Clarissa*, a minuet in D; *Dorothea*, a sarabande; and *Pamela*, Gavotte in G, are suitable for young performers, and easily learnt. Printed in large clear type.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

Examiners:

DORA DE BLAQUIERE and THE EDITOR.

THE number of house wife's cases sent in for the use of missionaries was not so large as might have been expected, but the work and ingenuity expended on them were worthy of much praise. The prizes were somewhat difficult to award, as the merits of the specimens were very equal, though in many cases the contributors had not paid sufficient attention to the terms of the competition. This especially was the case in the matter of the best-made specimens. The number of cases sent in by girls from 20 to 25 was twenty-three. These were the best, of course, and the full number of prizes was awarded, with six certificates of the First Class. The number of cases made by girls from 16 to 20 was thirteen. Only the Second Prize was awarded in this class, as none of the specimens were sufficiently good for a first prize. The equal merit of the several specimens obliged the judges to award six First-class Certificates.

No prizes or certificates were awarded in the Third Class, as only one housewife was sent in for that division, and that was not sufficiently good, either as regards needlework or manufacture, to call for notice.

Many faults were visible in this competition. Bad work, improper admixture of colours in the embroidery, and lack of taste in the selection of materials. Many of the bindings were carelessly sewn on, and the embroidery stitches improperly done. A lack of care in following the rules of the competition was also universally evident.

The First Prize of Three Guineas is awarded to

Mary Anne Robb, Aberdeen (21).

Second Prize (Two Guineas).

Annie Hart, Vevey, Switzerland (21).

FIRST DIVISION.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

(Ages from 20 to 25.)

Evaline Florence Miller, Bedford (20).
Florence Mary Gibbs, Datchet, near Windsor (20).
Emily Palmer, Alesbury, Bucks (20½).
Alice Mary Fawcus, Tynemouth, Northumberland (20).
Lizzie Humes, Fitzjohn's-avenue, N.W. (23).
Sophia Leonora Buller, Kensington, W. (21).

SECOND DIVISION.

First Prize (not awarded).

Second Prize (One Guinea).

Ella Shipman, Sarony-square, Scarborough (19).

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

(Ages from 16 to 20.)

Mira Lucy Barker, New Wandsworth, Surrey (18).
Edith Elizabeth Scott Moncrieff, Gilmore-place, Edinburgh (19).
Theodora Browning, St. Leonard's Hall, St. Andrews, N.B. (19).
Harriet Jane Duke, Salisbury (19).
Florence Emily Pointer, Highfield, Winchester (16).
Jessie Franck, care of Messrs. H. S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill (20).

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION IN FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

THE subject of the next prize competition in fancy needlework is the Blotting Case, described and illustrated on pages 11 and 12 of this volume. The articles after examination will be presented, on behalf of the workers, to various foreign missionary societies for the use of missionaries. Each girl should work her own initials in the centre, and should add at the back of the Blotting Case a text of her own choosing, such, for instance, as "Comfort ye My people, saith your God," or "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Two Prizes of THREE GUINEAS and TWO GUINEAS will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors of or between the ages of twenty-five and twenty.

Two prizes of TWO GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful competitors under the age of twenty and above the age of sixteen.

Two Prizes of ONE GUINEA and HALF-A-GUINEA will be sent in purses, accompanied by Prize Certificates, to the two most successful candidates under the age of sixteen.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The last day for receiving the Blotting Case for examination is Tuesday, February 14, 1882.

Each Blotting Case must have firmly sewn upon it the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this Blotting Case is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

NEW CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THERE is one great comfort about the dress of the present winter—that there is so little change in style and cut that no one need fear being out of fashion, or looking *outré*, if they wear their last winter's clothes. Many of us are obliged to do this, and in choosing winter cloaks, jackets, and dresses we should always bear it in mind, and make our selection accordingly. Good fit, material, and a graceful cut are essentials, and these can all be obtained at a moderate price, provided you know where to go for them. Very little trimming, too, is advisable; no fringe, lace, or kiltings put on in a peculiar manner, as all such things show the date of our apparel, and make our things look peculiar and recognisable at the first glance by our friends. There are some people, indeed, so foolish as to think it quite a disgrace if anyone should wear their bonnets for two seasons, or their cloaks and dresses for three years; and, judging by the way they proclaim the fact, we might think they had done an extremely clever thing in finding out the economies of their poorer neighbours, or perhaps their more careful ones, at least, in some needful and praiseworthy thriftiness; and they do not appear to reflect on the unkindness of which they are guilty when they call universal attention to a thing which was not in any way their business after all. When we look at the portraits of ladies of the olden time, and notice the splendour of their dress, and remember that these dresses lasted through an entire lifetime, and sometimes two, we feel quite at a loss to divine from whence this foolish idea could have arisen of any disgrace being attached to wearing one's clothes a long time; and we hope that some wiser women will arise who will laugh down such foolish and harmful ideas.

And now we must finish our slight sermon and turn to the proper subject of our article. The materials for dresses of this season are singularly cheap and pretty-looking; and since Lady Bective's movement in favour of English-made goods, nearly all our drapers are advertising "Bradford manufactures," from which it would seem that there is an immense choice of English woollens which are not "lustred," and are therefore the more suitable for winter. Narrow stripes, and plain materials to accompany them, and shot effects, with little tufts of red on the surface, in the style we used to call "knickerbocker" or "snowflake," are the prevailing fashions amongst the winter materials, and they are very generally made up with velveteen petticoats, or the skirts of the material and the coat bodice of velveteen. Velveteen plush is a charming novelty, with a longer pile than velveteen and a richer, handsomer appearance. It is very cheap also for its effective look, and is only priced at 4s. 6d. the yard.

The sash is now the most apparent point in the dresses of young ladies, and scarf draperies have given way entirely to them. The utmost diversity exists with regard to their material, and the texture of the dresses with which they are worn. For instance, a *moiré* sash may be worn with all kinds of woollen dresses, as well as with those of silk, satin, velveteen, or cashmere. Coarse serges and tweeds are made with no other trimmings than the *moire* sash. There are numbers of sash ribbons of all kinds to be purchased at all prices and widths, and of every design and colour.

Ribbed plush for hats and trimmings is very effective, and not extravagant in price. It is used for the crowns of toque hats, for rolled trimmings and bows of bonnets, for wide bands on tunics, and between flounces. It is also much employed for mantles and jackets, being put on after the manner of fur flouncings and trimmings, and it is wonderful how capitally it freshens up an old dress or jacket and gives it a fresh lease of life. The satin grounding of the ribbed plush should always match the material of the dress.

Our two illustrations give an excellent idea of the prevailing fashions of the season, for out and indoor wear. The seated figure wears an evening dress of inexpensive black grenadine, made up over a black silk or sateen, with gathered plastron sleeves and skirt.

The standing figure reading a book wears one of the new gathered bodices, with puffed and gathered sleeves made of thin Indian silk, the petticoat being a brocaded material of woollen, or woollen and silk mixed. These two are pretty dresses for evening wear.

The next two figures give two styles of jacket or coat bodices, the one made of striped cashmere, and the other matching the tweed or the dress itself. The skirt has three flounces put on in box-pleats, and a sash draped at the top.

The second illustration supplies the newest out-of-door costumes, the first being a dolman mantle of cashmere or cloth with fur trimmings, the only other decoration of it being the bow of watered ribbon at the back, with which so many mantles are furnished. The second figure wears one of the new mantle ulsters, made of plaid waterproof tweed, and thick enough for winter wear. These ulsters will probably be trimmed with fur on the sleeves and collar this winter, but only when the colour of the cloth can be matched in fur.

The coat shape, called by so many names—the Newmarket, Doncaster, and Cheltenham—is shown in the next figure, which has a cape with many tiers to it, and the hat is made of the same cloth, to match, and is stitched round and round with rows of machine stitching.

The long coat, which has been the favourite shape for young ladies for so many years, and which never looks old-fashioned nor out of date, is given as worn by the next figure. It is trimmed with cord, doubled, and finished by a button or *grelot*, the sleeves being finished with what is called the Austrian or Hussar knot. The hat is a simple toque shape, with a velvet brim, and a top of striped and watered plush.

The next figure wears a dress of tweed, trimmed with plush on the skirt and sleeves, and a cape of the same; while the hat is trimmed with a roll of the same round the crown.

Tight cloth jackets continue to be made, and are decorated with buttons, only metal ones being chiefly chosen, those of brass being plain and flat faced, and of the size of a shilling. The effect of these seems a little vulgar, but perhaps this may only be the prejudice of a quiet-going female, and the general dislike of the English mind to anything that looks flashy or gaudy.

Perhaps the dress trimmings most in demand are those of embroidery in openwork on the dress material itself, whether the dress be cashmere, *moire*, or plain silk. It is just the same as madeira work, the holes cut out and worked over and over; it may be worked in silks to match the stuff, but sometimes the embroidery is done with bright-coloured silks on a neutral-tinted ground. This is pleasant and easy work for any young lady to do for herself, and is very quickly performed, for as it has not to be washed, the over-casting need not be so carefully performed as if we were really working English embroidery. Though easy and inexpensive to procure if we can manage it for ourselves, it is anything but cheap to purchase in the shops; for, of course, being hand-worked, it is naturally highly-priced.

A few words must also be given to furs. The fur capes worn last season are still in fashion, but are now made much larger, and in some cases extend in depth below the elbows. Of course this makes them much warmer, and in consequence we shall probably see that many young ladies will wear tight-fitting dresses and coat bodices, gaining the needful warmth by means of one of these useful capes.

Muffs are almost all made in what is known as the "pocket shape," which was illustrated last month in our notice of "New Clothing." After seeing one we *think that any girl might* make one for herself, as they are so simple that they need no pattern. The newest ones, with the handkerchief-pocket at the top, require one yard of satin for their manufacture.

The fashionable furs of the winter are the blue fox, the stone marten, the baum marten, and the skunk; beside those dyed furs the name of which is "legion." Hats made in fur are very large, and are decorated with a coloured wing or head on them, borrowed from some bright-hued bird. The other winter hats are of plush, felt, and beaver; and the edges of the brims are made shaggy, while the rest is thick and soft. None of the brims are lined; a few have careless undulations, and some have the left side turned up quite flatly against the crown, while the right side droops.

OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.

"PROVIDE THINGS HONEST"; OR, THOSE TWO YOUNG HILLS.

By GRACE STEBBING, Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER V.

ALL BUT THE PINK SILK BOOTS.

As Margaret Hill approached No. 3, Montpelier-terrace, she got in as close under the shadows of the houses as area railings and doorsteps would allow. If Ida Deacon in her soft Indian cashmeres shrank from the just displeasure in her mother's eyes, timid Maggie Hill, in her simple serge, shrank quite as much from the indignation she expected soon to see in those of her robust, impetuous young sister. Whether the storm were directed against herself or against the shopwoman she considered a matter of secondary importance. She was essentially a peacemaker and a lover of peace, and "fusses" of all kinds jarred on her terribly. The disappointment was bad enough, but Nelly's wrathful outburst would be still worse.

However, all Margaret's manœuvres to put off the evil moment as long as possible were fruitless, for Nelly's anxiety had made her a watcher at the window long before her sister crossed the road, and flying downstairs the instant she saw her, she stood peeping through an inch of opened door until Maggie mounted the steps, when she flung it wide open with a gay laugh, and asked, with almost breathless eagerness—

"What fortune, Mags, what fortune? And what have you got in the bag now? Something for mamma?"

"Carry that, please, upstairs, and wait till we get into the bedroom to be answered," said Maggie, hurriedly, putting a parcel into her sister's hand as she spoke, which Nelly now noticed for the first time, and upon which her eyes suddenly fastened with a frightened gaze, as if it were a basilisk. Indeed, if it were no serpent to kill herself, it so far performed that dismal office for her hopes that she turned and mounted to the bedroom as soberly as Maggie herself, and showed little surprise when at last the bag was opened, and Maggie's tears dropped slowly on its contents.

"I am so sorry, Nelly," whispered Maggie, at last, barely breaking a silence that she began to find even more oppressive than the wild burst of lamentations she had dreaded. The fact was, the greatness of the calamity, the utterness of the downfall of her confident hopes, had quite quelled Elinor Hill foronce.

"Maggie, I wish you would pinch me," she blurted out at length, with something between a sob and a laugh. "Just a downright hard pinch I should like, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind," sighed Maggie, "and I don't see what good it would do either."

"I do," retorted Elinor. "It would be a comfort to know for certain whether or no I am having a horrid dream."

"No need for *pinches* to tell you that," sighed Margaret again. "Here are all the things back again, you can look at them and see—poor little boots and all." And Margaret drew them forth as she spoke, till the whole dainty array once more strewed the bed, a really pretty collection of bright objects, in spite of poor Elinor's bitter ejaculation—

"Horrible things! I've a good mind to throw them all into the kitchen fire."

"What! your pink satin lace-up boots into the bargain?" asked Margaret, with a ghost of a smile.

"Umph!" grunted Miss Nelly. "Perhaps I might spare them to send as a *chef d'œuvre* to exhibit at South Kensington. But, by-the-bye," looking into the bag again, and then giving it a hearty but quite useless shake, "where are those pink satins? I don't see them anywhere. What have you done with them, Maggie?"

"Done with them!" repeated Margaret, in consternation, hastily turning over the mass of small treasures. "I have done nothing with them, Nelly. O! what can have become of them. I am so sorry, Nell; I would rather have lost all my own things than those pretty little boots of yours."

"I know that, you silly old Mags," said Nelly, putting her arms round her sister's neck, and giving her a great hug; "but you need not look so dismal about the matter, for I expect that dreadful old shopwoman has kept them, and I shall just go off there and make her give them back."

CHAPTER VI.

CONSOLATION.

MRS. DEACON had gone upstairs with the intention of dressing for a walk; but her talk with Ida over Miss Broad's letter had banished her purpose from her mind, and she was still in her room more than half-an-hour later, when a low rap, twice repeated at the door, attracted her attention, and she called—

"Is any one there? Come in."

"Yes, mamma, I am here," said a voice as low as the rap, as the door opened and Ida Deacon moved a few steps forward, for the first time in her life aroused to a wholesome feeling of shame at facing even her tender, loving mother. But there were other interests at stake besides her own at the present hour, and her dawning penitence made her anxious to lose no more time in doing what she could for them.

"And oh, mamma," she said at the end of a second tearful conversation, "do please help me to do something for Miss Broad. It is so hard that she should have to suffer for my fault!"

"It would be well for the world if people would care more how often they make the innocent suffer for their wrong doing," answered Mrs. Deacon, gravely. "But to come to the matter more in hand at this moment, I do not see how I can possibly help *you* to help your friend since you are quite unable to use your hand for some days to come, and you say that you have spent all your money. *I* might help Miss Broad, but if I help her with *my* time, and *my* money, I suppose you would not wish to take the credit of it?"

There was a short pause, and then an earnest "No, mamma. If only you will do something to save poor Miss Broad from suffering through me I will write to her myself, and tell her all about the matter. And I will try, indeed I will, to leave off being slothful."

"And I will try, indeed I will, to hope for your success," said Mrs. Deacon, in a lighter tone, and kissing the soft pink cheek as she spoke. And then the carriage was ordered, and Ida was dismissed to put on her hat to go off with her mother in search of such articles as are popularly considered the right sorts of things for fancy fairs. Mrs. Deacon had long had by her the address of a little fancy shop, on which an acquaintance had once asked her to bestow her patronage if opportunity should ever occur, and once or twice, at some inconvenience, she had taken the long drive thither from the West-end. The present seemed such a good occasion to gladden the poor shopwoman's heart by unusually extensive purchases that the coachman was once more desired to turn his horses' heads in that direction, and Ida breathed more freely than she had done since she burst into tears over the first reading of Miss Broad's letter.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. BUDGEN RELENTS.

"POOR young thing! Nothing but a poor bit of a helpless young thing!" murmured the owner of the small Islington woolwork and fancy shop.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon. Three hours since the harassed, careworn woman had so contemptuously rejected Margaret Hill's goods, and half frightened the timid young maiden out of her wits besides. At that time Mrs. Budgen had been standing behind her counter the whole long morning with no better result than serving two children with a few pennyworths of scarlet wool, and she was hungry and tired when a hoped-for customer turned, in such a disappointing manner, into a would-be seller instead of purchaser.

But now, at five in the afternoon, Mrs. Budgen sat comfortably enjoying a good cup of tea while she kept an eye on the shop, and reflected on a very good day's returns. In this satisfactory change of circumstances the latent benevolence of the poor, hardly-tired shopwoman's heart had time to thaw and come to the surface. She began to feel many a pang of regret at the way she had spoken to her shy, soft-voiced young visitor. Life had been little but a series of trials and troubles to the lonely widow herself. She well knew what it was to long to earn a little money, and to pray for some encouragement to work and hope. Her pale grey eyes grew moist as she sipped her tea and thought of the timid young girl she had driven from her shop so roughly.

"Poor young thing!" she murmured. "Nothing but a poor bit of a helpless young thing. And handy, too, and clever with her needle, no doubt."

And as Mrs. Budgen uttered those last words she looked towards a tiny little pair of doll's pink satin lace-up boots standing opposite her on the table, and laying down the peice of buttered toast she had just taken up, she wiped her fingers carefully, picked up the boots, and carrying them out into the shop, placed them in the very centre of the window, in the most conspicuous position she could find. She returned to her sitting-room with a contented smile on her face, and a better appetite than before for her tea and toast.

"Whatever did we English folks do before we got our cup of tea, I wonder?" she soliloquised as she finally put back her cup, and returned to her place behind her counter just as a carriage drove down the narrow street and stopped before the door.

Before she had time to form a regret that her stock was not more worthy of such customers, Mrs. Deacon entered with Ida, and at once put the shopkeeper at her ease by her friendly greeting.

"And now to business, Mrs. Budgen," said Mrs. Deacon cheerfully, and seating herself as she spoke, with an air that made the careworn heart thrill with delight at the prospect of a good order. It fell again somewhat, and the recent regrets on the score of Margaret Hill revived in full force when the nature of the business was declared.

"And I might have had such a splendid lot of things—just what you want—for you," she ejaculated aloud as a finish to her silent thoughts.

"Might you?" said Ida, eagerly. "How was that? But oh! I daresay you have plenty now. I see one thing, at any rate, that will do delightfully—the delicious little pair of boots in the window. Are they very expensive?"

"I really cannot properly say, miss," was the reply as the boots were brought forward. "They belong to a young lady who brought a heap of things here some hours ago to sell, but—but—you see, miss—you see, ma'am, I can't afford to buy; I have to make what I sell, so she went away, and she was shy and frightened like, not used to selling, evidently; and in her hurry to pack up her things again she must have dropped these, for I found them soon after she'd left."

"And then you put them in the window?" said Ida.

"Yes, miss, partly that the young lady might see them if she should come back to look for them, and partly in the hope that someone else might take a fancy to buy them, and I might some time be able to give the poor young thing the money, and show her that I had at least done a little bit of what she wished me."

"Oh! I see," murmured Ida, bending low over the toys as she turned them about in examination, and thought of the patience an unknown young girl had bestowed upon their manufacture. Even if she had fulfilled her promises for the fancy fair, she knew well that none of her performances would have borne comparison with this neat, painstaking work.

"Mamma, please buy these," she said at last; but before Mrs. Deacon could reply, a fourth person, who had made a sudden rush into the shop whilst she was speaking, dashed forward, and exclaimed brusquely—

"I am very sorry, but she can't; they are mine."

The new-comer stretched out a hasty hand to take possession of the property, as she thus laid claim to it, but Mrs. Budgen was as quick as herself, and snatching up the boots, retorted indignantly—

"Why now, miss, how dare you say such a thing! They were brought here by the young lady herself just before two o'clock to-day. Quite a different sort of a young lady to you, and she dropped them."

"Because you frightened her," was the angry retort. "And they are mine, for I made them."

"Did you?" said Mrs. Deacon, looking at her with a merry smile. "Then, my dear child, you must have been in a more patient mood than you are just now."

The hot cheeks blushed a still deeper red, and the bright eyes sank before the peacemaker's gaze; but the rosy lips went into something of a pout as they muttered—

"It is enough to put anybody in a temper; even Maggie herself would be cross, I should think, to see a person selling the things that she would not buy."

Mrs. Budgen flung back her head, and was about to make another angry speech, when her customer hurriedly put up her hand to check her, at the same time saying to Nelly Hill—

"Temper is making you as unjust as it is wont to make most people, my child. Mrs. Bugden had just been telling us when you ran in of her wish to sell these for a young lady who brought them here for the purpose this morning, and who dropped them as she went away. But now, as you have been bestowing suspicions on Mrs. Budgen, you must not mind if I give you a little taste of the same unpleasantness, and say, *if* you can prove your ownership of these boots, I shall be very pleased to buy them of you if you will allow me."

"Not really!" exclaimed Elinor, giving herself little time to care for the unpleasantness in seizing upon the unexpected hope.

Ida looked as eager as herself, as she said, confidently—

"Of course they are yours; and you can sell them to us."

"Oh, of course," answered Nelly, almost breathlessly. "If only you will truly buy them, and you won't mind, will you? One of the tiny lace holes is sewn round with scarlet silk instead of pink. I couldn't help it; I hadn't any more pink, and no money, you know, either."

Naturally, Ida Deacon did not know that latter fact before Elinor Hill told it to her, but she did not say so; instead, she bent forward over the counter, and looked, with her mother and the shopkeeper, at the little proof that Elinor had so unconsciously given of her right to claim the boots. There, surely enough, was the minute hole, with its scarlet edge, and there, surely enough, was a smile instead of a frown on Mrs. Budgen's sharp-featured face when she saw tears spring into Nelly Hill's eyes, as Mrs. Deacon said gently—

"Have you any more such pretty things as these you could let us have, my dear child? We wish to buy a good many."

Poor Mrs. Budgen had a warm and tender corner in her heart somewhere, although hard toil and hourly care for daily bread lay so wearily on the top of it that it could not always make its existence known. But Nelly had no thought to spare just then on the shopkeeper, or, indeed, on even affairs of greater personal importance. All her mind was occupied with this wonderful new prospect of attaining the object she and Margaret so desired, just when they had been overwhelmed with despondency.

"Could we have the things soon?" asked Ida, looking at her young companion's face with keen sympathy. "We should be glad of them very soon, if we could have them."

"You can have them now directly if you will come for them," was the impulsive answer; and taking her at her word, Mrs. Deacon only waited to have some antimacassars and braided pinafores she had bought made into a parcel, when she entered her carriage with the two girls, and ordered her coachman to drive to the address readily given by the young bootmaker—No. 3, Montpelier-terrace.

"May I ask your name, my dear child?" said Mrs. Deacon, after a short pause, as they drove along.

Elinor turned her eyes from the window for a moment.

"Elinor Hill, and my sister's name is Margaret. She is older than I am—three years older—and ever so much nicer and prettier and better and everything than I am, you know. But, there, you'll see her in a minute now, for we have only got to turn the corner, and then five seconds and we shall be at home."

And at this thought Miss Nelly acted more like an excited child than ever, moving forward on her seat and stretching her head, and half her body too, out of the carriage window to catch the first glimpse of the well-known door. She maintained this attitude only for a moment; the next instant she startled not only Mrs. Deacon and Ida, but the coachman and his horses too, by a frantic exclamation—

"Stop—stop!—There's mamma herself," she added, as she hurriedly drew back her head; and before the coachman could obey her imperative order she had opened the door and sprung to the ground.

"I will take the things at half-past eight o'clock to-morrow morning to that shop," she muttered hurriedly. "Oh, do please buy them all the same, but do go away now, pray do, good-bye!" and then she sprang away behind the carriage, back down the street they had just crossed, away from No. 3, and out of the Deacons' sight. They drove home.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT WOULD YOUR FATHER HAVE FELT?"

"I SHALL just go off there and make her give them back," said Elinor Hill, when she missed her triumph of ingenious needlework—the pink satin boots, and notwithstanding all Margaret's alarmed entreaties that she would spare herself such a terrible undertaking, she held to her resolution. But with all her impatience she was obliged to submit to some delay in its execution. The good-natured servant-girl declared in the first place that the young ladies must not go without dinner any longer, or she really would tell their mamma, and then, when dinner was rapidly despatched, their mamma herself woke up and asked Miss Nelly to make her a cup of tea and a piece of toast, orders which were cheerfully enough attended to. The obedience was not quite so ready when the young maiden was further desired to spend an hour in preparing some French exercises for Mrs. Hill to look over and correct in the evening in lieu of the lesson the headache had put aside in the morning. But at length all was done, and, in spite of Maggie's almost tearful warnings against encountering the terrible shopwoman who had so alarmed herself, Elinor set out to reclaim her property.

"Mamma is fast asleep again, Mags," she said contentedly, as she stole on tiptoe out of her mother's room, "and she is not at all likely to ask for me again yet awhile, as I have been with her so much all the afternoon. Good-bye; I'll be back soon."

"I do hope you will," sighed Margaret. "I shall be in such a state about you all the while you are away."

And then she softly closed the street-door after her sister, and ran up to their room to put by the nick-nacks which still lay strewed over the bed. For some time after she had shut herself in she stood absorbed in their contemplation, and in the thoughts belonging to them. She was so deeply preoccupied that it was not until someone was actually standing beside her, and gazing with her at the number of objects on the bed, that she was aware that her door had been opened or her name pronounced.

"Oh, mamma!" she almost screamed; "oh, mamma, dear, you have frightened me."

Mrs. Hill passed her arm around her daughter and kissed her.

"My poor foolish little daughter," she said, smiling slightly. "I am very sorry, but if folks will indulge in brown studies so deep that they can hear neither raps nor voices, I am afraid they must be frightened sometimes. But where is Nelly, dear, and what is the meaning of all this?"

"Nelly is out, mamma," was the low answer.

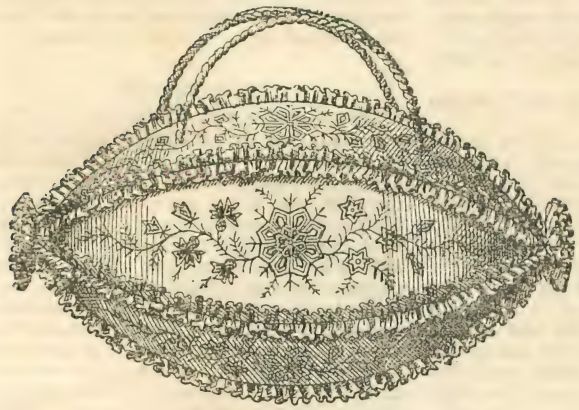
"Out! and without you!" repeated Mrs. Hill, in a still more puzzled tone. "What has she gone out for, dear, alone? I much prefer you to go together."

"Yes, mamma," assented Maggie, ignoring the question, and much wishing Nelly were there now with her bravery and ready wits to bear the brunt of the present affair. But wishing was no good. Nelly was not there, nor likely to be for another half-hour, and meantime Mrs. Hill asked again—

"And what is the meaning of all this? Whatever can you have made all these things for, and without my knowledge? Tell me, Maggie."

(*Continued on page* 141.)

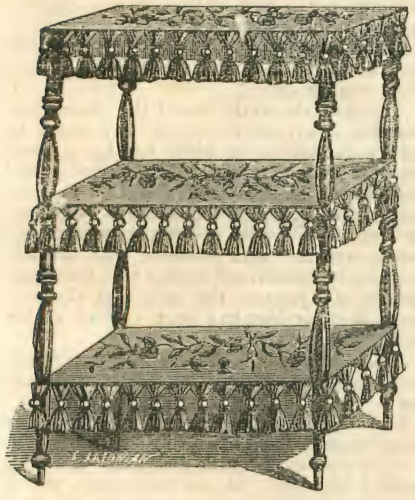
MY WORK BASKET.



EGG-SHAPED WORKBASKET.

For this pretty trifle cut out six oval sections in cashmere, thin cloth, or satin, either all in one colour, or three each in contrasting hue, as olive and sky blue, ruby and old gold, pink and silvery white, &c. Adorn these pieces with a light floral design worked in crewel or Russian stitches, and then paste each on a corresponding oval of cardboard cut expressly. Line with sarsanet, and sew the sections together, hiding the seams by a satin ruching. Leave the last two pieces open for the mouth of the basket, make their edges neat, and on one add a flap of the lining-material which will fall inside when the aperture is closed. Complete the receptacle by handles of mixed silk cord and pinked out rosettes at both ends. In a smaller size this nicknack will do charmingly for a Christmas tree, whether filled with sweets, or shutting up a wee doll, birdcage, &c.

EMBROIDERED WHATNOT.

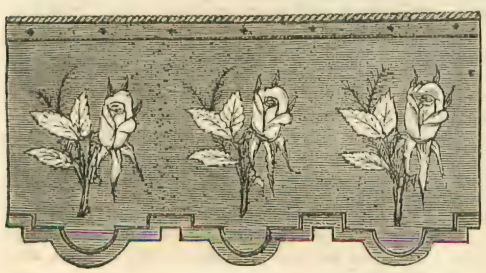


EMBROIDERED WHATNOT.

The turned frame, in mahogany, walnut, or rosewood, supports three tiers covered with embroidery, and bordered by a fringe of harmonising hues. The material, either Roman satin, cloth, serge, or velvet, looks charming in old gold, or a pale cold blue, heightened by needlework in shaded reds and browns.

DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN, OR MANTELSHELF HANGING.

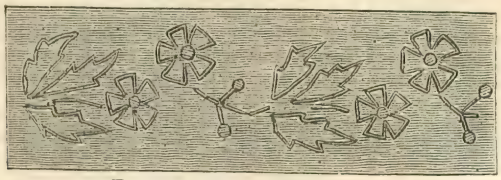
The embroidery is done on fine cloth or cashmere, lined with canvas in crewel work. The rosebuds should be varied in colours, such as the red, white, crimson, and yellow; and the leaves in several shades of green. Before beginning to work, arrange the shades to be used for each spray, and keep them separate. The stems should have a mixture of brown crewel with one of the darker shades of green. The outer scollop edge is in broad buttonhole stitch, with dead-coloured gold crewels; and the inner scollop, a fine coloured gold cord.



DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN, OR MANTELSHELF HANGING.

EMBROIDERED INSERTION.

This insertion may be worked in crewels on white muslin for afternoon tea aprons, or on bands of black velvet ribbon for trimmings on wool damask for window curtains in worsted and silk filoselle. If the work is on muslin, the colours



EMBROIDERED INSERTION.

should be soft, the flowers and buds in crimson or blue, and the leaves in three shades of green. The stitch is simple Russian long tracing stitch, very quickly worked and effective; care being taken not to draw the muslin.

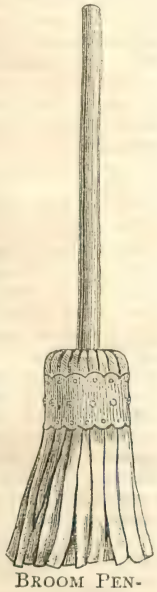
BROOM PENWIPER.

The novel form of this penwiper has been much admired.

The materials required are very inexpensive, and the broom easily made.

The stick is a long penholder, either plain or fancy, one end of which is dipped into melted sealing-wax to form a knob, and round which the ends of cloth are tightly sewed. The wiper is formed of a number of narrow strips of cloth, cut twice the length required, and doubled in half. The cloth may be all black, or mixed with other colours, according to taste. The cloth ends should be rather short, and very full, so as to resemble the brooms used for yards.

A band of red cloth, or thin leather, worked with dots in gold-coloured silk, to imitate brass-headed nails, is fastened round the cloth, and keeps it in shape.

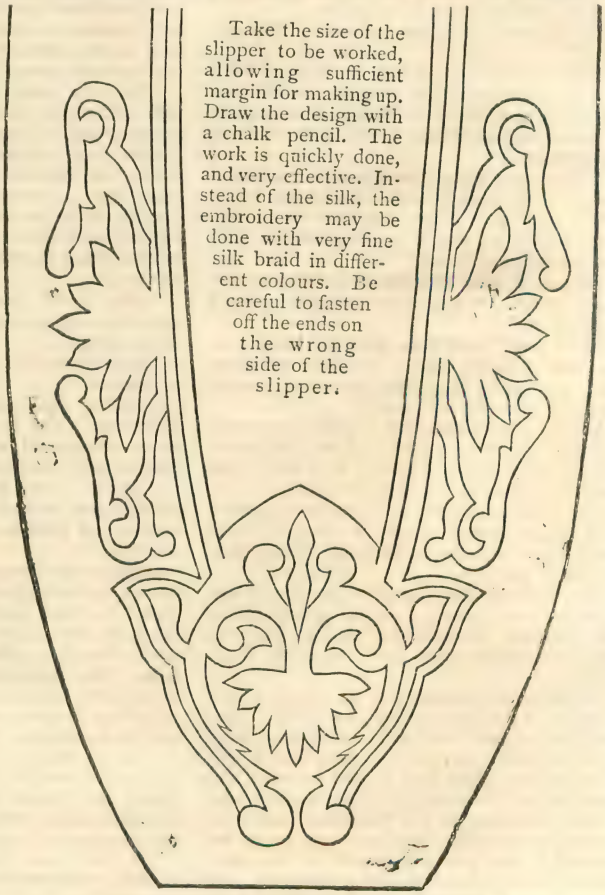


BROOM PENWIPER.

GENTLEMAN'S EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

The foundation is of black cloth; the pattern worked with two colours of shaded coarse silks; deep blue to white, and dark brown shaded to white.

The stitch is In tapestry tracing; the outer lines are worked with the blue silk, and the scroll-leaf patterns on the toe and sides with the shaded browns.



GENTLEMAN'S EMBROIDERED SLIPPER.

(*Continued from page* 139.)

But Maggie said nothing. She gazed with those great, soft, timid, brown eyes of hers at her mother, at the things, at the floor, at the door, but she said nothing. She looked so disturbed, so anxious and miserable, that her mother's wondering anxiety grew still greater.

"Margaret," she said at last, more sternly than she had ever spoken to the gentle girl before, "listen to me, my dear. I ask you why you have made all these things without my knowledge, and I must have an answer; tell me."

Maggie opened her lips to obey, but at first no sound came through them. With a second effort she breathed, rather than spoke, the three words, "To sell, mamma."

The silence that followed this confession was so long that Margaret herself broke it in desperation.

"Don't be angry, mamma," she burst forth, with sudden pleading. "Oh! please don't be angry with us. You give us everything; and, as Nelly says, you have not a thing now, like a lady's, to wear yourself, and we did so wish to get you something, if we could but have managed to sell."

Margaret's speech came to an abrupt termination with that last word, for her mother suddenly turned sharply away, and, dropping on to the nearest chair, she broke into a little flood of tears.

"What—what—what did you say?" she moaned, with no wish for an answer, but in pitiful remonstrance against the word she had so hurriedly broken in upon. "Oh!" she added, after a moment's pause, "what would your poor father have felt if he had lived to know that his children earned money by needlework?"

Margaret knelt down at her mother's feet and clasped her hands in hers.

"Only tried, mother darling," she whispered, timidly. "They won't buy it. But oh, mother!"—louder and more bravely—"surely papa would not have been frightened of a sound? You always say that he was so wise—so good. If we had sorely wanted money, would it really have hurt him to know that we earned it in any right and honest way? Our hands were given us to use. I cannot be less a young lady because I have tried to make them useful to you by manufacturing things with needle and cotton, any more than if I had painted a picture and sold that. The world's opinion cannot really make these sorts of things right or wrong, ladylike or unladylike, can it, mamma?"

As Margaret asked her question she laid her soft cheek down on her mother's hands, and then turned and kissed them. Mrs. Hill's sobs had stopped and her tears ceased to flow as Margaret had hoped during her little speech, but it was some time before she could bring herself to answer her daughter with anything more than a mute caress. Truly, as her child had said, there could be no just and sensible feeling of disgrace attaching to an honest effort of useful industry, but yet, to the Major's widow at that hour, it seemed as if living on dry bread and water would be far preferable to earning anything more comfortable by such a despised employment as needlework. For some minutes neither of them spoke. At last Mrs. Hill asked anxiously—

"But where is Nelly all this while? Is she gone out to—to—try to——"

The poor mother could not finish the query she found so painful, and Margaret hastily added—

"No, mamma. Oh, no! Nelly has not gone out to try to sell any of our things. I did that this morning, and the woman was rather rough in refusing, and frightened me so that I dropped something in the shop, which Nelly has gone to ask for."

Mrs. Hill sprang up. Here was a matter that she could spend her excitement upon. "My dear child," she exclaimed, "how could you let Nelly go on such an errand alone? You know how impulsive and outspoken she is. Depend upon it she will have got into some trouble with the woman. Put on your hat at once, and let us go to look for her."

And in another two minutes they issued from the house door, just as Nelly, leaning out of the carriage window, caught sight of them, and tried to escape their notice. But she was too late. The mother's clear eyes had seen her spring out of the carriage, and when the girl at length ventured to re-enter the terrace, the first sight she caught was that of her mother and sister awaiting her on the doorstep.

CHAPTER IX.

BRAVE HEARTS AND INDUSTRY.

"BUT, mamma, I have promised them that they shall have the things," expostulated Elinor Hill, with trembling anxiety, when the three had spent nearly an hour in a very long conversation together, and the girls had given a full explanation of the rise and progress of their important undertaking.

"And, after all, the shopwoman would not buy your manufactures, so there is an end of it," said Mrs. Hill, with a sigh of relief.

Elinor sprang forward. "Oh! but mamma, that pleasant-looking lady and her daughter will; and see," opening her hand, "they have paid me two shillings already for those pink boots."

Mrs. Hill turned away with a slight shudder, as though she thought the coin was a something that must certainly burn a hole in triumphant Nelly's palm.

"Never mind what they would be willing to do, dear," she replied; "they will easily provide themselves elsewhere."

Then followed that expostulation, "Oh, mamma, I have promised! And even if you would not accept the money we have had such pleasure in trying to earn for you, we do want so many things, mamma, that the payment would get us. Maggie could, perhaps, have some of the drawing lessons she longs for so much."

Miss Nelly had hit the right chord at last. That allusion to Maggie's neglected talents awoke another strain of thought in the loving mother's mind. If needlework, or any other good effort, were to help her children's interests, she was too true and tender to stand in their light.

"You shall take the things to-morrow, my darling," she said, in low, unsteady tones, "and I will go with you. Come downstairs now to tea. You will both be glad of it, I should think, for Susan tells me you scarcely touched your dinner."

"We were thinking too much," answered Elinor, sedately, and she spent nearly a couple of hours before she went to bed in readjusting such of the handiworks as had suffered slightly in their fresh appearance from Maggie's trembling packing earlier in the day. None of the small family slept very well that night. All were up early, and, fortified with cups of tea out of Susan's kitchen teapot, and crusts of bread all round, Mrs. Hill and her daughters started out, once more laden with the carpet-bag and the doll's bedstead, for the Berlin-wool shop.

Another mother and daughter set out from a very different part of London about the same hour, bound for the same destination. It may be confessed that it was as novel a sensation to Mrs. Deacon, as it was to indolent Ida, to find herself out in the streets of London at eight o'clock in the morning, and she was not at all sorry to avail herself very quickly of a passing hansom. Of course there was no necessity that they should go themselves at such an early hour to receive the things the eager young stranger had promised to bring at that time, but Ida told her mother she should like to do so as a proof of her earnest desire to amend her lazy ways, and her mother had a new reason of her own for wishing again to see the industrious young lassie, whose position in life was evidently so superior to that of most people who use their needle as a resource for making money.

The hansom took the one party to Mrs. Budgen's as speedily as the feet of the other accomplished the shorter distance, and a painful flush overspread Mrs. *Hill's gentle face* as she saw the other lady step out of the hansom beside her and at once advance to shake Elinor cordially by the hand.

"You see," said Mrs. Deacon, with a cheerful laugh, "we are as punctual, my dear, as yourself to your very early appointment. May I ask if you are generally in the habit of fixing them quite so betimes?"

"Oh, no," was the frank answer, with a bright glance of Miss Nelly's honest eyes. "I only did it this time because we did not wish mamma to know anything about our work till we had got something by it; but you see it was no good, for she has found out all and come with me."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hill, herself coming forward now, and speaking in tones almost as diffident as her elder daughter's. "My children have never done such a thing as this before—and——"

"And," said the other lady, gently, but very clearly and firmly, taking up the sentence, "you are naturally very proud of having two such brave, spirited, noble-hearted, industrious children—worthy children of a worthy father. I wish my child here may take example by them."

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Hill, mechanically, for her eyes were beaming with the clever praise so justly bestowed upon her young daughters, and her ears were filled with those words: "worthy children of a worthy father." Their father was indeed worthy, truly a Christian gentleman, whom all had loved and honoured who came in contact with him. But what did this bright stranger lady know of this?

While Mrs. Hill was pondering this matter in her mind, outspoken Elinor exclaimed, wonderingly—

"You speak just as if you had known papa—did you, do you think?"

Mrs. Deacon smiled. "I am not quite sure, dear child; but you are so like a gentleman I knew twenty years ago, that, as your name is also the same, I have taken it into my head to believe that that kind, generous-hearted gentleman must have been your father; if so, I owe you all, for his sake, a debt of gratitude I shall find it very hard to repay. But, perhaps——"

She looked round. A four-wheel cab was passing; she hailed it; and then, with a courteously earnest entreaty to the widow to let her take her and her daughters back with her to breakfast, that she might tell her tale more pleasantly, the whole party, bag and parcel included, got in, and was driven off to Cleveland-square.

"Where do you think you met my husband?" was Mrs. Hill's first eager question, when she was at length seated at her unexpected hostess's table, and the two girls leaned forward to hear the answer, as Mrs. Deacon said, without further delay—

"It was in India that I met the gentleman whom I believed to have been your husband. My father was a commissioner out there at that time, and my brother was a young subaltern under a Captain Hill, who, with infinite trouble and generosity, rescued him from a terrible scrape into which he fell, rather from heedlessness than any more des-

perate fault. Shortly after my brother changed into another regiment, and the last I heard of good, true-hearted Captain Hill was that he married a Miss Seymour at the same time that I married Mr. Deacon."

The tears were falling from beneath the widow's lowered eyelids, as she murmured, in a voice divided between sorrow and gladness—

"My name was Seymour. I have heard from my husband of your brother, Vivian Campbell. He liked him so much."

"Because he did so much for him, I suppose," said Mrs. Deacon, smiling. "That is the way with all generous natures. But his bright, brave spirit of independence is evidently shared by his children. How thankful you must feel for that!"

Mrs. Hill's cheeks flushed. She had not hitherto considered the special instance they had given of their independent spirit a cause for thankfulness; but before she had been many hours in Mrs. Deacon's society she learnt to count this also amongst her blessings.

Elinor was made quite happy, being allowed to sell the manufactures of her own and her sister's clever fingers. And Miss Broad was made abundantly happy with the gift of the dainty, attractive articles for her stall.

But the good resulting from Margaret and Elinor Hill's honest, industrious efforts to help themselves did not stop here. A connection was formed for them with Mrs. Budgen, and some friends also of Miss Broad's; and, to the mutual satisfaction of themselves and their mother, the good music and painting lessons they had sighed for in vain were, within no long time, paid for by their own persevering work, laughing help being occasionally given and accepted by their fast friend, the greatly improved Ida Deacon.

"I expect you make more money by your music nowadays than by your pincushions," she said, laughingly, to Elinor one evening.

Nelly laughed back—

"Aye, and so does Maggie by her paintings."

THE END.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER X.

WITH a greater effort than any he had made yet, Monsieur St. Just shook off the absent expression which was beginning to creep over his face, and addressed himself once more to the consideration of his brother's affairs.

"You will wonder how this affects you. It does so this much, that it prevents you being heir to my property. I have a son."

"A son!" ejaculated Jerome, wondering how many more discoveries he was about to make in the life of his brother, which had always appeared to him to be open and simple as any life could be.

"A delicate little lad, on whom seems to be laid the cross of perpetual suffering."

"Is he at St. Aubin?"

"No," said Etienne, but volunteered nothing further concerning him. "While he lives, and I dare not hope that he may be spared the misery of attaining to man's estate, he has rights which I am bound to consider."

"I have never thought for one moment of inheriting anything from you, believe me, Etienne. Why, you are but four years my senior; your life is as good as mine any day. And, besides, it has always seemed to me a certainty almost that you would marry."

"I shall never marry again."

"You will outlive your present feelings, you will change your mind. It is not likely that the memory of so fatal a marriage as this, contracted as it must have been almost in your boyhood, can prevent you some time making a happier one"

"My determination is an unalterable one. I will not again risk the possibility of wrecking any young bright life."

"But you may love and be loved, and then everything would be quite different."

"It is quite impossible. But let us discuss your affairs, Jerome, not mine. See, I want you to cast your eyes over these papers, just to see if the various statements are correct. And here you will observe the conditions to which I shall require your signature."

Monsieur St. Just went on to draw his attention particularly to various points, to make sure that he fully understood the statements, and to explain whatever seemed to need any light thrown upon it, while Jerome, in obedience to his brother's request, endeavoured to give his attention to the papers, but seemed to see things through and beyond them. Finally he pushed them impatiently from him.

"Do whatever you like, bind me any way, every way. If I am to accept your help it shall be upon your own terms. I will sign my name blindly wherever you tell me to put it."

This sounded like an outburst of overgenerous confidence, and possibly there was something of generosity in it, at the same time Jerome knew perfectly well that Etienne, left to himself, would do far more for him than he dared either hope or expect.

"I do not want to put your faith in me to the test, I had far rather have your intelligent assent to every arrangement; and you will oblige me more by doing as I ask than as you wish."

Thus constrained, the Marquis was fain to comply, nothwithstanding his dislike to and inaptitude for business.

"When all is settled," continued Monsieur St. Just, "you see that of the money advanced to you there will remain an income of 10,000 francs per annum. You must reduce your expenditure, so that it may be covered by this."

"I understand that you are not only paying my debts in full, but you are making me your pensioner to the amount of what you are pleased to call my income."

"Well be it so, but I should prefer to call it by another name. Do you promise?"

"Upon my honour I do. I heartily wish it were in my power to give you some much greater proof than this of my appreciation of your overwhelming goodness."

"You will find it a harder matter than you think to keep your word. It will involve a considerable amount of self-sacrifice on your part."

"Be it so, the more the better."

"There is something else you can give me too, and that I value even more."

"Speak, it shall be yours."

"Your brotherly love," said Etienne, with much wistful sweetness in his tones, "which really seems sometimes as though it would be altogether put out by your wounded pride in this transaction."

"You ask for my affection, you whom I have wronged, and am wronging so deeply in consenting to this? I will not be a hypocrite; do you know, have you any suspicion how I have always misunderstood you, Etienne, and have always agreed with those who called you a proud, cold-hearted bookworm."

"I know you, like others, have failed to comprehend me. For you I have always found ready excuse; our tastes, our dispositions, our experience of life so far have all been so widely dissimilar. But from this moment we will begin to know and to love each other better—is it not so, my brother?"

"The moment of your triumph and of my utter abasement is not the best that could be chosen for such a beginning. Tell me, Etienne, would you have helped me for my own sake? Putting our mother out of the question altogether, would you not have left me in the pit to which I had fallen?"

"Have I not already told you this?"

"Tell me again. Ah! you hesitate. You do not care to answer."

"I do not care to say more than I have already said."

"You have not stretched out your hand to me for love of me, and yet you wish me to love you better to-day than I have ever before done in my life. You are asking too much."

"I know," said Monsieur St. Just, sadly, "that I have done nothing whatever to merit your affection, and that in the few

rare instances in which I desire to have my own feelings reciprocated, I find that I have the misfortune to repel instead of attract."

The Marquis was vanquished.

"It is not so in this case," he cried, eagerly. "Forgive me. I do love—I almost reverence you, Etienne, but I am not worthy even to tell you so. What can I do to prove it to you? Are there not somewhere, in some far-away country, precious MSS. you would like to have sought and brought home to you? Bid me go to the other side of the world for some valuable book, and I will go. Or, if you would only fall deeply, desperately in love with some woman, that I might clear every obstacle out of your path, carry her off by force for you to St. Aubin, if need be. You smile, but I am in earnest now, I assure you."

"It is enough, Jerome. I will not doubt you, even though I may never require service of you in either of these ways. If you love me ever so little and sincerely, you have fully repaid the debt incurred."

"And I do love you with all my heart. I shall never again credit you with the want of common human feeling."

"I hope not," said the other, quietly. "And I hope you will think no more of this *mariage de convenance*."

"I, like you, have no desire to marry," returned the Marquis, "and now the chances of my doing so are smaller than ever. I have never yet met anyone for whom I felt that I would gladly sacrifice my liberty, never contemplated marriage but as a fatal necessity. And since you have persuaded me out of venturing upon it for that reason, I think I am likely to remain a bachelor to the end of my days."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Remembered for Ever.

"Mother," asked a child, "since nothing is ever lost, where do all our thoughts go?"

"To God," answered the mother, gravely, "who remembers them for ever."

"For ever!" said the child. She bent her head, and drawing closer to her mother, murmured: "I am frightened."

Which of us has not felt the same?

At Peace with the World.

Do you wish to live at peace with all the world? Then practice the maxims of an influential man who when asked, after the French Revolution, how he managed to escape the executioner's axe, replied, "I made myself of no reputation and kept silence."

Come of Age.

Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
Thou art of age to claim eternity.—*Randolph.*

Give and Take.

No one is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes, and no one is wise but may err if she will take no other's counsel but her own.

The Longest Years of Life.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of life. They appear so while they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back upon them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

Notes on Blue Eyes.

Eyes that are very large and at the same time of an extremely clear blue, and almost transparent when seen in profile, denote a ready and great capacity; also a character of extreme sensibility, difficult to manage, suspicious, jealous and easily excited by others; much inclined likewise by nature to enjoyment and curious inquiry.—*Lavater.*

Acrostic.

The name of the vessel in which a great Admiral died;
The name of a country to England by conquest allied;
The name of a soldier who brought wealth and glory to Spain;
The name of a sculptor, renowned in his art, and a dame;
The name of a play which exhibits a genius sublime;
The name of a bold northern pirate of many a crime;
The name of an Empress, false, cruel, who lived long ago;
The name of a modern poem, which all young ladies should know.
Now place in order the first letter of each word you get,
And they will give you the name of one as good as she is great.

Answer to Acrostic (page 103).—

M A R Y
Oliver Cromwell
N E W M A N
I R E L A N D
C H A U C E R
A L E X A N D R A

W. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

Flos.—The white spots produced by damp on kid gloves are produced by the discharge of the dye. Thus, to "take out" these spots, you would have to discharge all the rest of the dye; or else re-dye the whole glove.

H. Mason.—1. The ruby-coloured velveteen would be suitable for your Christmas party, trimmed with *moiré* silk, or satin, of a different shade of the same colour. If the dress be dark, the trimming should be lighter, and if light, it should be darker. 2. The length of time requisite for learning a charade depends on your own quickness and memory. We cannot judge of either.

COOKERY.

M. A. F.—See "Useful Hints" for the recipe.

Humming Bird.—See "Salads, and How to Make Them," page 790, vol. ii. We have said all we intend to say on the subject of your second query.

J. L. G.—Probably the cloth was not properly prepared. It should be wrung out of water and well floured before the pudding is put in.

S. L.—We have used the recipe for years, and have always found it successful. We think your oven must be too hot when you first put in the pudding. What a painful effort is required to read your writing!

HOUSEKEEPING.

Gracie and Lella.—See an excellent recipe for getting up linen at page 407, vol. ii. The writing of both "Gracie" and "Lella" is careless, and full of ugly flourishes.

A Welsh Maiden.—Use turpentine to take off the spots of paint, and if the turpentine leaves a mark a little spirits of wine will clean the serge.

Ashes.—See "Inkspots," page 439, vol. ii. We cannot but suppose you a boy, as it does not generally fall to the lot of ladies to "return thanks" at a dinner.

Corelli.—Use enough flour to make into a light dough, thick enough to roll out.

Edith S.—You seem indeed busy. Read "Bread and Breadmaking," pages 350 and 439, vol. i. On the last page you will find a description of French bread.

Adelaide Theresa.—The eider down quilt will wash beautifully, but is best sent to a cleaner's. Perhaps the wool flowers would clean by using the new French method some cleaners employ.

Alice H.—Consult "Useful Hints" for many recipes of the kind.

Galatea.—For a recipe for buns see page 126, vol. ii. You must make a mistake in the last query, or else the book from which you quote, in which case write and inquire of the publishers.

Maurice S.—For washing crewel-work see pages 96, 431, vol. ii. A cure for warts page 14, vol. ii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Queenie wants to know what kind of present she should give to a religious middle-aged person, half lady, half servant. How anyone could be "half a lady" we cannot tell. She must either be one or not. Poor ladies may have to work in trying ways to make their bread, but it does not deprive them of their birth and culture. As to the present, consult her appearance. Does she need articles of dress—such as gloves, caps, aprons, or collars? When poor, any such things are acceptable. 2. Ask daily for God's grace to aid you "to keep good resolutions."

Aurelia.—1. We think your view of the matter more correct than your sister's. It would be for your advantage to read the letters of a good mother, being left naturally to you. But it would be more honourable to destroy those of the lady to whom your father was first attached, unread. The question is a very reasonable one. 2. To cut glass you ought to paste a straight band of paper round the neck of the bottle, and borrow a glazier's diamond to cut it sufficiently deep as to enable you to snap off the top evenly.

Hugh, Maud, and Gus.—Never look at any strange man as you approach him in passing by, for sometimes a look may be taken advantage of by forward and impertinent men. Look straight onwards, and do not speak loud nor laugh in the street. It is generally a girl's own fault if she be spoken to, and, as such, is a disgrace to her, of which she should be ashamed to speak. But we must hope and believe that the liberties thus taken were owing to no light manner, nor indiscreet conduct in your case. 2. The initials "R. S. V. P." mean *Répondez s'il vous plaît* ("Answer, if you please").

Brollie.—The lines you quote are a very poor parody on Moore's—

"I never nurs'd a dear gazelle."

Cetewayo.—It is very easy to procure small heads of plaster on which are marked all the bumps known to phrenology. However, you should be careful of rash judgments, as the bump you inquire about *may* be a bone.

Miss Williams.—Use a decoction of logwood or Judson's dyes.

Mignonette.—A basin of vinegar left on the kitchen floor at night, and sticks laid like ladders round its edges for the beetles to climb up by, is a good thing; they will thus fall over the edge and drown themselves.

Sabrina.—Some people use a whistle, or even one of the toy birds, to teach their canaries to sing. It is wonderful how soon they learn with constant notice and talking to.

Canary.—You must teach the kitten that it must not take any notice of the canary.

Tony Lumpkin.—We believe a method has been found of cutting off the feathers, which is less cruel, and makes them equally valuable, but we quite agree with you that the wearing of birds and their feathers often leads to much wrong and cruelty.

Sintram.—The proper colours might be obtained from a heraldic stationer, who would colour a coat of arms for you. However much you like walking, you should avoid over-fatigue.

Amiens.—As you seem to "draw a line" at taking cod liver oil, glycerine may prove to some a tolerably efficient substitute. But plenty of cream, butter, and milk may be safely recommended. Should the latter be found difficult of digestion, add a little lime-water to it. Mathematics and algebra do not appear to be "in your line," and if so thin as you describe, the less you worry yourself over them the better. Give your mind rest, and do not take long walks.

Ignorant Thirteen.—Use soft water for washing your hands, or put oatmeal or bran in it, and rub them with glycerine and water. Also, wear gloves out of doors. Your hand is not yet formed.

Gem.—We have often told our correspondents that we are unable to help them to dispose of needlework. Still, do not feel discouraged, but offer your work for sale to the master of some fancy-work shop, and you may both dispose of this piece, but obtain orders for more.

Kate.—Styes (not "stys") on the eyelids may proceed from different causes. Bad air, and poor living, delicacy of health, or much crying.

Pussy.—We have many times replied to the questions respecting the value of old postage stamps in reference to orphanages. Read all we have said before, as we do not mean to reopen the subject.

Nemo.—1. Read the parable of the sower, as the best explanation of the passage you quote. It is by comparing one part of Holy Scripture with another, by the aid of a concordance, that a correct view is obtained of the teaching it is designed to convey. 2. The fact that you have repented of, and daily endeavoured, by God's grace, to forsake any known sin, is in itself a proof of its forgiveness.

EARLY MORNING IN THE FIELDS.

PEGGY.—Photographs should always be mounted with starch put on very smoothly and thinly—never with gum nor paste. Your hand would be good were it not so upright.

EARNEST ONE.—Do your duty faithfully where God has placed you; had He required you elsewhere and for other work, He would have situated you otherwise. If you wish to increase your usefulness, employ some of your leisure in making clothes for poor children in the hospitals. At the same time, we are glad to see you so anxious to be useful, and to give some evidence of a living faith by your works.

A (BARKING) SUBSCRIBER.—1. Styes in the eyes are symptomatic of a low condition of body, needing good living, change of air, and a tonic. You should consult a doctor about your general health, and cure that to cure the styes. Bad drainage and malaria from a clay soil and stagnant water, or much crying, will produce them. See our index, as we have given advice on this subject before. 2. We know nothing of salts of wormwood as a hair-wash.

E. H.—We are much obliged to you for the recipe you give us for preserving eggs, which we subjoin:—"Collect the eggs before May, not in the summer, because the hens eat cockchafers, which prevent their keeping, but they may also be collected in the autumn. Stand them on the small ends in a high, narrow pan, and cover them with lime made into a thick paste. The making of each separate egg air-tight is unnecessary. This is the German method of preserving them." What a very nice hand you write!

VERAX appears to be the adopted name of the writer of so queer a hand that we are not surprised to hear her last specimen was unanswered. Many well-bred persons say "Broom" for "Brougham," but the more correct pronunciation is "Bru-um," the "h" mute.

LOVER OF "G.O.R."—Your kind letter interested us, and you have our sympathy. Certainly write again, when a comfort to do so; but our answers are often unavoidably delayed. We see no mistakes in your letter.

E. GLENDOWER.—No, such a method of painting would not be successful. We were pleased to hear of your flower mission. Do you present a nicely-printed text on a card with each bouquet?

MARION 2ND (Australia).—On no account use acetic acid on your skin. The attempted cure would, indeed, prove worse than the disease. Indigestion, hanging over studies too soon after meals, and poor blood produce skin affections. The cause should be ascertained and removed to cure the mere effect. It may be that your wish respecting certain portraits may be gratified.

CAROLINE MA.—At the age of fourteen the hair may still be worn down the back, plaited or loose. But it may also be worn rolled round in a coil at the back of the neck, and fastened with pins, or in looped-up plaits tied with brown ribbon. Any description of watch chain may be worn.

MOUETTE requests us to inform her "who the Editor is," but does not say of what book. 2. Yes, the "directions" are "to be carried out" exactly for the competitions. We think you had better get a porter to "carry out the materials," as they may be weighty. The "competitions" for painting scarcely be "original," although both the pi must be so, and the painters may be very much so too.

A SINGAPORE LASSIE.—Make fans of the feathers, or send them home as remembrances to your friends. We are glad that our paper is so popular at Singapore.

BELLA.—A stewardess performs many of the duties of a ladies'-maid, excepting that she substitutes certain rather unpleasant offices for those of hair-dressing and dressmaking. The salary varies according to the length of the voyage and the company by which she is engaged. On the Atlantic lines she is re-engaged for every voyage.

CAROLA.—We can value nothing for you unseen. Take your tea and coffee services to some china shop where they manufacture such sets, and they will tell you what they are worth. Originality is demanded. Different designs on each piece are preferred. Your writing is neat.

LILLIE.—The signification of a broken column as a symbol much used in cemeteries seems obvious enough. A column is a support, and a beautiful one too. So, in losing a child or a friend, such a commemorative emblem must tell its own pathetic story. We do not understand, however, the appropriateness of the selection as made by persons themselves, and when so made by your friend she probably did not understand the idea represented by it.

QUEEN CLOTHILDE.—The "Asphodel" is the name of that gold-coloured flower supported on a long stalk, commonly known as the "daffodil," or "Lenten lily." Your writing should be rather less angular.

HONOUR BURKE.—See page 511 for "Preserving Fruit." We must follow your example, and say "excuse us for suggesting that you ought" to be the Editor, to make all arrangements for the GIRL'S OWN PAPER—as to what should be inserted and what should be excluded, for you seem to think you could do so much better than he does. He would gladly see you doing his work, but would not care to change places with you.

WILD ANEMONE.—Write for information to the Secretary, 105, Jermyn-street, St. James's, W. Women belong to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as well as men.

LITTLE GIPSY.—Use a smooth piece of pumice-stone, but the friction must be gentle, and daily. Your writing is tolerably good.

SAMIRCUS JEPHONCIUS.—A coloured sash, worn over one shoulder and fastened there with a brooch, and tied in a bow below the waist under the other arm, would be a good badge. We are glad to spare you any further perplexity, since, alas! it "causes you so many wakeful and restless nights." We can only imagine that you wish to be facetious. We do not like the terminations of your letters.

CRISSIE.—How many letters we should be spared if, instead of writing to ask us whether they are likely to find difficulty in obtaining work or situations, our correspondents would go and inquire for themselves! Civil inquiries are nearly sure of civil answers, and much of our time is wasted by correspondents who make inquiry about things they could have found out in the next street.

ROSE.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," vol. i., pages 257, 400, and 416.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—For a recipe for "Pot-pourri," see vol. i, page 335.

ELINORE.—Many thanks for your kindness in sending us your "humble effort" in the way of poetry. It shows a fair ear for rhythm, but not so much original genius as will make you a rival to Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning.

BERYL.—It is better for an inexperienced person to purchase the screen ready covered with canvas, as we have seen so much disappointment result from trying to cover a screen at home.

AN IMPATIENT ONE.—The lines you quote are from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

HESSIE S.—Ask a cleaner about the gauze. See numberless "Answers to Correspondents" for your second question.

OLIVETTA.—Many thanks for your note and its enclosure; we hope you will soon visit England and learn to write English better.

KATIE.—"Aftermath" means a second crop of grass grown and mown in the same season.

GERTRUDE.—Wash the gloves with tepid water and as little soap and rubbing as possible. What do you mean by "Will my writing do"? Do what—walk, talk, or laugh?

TRUE SCOTT.—The food would be cheaper and more plentiful in a colony, but the price of clothes would probably be more than in England.

LADY ANNA.—Poulticing with bread and water is the only thing to reduce the inflammation, also rest and total absence of pressure.

A LINCOLNSHIRE LASSIE.—Many thanks for the letter and the rosebuds. We are glad our advice has done you good.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.—We cannot say. Each society has its own rules, which would be obtained on application.

ELLIS D.—We believe not.

J. M. Kronheim & Co.

With the kind regards of the Editor of The Girls' own Paper.

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

PART I.

"IN all the wide world I wonder if there is a place where we are really wanted?"

It was a sad speech for a girl of nineteen to make to another of twenty. But perhaps there are few, either men or women, whose hearts have not known that bitterness at some time or other, though it is oftenest on the lips of those who do not make themselves very desirable blessings. She who uttered the cry now might easily be forgiven for doing so. For when one has been fatherless and motherless nearly all one's life, and has passed from orphan-school to teaching in a boarding-school, and has for the last three months looked daily through three newspapers' advertisements of situations vacant, and written upwards of fifty "answers" thereto, all fruitless, it is small wonder if one feels disheartened and even despairing.

The elder girl, Bell Aubrey, did not answer for a few minutes. She had had a life-history

"SHE STOOD UP IN THE CHAISE." "EAGERLY DEVOURED ITS CONTENTS."

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very different from that of Annie Steele. For Bell Aubrey was the third daughter in a family of eleven; and in the house of her father—a country surgeon—there had always been joy and love, and simple plenty in her younger days. It was only of late that the burden of life had begun to press upon Bell. One of her elder sisters was an invalid; the "boys" had got to be started in life, and five of the younger children had still to be educated. Papa was growing careworn, and mamma's eyes often filled with tears. "We girls must be doing something," Bell had thought. "I must begin. But for what am I fit?"

That was a serious question. It was in a secret hope to find its answer that Bell Aubrey had gone to pay a long visit to the Misses Brand, distant connections of her mother's, who kept a girls' boarding-school. One of the Misses Brand had been indisposed, and Bell undertook some of her duties, while Annie Steele was temporarily engaged to fulfil the rest.

But Miss Brand was now convalescent, and so Annie Steele's engagement was drawing to an end, and Bell Aubrey would be free to return home. And instead of having found an answer to her question, all the progress the poor girl had made was the discovering what a very perplexing question it was.

She had never hoped that she might be a governess, for she had no accomplishments; but she had had a thorough English education, and she had thought she might be a school teacher. Now she knew that she did not like teaching, and did not teach well—that by the time lessons were over she had not cleared her pupils' brains, but had only confused her own.

"It is dishonest to try to get a living by doing what one cannot do well," mused straightforward Bell; "and, besides, here is poor Annie, who loves to teach, and yet can get no engagement."

But when Bell heard Annie's despairing cry, she felt "this would never do."

"Of course, there is a place for us," she said, cheerfully. "We may be quite sure of that. All we have to do is to find it, only that seems the difficult thing."

"Those dreadful letters!" wailed the poor little teacher. "After paying all my necessary expenses here, every penny that I might have saved from my salary has gone on stationery, and postages, and advertisements. And what an investment it has been! You know the answers I have got! Nearly all of them from school agencies, telling me what a large connection they have, and advising me to register at once, and then, as soon as I have paid my fee, writing back that there is nothing on their books at present to suit me, but that they will let me know when there is. And two or three from people at the other end of the kingdom, offering me sixteen pounds a year to teach everything to six children. And then that terrible letter, Bell! That has done me more harm than anything, because it has frightened me. I always knew there were wicked people in the world, seeking to lead others astray, but I never realised that they were so near us. I feel like a poor lost sheep in a wood, with wolves dogging it behind every tree!"

"Poor little Annie!" said Bell, soothingly. "I am so sorry you burned that letter after you showed it to me, for I would have sent it to papa, and he would have given it to the police, and the wicked people who sent it might have been punished, or at least disturbed in their wickedness."

"Oh, I could not help burning it!" cried Annie. "It seemed a disgrace to have had such a letter sent to one. And then, Bell, even if I do get a situation, I shall never be able to save money, not so much because the salaries are low, as because the situations are so uncertain; and when one is obliged to leave, one is sure to have to wait weeks and weeks for another, and spend all one has on board and travelling expenses. It may be very well for girls who have friends."

"No," said Bell, with decision; "it is not well for girls who have friends, for girls who are doing work in the world should be able to help their friends rather than be driven to prey on them. I'm not at all sure whether it is not the way in which girls are content to be propped up, and to think they may shuffle along anyhow, in hopes they may get married at last, which has made things so hard for working women."

"But most women do get married, of course," said Annie, "especially girls with happy homes and circles of friends."

"Yes, certainly," said Bell. "But don't you think there is something wrong in the way in which girls will spend their lives doing fancy work to earn a few shillings for finery, spoiling their health, and learning nothing which will be of any use to them afterwards, instead of dismissing the servant and doing their own housework, leaving crewels and so forth to those who have no servant to dismiss, and who, being too poor to save, are obliged to earn?"

"But if many girls did that, what would become of the servants?" asked Annie.

"There are plenty of places for them," said Bell. "If you knew all I know of domestic service, you would understand that it would be a real blessing to them to find that they could not get work unless they were really honest, capable, and respectable. Besides, they are wanted everywhere. They are the only people which are too scarce in England. And they are the very people who are always welcome in the colonies."

"I wonder if there is a corner in the colonies for me!" sighed Annie.

"I have wondered that, too," said Bell. "And the other day I saw in the papers an announcement about a women's emigration society."

"How you have thought over these things!" exclaimed Annie.

"And it is quite time," said Bell, gravely. "I must be as self-dependent as you. At our house we keep no servant; my mother and sisters do everything; and they have managed perfectly without me for these four months. We can save no more at home, and yet it is not enough. I must not think of going home again. Your experience has convinced me of the uselessness of advertising for teaching appointments. Annie," she added, suddenly, "suppose we write to this emigration society, and see what they can offer us?"

Annie caught her friend's arm in a tight clasp. Her grave face was lit up. A breath of hope and adventure was wafted over her Sisyphus-like life.

"We can, at least, see what they say," she cried. "But your people will never let you go abroad, Bell."

"Yes, they will," said Bell; "if the circumstances are such as to make it right and fit for you to go, they will let me go. My father is a wise man; he and I have had many talks over these matters."

And so a letter was despatched to the Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society. The girls kept that a secret. "It will be time enough to tell anybody when we see what answer we get," said Bell. And while they waited they went about their work with a delightful feeling of enterprise and elation.

Two or three days brought back a little packet of circulars. Annie Steele knew what it was when the servant laid it down beside Bell's breakfast-plate, and Bell put it into her pocket unopened. Both the girls sought their bed-chamber at the earliest opportunity, and eagerly devoured its contents.

First came a statement of a public meeting at which the objects of the society were discussed. Among the people present were good and great men in many walks of life, ladies of rank, and influential colonists perfectly familiar with the subject. Attention was drawn to the fact that emigration is almost given over to men, thereby leaving an undue number of women in the mother country deprived of their natural duties and employments, whether domestic or industrial.

"People will say we go to look for husbands," murmured Annie.

"Never mind what they say," said brave Bell.

At this meeting it was further said that to the objection often raised in England by women upon whom emigration was urged, "How can I leave all dear to me?" it might be replied that there is hardly a family in the highest class the members of which do not travel and settle in different parts of the world, and that surely, then, other classes may do the same.

Another question, "How can a young woman take her passage in a merchant ship to find her way to a distant colony?" the Women's Emigration Society was intended to answer, as all preliminary arrangements, together with adequate provision for the safe transport and reception of emigrants, were now made by it.

Then a distinguished statesman said that he supposed there was no parish in the United Kingdom which had not already sent its contingent to the colonies, and that the class of educated women is perhaps the only one which is not represented in them. He dwelt upon the excellent arrangements made for the transport of emigrants of all ranks, and the almost paternal care which many of the captains show to those under their charge.

Then a colonial bishop rose and remarked that when he first went to his work in the southern hemisphere he found that the greatest want of the colony was the presence of women of a class superior to those hitherto sent out by the ordinary mode of emigration, and wherever he went he found the need growing still greater.

Another bishop from a northern colony dwelt on the importance of a careful selection of the emigrants, and of providing them with specific recommendations to employers in the colonies. He said that in his diocese there were Young Women's Christian Associations, who made it their business to welcome persons from England, and to secure situations for them; and that there is ample room for a large influx of servants, and also for women, who, though they may not have actually been in domestic service, are capable of practically assisting the ladies of the family in cooking and household matters.

And the account concluded with a statement of the number of women who had already gone out under the auspices of the society during the first year of its working, and who were now doing well at their respective destinations.

"I think it will do," said Bell Aubrey, though at that moment there rose before her mind's eye a vision of the old house at home, and the merry children shouting and playing among the ancient hedges of the roomy garden. And it did seem so hard to have to go away. But she said nothing. Why should she cry out, because it was now her duty to give up what Annie Steele had never had?

"I shall write one more letter to the society before I tell father," she said. "I shall write and ask what it costs to get to the respective colonies—in short, the step which should be taken next by young women in our present positions, if desirous of emigration. You see, Annie, we are as yet only seeking full information; when we have obtained that, it will be the right time to ask for counsel and consent."

Then followed a few days more of patient waiting, and then came a little packet enclosed in the prepaid book-wrapper which Bell had sent to the secretary along with the modest request.

The first paper the girls unfolded was a large sheet, which set forth on its front page the principles on which the Women's Emigration Society work. It stated its functions as—(1st) "Collecting and distributing information from reliable sources respecting each colony; its climate, resources, &c.; (2nd) arranging for the comfort and safety of emigrants during transit to those colonies, for which their circumstances appear to render them most suitable; (3rd) establishing relations with trustworthy persons at each port, who shall pledge themselves to receive and befriend the emigrants accredited to them by the society; and (4th) raising and administering a fund for the purpose of assisting, after due and careful investigation, the emigration of suitable women of sound health and good character, who are unable to raise the sum required for the purpose, such assistance taking the form of a loan, for which security is required and interest expected."

As Annie Steele read the last words her brightened countenance clouded.

"It may do for you, Bell," she said, "but I have no money of my own, and who would be security for me, even if I cared to start in life under a load of debt?"

"But stop a minute," said Bell, turning over the page. "Listen to this." And she read—

"Free or assisted emigration is still open to most of the colonies for young single women who will register themselves. The women must be of good character, and willing to perform domestic service, as the agents in England are responsible to the colonial authorities for the class of emigrants they send out; but, of course, many of them are very rough. The accommodation is divided into compartments containing eight or ten berths, with a separate mess for each party. The present regulations in emigrant vessels removed all the real dangers to which single women were formerly exposed when on board ship. The best or saloon end of the vessel is set apart for them, and they are not allowed to quit it. A well-qualified matron is put in charge of them; they are under strict rules and discipline as to leaving their berths, taking the air on deck, &c."

"There!" said Bell, "I should be able to 'register,' as they call it, for domestic work is exactly the work I want to do. You are a governess, Annie, and wish to be a governess wherever you go; but if you are willing to take a situation as a nurse or a sewing maid till better chances offered, I have no doubt you will be allowed to register, too."

"But I don't believe your father will allow you to go in that fashion," suggested Annie.

"I think I might persuade him," returned Bell. "Look at the cost of the paid passages," she said, running her finger down the next page, below items varying from eight guineas to twenty-six. "If I can once prove to father that there is no hardship or roughness which any good girl need fear, I think he may yield. To put up with a few privations, such as the families of the Mayflower pilgrims and of all other pioneers must have encountered, is not a bad way of earning such a sum of money as that."

The other papers were simply a detailed report of work already done by the society, and a schedule to be filled up by intending applicants for its assistance.

"I shall write to father at once now," said Bell, looking up from the papers with a set, steady face.

"It will all end in nothing," sighed Annie Steele. "Your people will never consent, and I shall be afraid to go alone, and shall have to go back to my hopeless advertisements and my Tantalus successes."

"I shall go home in a fortnight from this time," said Bell, not heeding Annie's sorrowing tones. "But I shall write and tell father all about it while I am here. I think it may be easier for him and mother to consider it all calmly while I am out of sight. I shall tell them you want to go too, Annie. There has always been a great deal about you in my letters home. They say they seem to know you quite well."

There were some people who said that Bell Aubrey had a secret for getting her own way. Perhaps Bell had a knack of convincing people that her ways were likely to be right. Perhaps one of Bell's secrets was that she always stated her case temperately, making due reservations for the exercise of lawful authority or of wisdom greater than her own; also, that she looked facts in the face, and admitted the existence of unfavourable ones, even while she brought forward others which seemed to her to outweigh them.

She wrote how she found she did not like teaching, and how many women were contending for every post that was to be had. Then she narrated her impulse towards emigration, and enclosed the papers with which she backed it up. Next, she spoke of Annie Steele's friendlessness and poverty. Emigration was doubly desirable for Annie, yet Annie could not emigrate, except she went in the humblest way. And if that could be right and safe for Annie, it could not be wrong or dangerous for her. For if she went, they might indeed spare the money to pay her passage, but they could only do so by deducting something from money already needed for the other children. Did not they know that she would work very hard, that her brother next in age might get the drawing-lessons he coveted so eagerly, and which might set free a real gift struggling within him, and so elevate and brighten all his life—for that matter, all their lives? If they thought she had a right to this passage-money, let them allow her to save it in this way, and give it to him instead. And that would also enable her to do Annie the service of accompanying her. And they knew she always delighted in adventure!

It was two days before Dr. Aubrey's answer came.

"Dear Bell," he wrote, "you have made us very sorry—and very glad. We are very sorry to think of parting from you, and very glad to feel that one of our daughters is proving herself to be a brave, true woman—a working bee and not a destroying moth. I cannot go into all your arguments now, and must think over them much longer and get much more information upon the matter before I can give them any answer worthy of them. You will not wonder that the thought of the first child's going away, and going so far, touched your mother to the quick. She cried out that when one of a family takes flight, more are sure to follow the lead! But after the first pain was over, she realised fully that we cannot keep you all at home, and then she thanked God, through her tears, that the lead you were giving was so good and so unselfish. And when your poor lame sister said, 'What could we do without Bell?' your mother actually said, 'I can see even that is a happier question than the other, 'What can we do with her?' which so many households have to ask about their daughters. All I shall say now is, that we cordially invite Miss Steele to accompany you on your return home, and then we can all think over the whole matter together, and at leisure."

And Annie Steele thought within herself, "They will let her go after all. They have invited me there that they may know the companion Bell is to have, and so be able to make a better picture of her in their minds when she is away."

As under no circumstances were either of the girls to return to the Misses Brands' school, they packed up all their little belongings to take with them to Dr. Aubrey's. The good governesses rather wondered that Annie Steele going away for a short holiday, and with no engagement in view, could be so excited and elate. Just at the very last, Annie confided their secret to them, and found that they were aghast at its bare idea. They almost frightened Annie by the picture of horrors which they conjured up. It needed all Bell's calm philosophy to restore her courage; most of all, it needed Bell's reassuring, "We will see what father says." It is only very foolish young people who chafe at authority; the wiser sort know that it does not impose a fetter, but grants true and safe freedom.

Beyond a very few words on the night of the girl's arrival at the old green-clad house in the country, nothing was said on the subject of emigration for some days. At least, nothing was said in the general household. It is quite true that more than once Dr. Aubrey took Bell to drive with him in his rounds among his patients. Perhaps it was then that Bell reiterated her telling arguments.

"If it is not right and safe for me to go out in this way, then it cannot be right and safe for an orphan like Annie Steele. If there is nothing worse than hardship and privation, then I must be a poor creature if I cannot endure them that I may spare you so much money. Father, let me go. I shall be able to send you home word if there are any openings out there for my younger brothers, and if they should go out, you would not feel so anxious about them, if I, quite an experienced colonist, was there to receive them."

During those early days, too, the Doctor was taking great note of Annie Steele.

"She is such a fragile-looking thing," his wife said. "Though Bell is our own daughter, and I am likely to be fanciful and tender over her, I should say she is twenty times more fit for hard work and for roughing it than is this poor little fairy."

Annie was made free of the kitchen, and she expressed delight in no measured terms for what was a real blessing to one who had spent her life in schoolrooms and drawing-rooms. Annie was made free of the garden, and could race and romp with the children without fear of compromising tutorial dignity. It was a little difficult for her to see children in any light but that of "pupils," but a few days' experience of the young Aubreys made it easier. Annie's voice began to ring out in merry laughter. The roses began to bloom on Annie's cheeks.

"She's healthy enough," said the Doctor, who was a great gardener. "She has only been potted too long. She wanted planting out. Give her plenty of active work and a due share of hope and joy, and she has as good a chance of reaching a hundred years as most of us."

It was hard to tell when "out there" gradually changed to the more definite locality of Queensland. For one thing, the society, when applied to, recommended this colony. For another, the Doctor thought its climate would suit Bell, and would be decidedly wholesome for Annie. So they got the schedule for "applicants," and with a little pathetic merriment they wrote out answers to questions as to age and condition, health, religion, and capabilities, and stated their determination to accept the free passage offered to any who could describe themselves as "domestic servants." There was a little debate as to how this could be done honestly in Annie's case, since she wished ultimately to find employment as a governess;

but as she was quite ready to engage as a sewing woman or to give assistance in any domestic duty within her strength, that difficulty was soon got over. For Bell there was no difficulty. She could simply describe herself as a "daughter at home," who had done household service in a school, and was prepared to do it again, wherever she could find it. References as to character were, of course, easily obtained by both the girls, and each got a favourable medical certificate. These formalities being finally gone through, they were warned to hold themselves in readiness to sail *in a fortnight's time*, which would be about the end of March.

There was not very much time to be sad: there was so much preparation to make. Mrs. Aubrey and her elder daughters winced a little when Bell received the "Regulations for Female Emigrants." They brought before them so plainly that their bonnie pet was going to seek her fortune as a simple working woman. But Bell did not wince; she said there was some comfort in seeing that female necessities in the way of garments *could* be reduced to the bald list of "the lowest quantity that can be admitted"—to wit, "six shifts, two warm and strong flannel petticoats, six pairs of stockings, two pairs of strong shoes, two strong gowns—one of which must be warm." She was not sure whether life, even if really reduced to such necessities, might not stand a chance of being truer, more wholesome, and more womanly than life under conditions stringently requiring frills and flounces.

As for the Aubrey boys, they found fine fun in the description of the "ship kit" with which the girls would be provided on payment by each of £1, which seemed, indeed, a very moderate sum to buy "a pillow and a bed, a rug, two sheets, one wash-basin, one plate, one pint drinking-mug, one knife and fork, two spoons, three pounds of marine soap, and a canvas bag."

As a matter of fact, Bell and Annie took with them considerable outfits of a plain, serviceable kind. Old under-linen and stockings, even of extreme "holeness," as Bell expressed it, were utilised for voyage use, to be worn through once more and then thrown overboard, to spare the labour and discomfort of ship-washing. Each girl was provided with two robes, made in easy dressing-gown fashion, the one of dark flannel for use during the colder parts of the voyage, the other of strong "Oxford shirting" for the tropical regions. For head-gear, each had a thick wadded hood, and a light straw hat of wide, antiquated shape, which Bell picked up for a few pence at a village shop. In the matter of shoes they happened to be particularly fortunate—a friend of Dr. Aubrey's presenting each with a pair of "alpargátas," an article worn in Spain and Spanish colonies, and which might be introduced into this country with great advantage, since it gives the maximum of warmth and protection from damp with the minimum of weight and noise. When Bell put them on she said she felt "like a cat." The upper part of this shoe is roughly made of any material (in this case it was white canvas), tightened across the instep by bright-coloured braid, while the sole consists of fine rope twisted and bound into the proper shape. The article might form a new industry for the blind or for cripples, and has many special advantages for wear in kitchens or in hospital wards.

They found they would not be allowed to take trunks into their berths, and that the clothes for use on the voyage would have to be contained in the "canvas bag." So they each made themselves a second and smaller bag, which they stocked with underclothing neatly cut out, which they could make up during the leisure of the three months' voyage; and being duly warned that they would find such leisure very long and tedious, they further provided themselves with materials for lace-work, selecting them as capable of being packed into very small compass. They provided themselves with plenty of foreign writing paper, a big and strong travelling inkstand, some pencils, and a few sheets of stronger paper for possible sketches.

Inquiry proved that the ship commissariat would be ample and wholesome for all ordinary purposes, but that emigrants usually provided against emergencies by a few little dainties of their own. Therefore they procured an ordinary tin biscuit-box, which they stocked with the following creature comforts: two pounds of good tea, a pound of fine sugar, a small box of figs, a pot of Liebig's extract of meat, and a bottle of strong home-made calves'-foot jelly.

There was a good deal of fun over these little arrangements and the many wild suggestions which were made. The interest in the girls' adventure had spread beyond the Aubrey household, and they were for the time the heroines of the neighbourhood.

"How happy everything seems!" Annie Steele mused, as she jogged home in the Aubreys' old chaise, through sweet new-budding English lanes, steeped in silvery moonlight. "I have just learned to love my country and to find how kind its people are, as I am going away. But is there not something like that all through life? I have heard old people say that we have only just learned how to live when it is nearly time for us to die. It seems sad, if one looks at it only in one way, but not in another. Perhaps it is God's way of teaching us that love is the only true possessing, and that this life is but the school for another."

There was a little pathos in packing the trunks, which would be opened and unpacked so far away, and amid such different scenes. Bell would pack hers entirely herself, the secret of which she confided to Annie.

"If mother or the girls did it, I could not bear to lift out and unfold the things when I get there!" she said, looking straight into Annie's face. Annie's own eyes filled in a moment, but Bell's remained bright and dry.

Those trunks were most sensibly stocked. No ready-made bonnet or hat was taken; only useful materials for the same, nicely prepared, were neatly packed away. Then followed some plain dresses suitable for a hot climate, and a pretty store of neat ribbons and washing frills, folded up "in the rough," together with packets of buttons, marked stockings, thread gloves, and other little sundries which would spare the young emigrants' purses for a long time after their arrival. They had a due store of well-chosen books, each of them with some dear autograph in it, mostly flanked by a date or the name of some place, which would serve to keep tender memories alive. One friend contributed a few sheets of the newest music. The invalid Miss Aubrey set herself busily to copy some simple "outline" work, which adorned the bedrooms at home, and whose replica would take little space in packing, and would give a kindly welcoming look to the strange home in the far-off land. Another sister added two or three hand-painted wooden plaques for the same purpose, while a little portfolio was made up for each girl containing as many slight sketches, small engravings, &c., as could be mustered.

At last came the letter from the secretary of the emigration society, bidding both the girls to be ready to go on shipboard at a southern port in the first week in April, and announcing that six more young ladies were also starting out under the same auspices, and that the eight would have the advantage of berthing and messing together, and so escaping all immediate contact with any rougher element.

Bell put in a petition that they should say "good-bye" at the familiar green gate of the old home-garden. "I should like to have my last look of you, all standing together," she said. "You could not all come to the seaport, even if we could afford the expense, and we should not leave a sweet last impression on each other, if we parted after a day or two of fagging in railway carriages and among our luggage."

And to her father she said, "Mamma could not come, you know, and it would be terrible for her not to have you beside her in the first shock and silence of our going away."

And to her sisters she said, "Dear Alice cannot leave her sofa, and it would make her feel her weakness so much to have to stay behind while you came with us."

And to her mother she said, "It would be very trying for papa to have to part from us at last in the crowd at the depôt, and to return alone by the same road as that on which we had accompanied him."

Once more, Bell got her way.

But to Annie Steele she said, "All I have urged against their seeing us off is true, but, above all, I did not want them to have too vivid a picture of the hardships we are encountering. It is harder to see what others have to bear than to bear it oneself; and things always look at their worst at an embarkation, and it is not easy to realise how much better they will be when everybody has settled down and the ship is out of dock and on the broad, free ocean."

So at last they said "good-bye." Bell even persuaded her father to humour her "last wish" by not driving them to the railway-station, which was twelve miles from home. The two girls kissed and hugged them all, and then Bell went back into the house to stroke the cat, and came out and kissed and hugged them all again, and then took the reins into her own hands and drove steadily off without looking back till she was so far off that they could not see her face, and she could only discern their forms against the bright spring hedge. There, just where a turn in the road would hide them and the old home from view, she stood up in the chaise and waved her handkerchief—once, twice, thrice; and then as the old horse jogged on again she dropped into her seat and gave way to one storm of tears. It was not very long, but when it ceased it seemed to Annie Steele to have taken something from Bell Aubrey's face which never came back again.

But all she said was, "Now we must begin to take notice of everything pleasant, for the sake of the first letter home."

(*To be continued.*)

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

APPRECIATION.

"I'M just ready; don't get into a flurry," said Decima, coiling up her hair with reckless fingers, and endeavouring to tuck out of sight certain protruding ends. "I never *can* keep my head neat, so it is just useless to try. Now I can come. All right."

Tea was laid out in the *salon*—one of the same suite of rooms on the third-floor flat, large and airy, like the drawing-room, with the same carpetless polished floor. Certain dainty German cakes and fancy rolls gave a foreign air to the table, which otherwise presented the

"'MISS BRUCE,' MRS. FITZROY SAID."

usual aspect of a "severe" English tea.

Somebody was there whom Dessie had not yet seen—a slight girl in deep mourning, seemingly not over two or three and twenty in age, with a pale face, downcast blue eyes, and intensely shrinking demeanour. Dessie decided that she must be a visitor, and in the same breath came to the conclusion that she herself would not care to see much of this same visitor.

"Miss Bruce," Mrs. Fitzroy said, by way of introduction, bringing the two together, and a small hand quivered for a moment in Dessie's strong grasp. "Why, the creature is as limp as a sea anemone," thought Dessie disrespectfully. "She must be made without bones. I hope she isn't a pet friend of Emmie's, for certainly we shall not suit one another."

"I quite forgot how time was going, mamma," said Emmeline, in a tone of apology, as they took their seats round the table. "We ought not to have kept you waiting."

"No matter, my dear, only Dessie must be hungry," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Starving," said Dessie. "But we were having such an interesting talk, that I did not know how time went, any more than Emmie."

"Indeed!" Mr. Fitzroy interjected. "And what may have been the subject so engrossing as to make two hungry young ladies forget their food?"

Emmeline looked alarmed, and signed to Decima not to reply. But the warning was unseen. Dessie's ready answer, —"Oh, we were only discussing the Iliad and Leonidas"—surprised the party into a general burst of laughter. Even Miss Bruce, though she did not venture to look up, shook with suppressed merriment, and Bertie flung himself back in his chair, and fairly shrieked. Emmeline looked sorely discomfited, while Dessie joined in the outburst as heartily as anyone.

"I don't see why we shouldn't," she said.

"No, indeed," responded Mrs. Fitzroy, recovering her voice with difficulty; "I am only amused at your choice of a subject in your first half-hour together," and then there was another peal, which lasted until Emmeline seemed on the verge of tears. Mrs. Fitzroy reached across the corner of the table to pat her hand, with a smiling, "Never mind, Emmie. There is nothing in it to be ashamed of."

"Two youthful blue-stockings!" gasped the convulsed Bertie. "Leonidas and the Iliad! O dear me!"

"May we ask what were the conclusions arrived at?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"None at all, for we could not agree," said Dessie. "Emmie goes in for the commonplace enthusiasm after all that is old, and I go in for common-sense instead."

"Take care your common-sense does not land you in uncommon folly," said Mr. Fitzroy. "The common-sense view of the story of Leonidas would be, perhaps, in your eyes, that the man

> 'who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day;
> But he who is in battle slain
> Can never rise and fight again.'"

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Emmeline eagerly,—"papa, that is the very——"

"The very argument advanced by Dessie! Humph!" said Mr. Fitzroy expressively.

"But that is the sensible view of the question," said Dessie, in her argumentative tone.

"Possibly; if you confine your view to the object itself, and shut off all surrounding scenery."

Dessie looked unwillingly rather puzzled.

"You fix your eyes upon some deed of heroism, and think, what is it worth by itself, as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence? Suppose the man had not done the deed, but had taken care of his own valuable life, might he not have done more useful deeds later on? Highly utilitarian and nineteenth-cen-

tury fashion of viewing the matter! But it leaves out of sight the real gist of the question, the moral effects of a noble or ignoble deed, not only upon a man's own nature, but upon his country, and upon mankind generally. You cannot take a step in life—even you, in your little girlish life, Dessie,—without helping to raise or lower the moral level of mankind in your generation. But such a deed as that of Leonidas leaves its stamp, not only on the then generation, but through ages following."

"But, uncle——"

"You are not the first person to mistake shallow views of things for common-sense," he said, smiling. "Think more and talk less, Dessie, for a few years, and you will learn to appreciate better."

Dessie greatly disapproved of all this. She counted herself an original talker, well worth listening to. "Anybody can appreciate," she said flippantly. "It isn't *my* way to feel bound to admire what all the rest of the world admires."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fitzroy; "*I must* differ from you, Dessie. 'Anybody' can certainly *not* appreciate. Anybody can criticise, if you will. A little mind can criticise as sharply as a great one, but only a great mind can fully appreciate."

"Appreciate the Iliad!" said Dessie.

"Precisely so," her uncle answered, looking her in the face. "A whipper-snapper of a schoolboy may criticise the Iliad—to his own satisfaction. But a cultivated and enlarged mind is needed to appreciate its beauties. Mind, I do not say that all small minds necessarily criticise. Some are willing to admire. Admiration, however, does not always mean appreciation. To *appreciate* a person or a thing, you must have power to take his or its measure, to gauge his or its depths."

"Well, it isn't my way," said Dessie, dashing headlong into self-defence, after her usual fashion,—"it isn't my way to think a thing beautiful merely because everybody else says it is beautiful. Most people do, I know; but *I* can't. Everybody at home is in despair about me, because I can't be made to run in a groove like the rest of the world, and because I must have my own particular opinions and likings. Mamma's one aim in life is to turn me out exactly like everybody else, but she never will be able."

"I was not aware before that "everybody else" was formed after precisely the same pattern," said Mr. Fitzroy dryly, handing her some cake.

"Not exactly, I suppose; but most people do and think things in a particular way, merely because other people do and think the same. Now, I can't. It is the fashion to admire the Iliad; but I can't say I admire it, merely because others do. It is the fashion to make Leonidas into a hero; but I can't profess to consider him so, merely because others do. It is the fashion to be fussy and fine-ladyish; but I can't make myself so, merely because it is the fashion. I can't help being unlike the common run of insipid young ladies. I must be free to follow my bent, and to develop into my natural shape," pursued Dessie, quite unconscious of the egotistical nature of her observations. She was so accustomed to talk thus at home, receiving tacit encouragement from her father, that she had no idea how strangely the remarks would sound in ears unused to the same. Mrs. Fitzroy became grave, and Bertie gave vent to an ironical "Hear! hear!" which Decima was too much absorbed to notice.

"I should be the last to advise you to profess to admire what you do not really admire," said Mr. Fitzroy, at the first pause for breath. "Want of power to appreciate may be regretted, but need not be concealed. Always be honest, whatever else you are."

This was not at all the impression which Dessie had desired to convey. She started off again in an eager and prolonged exposition of her own character and opinions, to which Mr. Fitzroy listened with exemplary patience, and at the close of which he lifted his eyebrows. That was all. Dessie suddenly had a sensation of being extinguished. Those expressive eyebrows spoke more plainly than words could have done. Mrs. Fitzroy looked unmistakably bored. Emmeline wore an expression of gentle pity. Bertie and Allie were laughing, and Miss Bruce's frightened blue eyes were actually studying Decima all over from head to foot.

Dessie woke to the fact that she had made a grand mistake, and had only succeeded in lowering herself in the eyes of these new relatives, before whom she so greatly desired to shine. Yes, she did desire it; there could be no doubt about the matter. Dessie counted herself sublimely indifferent to other people's opinions; but the danger of forfeiting the good opinion of her uncle and aunt showed her how much she really did care about it.

The dead pause following her own observations was quite dreadful. How long would it last? What should be said next? Dessie was not given to blushing, but she blushed now, and her colour rose higher and higher.

The silence was at length broken by Mrs. Fitzroy, in a matter-of-fact manner—

"Do you know German, Dessie?"

"Not much," Dessie answered, in a voice so subdued that her London friends would hardly have recognised her.

"Not conversationally, I suppose?"

"No, aunt Laura."

"And French?"

"O yes! I know French."

"I am glad to hear it. Miss Bruce will expect you to talk French with your cousins all lesson-time."

"Miss Bruce!" Dessie fixed her eyes upon the timid young lady in amazement. Who and what was Miss Bruce to indulge in any such expectation?

"It is the rule of the schoolroom," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "We intended to relax the rule for a short time, if you were unpractised in French conversation, but I am glad to find that the relaxation will not be necessary."

"I couldn't talk French all day," said Dessie, staring fixedly still at Miss Bruce, and causing a renewed shy droop of the young lady's eyelids. "I should not like it at all. I don't know French well enough either—not so well as *that*. I know some French, of course." Then, with renewed astonishment—"Miss Bruce!" she repeated, and paused. "Miss Bruce!"

"You will be Miss Bruce's pupil, Dessie, with Emmie and Allie."

Miss Bruce, the governess! Dessie sat lost in bewilderment. Her first distinct sensation was of gratification in the thought of learning from so soft and pliable a teacher. No question now about gaining her own way in the schoolroom. Dessie secretly congratulated herself.

"I thought Emmie and Allie had masters," she broke out, bluntly.

"For German and music. You will have the same, my dear, not because Miss Bruce could not undertake those lessons as well, but she is not strong, and I am glad to spare her fatigue."

"No English person can teach German like a native," said Miss Bruce, in her deprecating manner.

"No; perhaps not. But some say your German is like that of a native," Mrs. Fitzroy answered, smiling.

"Aunt Laura, I can't possibly talk French all day. I couldn't do it," said Dessie.

"How about the Parisian governess?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"Mademoiselle St. Roque? Oh, I made her talk English to me generally. I used to read French stories with her, but that is different. I could not talk French for hours. I should hate the feeling of being tied."

"I am not sure that the said feeling would be in the end hurtful," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"But I couldn't do it, uncle. I should forget every minute. I always have so much to say," expostulated Dessie. "I couldn't possibly."

"You must ask Miss Bruce's indulgence," said Mrs. Fitzroy, amused, "Her will is law in the schoolroom." Decima did not believe this assertion. "If Miss Bruce is willing to give you a few days' grace——"

"It is all a matter of practice," said Miss Bruce.

"But one couldn't have any fun talking French. It would be horrible," said Dessie.

"Time enough for fun out of school hours," said Mr. Fitzroy.

(To be continued.)

THE INJURY INFLICTED BY BAD WRITING.

By Ruth Lamb.

"That is something like an address! Clear as print. Every letter easy to read, and plenty of good black ink used in writing it. What trouble we should be saved if everybody would write as plainly, and use plenty of ink!"

The above remark was once made to me by the postmaster of a large provincial town, as he looked admiringly at the address of a letter which had just been put in his hands to be registered.

"It is not particularly pretty writing," I said, "but it is certainly plain enough, and there has been no saving of ink or waste either."

"Well, I call it a thoroughly handsome address. I suppose the object of writing anything is that it may be read, and any person with ordinary eyesight could read that at arm's length. You have no idea how the labour of letter-sorters is increased for want of a little ink. Those poor, scratchy styles of writing, which look as though they had been done with the point of a needle dipped in coloured water, cause us a world of trouble, and are very trying to the sight. How I wish I could induce everybody to write a plain hand, and use plenty of ink in addressing their letters!"

"But everybody cannot write well and clearly," I said.

"Most people could do much better if they would take a little trouble. It is the educated people, who write many letters, that are far more careless than the unaccustomed scribes who rarely send or receive one. To these last a letter is an affair of great moment, and its writer is generally laboriously particular in the formation of the characters, lest a mistake should be made, and the object of so much painstaking fail to reach its destination. Such a scribe may blunder, but it will generally be in the spelling of a proper name, the use of capital letters, and so on. The educated person, the much-pressed man of business, or the fine lady who thinks she puts *character* into her writing by indulging in turns and flourishes, are the individuals who cause us more labour than those who can only just shape the letters. Busy people will not take time to finish their words. They write two of the letters, perhaps, with fair distinctness, and finish with a curve and a flourish, which are supposed to do duty for all the rest, however numerous they may be. I think there is a real unkindness, as well as selfishness, in wilfully illegible writing!"

"Those are hard terms," said I. "Carelessness is a sufficiently common fault, but surely you will not brand all the large army of scribblers with such dreadful terms."

"What is carelessness but another word for selfishness? If to save ourselves a very little extra time and trouble we cause others to expend a great deal of both in consequence, is not that selfish? And by thus wasting the time and energies of others, do we not become responsible for this waste, as also for having done badly what we might have done well—done as we are commanded, 'with our might'?"

I could not but feel the truth of these words. Surely our carelessness, by which others suffer, is a manifestation both of selfishness and unkindness, though I fear we rarely look upon the lesser items in our daily work as involving such serious responsibility The postmaster's words set me thinking. Before my mind's eye came a series of signatures which had puzzled us at home on various occasions. Signatures of bankers, clergymen, notably of railway clerks, who had signed receipts for parcels, and others too numerous to mention, not one of which we could have deciphered had we not known the name of the person who perpetrated the irritating hieroglyphic.

I was once told by a literary gentleman who had the duty of sending replies privately, as well as answering correspondents in the pages of a popular periodical, that after spending a great deal of time in trying to read the addresses which headed the letters of many fair, and even titled writers, he was often compelled to cut out the address itself, and paste it on the envelope.

"In despair of reading these scrawls myself, I gave the Post-office officials a chance. They do wonderful things," he said; "and I cannot afford the time."

On another occasion the editor of a widely-circulated serial said to me:—"Would-be contributors do not know how often their illegible writing destroys even the chance of acceptance for their literary offerings. I have sometimes laboured through a few pages of a really promising MS., and then a glance at the clock has shown me that I must give it up. What ought to be easily read in an hour would cost a day's incessant work, to say nothing of the annoyance one cannot but feel at the waste of time. Besides, having only one pair of eyes, which are supposed to last for the term of my natural life, with the help of spectacles, I cannot afford to wear them out in trying to decipher other people's bad writing."

Girls appear to manifest a greater degree of anxiety about their writing than boys do, if the correspondence columns in their several papers are any guide. I have just picked up two numbers of each paper—the first that came to hand—and I find that whilst there are twenty-two opinions given about the writing of as many girl correspondents, there is not one in the columns of the *Boy's Own*. Whether the boys are indifferent about the matter, or whether they consider their own friends are capable of criticising their writing, without troubling *their* special editor about it, I cannot say. But in these two numbers there are no replies about boy-caligraphy to set against the twenty-two which girls have received in answer to their inquiries in a couple of numbers.

I could mention the names of three very distinguished church dignitaries who have been unenviably notorious for their bad writing. One of these sent a letter home, in which he gave some very special instructions about domestic matters. His wife was most anxious to carry them out, but unfortunately she could not read them. The letter was passed from hand to hand, but without satisfactory results.

At last it was decided to cut out the illegible passage and return it to the writer, for the purpose of being transcribed. The reverend wit had forgotten what he had written about, and could not read the extract from his own letter. So he sent it back again, with a note to the effect that he must decline to read anything from his own hand twenty-four hours after the ink was dry.

Another great man who has just been called to "rest from his labours," was written to, a short time before his death, respecting a recently-delivered sermon. He replied promptly, but his gratified correspondent, who had scarcely expected such immediate attention, could not decipher a single sentence of the valued epistle. He at length applied for aid to the postal officials in one of the largest offices out of London.

The gentleman in whose hand the letter was placed told me the story himself. He said that after spending an immense amount of time and patience upon it, he at last succeeded in deciphering three-fourths of it; wearied out and unable to spare more time, he said, "I then gave it up, and sent it into the office, where the clerks did the rest amongst them." A postscript stated that the writer would have sent the sermon itself, but feared that his correspondent would not be able to read it.

I am afraid few people think of the labour bestowed in the various post-offices in order to distribute the world's correspondence and get it safely into the millions of hands stretched out to receive it. No wonder if portions go astray. The real wonder is that the blunders made are infinitesimal when compared with the other side, and that people get their letters in spite of the writers, rather than through any painstaking on their part.

I would advise all letter-writers, and especially young ones, to make a practice of carefully reading over each address before posting. This would also save an immense amount of trouble, and greatly reduce the number of delayed epistles, as well as the annoyance experienced by those who are looking for them in vain.

I will give an instance of such delay caused by not observing this precaution. A lady had sent an order for a length of silk to a well-known London establishment. By the same post, but in another envelope, she forwarded a post-office order to pay for her purchase. The latter did not arrive, though the silk was sent off, and in the parcel the lady received an invoice only. She wrote to ask why the bill was not receipted, and was told that the money had not arrived.

Inquiries were made, the number of the post-office order obtained, and a letter written to the head establishment hence such orders are hunted up; when, lo! another letter came from the silk mercer with a receipted account. The money had reached him safely, but some days late. The envelope in which it had been enclosed was also sent, and then the lady found that she was alone to blame for all the trouble and delay. She had addressed the letter, Mr. ——, 11A, Oxford-street, *Manchester*, instead of London. It had been offered to a Mr. ——, a silk mercer, in Oxford-street, Manchester, and refused by him, and then somebody had suggested "Try London." This was done, and the letter got into the proper hands.

All the annoyance, trouble, and loss of time would have been avoided had the writer carefully read over the address before posting her letter.

As a sample of a post-office puzzle, take the following, which was shown to me a few weeks since, by the gentleman who had solved it—

Mr. ——, 11 Zoom, Manchester.

I was asked what I could make of it. The first letter which followed the figure 11 looked very much like a y, and I read as such, and guessed that the address had some reference to a large township—Hulme, often pronounced "Yulme." But then, that would not be any guide as to the street, and I was fain to confess that I was beaten.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, "when you once realise that the letter you take for a "y" is "z," the solution becomes easy. Uneducated people often call "eleven" 'leven,' and the writer has done so mentally. What it means is, 'Mr. ——, Levenshulme, Manchester.'"

This was an amusing, but not an intentional, misdirection of the letter; the writer doubtless meant to be correct, having gone by sound only.

But whilst the many anecdotes which are related about the results of the bad writing of educated people may be laughable enough, this does not alter the fact that it involves a display of very objectionable qualities. For it is wrong to do badly what by a little painstaking we might do well. It is selfish and unkind to spare ourselves the expenditure of a little time and trouble at a cost of much to other people, and it is absolutely a mark of rudeness to send an illegible scrawl to a person whose friendship we profess to value, when in many cases we should be ashamed to do the same thing to a stranger.

So, dear girls, I am heartily glad to see that you are solicitous about your handwriting. At the same time, I am very sorry that you do not ask your friends' opinion, instead of so often troubling the editor of your "Own Paper" to give you his.

THE HEART'S DESIRE.

OPEN, O Lord, mine eyes to see
The wonders of Thy love,
That all my heart may rise to Thee,
Nor from that centre rove.

Open mine inmost ear, to taste
The sweetness of Thy word,
That when Thou speakest, I may haste
To hearken to my Lord.

Illuminate my feeble gaze
Thy beauties to discern,
That I may give Thee thanks and praise
As more and more I learn.

And make Thy holy, blessed will
My strength, my joy, my guide,
That 'neath that shadow, safe and still,
I ever may abide.

SARAH GERALDINE STOCK.

"CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY."

A

MUSICAL ACROSTIC FOR JUVENILE PARTIES.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE LOMAS (Mus. Bac. Oxon.).

PREFATORY NOTICE.

THIS Acrostic was written for and performed by three boys and two girls, whose ages ranged from sixteen to six. Throughout the piece the characters will be found designated by a number—1, 3, and 5 to be represented by boys; 2 and 4 by girls. At the commencement of each scene is given a list of such properties as are absolutely essential, but the dresses, which in no case should be elaborate, are left to individual taste. The Acrostic, including intervals for changes of costume, will occupy about two hours in performance.

SCENES.

1. C—unning	F—ortune-tellers
2. H—onest	E—arnings
3. R—ecruiting	S—ergeant
4. I—tinerant	T—inkers
5. S—pilt	I—nk
6. T—ableau	V—ivant
7. M—ischievous	I—mps
8. A—mputation	T—rick
9. S—ailors'	Y—arns
10. CHRISTMAS	FESTIVITY.

PROLOGUE.

[SPOKEN by the father or any friend, who may also act throughout the piece as prompter and accompanist.]

Ladies and gentlemen, this Christmas time
Our youthful actors greet you in humble rhyme;
We bid you all to share our festive cheer,
And wish you heartily a bright New Year.
We've striven for your amusement to provide
A new diversion, not, we think, yet tried.
Charades and Christmas Trees are rather stale,
At "Pepper's Ghost" no longer we turn pale;
We therefore now put forth a new variety
Of Christmas pastime for our small society.
The entertainment we present to-night
Partly pertains to sound, partly to sight;
'Tis an acrostic, which you'll have to guess,
Ten scenes, two words in each, nor more nor less.
Take the initials, join them well together,
And if your wits are sharp this wintry* weather,
You'll then perceive before you bright and clear
What is appropriate to this time of year.
But please be merciful, kind neighbours all,
And pardon our shortcomings great and small;
Don't quiz too much, nor be too analytical—
Kind critics never should be hypercritical—
Our scenes being neither sacred nor political;
And do not let your strictures be too caustic
Should you succeed in guessing our acrostic.

SCENE I.

CUNNING FORTUNE-TELLERS.

Properties.

Tent, formed by dust sheet thrown over inverted clothes-horse.—Cradle, with doll.—Fowl, in the feathers.—Sham fire, formed of dry ashes, bits of red flannel, and gold paper.—Pipe and matches.

Characters.

1. BILL (*a gipsy*).
2. SALLY (*his wife*).
5. TOMMY (*their child*).
3. EDWIN (*a gentleman*). } supposed to be lovers.
4. ANGELINA (*a lady*). }

2 *and* 5 *discovered, attending to fire and rocking cradle. Pianist may here introduce any appropriate melody, as "Unfurl the Gipsy Tent," or "Gipsy Chorus" from "Preciosa."*

2. TOMMY, I wish father would come back; the fire is burning nicely, and the kettle nearly boiling, if only he would come and bring something nice for supper. (5 *makes a noise.*) Tommy, you really must not make such a noise, or you'll wake the child. (*On piano—"Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the baby."* Run and look round and see if father's coming. (*Exit* 5. 2 *rocks cradle. On piano—"Oh, hush thee, my baby."*) [*Re-enter* 5.

5. Yes, mother, he's coming, but he's not got much with him.

Enter 1 *with fowl.*

1. Well, SALLY, my girl, this is all I could manage; there were some splendid turkeys about, but that beast of a yard dog of Farmer JONES'S made such a fearful row that I had to make myself scarce. Never mind, half a loaf 's better than no bread, and I never saw a finer chuckie than this, even at Leadenhall Market. Howsoever, we've not done so badly after all, for we'd a goose yesterday, and a splendid couple of ducks on Sunday. [*Exit* 5.

2. Well, give it me here, and I'll begin to pluck it, and just you tend the fire and give an eye to the child.

(1 *lights pipe.* 2 *plucks fowl. Re-enter* 5.)

5. I say, mother, here's two swells a-coming.

2. Here, BILL, stick that bird into the pot; we'll get better game out of these two if they're what I take them for.

Enter 3 *and* 4.

3. Hollo, ANGELINA dear, here's a gipsy camp; we'll have some fun now.

2. Good morning, pretty lady and gentleman! Will it please your honours to have your fortunes told?

3. Well, I don't much mind; I've heard that you gipsies are pretty 'cute in that line.

4. Oh no, EDWIN dear, don't have anything to do with them.

3. Oh nonsense, dear, it's only a bit of fun, you know. (*To* 2.) Here's a shilling for you, and mind you give us some of the best luck you have in your lucky bag.

(4 *looks in cradle, and finds baby.*)

4. Oh! what a sweet pretty baby.

2. (*Examining palm of* 3*'s hand*) Oh, sir, there's a beautiful future before you; you'll have a long life, you'll marry a sweet pretty lady, you'll never want for money, and you'll see all your sons and daughters—eleven of them——

3. I say; come, less of that.

2. Well, settled before you die.

3. Well, that will do pretty well, but I'd as soon not have had so many babies, if it's all the same to you.

2. Can't help that, sir. *It's all true, every word of it;* it's writ in the Book of Fate, and I can't alter it. (*To* 4.) Now, pretty lady, let us see what is in store for you.

4. I'd rather not. Come, EDWIN, let us go.

3. Nonsense, dear. Come along; let us see what she's got to say about you.

(4 *shows palm.*)

2. Well, this is the strangest thing I ever knew. The lady's lines are just the same as the gentleman's.

3. Well, it is singular, certainly; but not so much so, perhaps, if you knew everything. Let us change the subject. What's in that pot?

2. Nothing, sir, nothing; we've had nothing to eat for two days, nor money to buy it with, till you came and gave us this here shilling.

3. There's a very good smell, anyhow. Let us look (*pulls out fowl*). Oh, I like that; nothing to eat for two days. Poor chuckie! It bears a startling family likeness to Farmer JONES'S old grey hen. You are a set of thieves and poachers, nothing else.

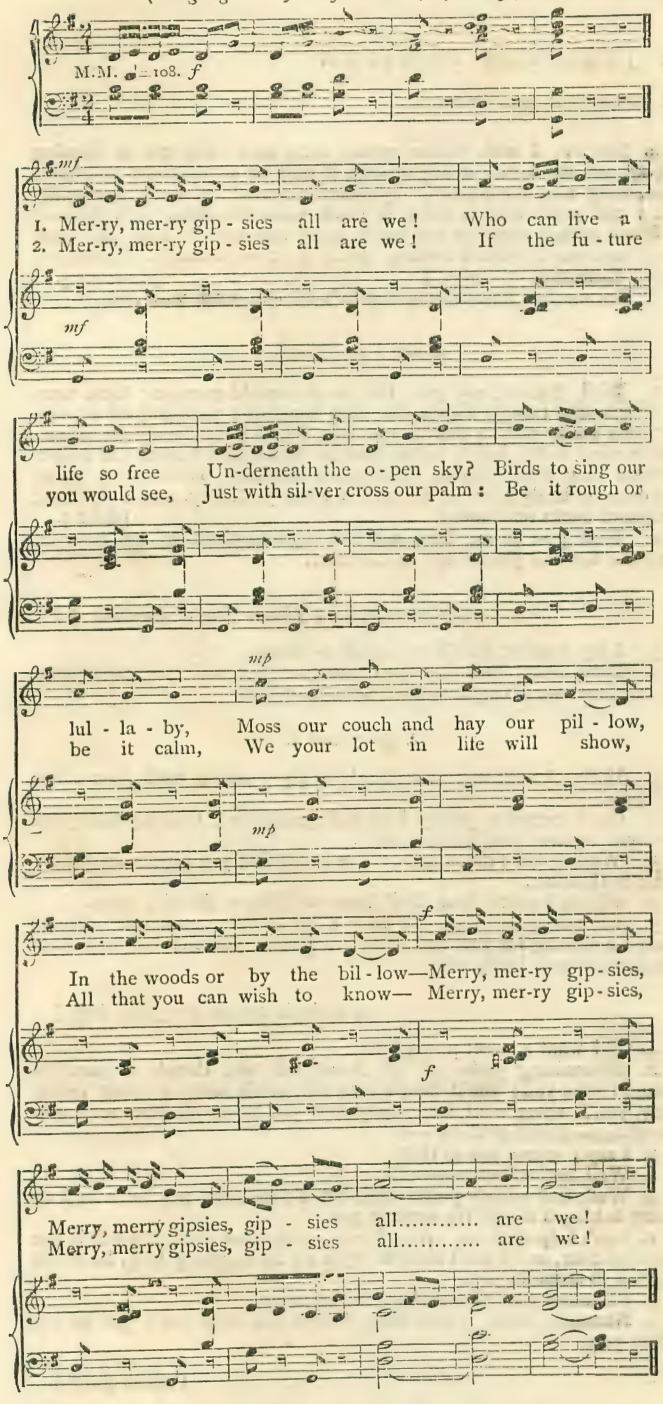
1. Well, sir, what if we are? Poor folk must live, and it's our way to live on the superfluous property of our neighbours, because, you see, sir—

(*"Merry Merry Gipsies," &c., sung by* 1, 2, *and* 5; 3 *and* 4 *stand listening*).

* If occasion require the words "frosty," "snowy," "bitter," "stormy," &c., &c., may be substituted for "wintry."

SONG.

(*Sung together by Performers* 1, 2, *and* 5.)



Merry, merry gipsies all are we!
If sometimes we make too free
With the farmer's duck or goose
When we see them straying loose;
Still, you know, it is absurd
To make much fuss about a bird.
Merry, merry, &c.

4 So we live as best we can,
Fearing neither beast nor man;
Take what goods the fates may send,
None will injure, few befriend:
This the life we gipsies lead—
Quick in word and prompt in deed.
Merry, merry, &c.

SCENE II.

HONEST EARNINGS.

Properties.

Basket of flowers, natural or artificial, in bunches.—Block, blacking bottles, and brushes.—Bundle of newspapers.—Posters with contents of various papers.

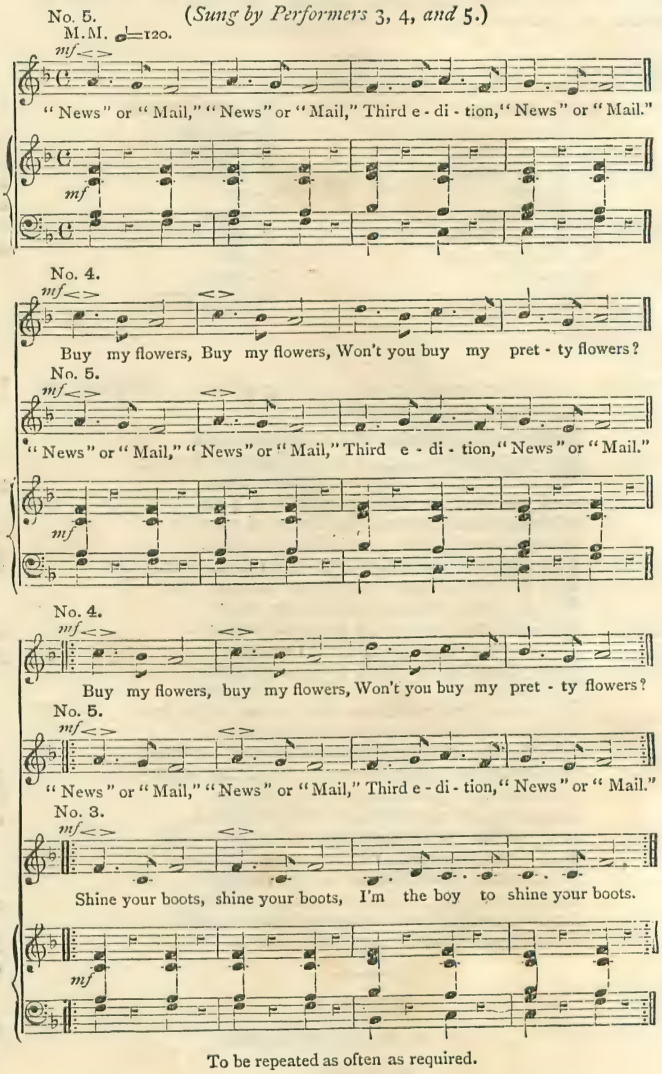
Characters.

1. *Pompous elderly gentleman.*
2. *Benevolent elderly lady.*
3. *Shoe-black boy.*
4. *Flower girl.*
5. *News boy.*

3, 4, *and* 5 *discovered marching about and singing.*

TRIO.

(*Sung by Performers* 3, 4, *and* 5.)



To be repeated as often as required.

Enter 1. *Children attack him simultaneously.*

3. Shine your boots, sir?
4. Bunch of flowers, sir?
5. *News* or *Mail*, sir?

1. (*Speaking slowly and pompously.*) Yes, yes, my good children, I am truly delighted to witness your laudable attempts to gain a respectable livelihood, but at the same time, dear children, I do not require to have my buttonholes decked with the floral productions of beauteous nature, nor yet, having carefully read my *Times* and my *Saturday Review*, to be regaled with the morbid details so much affected by the cheap literature issued by the daily press. Still less do I require to have my understandings brightened by the sable and adhesive compound which issues from the emporiums of Mr. WARREN and the Messrs. DAY and MARTIN. Therefore, my dears, I must pass on my homeward way, wishing you all the blessings which may accrue from the satisfaction of clear consciences and virtuous industry.

5. What an old image!
4. Wretched old miser!
3. Let him keep his jabber for them as needs it. (*Trio, as before.*)

Enter 2.

3, 4, and 5. Oh, here's our dear lady come again.
2. Well, my dears, how have you been getting on since I saw you last?
3, 4, and 5. Oh, pretty well, thank you, ma'am.
4. Have a bunch, ma'am?
3. Shine your boots, ma'am?
5. *News* or *Mail*, ma'am?
2. Yes, dear (*to* 4). I'll have two bunches to make my room pretty for tea, and (*to* 5) I'll have both papers, just to see whether the Tories or the Radicals are having the best of it just now; but (*to* 3), no, my boy, ladies can't have their boots cleaned in the street, but there's your penny all the same; and now I've something to tell you. I am having a tea at my house next Tuesday for thirty little children, and I want you all to come at six o'clock; we shall have a Christmas-tree and presents for you all.
3, 4, *and* 5. Oh, no, ma'am! you don't mean that.
2. Yes, I do; *it's all true, every word of it*, so mind you are in good time.
3, 4, *and* 5. Oh! thank you, ma'am; we'll be sure to come.
[*Exit* 2.

(*Trio, as before.*)

SCENE III.

RECRUITING-SERGEANT.

Properties.

Hay spread on dust sheet.—Rakes and forks.—Basins tied in handkerchiefs for haymakers' dinners.

Characters.

1. *Recruiting-sergeant.*
2. JANE (*farmhouse servant-girl*).
3. JACK
4. BETSY
5. SAMMY
} *haymakers.*

3, 4, *and* 5 *discovered making hay.*

5. What's the time, JACK? Must be getting near twelve o'clock.
3. Not quite yet, SAMMY, my lad, but JANE will soon be coming with the dinners.
5. Dinners, indeed! Nice sort of dinners.
3. Well, my lad, it's better than starving, but I should be very glad if we could find some work where we were better paid and better fed. However, here comes JANE with the dinners. (*Enter* 2.) Well, JANE, what sort of food have you brought us to-day?
2. Well, not so bad to-day—beef and bread, and a pint of beer apiece.
3. Well, that's better than sometimes. Oh my, it's hot, isn't it? Let us sit down and have our dinner, it must be noon now. (*They sit down. Enter* 1.)
1. (*Aside*) Ought to make something out of this lot. (*Aloud*) Well, my boys, nice morning for this sort of work, but poor pay, I suppose?
3. Well, sir, right you are, sir, not much of that sir; a matter of seven shillin' a week and our victuals, sir, if what we get to eat is worth callin' victuals.
1. H'm, how would you like to better yourselves?
3. Well enough, sir, if we knew how, sir.
1. I'll show you. Here's a shilling apiece to show that all's square, and now come along with me and you shall have house, food, and clothes provided, with plenty of travel in foreign parts, and all you've got to do is to march about a bit and fire off a gun now and then when required to do so.
3. He talks well, SAMMY! What do you think?
5. If what he says is true, I votes we go.
1. *It's all true, every word of it*, and go you must now, for you've accepted the Queen's shilling, and are duly enrolled members of Her Majesty's Army.
2, 3, 4, and 5. Soldiers! We didn't understand that.
1. Too late now! Off you come with me to the barracks, or you'll be shot as deserters.
2. I should go if I was you, JACK; and mind you bring me a nice shawl if you go to India.
4. And bring me something pretty too, SAMMY, wherever you go.
1. That's the sensible way to take it; so now, my boys, we must be moving off, for I have some more young chaps to pick up in the next village, and if you'll help me and get a few more to join, you shall have double pay and double rations for the next month, or perhaps two—we'll see.
3 and 5. Well, good-bye, girls.
2 and 4. Good-bye, boys, and don't forget our presents.

SCENE IV.

ITINERANT TINKERS.

Properties.

Kettles, pans, hammers, &c.—Cane-bottom chair (broken one best).—Bundle of canes, &c.

Characters.

1, 3, 4, *and* 5. *Travelling tinkers and chair-menders.*
2. *A servant girl.*

1, 3, 4, *and* 5 *discovered tinkering and hammering.*

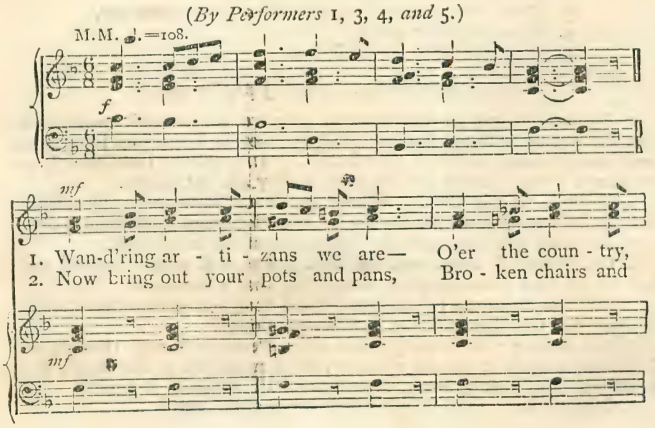
1. Queer place this, isn't it? I'm afraid we shan't make much out of this tramp. Folks seem afraid to trust us since those gipsies passed by; we seem to have got on their track, and we can't get off it, however much we try.
3. Well, I'm sure we never take nothing but what they give us, or what we pay for, and we do our work well. There's none of your slopwork, but downright good metal and sodor, and well put together.
4. *It's all true, every word of it*, but somehow we seem to have got a bad name, and people get us mixed up with them.
5. Don't see why they should.

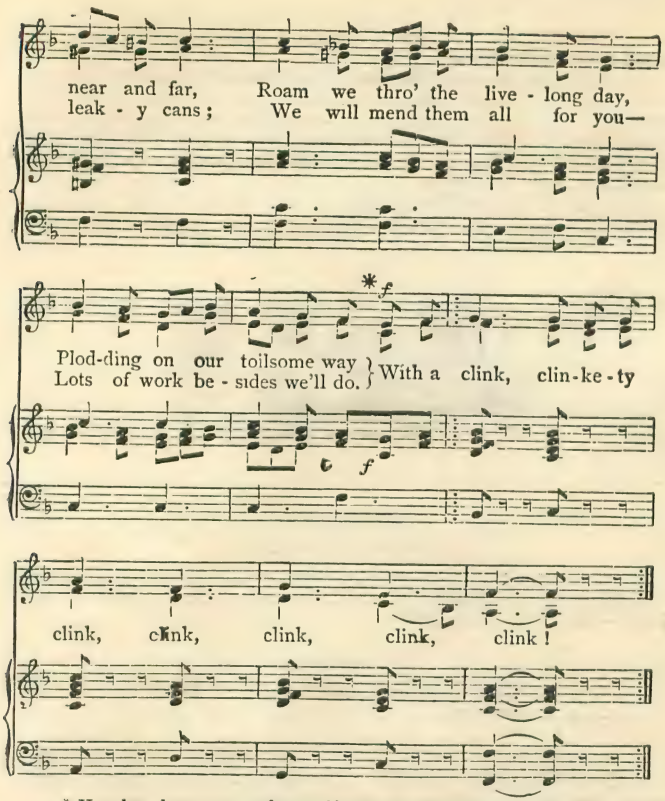
Enter 2 *with more pots and pans.*

3. Morning, SARAH JANE! Got anything in our line to-day?
2. Well, that depends on what *is* your line. If it's a *clothes-line*, no, we've got plenty of it; if it's a *railway-line*, we don't want it, although they do talk of bringing one very near here; and if it's to *drop us a line* you want, you needn't do that neither, for I got a *line* from my young man in 'Merriky only last week; but if you can *line* this here kettle for me, and stop it from leaking, that'll be more in *my line*, and perhaps while you are doing it you can give us a *line* or two of a song. There were some gipsies here yesterday, and they *could* sing.
1. (*Aside*). Bother those gipsies! There they are again.
2. Oh, it's all very well to say, "Bother those gipsies," but *it's all true, every word of it*, and if you can sing half as well as they did you'll do.
3. Well, anything to oblige a lady; we'll try—

TWO-PART SONG.

(*By Performers* 1, 3, 4, *and* 5.)





* Here introduce accompaniment of hammers, cans, pokers, shovels, &c.

3 Grind the scissors, whet the knives,
Please the husbands, charm the wives,
Glad the little children, too—
These the ends we have in view.
With a clink, &c.

4 If you cannot pay us cash—
Bits of meat, and scraps of hash;
These will well our toils repay,
And we'll return another day.
With a clink. &c.

SCENE V.

SPILT INK.

Properties.

Ironing table, flat iron and stand —Half a dozen white shirts, with bits of black calico stitched here and there to represent "spilt ink," *on four of them*.—An empty bottle of Mordan's ink.—A Latin dictionary.

Characters.

2. MRS. SAUNDERS (*a laundress*).
1. WILLIE (*her son, a studious boy*).
3. JACK (*her younger son, careless and mischievous*).
4. MRS. JONES (*a lady*).
5. (Not essential), *her little boy*.

2 *discovered ironing.* 1 *and* 3 *pacing about.*

2. Now, boys, get to your work to prepare for school to-morrow, and I'll get on with my ironing. These clothes ought to have been sent home to-day, and I'm afraid Mrs. JONES will be here directly to ask about them, and she *will* be cross if they are not ready.

1. Hollo! what's this? Whole bottle of MORDAN'S blue-black writing fluid upset over the master's Latin dictionary. Mother, I hope your shirts are not damaged, for they were on the same shelf.

2. Oh, indeed, I hope not, for Mrs. JONES will never forgive me, and I shall have to make good everything that's damaged. Oh, dear, oh, dear! here's a mess! One, two, three, four new embroidered shirts all spoiled. Oh, JACK, JACK, is this your doing?

3. No, mother: at least, I think not. Perhaps it was though, for I did shy a book at the cat up there, but I never knew the bottle had capsized. I'm awfully sorry, though, and I'll never do it again.

1. Mother, how much do you think those shirts cost?

2. Not much under half a guinea a-piece, for they was worked beautiful down the front; and they're ruined (*examines shirts*), quite ruined!

1. Well, mother, you know I've got nearly three pounds in the bank, which I was saving up to buy a microscope; I'll go and draw it to-morrow, and it will be all straight. I can wait for my microscope. There's a very good one at the "Mechanics'," and I can always get that whenev r I like to go.

3. WILLIE, you *are* a brick; and next time the doctor gives me a penny for holding his horse I'll give it you towards your spy-glass or whatever you ca l it, if I don't forget, and spend it in toffee first.

2. Oh, JACK, JACK, when will you be a steady lad?

3. Don't know, I'm sure, mother; some Sunday in the middle of the week, perhaps. (*Goes off whistling.*)

Enter 4 *and* 5.

4. Good evening, Mrs. SAUNDERS! Why haven't you sent home Mr. JONES'S shirts? He wants them for a party to-night.

2. Very sorry, I'm sure, ma'am, but we've had a sad accident; but if Mr. JONES can only do without his shirts for a few days we'll make it all good.

4. Mr. JONES do without his shirts? Impossible. What do you mean?

2. Well, ma'am, you see my unfortunate boy upset this bottle of MORDAN'S blue-black writing fluid over Mr. JONES'S shirts; and my other boy here—he's a good lad, ma'am—he's going to draw all his savings to make it up, ma'am, if you'll only give us a few days' time, ma'am.

4. Quite impossible! Mr. JONES must have his shirts to go to Mrs. BUCKLE'S dinner-party to-night.

2. Well, ma'am, there is one here not damaged, so Mr. JONES can have that.

4. It won't do. Mr. JONES wants to wear all his shirts, and I don't believe about the accident. I believe you have pawned the shirts.

2. *It's all true, every word of it*, ma'am, but I can't show you them, for I put them to steep first thing, and I cannot ask a lady like you into the wash-house.

4. No, indeed, I should think not. I shouldn't like to go into such a nasty place; it's bad enough to have to come here at all. Well, give me the shirt; that's all right. And mind you send me the others to-morrow. New ones, mind, and fine embroidery down the fronts.

[*Exit.*

1. And who is to pay for a new Latin dictionary for master? Oh, JACK, JACK, I shall be flogged to-morrow, and you will get off scot-free.

SCENE VI.

TABLEAU VIVANT.

No "Dialogue" is required in this scene. A choice of subjects is given below, but the selection of any other scene, either historical, Shakespearian, or comic, is quite optional.

I. HISTORICAL.

Beheading of Mary Queen of Scots.

1. *Executioner.* 2. *Queen.*
3, 4, *and* 5. *Attendants.*

II. SHAKESPEARIAN.

Trial Scene from "Merchant of Venice."

1. *Shylock.* 2. *Portia.* 3. *Antonio.*
4. *Nerissa.* 5. *The Duke.*

III. SELECTION FROM NURSERY RHYMES.

1. *Little Boy Blue.* 2. *Mistress Mary.*
3. *Tom, the Piper's son.* 4. *Queen of Hearts.*
5. *Little Jack Horner.*

If nursery rhymes are selected, banners or shields emblematical of the characters portrayed should be borne by each performer.

(*To be concluded in the next weekly number.*)

FAIRVIEW REST; OR, WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy."

CHAPTER I.

It was just a week before Christmas, and the establishment of Messrs. Farley and Wilson, in the High-street of Westfield, was in the bazaar-like confusion which was its wont at this time of the year.

The counters, scarcely perceptible beneath the "variety of useful and ornamental articles suitable for Christmas presents," were hemmed in by small coteries of ladies intent on the important business of making a selection from amongst the array of bright-hued scarves and dainty laces, glove-boxes, handkerchief-boxes, boxes of all shapes and sizes, magic lockets that turned out to be needle-books, and miniature church hassocks stuck with pins; whilst toys innumerable stood ready for grandmammas to buy for the "wee ones."

A widow lady and a tall, bonnie-looking girl, who bore so striking a resemblance to her that their relationship of mother and daughter could not be mistaken, had just risen from their seats, and, about to leave the shop, were stopping to admire some of the more costly elegances displayed on a centre table, when a young girl who stood by it suddenly staggered forward, fainting, and, but for Alice Gresham's help, would have fallen to the ground. A slight commotion ensued amongst those near. Other assistants came forward, and the fainting girl was carried away.

As Mrs. Gresham and her daughter were stepping into their small pony-carriage, the elder partner, to whom they were well-known as customers, came forward, expressing his regret for the unfortunate circumstance, and trusting the "young lady was not alarmed."

"No, I think not, thank you," replied Mrs. Gresham. "How very delicate that young girl looks! scarcely strong enough for your large business, Mr. Farley, I should think. I noticed her when I first came in."

"No, I fear not. I shall be sorry to part with her, for she bids fair to be a good saleswoman. I hesitated when I engaged her three months since. However, she pleaded so hard for me to try her that I consented."

"Poor thing," said Mrs. Gresham, "she looks to me as though she needed rest."

"That's about it, madam. She was in a very large house of business in Goldbury, and the doctor told her all she needed was a little rest and change; that there was nothing really the matter. She went home for a week, but as her home is in a very close part of Goldbury I don't suppose it was of much use."

"Certainly not; she should have gone to the seaside, or into the country, or to a convalescent home, for instance."

"I believe she was scarcely eligible for that. She appeared only a little fagged—had no illness. And, madam," he continued, "these young assistants can hardly manage to have a fund laid by for a country visit, especially—as in this case—where a mother is partly dependent upon her. But," and kind-hearted Mr. Farley shrugged his shoulders expressively, giving his hands an extra rub, "unfortunately there are too many young people who break down from the want of a little rest, and yet I don't see any help for it." The busy man, wishing the ladies "Good morning" with the politest of bows, turned to welcome some fresh customers, and Polly, the pony, who appeared to think her mistresses had kept her waiting long enough this cold day, trotted off towards home with right good will.

HOLLITON CHURCH.

"Were you frightened, dear?" inquired Mrs. Gresham, seeing Alice was very quiet, and looked rather downcast.

"I was a little, mamma; she looked so death-like"—and Alice gave a shudder. "But how unwise of her not to have taken the doctor's advice, for, of course, he did not mean just going to her mother's, who probably lives in some close lodging; besides, no doubt, even that week she was looking out for some other situation."

"We are not in a position to judge exactly. You heard Mr. Farley say she has to help to keep her mother."

"Yes, mamma, but then how much better to give up altogether for a week or two than struggle on until she is perhaps laid aside for months."

"Very true as a theory, Alice, but often very difficult to practise. She, doubtless, hoped to struggle on and overcome the weakness. You see, in the event of severe illness, or a decided breakdown, there are hospitals and convalescent homes. Still," after a little pause continued Mrs. Gresham, "it is just these cases of overtaxed strength or weariness, cases that are not sufficiently important to be dignified with a name, that would pay for timely consideration."

"According to your favourite proverb, mamma, 'Prevention is better than cure.'"

"I hear that there is some talk of 'rests' being provided for girls employed in earning their living in shops or otherwise. I fancy it must be something like the 'children's week in the country' we have been so interested in reading about."

"What a capital idea!" cried Alice, her young face brightening up at the thought. "If that could be carried out all about the country, the girls in all the large towns might greatly profit by it."

The two miles of road which linked the village of Holliton with its neighbouring town were soon traversed, and Polly had mounted the last hill - a rather steep one — in her usual leisurely fashion.

"How lovely the trees look and how pure the air feels here!" remarked Alice, as they turned into the lane that led to "The Laurels." It was indeed a charming little winter landscape that met their gaze. The trees, which in summer formed a perfect leafy bower, were now glistening with rime-frost, the few remaining leaves sparkling in the wintry sunshine. At the bend of the road was a peep of the church with its white powdered roof, and its windows with the small panes marked with delicate silver tracery. A little beyond this stood the vicarage. Two pleasant young faces looked out as they drove past, and friendly nods were exchanged.

"What should I do without Bertha and Edith?—dear girls!" said Alice.

"You would be dull indeed without anyone but your old mother for a companion," answered Mrs. Gresham, as she stepped from the carriage.

"You naughty mother mine!" and Alice gave her mother a bear-like embrace, as she called it, counting old Barker, who acted as

groom and gardener, and who now stood at the pony's head, for nobody.

But another pair of eyes had witnessed the amusing scene, and a stately-looking man of some sixty years of age, who had just issued forth from a handsome pair of lodge-gates nearly opposite, bowed to the ladies as he passed.

"Whatever must Sir Gervis have thought of me?" said Alice.

"Thought he was a fortunate man to have lived a bachelor's life, and so have escaped such rough treatment from a daughter!" but Mrs. Gresham's eyes belied her words, as they rested fondly on Alice, now stooping to caress Ponto, an old water-spaniel, who was testifying his joy at his young mistress's return by sundry impossible-looking contortions.

Giving the neat maid their wraps, they went into the drawing-room to refresh themselves with the cup of tea that stood invitingly awaiting them on a small gipsy-table in front of a ruddy fire. That this was no mere reception-room was plainly apparent from its home-like air, and although the general appearance betokened no luxurious income, the low well-filled bookcase, a modern grand piano, a few choice ornaments, and some well-executed water-colours of the neighbourhood witnessed to a refined and cultivated taste.

Mrs. Gresham had been left "comfortably off," so it was said, and comfortable was an appropriate term, seeing that her income was sufficiently large to satisfy her not extravagant taste. She was now living in the home that had been hers in childhood, her father having built the house at the time of his marriage. Her husband, a medical man in Westfield, had died when Alice was only three months old, and the widow and her child returned to her parents' house, and since their death had remained there.

Having poured out a cup of tea for her mother, Alice drew her own chair to the fireside.

"I wonder what makes Sir Gervis so moody?" she said; "every now and then he looks as if he would like to be friendly, but felt it his painful duty to be a semi-icicle. I wish I had some of his riches!"

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham.

"Well, I think, mamma, I should do some good with them. The very first thing I would set about would be to turn that empty house—Fairview—of his into a sort of country house for girls in business. Now isn't that a glorious idea?"

"Very, my love, but, like other *chateaux en Espagne*, doomed to speedy demolition, I fear."

"What is the good of keeping that place untenanted?"

"It seems that Sir Gervis does not wish to let it. There is a little history connected with it. When he and his brother were still young men some distant relatives tenanted the place. They were poor for their station in life, but one of the daughters was very fascinating, and both the brothers fell in love with her. It was said that she flirted with the elder, but, after all, chose the younger. Be that as it may, she married Captain Eliot, and soon after his regiment was ordered abroad. The brothers parted not on very pleasant terms, but unhappily never met again. Captain Eliot was drowned whilst bathing, and his wife died shortly after through the shock, leaving her son in the charge of his uncle. He is the nephew you have seen here formerly—Godfrey Eliot."

(*To be continued.*)

THREE KINDS OF CURRY—INDIAN RECIPES.

CHICKEN CURRY.—Skin and cut up a fine chicken or tender fowl; shred two onions and two cloves of garlic, and fry them in butter till light brown; roll the meat in half an ounce of curry-powder, and fry with the above till brown; then put all into a stew-pan, with good stock enough to cover it, and simmer gently two hours. Veal or rabbit may be used instead of chicken.

No. 2.—Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into a stew-pan. When melted add a large onion, cut thin, and stir until it is soft, but not brown; remove the onion, and add to the butter a tablespoonful of curry powder, first mixed to a paste with water, and stir over the fire until brown; add your meat, and keep stirring till it is a rich brown. Return the onion with a cupful of rich gravy or broth, a little water, two cloves, a scrap of cinnamon, and a little lime-peel. Stir gently for ten minutes, add a teacupful of new milk, and simmer for fifteen minutes more. If the curry should seem too thin, simmer a little longer. Add salt to taste, and a little lemon-juice before serving.

No. 3.—Cut two or three small onions into shreds, and put them into a stew-pan with half a pound of butter. Place the pan over a brisk fire, and fry the onions until brown. Cut the meat into square pieces, and throw in with it a tablespoonful of curry powder, and stir all until well browned; then add a cupful of rich gravy. If for a dry curry, allow the gravy to be nearly absorbed; for the contrary, add another cupful, boil, and serve up.

All these curries should be served in the same manner—namely, on a dish with a wall of rice round them. The rice should be steamed, *not boiled*, to the extreme of softness, but, if properly done, each grain will remain distinct from its neighbours, and of a beautiful whiteness, and make a handsome garnish as well as a proper accompaniment to the delicious curries enumerated above.

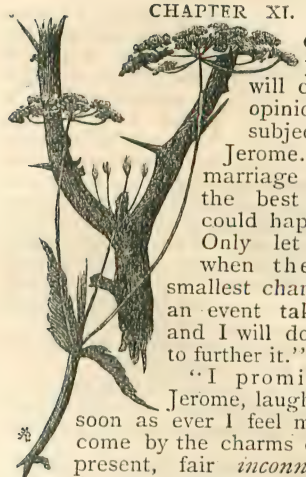
GINGER WINE.—Boil 4 oz. of whole ginger for half an hour in two gallons of water, add the rinds of four large lemons very thinly pared, and boil four minutes longer. Pour the liquor on 6 lb. of loaf sugar, and when nearly cold add the juice of the lemons and a little fresh yeast. On the following day pour it into the barrel with a little brandy. Stir daily until it ceases to ferment, which will be in about a fortnight. Bung it tightly and leave for six or seven weeks, then bottle it. The beverage thus simply made is as brisk as good champagne, and a most refreshing summer drink when mixed with half water.

COWSLIP WINE is more troublesome on account of the gathering and picking of the flowers; but who would object to work with such sweet materials? To two gallons of flowers, carefully picked, add two gallons of water, and boil three minutes. Strain off the liquor, and boil it again with 2 oz. of ginger for about twenty minutes, then add the rinds of two lemons, boil a little longer, and pour on 7 lb. of loaf sugar. Add lemon-juice and yeast as in making ginger wine, and work in the same manner. When bottled put a dessert-spoonful of brandy into each bottle before pouring in the wine.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XI.



"YOU are young; you will change your opinion upon this subject I hope, Jerome. A happy marriage would be the best thing that could happen to you. Only let me know when there is the smallest chance of such an event taking place, and I will do my utmost to further it."

"I promise," said Jerome, laughing. "As soon as ever I feel myself overcome by the charms of some, at present, fair *inconnue*, I will fly post haste to St. Aubin, and pour out my difficulties into your sympathetic ears. But, to tell you the truth, Etienne, I could have but a very poor opinion of any woman who had the bad taste to fall in love with me, who could wish for such a good-for-nothing as I am for a husband. I should suspect her of desiring to sell herself for a title, since I possess neither virtues nor riches. But with you the case is altogether different. Although you have stripped yourself, to a certain extent, to save me, you are so richly endowed in other respects that a good woman would feel herself honoured by your love. And if she knew the reason of your straitened circumstances it would but increase your merit in her eyes. There is nothing in the world to hinder any pure and noble woman feeling for you the tenderest and most loving reverence."

"God forbid! I hope this 'she' exists nowhere but in your too fervid imagination, *mon frère*."

"And I hope she exists in reality, and will soon show herself. For you, even more than for me, a happy marriage is necessary. I find in society all that you can only obtain and enjoy in a wife. Only fancy what an impetus the constant association of some gentle, kindred spirit would be to your studies! How refreshing it would be to have her minister to you when you were tired, or stimulate you with her fresh and fervid ideas when your own flagged, to have all your joys increased, your burdens lightened, by her helpful sympathy——"

"Say no more, Jerome; I have indulged in such a visionary possibility, but only when my mind has been overexcited, and I am convinced that it would not be good for any of us to realise our ideal of perfect happiness in this world."

"Before we quit the subject let me describe her to you, so that you will

know her when you meet. She is tall and slender, fair and gentle, pure as a lily, and somewhat like a lily in appearance. She will not be given to much speaking, but what she says will be a continual revelation of her own saintly soul. She will carry about with her an atmosphere which will make us grosser mortals feel to be on the knees of our minds when we are in her presence. In fact, she will be altogether a creature——"

"'Much too bright and good
For any mortal's daily food,'"

aptly parodied Etienne, with a smile. "I shall know her at once from your description, and avoid her like poison."

Jerome opened wide his eyes.

"What, is she not saintly enough?"

"Far too saintly—an angel, not a woman at all. Are you sure she has not wings folded away somewhere?"

"I can't be certain. Now that I reflect, she must have had, for they have carried her off already."

"So much the better. Joy go with her."

"Will nothing, then, tempt you to forget the irrevocable past?" pleaded Jerome.

"Nothing. It has become part of myself."

"But out of the ashes of our dead selves a phœnix sometimes springs."

"Not here, not in this world. We are what the past has made us."

"And yet you would have me reform, and become other than I have been. Why should not the same thing be possible to you in another sense? You read and think too much, Etienne. You shut yourself up alone at St. Aubin until you become possessed with all sorts of gloomy and morbid fancies. I believe it is as much your duty to struggle against them as it is mine to strive to overcome the improvident habits which have led me into my present difficulties."

"It may be so," said Monsieur St. Just, musingly. "Come and pay me a visit at St. Aubin, Jerome, and you shall save me from myself. I want a friend, and I have none. Come, we will be happy together. You shall teach me what sport is, and I will introduce you to some of the choice wisdom of dead and gone thinkers. You can do me ever so much good. Will you come?"

The Marquis was deeply moved by this appeal. He was not altogether deceived by it, and believed that it was made more as affording him a good opportunity to break with old associates and old habits, which he must in part forego in order to keep his promises, than for his brother's own sake. So delicately had Monsieur St. Just contrived to prefer his request, however, that Jerome never imagined the real amount of self-sacrifice which it would involve, which was none the less self-sacrifice because in the end it was likely to react beneficially upon him who made it.

"Yes," he said, frankly, "I will come as soon as ever I can arrange to leave Paris."

"That is a promise. I shall expect you."

Then Monsieur St. Just, seeing that his brother, in the excitement of their converse, had already taken as much wine as was good for him, drew him away to stroll in the park. From the Bois, a little later, they took a *fiacre* to the offices of the notary, and in a very short time the deed which despoiled Etienne to save Jerome was done past recal.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

SCATTERING SCANDAL.—A woman used to make great use of her tongue in talking scandal, and one day she confessed this weakness to the minister of the parish in which she lived. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at his instructions, she obeyed, and then returned and told him she had scattered the seed. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather it up again; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports she had circulated about others. A thoughtless, careless child can scatter a handful of thistle-seeds before the wind in a moment, but the strongest and wisest man cannot gather them again.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The one around the other oft is seen,
Encircling it with graceful garlands green.

Odd change! at first a nymph and then a cow,
And, last, a butterfly, as I am now!

Another name as butterfly I own;
I'm not contented with one name alone.

The egg whence I, as caterpillar, issue
Contains but little of this needful tissue.

XIMENA.

WASH AND BE CLEAN.—Washing carries a train of wholesomeness behind it, besides directly producing a sentiment of healthiness. Some good deeds are followed at a long interval by their results, and we have to wait patiently for a return. But there is nothing in which cause and effect can be so immediately and easily connected and enjoyed compared with obedience to the great law and command of the Kingdom of God, where that which is fair ever fights against that which is foul:—"Wash and be clean."

THE GREATEST OF ALL BLESSINGS.—I have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act upon the conviction) that health is a great blessing—competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing—and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be a Christian.—*Coleridge.*

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

At one of our public schools many of the children who came from a distance were accustomed to bring lunch, and thus saved a long walk home for dinner. They generally ate it together, and had a merry time of it. Among those who remained, one of the teachers noticed a little girl who never brought any lunch, but who looked wistfully at her playmates, as they were eating and enjoying themselves. But one day the girl brought her bundle also, wrapped in paper. At noon she did not go with the others, but remained at her desk, as if preferring to eat alone. The teacher, thinking her unsocial, advised her to go to the lunch-room with her playmates, and walked towards the desk to take the bundle. But the little girl, bursting into tears, said:—

"Don't touch it, teacher; and oh, teacher, don't tell, please—it's only blocks."

The poor girl had had no dinner to bring, but wished to keep up appearances, so as not to be unlike her schoolmates. And she was one of the best scholars in the school. She was very dear to the teacher, we may be sure, after that incident.

BURIED FURNITURE.

What a bleak look-out it is to be sure.

We had such airy rooms, it was too luxurious, I declare.

They live so far away from us.

Give him a trial however stupid or ugly he may seem to you.

He gained his chief end, erratically, indeed, but fairly.

"Have you read More's 'Utopia?'" "No, I have not."

"Take a cab." I nettled him by this suggestion.

Look at this cuttle-fish, is it not a monster?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

EDITH ANNIE B.—Many thanks for the pretty little book. "How to Embroider in Crewels," see vol. i., pages 139, 189, 264.

JOHNNIE'S DARLING.—Sew the strips of coloured cloth together, and wind them into balls; when you have collected a sufficient quantity, knit them on strong pins made of iron wire into a square or a long strip the width required.

THE MOTHER OF TWO SUFFOLK SHIRTMAKERS.—We know of no other method of teaching knitting, and fear you will find it a difficult task to teach a blind elderly woman. Perhaps if you got a large pair of old gloves, and greased them inside, and used glycerine to the hands, you might render them more soft and flexible.

CHRISTMAS.—No "tools" are required to do feather work that we know of, save some stout needles and sharp scissors. You do not tell us what you wish to make.

CLO and PANSY.—See "How to Crochet a Jersey," page 223, vol. ii.

IDA VANE.—Consult "My Work Basket," as you will find all the new ideas in that, and full descriptions of many things suitable for a bazaar.

EDUCATIONAL.

KITTIE.—Such societies and clubs are generally formed amongst the girls of a certain locality who unite among themselves. See page 599, vol. ii., for a society to help in home study.

GRANDMERE.—It is impossible for us to act as agents in obtaining situations of any kind. There are several thoroughly good foreign agencies in London which you had better consult, observing a proper caution in all your arrangements.

CARRISSIMA.—See "Instruction by Correspondence," page 274, vol. ii., and read numberless articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. For the classes held at Newnham College, Cambridge, address the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge. For Miss Shore's correspondence classes address that lady at Orchard Poyle, Taplow, Maidenhead. We should return the number to the seller.

SALLY BRASS.—"Clerkships in the Post Office and Telegraph Offices" were fully considered at page 112, vol ii. See also "Clerks Under Government," 543, vol. i.

AGATHA MAY.—Address the Secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

BUTTERCUP AND DAISY.—We should advise you to visit a blind asylum or school; you would then obtain the best idea of all the new appliances for their instruction.

MISS MUCH PERPLEXED.—Write to the office of the *Sunday at Home*, 56, Paternoster-row, for the numbers we advised, and read the various articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

OLGA.—You do not give us sufficient information to help you, but if you write to Messrs. Hatchards', Piccadilly, for Part IV. of the "Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," price 6d., you

will find out all about the different colleges and schools, and their terms, and choose that which will suit you best. A little borax in the water will make it soft. Do not write so long a letter next time.

ESSE QUAM VIDERI, HANDCLASP, and FRANCES wish to become nurses. We think St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., would be suitable for them all, as it is one of the few hospitals where training can be procured for one year. Ladies serve as assistant nurses, and are paid at the rate of £1 to £1 per annum and uniform. Inquiries about Charing Cross Hospital, and the sisterhood by which it is nursed, must be addressed to the Lady Superior, St. John's House, 6, Norfolk-street, Strand, W.C. We are much obliged for the kind message contained in the letter of "Handclasp."

ZETA.—Send us particulars and references, and we will judge for ourselves.

KENTISH NELLIE.—We have no such clubs in connection with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. You have been misinformed. You ask for a recipe for preserving beans, and you never mention to what kind of beans you refer.

MOSS ROSE.—1. The Leipsic Conservatoire would be the best, we think. 2. Write the amount in figures. Pray do not be offended at the remark that, judging from your note, your English education has been much neglected, and should be at once looked to.

WILD ROSE.—Your question was answered, we believe. The only book we know of at a moderate price would be "The Handy Book for Bible Readers," 55, Paternoster-row, E.C.

PAULINE DE MEULAN.—We think you might study many other things which would be of more value to yourself and to others.

TOTTENHAM.—The *Cornwall* School Ship, off Purfleet, Essex, trains juvenile offenders under the Reformatory Schools Act. Captain A. Morrell, R.N, Captain Superintendent on board the ship. The *Chichester* and *Arethusa* Training Ships, off Greenhithe, Kent. Address the Secretary, at the Boys' Refuge, 25, Great Queen-street, Holborn, E.C.

G. E. G.—Take a dictionary and look out the three words. The proposition, as you put it, contains no statement whatever, and a verdict cannot be either one or other, though it can contain both.

IVY.—The National Society's Training College, of Whitelands, Chelsea, London, S.W.; also the colleges at Swansea and Darlington of the British and Foreign School Society.

F. G.—The Society of Arts holds examinations in April; fee, 2s. 6d., and open to all candidates over fourteen years of age. Address the Secretary, John-street, Adelphi, London, W.C. We do not give addresses which are merely advertisements of shops.

MATAR.—You have been quite misinformed as to the character of the society you mention, as it is in no wise a school nor training institution, but merely a private charitable society. There is a School of Wood Engraving at 124, Kennington-park-road, London, where the students are superintended by a lady, and where meals may be had at a fixed tariff. Write and make inquiries.

S. C. L.—See "Clerks under Government," page 543, vol. i. Also page 112, vol. ii.

KYRIE ELEISON.—Go to a foreign library, the names and addresses of which you will find in a London directory.

GWENDOLINE.—1. We should think from £50 to £60 per annum or more, according to the number of pupils you undertake to teach. Exercise and the avoidance of the flesh-forming foods and milk would tend to reduce a tendency to grow excessively fat. But remember that it is always a dangerous experiment to endeavour to reduce flesh, even under a doctor's suggestions.

IOTA.—1. You would find Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography" a delightful book, and well suited to your brother. 2. If you can get a friend to bring them, though plants can be packed in moss at the proper seasons, and travel without injury if the packing be well done. A damp corner and rather shady is suitable to lilies-of-the-valley.

AMY W. and JETTIE.—Read "Clerks under Government," page 543, vol. i.; also page 112, vol. ii.

ALICE VERNEY.—Read "Teaching an Infant-class," page 730, vol. ii.

BLUE EYES, JOAN OF ARC, ROSA ALBA, and TENNIS NET.—Read "How to Improve the Education," page 794, vol. ii.

ORLANDO.—Try the railway bookstalls. Improve your "m," "n," and "u"; they are all like "u," and cross your "t's."

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—We believe the charge to be for each subject.

C. A. M.—We should recommend "The History of Greece," by the Rev. F. Arnold, price 6s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Perseverance will accomplish most things.

LADY CHARLIE.—There is only one public school called "Harrow," namely, that situated at Harrow-on-the-Hill, near London.

FAY and KATIE.—Write to the Secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., and enclose stamps for an answer.

A STRANGER.—The Mission Training House for Ladies, Alexandra-road, Addlestone, Surrey, and The Ladies' Association of the S. P. G., Miss Bullock, 19, Delaney-street, S.W.

SNOWDROP.—We do not quite know what the "Royal University" means. If the University of London, information may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Gower-street, W.C.

MARY STUART.—Read "How to Improve the Education," pages 637, 794, vol. ii.

COOKERY.

RUBY C.—We thank you for your recipe for apple jelly, which we now insert. Your writing wants firmness:—To four quarts of water add 8 lb. of apples not pared, but cut into thin round slices. Throw them into the water immediately, so as to preserve their colour. Place the stewpan or saucepan on the fire to boil the apples slowly for two hours, until thoroughly dissolved. Then put them into a hair sieve, but without using any pressure, and taking care that none of the pulp shall pass through the sieve into the juice. Add a pound of white sugar to every pound of juice, and boil all quickly for half an hour. Take up a little in a saucer to see whether it have jellied, and when it does, steep a mould in cold water and pour the jelly into it. The peel and juice of a lemon will improve it. Let it stand for some days before required for use; and to leave sufficient time for the draining before-named, make the jelly before night. If poured into small-sized pots and moulds it will be found to keep very well, covered, as is usual in preserving jam.

MUSIC.

BLUE ROSE.—See information on the National Anthem at page 624, vol. ii.

ETNA.—If you do not live too far from London, go to a large music-shop when you come up, and ask for their songs for the guitar, and choose for yourself, or else write for the names of any new ones which may have been brought out.

TOPSY.—*Alto-viola* means the viola, or tenor violin. The two last words you send us appear to be nonsense. You have made a mistake in copying them.

AN INVALID.—The author was Rogers, of Sheffield. We believe the name of the author of the "Christmas Carol" is forgotten. It is very ancient.

LIZZIE B.—Ask your music mistress to speak to your parents on the subject, and if they still desire it, do the best you can to please them. Be assured the best blessings lie in the path of obedience and submission. Your writing and spelling are shocking.

BLANCHE ARUNDEL.—The anthem is from the oratorio of *Saul*. Inquire at a musicseller's.

SANTA LUCIA.—See "The Brook," page 648, vol. ii.

JESSICA B.—"Sabaoth" is a Hebrew word meaning "hosts," in allusion to the angels, the people of God, or the armies of Israel.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PUSSY'S MISTRESS.—When your cat is hungry she will soon eat her breakfast; we can tell you of nothing better than oatmeal or bread and milk. We are glad to hear of your prize, and your pleasure in receiving it.

HELEN.—We suppose Sir Walter Scott must have meant either the oak or the cypress. The "Idæan goddess" was Cybele, when worshipped on Mount Ida. The fir-tree was sacred to her.

NAN.—See "Talks about Gardening," vol. ii., page 410.

MURIEL and HELEN.—Dog soaps may be obtained at any chemist's. Send the terriers to the stable to be washed.

L. B. S.—We sympathise deeply with you and your sisters in your bereavement, which is indeed a heavy and grievous one. Words of consolation seem merely useless in the earliest hours of crushing sorrow. The Scripture testimony that "Jesus wept," at a similar time, shows us that He who is our great Example found no consolation, and wept as we do over a loved one dead. Then, however, comes the glorious reminder, "He is not dead, but sleepeth" till the morning of the Resurrection. If you have a home, we should advise the sisters keeping together, and perhaps a boarder might relieve you of some of the expense, if you could obtain one; of course the housekeeping would require extra attention, and you would not feel you were doing nothing if you were to devote as much of your time as possible to it. We fear we can advise nothing better, for as you have all been accustomed to tuition it is best to keep to that, though with the house and furniture you should be able to earn something extra.

SPATCH COCK.—Westminster Abbey was originally founded by Edward the Confessor, between the years 1055 and 1065. But Sebart, king of the East Saxons, built the mother church during the seventh century, on the same site. The name of "Westminster" was given to the Abbey to distinguish it from the Cathedral of St. Paul's, once known as "Eastminster." However, of the Abbey built by the Confessor not much remains but the "pyx house," which adjoins the "chapter-house," and that part of the cloister now employed by the Westminster boys as a gymnasium. The chief part of the present building was erected by Henry III., and to him we owe the misfortune of the demolition of the Confessor's work. But he met with retribution from the hands of Henry VII., who built his own chapel on the ruins of Henry III.'s work. The upper portions of the two towers were built by Sir Christopher Wren, but little alteration has been made since Henry VII.'s time. Your spelling is shocking.

G.M. W.—The quotation you make from Renan's works is an address to the soul of his sister Henriette. Your writing is fairly good.

AMY SHAW.—We are sorry that you are unable to screw up even "a bob" at the back of your head, such as your sympathetic father has suggested. If you could do so, you might tie on a brown ribbon bow, which would hide your deficiency. We cannot devise any substitute for spectacles. Your hand is good and legible.

CLARISSA.—You will find directions for removing mould stains from the backs of books at page 407, vol. ii. Your writing is well formed, but too large. If steadfastly endeavouring to improve day by day, you have great reason to feel comforted, because God's grace has led you to make the effort.

ANNIE MARY.—1. The cocoa, of which a beverage is made, is the seed of a tree called the *Theobroma cacao*, which is perfectly distinct from the cocoa-nut tree, which is a species of palm. 2. Do not attempt to clean the old pictures in embroidered satin, or you will ruin them.

MISS BATSON.—Apply to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A GRATEFUL BROTHER has our sincere thanks for his very kind testimony to the popularity and usefulness of this magazine.

CUCKOO.—We are sorry for your trouble, dear, but glad you confessed to your good brother that you had deceived him, and you must be very careful henceforth about speaking the truth, and obedience to him as your guardian. He will soon perceive that you are in earnest, and will trust you as he did before. You have spelt your letter well, and the commas are well placed.

BESSIE.—The rent must be either back rent or current rent—which is it? Your explanations are too vague. We know of no cure for grey hair.

HAZEL.—Read "How to Improve the Education," in vol. ii., page 637. We never heard of such a custom as you relate, viz., "leaving your card on the dressing-table, after having spent a few days anywhere." This is quite a funny idea. The housemaid's dust-pan would be its next destination, when she had spelt it over and pronounced the inscription after such a fashion that you would not recognise your own name!

GERANIUM.—1. The preservation of the plants from wind and heavy rain and from draught may perhaps save the blossoms on your "window plants" from falling. 2. The "best pen to use" is the pen that best suits the style of the handwriting; and every one must judge of that for themselves. The present depends on the gentleman's age.

PATTIE.—Perhaps a carbolic hair-wash, prepared by some good chemist, might be of use to you. But not having met with a similar case we have no experience to place at your service.

EVA GRAHAM and TROTTIE S.—Our first-named correspondent might be benefited by the use of electric baths; but if she tried them, it should be under a doctor's directions; because, two people suffering from the same complaint may have to be treated after a perfectly different method, though both alike with electricity. It is possible that she may need spectacles if the aching be consequent on their use in reading or work. Trottie should beware of damp feet or clothing, or draughts; also of reading and work, especially by candle-light till her eyes recover. Perhaps a good chemist, if not a doctor, could recommend a good eye-wash. Without any knowledge of her case we could not prescribe further. 2. Exposure of a delicate skin to the sun and wind sometimes brings moles.

ST. KEVIN.—We never found that the use of soap produced a crop of hair. This would indeed be a valuable discovery on your part. But, as some animal immortalized in fable is said to have observed, so the hairdressers would say to you, "What is life to you is death to us!"

WANDERING HEART.—Write for back numbers to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. Of what consequence can it be to you or your friends whether the girl you named talk about you to the school teacher or not, if you keep a watch over your words and actions, and give her nothing to tell that you should be ashamed of? 3. Nothing can remove the scars of small-pox.

C. H. B.—Study what has been said in reference to the house-work to be done by waitress (parlour-maid) and housemaid, as well as by the cook. None of that work can be left undone. So a general servant has to rise all the earlier and divide her time an hour for this, and another for that, very punctually if all have to be accomplished by one pair of hands. Remember that your head may save both hands and feet, if you learn how to use your common sense.

ETHEL.—We regret to say we do not know of any method of earning money at home without any previous training.

ELSIE.—Many thanks for the lovely roses.

L.—Use ordinary flour paste, and brown holland or coarse linen.

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A DAUGTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

DAMARIS AND MADAME LA MARQUISE.

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CHAPTER XII.

IN THE SALON OF MADAME LA MARQUISE.

THE next evening, Monsieur St. Just by that time being well on his way to St. Aubin, Monsieur le Marquis lounged into his mother's well-filled *salon*. It was one of her nights for receiving, when Madame la Marquise, in spite of her affliction, managed to gather a charmed circle about her, and to hold it together by the spell of her beauty and her wit. She drew Jerome playfully into the heart of it at once, to tell her the latest news of Etienne's departure, and the purpose which had brought him could not be immediately fulfilled. However, the pearl grey silk was at last partially isolated at the piano, and he at once seized the opportunity he had been seeking, and slipped into a somewhat secluded seat by Mademoiselle Hartley's side.

"Play on, mademoiselle, and cover the sound of my voice, so that it reaches no ears but your own."

"Are you going to sing? Do you wish for an accompaniment?"

"Certainly not. What I have to say boasts neither rhythm nor harmony. I want your promise never again to speak evil of me to my brother."

"I, monsieur? I speak evil of you?"

This abrupt charge pained and confused Damaris considerably. The blood surged to her temples, and burned hotly in her cheeks. She had much ado to keep her fingers from wandering into discords.

"What do you mean?" she said indignantly, "and when have I spoken evil of you?"

"Our acquaintance is not of such long standing at present that you need ask that. Did you not yesterday evening complain to Monsieur St. Just of my impertinence?"

"I said that I very much disliked such gross flattery as that to which I had been compelled to listen, and that if I were subjected to a repetition of it I must leave. That is all."

Then in an altered tone, one of intense pride and pain, she added:—

"Has Monsieur St. Just spoken to you of our conversation?"

"He did not mention you in connection with the subject, trust Etienne for that. But before he left to-day, he thought well to give me a round scolding, and to extract from me a promise not to repeat the offence of which I seem to have been guilty last night. Either I must not indulge in reveries, or I am not to be permitted the privilege of describing them afterwards for my mother's entertainment. Are you not grieved to have deprived her of so great an intellectual feast?"

"I think the Marquise would rather be spared it," said Damaris, quietly, making an effort to restrain her laughter, which was due rather to the great relief his words contained than to their nonsense.

"If you can for one moment entertain the idea of leaving my mother on account of me," continued the Marquis, "you will compel me to banish myself."

"That must never be, monsieur. A son must never be obliged to give place to a stranger."

"You are more necessary to my mother than I am, and I will not have her deprived of so pleasant, so amiable a companion, because she has the misfortune to possess a son who makes himself obnoxious."

Damaris thought his self-depreciation exaggerated and hardly sincere, but she would not gratify him with any disclaimer; on the contrary, she accepted it in apparent good faith, and with a demureness that both amused and annoyed him.

"It rests with yourself, monsieur. I do not think any one else is likely to offend in the same way that you have done."

"Well, I am determined. If ever again I have the misfortune to excite your indignation, I will seek and share my brother's solitary life."

"It might be better for you in some respects than a Parisian one, monsieur."

"What! you wish to banish me at once, before I have another chance of offending?"

"To prevent an evil is often better than to cure one," said Damaris. Her vexation was speedily melting away under his pleasant *bonhomie*. Perhaps, after all, she said to herself, she had been too ready to take offence.

"You shall command me. Would you rather that I never seemed to perceive your presence when I visit my mother? that I never addressed a word to you? never even treated you with the most distant salutation?"

"You are too well versed in the ways of society for me to dictate to you, monsieur."

"Nevertheless, give me a hint as to what will please you."

"I would have you treat me without affectation, but with due respect for the position I hold. And also give me credit for perceiving your true meaning, even when you endeavour to wrap it up in metaphor."

"For the future I promise you, mademoiselle, that my admiration shall always take the form of the profoundest respect. You shall never again have the smallest reason to complain of me. Only let us be friends, and do not, either to Etienne or to *ma mere*, use that terrible threat of abandoning her to become the prey of another Mademoiselle Arglade."

Having thus done his best to repair his fault, and to reassure Damaris, Monsieur le Marquis went on to speak in praise of his brother, to tell her how he valued, and meant to seek to deserve his good opinion. This did more to reinstate him in her favour than all that had gone before. Generous and unaffected praise of another she took to be the best proof that could be given of a really fine nature. This evening she went to her room full of regret for having allowed herself to misjudge Monsieur le Marquis, and for having suffered her opinion of him to be biassed by evil reports. She could not readily forgive herself for having taken last evening as a specimen of his general behaviour.

"I have been hasty, unjust, and resentful, and this must be the impression of me Monsieur St. Just has received. He evidently thought my anger had to be appeased like that of a foolish child. From what he said, he expects us to go to St. Aubin. Then I shall be able to tell him that I was too quick to take offence, and too rash in forming conclusions."

In this thought she rested.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HABITS OF POLITE SOCIETY.

IN the first part of the series of notes indicated in the above title I promised to supply, as one item amongst many, some directions on "complimentary" and "family mourning." So, before entering upon a consideration of a very miscellaneous collection of rules, the former subject shall be made my opening *topic*, premising that the statements given emanate from the highest authority.

In giving any such directions, however, it must be remembered that special cases must not be met with any conventional hard and fast rules. Circumstances of great personal attachment, respect, or obligation; or of a residence in the house with relatives who may be in the deepest affliction, may each render a greater depth and duration of the external "trappings of woe" a matter of imperative duty. At Courts, where the interests of trade, the obligations of State display, and brilliancy of costume, are matters demanding consideration—utterly precluding any long-continued dreariness of appearance—the wearing of mourning is of very brief duration. Thus persons in high society, whose personal connection with Court, or with relatives who must be in frequent attendance there, cannot act altogether independently of those customs and fashions, which are obligatory under such circumstances. At the same time the existence of these rules amongst the *élite* will hold all other persons free from blame who are pleased to decide on their adoption.

Let us give to the subject of "Family Mourning" the precedence, beginning with that obligatory on a widow. For the first twelve months she may wear deep crape and a suitable cap, and no invitations during this period—out of the circle of her own immediate family, or *incognito* with a very intimate friend—should be accepted. Some change in the style of her dress is allowed on entering the second year of widowhood, when she may exchange her crape-trimmed barathea, or such-like material, to a widow's silk dress, deeply trimmed with crape, and continue to wear it for a period of six months. After this time the crape may be reduced, and jet trimmings employed during the next six months, when a two years' mourning will have been completed, and the crape should be altogether removed. For the first six months of the third year she may wear grey and lavender-coloured dresses and trimmings, and then colours, like other people.

For a father, mother, or child the present mourning lasts for one year. For three months the deepest black; for the second three months, silk and crape; for the third quarter, black and jet trimmings, without crape; for the fourth, black and white, the ornaments permitted being diamonds and pearls, and grey gloves instead of black (or, at Court, white). But while giving you the rule now obtaining, as regards the mourning for such near relatives, amongst persons going out into society amongst the aristocracy, I by no means wish my readers to understand that even persons of the same position in life, who do not

go into the society of Courts, restrict the marks of love and respect for parents or children to limits so scanty as those I have described. A year's crape, lightened a little at the end of the first six months, and slight mourning for the first quarter of the second year, is the old-fashioned custom, still kept up by all those to whom the outward semblance of grief is a true index of the heart's affliction. But this can only be, provided that they possess the requisite means so to vent their own feelings, and are not thwarted by the exactions of the position they hold, and the society in which they live.

For grandparents, the modern rule is to wear silk and crape for three months; plain black for three more; and black and grey or lavender for the last three, so reducing the mourning to nine months.

For a brother or sister, society prescribes only three months of crape, two of black, and one of half mourning.

For an uncle, aunt, nephew, or niece, two months of crape, and one of black.

For a great uncle or aunt, two months in black, and one in half mourning.

For a first cousin, three weeks in black and three in half mourning.

For a second cousin, or first once removed, three weeks in black.

And here attention must again be drawn to the exception which I have taken to the brief duration, and slight character of the mourning described as sufficient only, "in society" of a certain class, for parents, and apply my observations to the rules given respecting brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and nephews and nieces. For persons who are free from the cold and artificial influences of a Court and its hard exactions, and who occupy a place in what may be described as private society, who may render ungrudgingly the outward expression of respect or sorrow for those who shared the same blood with themselves—for these persons six months of the deepest crape would seem but too little for a brother or sister, or even in many cases for an uncle, aunt, nephew, or niece.

We have now arrived at the second part of my subject, viz., the rules obtaining in reference to "complimentary mourning." It is worn by a second wife for the near relatives of her predecessor; by a mother for the parents of a son or daughter-in-law; and for their brothers and sisters, for a period of six weeks. But this should consist of black only, not in combination with crape. For a friend black may reasonably be worn for a month or six weeks; and for the head of your family (if a peer), a month.

Having already given an entire article on the subject of "mourning," to which the reader is referred—page 398, vol. ii., I hope that the information with which I have now supplemented my views on a much vexed question will prove of some use to those who are troubled by any doubts with reference to it.

And now from the etiquette of these black *habiliments* I pass on to give a few hints on suitability of dress in general.

Nothing could look more vulgar than to be over-dressed in the street. A handsome costume of bright colour, suitable for a dinner-party, might likewise be worn at a flower-show, a concert, or a garden-party; but very bright colours, in rich silk, satin, or velvet materials, are quite unsuitable for afternoon visiting. To wear such, even if driving, to make calls on friends and acquaintances, would be to make yourself an object of very unfavourable criticism, and stamp you as one who was ignorant of the habits of society. The kindest of the observations made would be—"What a pity that poor Miss So-and-So should not know better than to go out of an afternoon dressed like that!"

Some description of white dress is to be worn at "confirmation," and a white cap. But the precise character of the dress—respecting which continual inquiries are made—should depend, not on personal fancy, but on what has been arranged for the occasion in each respective parish. It is in better taste to be dressed as much like the other persons of your own position, and as nearly in harmony with the rector's wishes as possible, all appearance of display being carefully avoided. Humility should then pre-eminently mark your whole deportment, and the absence of desire to attract attention.

In reference to visiting or afternoon walking-costumes, they may be handsome, but the colours should never be brilliant, nor the style and designs remarkable. Your carriage and deportment at all times, especially out of doors, should be a more distinguishing characteristic than the clothing with which you are covered.

There is also a distinction to be made between the style of your dress in the country and that in the town. For example—you may take a country walk in an "ulster" at any time of the day; but, excepting in bad weather, justifying the wearing of wraps, persons in the upper classes restrict their wear to the forenoon, if in a large city. In the same way bonnets are more suitable to persons of middle age than hats, especially in the afternoon; except it be in the garden or to take a country walk, when a wide brim may be an object for the shade it affords, rather than for its youthfulness of style.

There should always be some change made in your dress in the evening. An old summer dress may look well by candlelight which is past wear by day; and thus, if an object, economy may be as much studied as good taste by such a use of it. If unable to afford, or in travelling to carry, an evening dress, a fresh bodice might be worn, or a change of collar and cuffs made, or a *fichu*, or arrangement of lace put on round the neck, to give an appearance of change of costume; which, according to the most commonly known rules of society, is regarded as a mark of respect to those with whom you dine or spend the evening. But, of course, the observance of this "habit" must depend on the circumstances of the individual; and much that I am now writing is obviously for those of my young friends in the "upper classes."

Now that short dresses are worn out of doors, my next caution is scarcely called for at present; but should they return to fashion pray bear in mind the annoyance to others occasioned by allowing the skirt to touch the ground, as well as the uncleanliness of the practice, your own interest alone considered. If you imagine that to fasten up your long dress, so as to clear the ground, looks ungraceful, you may feel quite persuaded that you would look far worse, personally, if your dress were used as a scavenger's street broom; and, worse, morally, showing you to be so indifferent to the comfort of others who follow you on the same footway, and whom you smother with the dust raised by your dirty and loathsome skirt.

Enough of these obligations on the subject of dress, so many, and so diverse, are the little rules yet to be given on other points, and which cannot find a place within the limits of this article, excepting after a somewhat disjointed fashion.

We will suppose that you are paying an afternoon visit. Do not send up your card, but give the servant your name very distinctly, and leave your umbrella or wraps in the hall, especially if they be damp. One of the men-servants (in any great house) will take them from you. If the reception-room be empty, remain standing until one of the family shall appear; or, if you be fatigued and sit down, at least be careful to rise before she enters the room. Do not swing your parasol, nor hold the handle to your mouth—a trick as silly-looking as it is useless—nor gripe the hand offered you, so as to drive into your friend's fingers all the rings worn. In fact, you should not even press the hand of a superior, but leave yours passively, though closely, inserted in theirs. Never give the tips of your fingers, nor present two only; nor ever the left hand, which is regarded as a great impoliteness. The ungracious character of the significance attached to it may be understood through that implied by a "left-handed compliment." This idea has descended to us from the ancient Romans, with whom the right was esteemed to represent good fortune, and the left bad, according to the teaching of their augurs. Thus also "Morganatic marriages" are called "left-handed marriages," the left hand being given on such occasions, instead of the right, by the husband.

When shaking hands with an equal, do not give one great jerk downwards, as if you were pulling a stiff bell-rope, nor saw your hand up and down half a dozen times. One little kindly shake—your hand well locked in theirs—with a slight pressure, is amply sufficient to represent the cordial nature of the greeting. Keep your feet and hands still, and neither fiddle with anything, nor make any rapping. Do not forget yourself so much as to tilt up the back legs of your chair, nor sit either on its edge, or on one side, so as to look as if you were going to slip off on the floor. Even if there be a rocking-chair in the room, it would be an act of intrusive familiarity to swing yourself in it, unless invited so to do. Avoid the frequent repetition of anyone's name when in conversation with them. "Yes, Mrs. So-and-so," "I do not know, Mrs. So-and-so," is a style of speaking as irritating as it is vulgar, and very common amongst half-bred people and little school-girls. The name should be sparingly used; and you should always avoid answering any question in monosyllables. A short blunt manner is always impolite.

But the "Habits of Polite Society" are not restricted to intercourse with friends outside the precincts of home; they are observed by all who are truly "well-bred" in the family circle. Yet there are those who could not be guilty of a rude or unkindly action at any time, nor of a vulgar one outside that circle, who are most careless and self-indulgent within it. For example, I have seen such persons perform duties of the toilet in the drawing or dining-room, such as the cutting and regulation of the nails, and employment of a tooth-pick; the trick of what is called "sniffing," and the noisy use of a handkerchief; or they have indulged in coughing loudly, as though everyone else were deaf. In a church coughing loudly is most ill-bred, and, worse than that, it prevents others from hearing either the prayers or preaching. It is most revolting to see low-bred men paring their nails even in a public railway carriage, and indulging in a still more disgusting habit induced by smoking. The impoliteness of standing to windward of a lady, and so allowing the smoke to be blown into her face, is a liberty that needs no comment.

One trick of very common occurrence I advise my young friends to watch against; it is the habit of putting their hands to their face and their hair, and pulling at and re-arranging any short locks. Keep your hands away from your head, loose hair may fall about, and your hands should be washed after such employment. The cracking of the finger-joints, the wriggling inside your clothes from the irritation produced by their extreme tightness, as well as every description of trick, are to be avoided. As to biting the nails, it is simply a

disgusting exhibition; destructive to the teeth as well as nails, and producing a most painful impression on all who see the results.

Before winding up this brief collection of hints, let me add a word or two on the subject of your conduct at meals. Help no one on your own plate, though clean, unless there be no other; always procure a fresh one. When offered a second help, either accept or decline it; do not say, "I have not finished what I have," because the helper must then wait your convenience, and be interrupted a second time in his own meal to supply you; besides, whoever has the charge of a dish must mentally "count heads," and be guided in the helping by the numbers to be supplied. Thus, your giving so uncertain an answer leaves him in perplexity, and may deprive him of a help altogether, having had to wait for a definitive reply.

It is the custom for a servant to lay the letters come by the morning post on the breakfast-table; if they do not arrive in the post-bag, which is the case in country places, they are placed by the plate of each person to whom they severally belong. No one else should touch them. Yet I have often seen people (members of the same family, more or less nearly connected with the owner of the letters) take up a letter, turn it round and round, endeavour to decipher the various post-marks, and to guess at the name of the writer. My young readers must not miscalculate the limits of my reprobation of such vulgar and dishonourable prying, which comes under the denunciation addressed to "busybodies in other men's matters." Let them bear in mind that the young, while minors under their parents' roof and guardianship, must by no means resent such an action, in reference to themselves, by those parents who have their interests at heart. At the same time I should strongly recommend parents, who have no reason to distrust their children, when arrived at the age of seventeen or eighteen, not by any means to act so as to give them the shadow of an impression that they are regarded with doubt, if not positive suspicion. Let them invite a willing and freely-given confidence, and raise their child's own feeling of self-respect, as a grand safeguard against all conduct of an unworthy and clandestine character.

But not only should you refrain from examining another person's closed letter, but you should carefully avoid casting glances at what they may be themselves writing, and of walking behind them while so engaged. I heard of a gentleman who was once writing a letter in some reading-room, and who was annoyed by the fact that a man stood behind his chair, he could not tell whether reading over his shoulder, or looking elsewhere; but it so disturbed him, that he tried the experiment of writing as follows:—

"I cannot continue my letter, as there is a vulgar fellow looking over my shoulder and reading all that I write."

Thrown off his guard by his surprise at the statement made, the man immediately exclaimed—

"I'm not reading your letter! What do you say that for?"

"Celui qui s'excuse, s'accuse."

And now, my young friends, I must conclude; promising that, should any further rules occur to me, anent the "Habits of Polite Society," I shall gladly give you the benefit of them on some future occasion.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

GIRLISH TROUBLES.

EASTER happened to fall almost immediately after Decima's arrival in Heidelberg; and "in consideration," as Bertie expressed it, "of the juxtaposition of the two events," ten days' entire holiday were granted to the three girls without delay. Mrs. Fitzroy judged it well that Miss Bruce should have some opportunity for studying her new pupil, before deciding on the course of action which should be pursued, with the view of getting her into better shape, and she judged it well also that Dessie's spirits should have some opportunity for evaporating before any attempt was made to put her into regular harness.

But Mrs. Fitzroy did not yet know this niece of hers. Dessie's spirits never did evaporate. She knew nothing of alternating "ups and downs." Hers were all "ups"—a kind of breezy high tableland, broken by no valleys, pleasant, doubtless, to herself, but apt to be exasperating to those about her. For, as Dessie did not pass through shady valleys herself, she had little pity for those who did.

One short letter from home reached Dessie in the course of those ten days. It contained few particulars, but spoke vaguely of Baby Hugh as "better." So the one thing which would have lowered Dessie's spirits was lacking, and she abandoned herself to the full swing of enjoyment.

The Sidney-Fitzroys were, as a family, by no means given to gravity and silence. Yet they had rarely passed ten days so full of fun and merriment, of chatter and argument, as the ten days after Decima's arrival. Dessie was irrepressible. The impression made by the check she had received on the first evening lasted with just sufficient clearness to make her moderately careful how far she indulged in boastings and self-adulations. It did not lessen her powers of talk. Her ideas flowed forth in one perpetual stream, from morning till night.

Mrs. Fitzroy began to think she had undertaken rather more than she had bargained for. Miss Bruce was in secret despair. Emmie was lost in a species of gentle wonder, mixed with admiration, at the sight of a creature so completely the antipodes of herself. Allie caught the infection of Dessie's reckless chatter, and waxed troublesome. Bertie, boy-like, disliked and encouraged her at one and the same time. Mr. Fitzroy said little, and held himself in reserve.

Easter in a foreign country had its peculiar interests for the new-comer There was the little English church, with the sweet familiar service, and the dear old chants and hymns, so especially sweet and dear to dwellers in a foreign land. But these were of little worth to Dessie. She went to church as a tedious duty, and came away, glad to be released. *Her* pleasure in Easter lay far more in the noting of foreign ways, in the countless variety of sugar and chocolate eggs displayed in shop-windows, and in the children's egg-hunts, which took place in neighbouring gardens on the morning of Easter Sunday.

Wanderings in the old town of Heidelberg and rambles through the surrounding country were the order of those ten days. Decima was perfectly indefatigable, and tired everybody out in turn. She would have liked to start off walking alone, when nobody was able to go with her, but upon this point her aunt was immovable. "No, my dear," she said, when Dessie volubly expatiated on her own years and discretion and love of independence. "In England you do as your mother likes, but here you will do as I like." And Dessie was beginning to understand that when a certain particular expression came to her aunt's face, argument was useless.

But in company with her uncle, her aunt, her cousins, and Miss Bruce, sometimes one and sometimes others, she rambled about the town, wandered through the castle grounds, went to the famed Wolfsbrunnen, climbed neighbouring heights, crossed the Neckar, and followed the river's course on either side. She was taken over the castle, was initiated into the intricacies of the splendid old ruin, was shown the huge wine-vat of a bygone age, was tricked into having the fox-tail whisked into her face from within an ancient clock, was led through dungeons and passages, ruined chambers and corridors, towers and turrets, and was introduced to the old gallery of pictures.

Dessie delighted in it all. The novelty had for her a wondrous charm. She did not enjoy as Emmie would in her place have enjoyed, and this fact, dawning slowly upon Emmie, was pain and grief to the gentle girl. There was, somehow, a curious fascination in Dessie for Emmie. She could not have explained why, but she was strangely attracted by this eager rattling thoughtless cousin. Never were two girls thrown together more utterly dissimilar in their ways. Possibly this was the very reason why each was drawn to the other. For they certainly were so drawn. Dessie laughed at Emmie, yet she liked her. Emmie wondered at Dessie, yet she loved her.

To Emmie, the principal enjoyment of a spot like Heidelberg was its exceeding loveliness. And though she had been there more than a year, she could not

weary of that loveliness. Still, the grand soft outlines of the lofty wooded heights filled her with a nameless joy. Still the fine ruin, on its proud eminence, with its broken-down bastion and its surrounding foliage, whether calm and cold in morning light, or whether glowing in rich red from the setting sun, was to her a mysterious delight, calling up visions of a dead age, linking the present with the past, telling her in low tones many a wondrous tale. Still the blue Neckar, with its quiet flow, spoke in a peaceful undertone to her heart. The word "still" is hardly needed. For to the true lover of beauty this joy is one which waxes, not wanes.

But Dessie knew nothing of such feelings. She would have dubbed them "sentiment," with reckless non-comprehension, and self-sufficiently deemed herself quite above all such nonsense. It never occurred to her that she might in reality be below it, that another might be able to appreciate where she was not able, that Emmie might possess a higher sense, which she possessed not. She delighted in the excitement, the stir, the novelty of her new life; she enjoyed long walks; she was charmed to behold and criticise German ways and German manners. But when Emmeline took her cousin to her favourite view-points, showed the most exquisite peeps of scenery, displayed the castle in its fairest aspects, all that could be obtained from Dessie was a careless, "Oh, yes! very pretty," with a glance, and then a turning aside, as if *that* duty were disposed of.

* * * *

The ten days were nearly over when Mrs. Fitzroy came one afternoon upon her eldest daughter, seated in a retired window, with a book. Emmie had so absorbed an expression that, at the first moment, Mrs. Fitzroy was about to pass on, thinking she had a lesson to prepare. A more careful glance, however, revealed to her the fact that Emmie's lips were suspiciously quivering, also that the downcast eyes were glazed with tears. Thereupon Mrs. Fitzroy paused, and quietly took a seat in the same window.

"Reading, Emmie?"

"I have a book, mamma." The voice was husky.

"I don't think you *are* reading it much," said Mrs. Fitzroy, gently lifting the volume, and making apparent the fact that it was upside down. "O Emmie, my dear!"

Emmie laughed, but gave a little choke in the middle of her laugh, as if sobs lay not far distant.

"Why have you not gone out with the others?"

"I—didn't want——"

"Tired?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy.

Emmie looked up. "Yes, I am rather, but I don't think that was all my reason."

"Miss Bruce said you seemed anxious to stay at home and read. She thought you had some history to prepare before beginning lessons again."

"No," said Emmie, faintly; "I only —wanted—to think——"

"WAS SHOWN THE HUGE WINE-VAT OF A BYGONE AGE."

Mrs. Fitzroy was not in the habit of beating about the bush, and she suddenly put the question direct—

"What has happened to distress you, Emmie?"

"Nothing, mamma; nothing has happened."

"What has occurred, then?"

Emmie almost laughed. "That is the same. Nothing has occurred of any consequence. I am only silly."

"Then don't be silly any more."

The advice seemed difficult to follow. Emmie's face worked and her chest heaved.

"Of course, since you say that nothing has happened, I am bound to believe you. But it is quite certain that your distress has a cause, my dear. You are not a little child to fret about literally nothing; and you don't usually cry about feeling poorly."

"O no; I am quite well."

"Has Dessie said anything to give you pain?"

Emmie's face flushed crimson, and two large tears fell.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Mamma, she did not mean — it wasn't anything," said Emmie hurriedly. "Please don't think too much of it. It is only—only that I am silly."

"I should like you to tell me exactly what passed, and then I shall be able to judge as to the silliness."

Emmie had some difficulty in controlling her voice to obey.

"It is stupid of me," she said again; "I ought to know Dessie better by this time. But I can't help—sometimes—feeling so very—very—disappointed."

"Disappointed in Dessie?"

Emmie nodded, and tears came in a rush. Mrs. Fitzroy's hand was laid against her cheek, comfortingly.

"Poor child!" she said. "Yes, I know. That feeling of disappointment in anyone that one loves is hard to bear."

"Mamma, did you ever have it?" sobbed poor Emmie.

"Sometimes. I am not sure that I could ever have it about Dessie, for I do not expect more than I find. What makes you take to her so strongly, Emmie?"

"I don't know. I didn't suppose anybody saw——"

"I see that you are growing very fond of her. She is not exactly the kind of girl I should have expected you to choose for a friend."

"I don't seem able to help it," said Emmie, relieved by the flow of tears, and able to speak more freely. "There is something about her that took hold of me from the first. I don't know why, for I am sure we do not suit in our tastes. We are just exactly opposites in almost everything. And I don't think Dessie cares for me half so much as I care for her. It makes me unhappy sometimes, but I could bear *that*, if only she did not disappoint me so in herself. I suppose I am stupid at understanding character, for it seems as if I were always expecting something in Dessie which I don't find. And every time I am disappointed it comes as a fresh shock."

"Now tell me what took place this morning; I must not say what *happened*, I suppose," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"I am afraid that was not quite truth," said Emmie regretfully. "It did really happen, of course. Yes; I see. But I only meant that it was nothing important. We had a walk in the castle grounds, and Dessie and I went alone to the terrace overlooking the town and river. I am very fond of the view from the terrace, and Dessie has only been there once before, on rather a dull day. It did look so lovely this morning, with the river sparkling and the sunshine making everything bright. I took Dessie into one of the little turret-places at the end of the terrace, and then I told her a little of what I felt, how such beauty seemed to whisper to me of God, and how I thought it helped one to realise just a little what heaven must be like. I was not looking at her, but at the hills, and she did not answer. And when I looked round she was laughing. I said, 'Don't you feel so sometimes, Dessie?' and she said, 'I? No! You're so awfully sentimental, Emmie; all the world can't be like you.' And I said, 'But don't you think of God when you see beautiful scenery, Dessie?' And she just shrugged her shoulders, and said, 'Why should I?' O mamma, it made me so unhappy. And I do not think Dessie quite liked my asking the question, for when we went back to Miss Bruce and the others, she began talking in her wild way about people being sentimental and nonsensical, and about romance and commonsense. She did not repeat what I had said, but she set off Bertie to laugh at me, as well as herself. They made fun of the old castle, and talked all sorts of ridiculous nonsense about the history of it, in a style like *Punch*, only not so clever. It was very silly of me to mind. But when I have a real love and reverence for people or things, I can't bear to hear them made light of."

"If you could, neither your love nor reverence would be genuine, Emmie," said Mrs. Fitzroy, breaking silence for the first time.

"I suppose not; but I should have been wiser if I had not minded so much. Dessie went on to talk about poetry, and she criticised and laughed at some of the pieces that I love most, and Dessie knows they are my favourites. She did not look vexed or out of temper, like some people, but I think she *was* vexed with me, or she would not have been so bent on vexing me. The thing I care about most is that it is so bad for Dessie. It seems as if she did not really look up to or reverence anything that is grand or good or beautiful. I can't understand it," concluded Emmie, with a deep sigh.

"You are noticing one of the great wants in Dessie's character," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "But have patience, Emmie. These are early days, and we may see a change by-and-by."

"What makes her so?" asked Emmie.

"Partly natural character, partly training. Her father has a cynical way of criticising persons and things, as if from a superior level. I don't think he is a man of great power or grasp, intellectually. If he were, he would most likely be less cynical—not that 'cynical' is quite the fair word for him either, for he is thoroughly kind-hearted. But he has evidently encouraged Dessie in the same habit. There are a certain quickness of perception and a certain rather shallow cleverness about her, which she evidently values far beyond their real worth."

"Dessie thinks herself clever, mamma, I know, for she says so."

"Yes; and she is 'clever': just that. She is not talented, or intellectual, or appreciative, or particularly well-informed, and she has no spark of true genius, but she is simply *clever*—quick and ready, with a good memory and an aptitude for seizing upon a weak point, and an abundant supply of words."

"But you like her, mamma?" said Emmie, wistfully.

"I am not sure that I can say 'Yes.' I have a due aunt-like regard for my niece, and she interests me. Dessie has her good points: she is good-humoured, and I believe she is truthful, and she has plenty of energy. I think, however, that it is a misguided character—an uneducated one. She is not *womanly*, and her principles are vague."

"She does not care to do a thing simply because it is right," murmured Emmie.

"No; that is what I mean. There is no fixed principle of duty, still less any mastering desire to serve God and to do His will. Rattling talkers occasionally, it is true, feel more deeply than they allow to appear, so I should not judge from what I can see. Dessie has evidently set before herself a model of what she considers a 'clever' girl, and does her best to act up to that model. A good many girls follow such a plan. She is not natural."

"Dessie thinks herself natural, mamma."

"She is not. Dessie is constantly acting a part."

"Somehow, I cannot help being fond of her, in spite of all," was Emmie's conclusion.

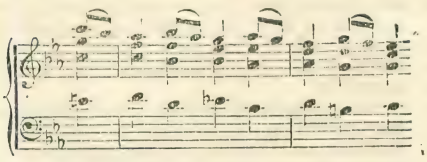
"Don't try not to help it," said Mrs. Fitzroy, rising and kissing Emmie's brow. "Your friendship and influence may be of service to her. Only don't take her for *your* model, darling, and do what you can to keep Allie from being injured by her influence. I have some anxieties on that score."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272A, Regent Circus, W.

Gavotte in the modern style, by Heinrich Mueller.—A well-written and musicianly composition, and one that we would confidently recommend to our young friends, more especially as a thorough mastery of some of its difficulties will entail a wholesome amount of practice. On line 2 of page 1 the sequence would have been more complete if it had been written as follows: —



Also in the first bar of the last line on page 3 the insertion of a flat before the note D would have averted the now very apparent effect of false relation. These are evidently oversights, as the composer elsewhere shows a thorough knowledge of harmony.

METHVEN, SIMPSON, AND CO., Dundee.

The Emigrant's Reply. An answer to the favourite Scottish ballad, "O sing to me the auld Scotch sangs." Words and music by the Rev. J. McGinness.—Here we have a song of the genuine Scotch type. The words are pretty, and set to a simple and plaintive melody. Compass from D to G. An obvious misprint occurs in the bass, bar 3 of the first line, where E is printed instead of F.

I'm Glad My Heart's My Ain. Scotch ballad. Arranged by W. T. Watson.—A simple and pleasing melody, easily arranged for a mezzo-soprano voice, compass from C to F, rather lacking originality, though, perhaps, partly for that reason sure of popularity wherever heard. Here, also, we see an awkward misprint in the bass of the third bar on page 1, where B sharp is written instead of B natural.

Eleven Part-songs for first and second Trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.—Certainly, as a collection, the best set of part-songs for two voices we have ever seen. They are all, without exception, charming, and breathe in every line the poet and the musician. Being within the reach of any ordinarily competent classes, they have only to become known to be admired. On page 5 there is a misprint, where the last note in the 9th bar of the 1st voice part should be G instead of D. Although the pianoforte accompaniment of all three songs is *obbligato*, and printed smaller than the voice parts, we must give a word of praise to the exceptional clearness of the engraving; in fact, the way in which the entire work is brought out reflects the greatest credit on the publishers.

METZLER AND CO.

Doubting and Dreaming. Music by A. Goring Thomas. Words by Theo. Marzials.—A rather romantic song, with English and French words, with a goodly number of accidentals, but not difficult.

The Cuckoo. Music by Maria E. H. Sisted. Words by Wordsworth.—A pretty song with nicely written symphony, and accompaniments birdlike and uncommon.

J. B. CRAMER.

May-Day Queen Marie. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by F. E. Weatherly.—A little romance of the month of May; music and words joyous and graceful.

When My Ship Comes Home.—Another good arrangement by the same composer, to words by Nella Parker; quite dramatic and pathetic in sentiment and music.

Chain of Memory. Music by A. H. Behrend. Poetry by Hugh Conway.—The thoughts and memories of two hearts, who, after long years of separation, meet again, are recorded in an unpretentious and quiet style. The song is in three flats and easy compass.

My Darling's Shoes. By Stephen Massett.—A pathetic song, with a domestic ring that may well bring forth tears. A slight oversight has occurred by using the word "she" instead of "he" for the lost darling.

On the Day Sylvian Spoke to Me. Romance by A. Cœdès. Sung by Madame Adelina Patti.—A soft and joyous little song, with a light, beating accompaniment. Although sang by so accomplished a vocalist, is not beyond the capacity of a moderately-proficient amateur.

Another romance by A. Cœdès, with words by H. B. Farnie, entitled *Yes! you are Free.*—It is written in valse time, with a very easy accompaniment.

HOW GIRLS MAY ENTERTAIN THEIR FRIENDS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT DRESS AND INVITATIONS.

PROMISED some time ago to write a paper on the above subject; but in transcribing the title I felt inclined to substitute the word "guests" or "visitors" for that of friends, because I can hardly imagine *real* friends being at a loss to entertain one another.

Sympathy of tastes and feeling, similarity of pursuits—in short, the very word "friendship," must suggest delight in each other's society, and an inner circle of pleasures into which an outsider cannot enter, and with whose joys none can intermeddle.

What I really have to do is to give a few hints by which a little social gathering of young people may so spend an evening together that, as a girl correspondent expresses it, "they may wish to come again."

Before suggesting materials, either for the bodily refreshment of the guests or their amusement whilst together, I should like to say something about parties in general, dress, and invitations.

As I look back upon my own young days, and think how honestly happy we were, despite the absence of anything costly or elaborate, either in food or dress, I cannot help a genuine feeling of regret at the changes which have taken place. As parents have advanced in the path of luxury, they have carried the young people along with them. It has become almost as serious a matter to give a children's party as to give one for adults. Both have become vehicles for display in dress and table extravagance, rather than for innocent, social enjoyment.

I think our American cousins have set us a bad example in this respect, and we have shown ourselves only too ready to follow it. I have read of Transatlantic entertainments, given by parents for the pleasure of some child-idol, for which invitations have been sent out weeks beforehand. The children have assembled at an hour when they ought to have been preparing for bed, and the little hostess has received her guests with all the formalities observable amongst ultra-fashionable grown-up people

I am afraid to say how many thousand dollars were in one case expended on the dress and miniature jewellery of a quite little girl, who thus entertained *her* friends; but I know the very perusal of the printed particulars made my motherly heart ache for the little one who was thus prematurely robbed of the priceless blessing of childhood, and turned at a stroke into a tiny woman of fashion.

How the young breast must have swelled with pride as the little creature boasted of the cost of her jewelled bracelets! How many amongst her young guests must have been filled with envy and longings for luxuries as unattainable to most as they would be injurious if they could be acquired! And, what a *blasé* little woman would that hostess-child feel herself, as she dropped her weary head on its welcome pillow after the sad display was over!

When I was a girl——perhaps some young reader, a girl of to-day, may here exclaim—"That is always the way of mothers. They croak and tell us of the days when they were young, as if *they* had then absorbed the best of everything."

Not so, dear girls. Many of you possess advantages far beyond those of which your mothers ever dreamed. But I cannot help thinking you have also lost many which we possessed in our young days, and, perhaps, hardly valued as they deserved.

It is a very sweet thing to be able to look back on a *real childhood*, which has rippled almost imperceptibly into girlhood, and onward to the graver seasons of wife and motherhood, each blessed period having its own joys and memories, quite distinct from the rest.

Now, alas! we hurry on too fast, as if impatient to reach the summit of life's hill at a single bound, instead of plodding onward and upward by patient steps. Pausing, too, by the way to observe, drink in—aye, and to thank God for—the beauties and blessings which are spread around us with such lavish kindness by the good hand of our Father in heaven.

But I am running away from the time when I was a girl. Then, our summer party-dress was just a clean white one, with its simple frilling round throat and sleeves of *real* lace or fine embroidery, the only relief being ribbon bows and sash. Fashions did not change very rapidly, especially amongst the young. Our dresses varied little in style; the fineness of the muslin, the *goodness* of the lace—which lasted year after year—and the number and arrangement of the tucks on the skirt constituting the difference between our every-day and best frocks—we did not call them dresses then.

When we were invited out we went and returned early for, though we had far less school work to do, late hours were never suffered to interfere with its due preparation. We sent no invitation cards or notes. We called and asked each other to tea, even when Christmas came, and our gathering took the form of a party. We took care in summer that our best white dress was spotless and its ribbons uncreased; in winter that the frock suitable for the season, and mostly of beautifully fine French merino, had its simple garniture of snowy frills.

And this was all we had to think about for company dress whilst we were girls.

As to jewellery, we had none until we were quite young women, when a little brooch was usually our first possession. No sham, like the greater part of the trinkets worn now, and which are really the most expensive things that can well be bought, but a genuine article that was all its looks professed to be.

Often enough it would be one that had been worn by mother and grandmother when they were girls, without losing either in value or beauty by passing through the hands of two or three generations of wearers. I wonder

how many of the ornaments of to-day will exist when their present owners have girls growing into womanhood.

"But what," say you, "has all this to do with the question, 'How girls may entertain their friends'?

Much. Simplicity in dress helps to make social intercourse easy and frequent. You know well enough that the question, "What dress shall I wear?" is often the first that occurs to a girl's mind when she receives an invitation to make one, even at an informal gathering of friends. Very often an invitation is refused because a girl says to herself, "I will not go, for I know the Blanks will be there, and their things are always so handsome and fashionable. I should look shabby beside them, and rather than do that I will stop at home."

So the friend who really wishes for her presence is to be disappointed because the girl cannot make up her mind to accept the invitation unless she can go as expensively dressed as another whose allowance is perhaps double that which she can herself afford to spend. And yet it is only her own vanity or self-consciousness that would be wounded by her appearance in simple attire. The friends invited *her*, not her dress only. Those who meet her will feel far more respect for the girl who bravely dresses according to her means, than for the one who indulges in costly materials which are inconsistent with them.

We have often heard hard remarks made about such extravagance, and these have frequently been directed against parents for allowing it. Then, perhaps, the poor mother herself has had an aching heart and sleepless nights, owing to the long bills incurred through the wilfulness of her girls, who have teased her into ordering too costly materials, in order that they might shine with a lustre equal to that of their richer neighbours.

We have all known or heard of such cases. I say, therefore, it *was* a delightful thing to be a girl in days when simplicity, spotless purity, and neatness of dress sufficed to answer all the demands of middle-class society for visiting purposes.

"When I was learning my business," said a dressmaker to me one day, "ladies, even in quite high society, had only a couple of company dresses at the most. When one was invited out everybody knew how she would be dressed. But the gown was sure to be rich, handsome, and suited to the means of the wearer. And how particular our mothers and grandmothers used to be about their lace ruffles, their dainty shoes, stockings, and little etceteras. They bought such good things, and, though they paid a high price at first, they lasted so long and looked so pretty that they well repaid the purchaser. Now, the one idea seems to be change of fashion rather than excellence of material, or really good taste; and *even amongst not very rich middle-class people, a lady does not like to be seen twice in the same dress in the same society.*"

I give the words almost literally, and as I write I feel that I should like to stir up the girls of to-day to rebel against the tyranny of dress. Not, of course, to appear in any way eccentric; but to adopt a sensible medium style of dressing, far removed from extremes in fashion, but sufficiently in conformity with it. And when they have a thoroughly becoming dress, not to be induced to cast it aside from a mere love of change, or because they are determined, at any cost of time, trouble, or expense, to appear in something new—to change, even for what is less attractive.

I once knew a girl whose society was much sought after, no gathering of young people in her neighburhood being deemed complete without her presence. She was the daughter of a professional man who had died, and the means of her widowed mother were very small; consequently the girl had very little to spend on dress.

I well remember seeing her, at a party, dressed in print; but the colours were delicate, the style tasteful, the fit perfection, and it was set off by a few shining bows of ribbon, and two or three natural flowers. No one thought of criticising the garment, though the material was of the cheapest, and probably put together by the industrious fingers of the wearer. If they had done so, a glance at the sweet face, beaming with intelligence and kindness, a notice of the girl's evident desire to give pleasure to others whilst forgetting self, might have induced any person to wish for a nearer acquaintance with her.

I said no one thought of criticising this girl, but I should have made a single exception. There were parents present as well as young folk, and an over-dressed lady, with an equally over-dressed daughter, said to the mother of our sweet friend, "I wonder your Alice would come to a party like this in a print dress. My Laura would not have done it for the world. She would stay at home for ever first."

As the mother spoke she cast a satisfied glance at the costly dress of *her Laura*, and one of half-contemptuous pity on the other girl, who was all-unconscious of needing commiseration.

But a different expression crossed her face when the widow quietly replied, "I would rather see my child above her dress than that it should be above our means. I should be very sorry to have so low an opinion of the friends who invite us as to suppose that they would love Alice better in silks, which I could not afford to pay for, than in the simple cotton dress of which she is not ashamed, and which is in accordance with my little income."

Yes; finery may attract attention, and perhaps excite envy and heartburnings; but the wearer will soon be forgotten unless she has something better than costly clothing to recommend her. I have written so much about it, because dress influences so largely the enjoyment of a social gathering, whether amongst children, girls, or grown-up people. A child who is invited to romp with other little ones is rendered miserable if the mother sends her so dressed out that she is afraid to move lest she should spoil her finery.

A girl who goes out for a quiet evening in her best, party-going attire is miserable because she looks conspicuous. The friend who has invited her is also rendered uncomfortable, because she fears her guest has been misled in some way, and expects a much more elaborate entertainment than she is prepared to offer.

In giving an invitation, then, let your young friends understand thoroughly whether there will be few or many guests, and if you say, "I want you to come quite in a friendly way, and not to dress specially," do not deceive your visitors by making a fuss and a table display as well.

I was amused and pleased some time ago when my own girls received an invitation to a rather large party, and they were told "*to go in Sunday dresses, not party ones.*"

So the youngsters went in what our American cousins would call their "Go to meetings," and that party was a grand success. No time was lost in criticism, envy, or mutual admiration. They were familiar alike with garments and wearers, and, somehow, the account they gave of that evening's enjoyment took me back a great many years; it was so like the social gatherings we had in my girlish days.

"The not being dressed up made us feel so much at home, and everybody looked so really nice, only we had no time to think about that. We were just unconscious of dress altogether," was the after remark of one young guest.

Now, about the motives with which we give invitations. I fancy I hear a chorus of girls say, "Why should we invite any of our friends unless we really want them?"

Why indeed? But invitations are given from very mixed motives amongst older people, and the young are ready enough to follow our example, especially in social matters.

Sometimes an invitation is given as a matter of duty, or to get rid of a sense of debt, because those who give it have been solemnly entertained at no slight cost, yet perhaps with little real enjoyment. Some persons make a practice of giving a series of dinners, for instance. They divide their acquaintances into twelves, twenties, or more, according to the size of their dining table or the number of those whom they, with a feeling of true kindness and hearty hospitality, wish to see around it.

Yet it often happens that while the meal has been perfection, the host and hostess full of kindness and anxiety for the enjoyment of their guests, the latter have not amalgamated well. Many have been strangers to each other, and the formal fashion of the present day, which leaves people unacquainted, even with each other's names, unless they hear them announced, does not tend to sociality.

So, at the close of such a series, the truly kind entertainers heave a sigh of relief, and the entertained are equally glad when they get back to their own firesides. Why is this? Often because the guests who are to meet each other have been chosen merely from the motives I have named: to fill up so many places, or to pay off social debts, and without the slightest consideration as to acquaintance, similarity of tastes, ages, or any of those elements which will mix well and make a pleasant whole when assembled for that purpose.

You know yourselves, dear girls, how your own little gatherings have been spoiled from the same causes. Perhaps your young friend, Clara Smith, we will say, knows that you and Marian Jones have never got on well together. She likes you both, and, very unwisely, asks you on the same evening. She makes a sort of apology to you in private. She winds her arm round your waist, and says, "Marian Jones will be here this evening; I know you are not great friends, but you will not mind, will you? I would not have asked her to-night if I could have helped it; but I was really forced to do it, because we are going from home soon, and I could not arrange for another evening. Besides, she has not been here for such a time."

You feel that, in all probability, Marion will be treated to a similar apology for your presence, and you have an uncomfortable sense that you have been invited together, not because both were wanted, but in order that one entertainment may answer a double purpose.

Does it? I leave your own memories to answer the question. Far more likely is it that both guests are offended, and feel themselves *de trop*, and that the temperature of the friendship between them and their young hostess falls several degrees in very few hours.

The sum of my advice as to dress and invitations is this: Let your attire be suitable, but study taste before cost, and prefer simplicity to display. If you cannot afford grand garments—which are, indeed, positively deforming to the young—let exquisite purity and neatness make up for all other deficiencies.

Do not refuse a friend's invitation because you know others will be more expensively dressed than you can afford to be; but carry with you the precious ornaments of a meek and quiet, but cheerful spirit, a sweet temper, readiness to oblige, forgetfulness of self, and thought for the comfort and enjoyment of others. Then you will *do your part* towards

making all who are guests like yourselves wish for a similar meeting, and remember with pleasure the one that is past.

In giving invitations, if you wish your visitors, whether few or many, to be happy, bestow some thought on the elements which are to compose your party. Think whether they will be glad to meet each other; consider in what amusements they have shown an interest, what are their tastes and accomplishments, and how you may best turn these to account for the general good.

A chemist who was combining various ingredients would not put in an extra one which would set all the rest in a ferment, merely for the sake of filling up the vessel which contained them. So let me advise you, dear girls, never to spoil your party for the sake of filling up a seat or giving what may be deemed a "duty invitation," in order to pay a social debt. And let all understand beforehand just the kind of gathering in which they are to take part. In my next chapter I shall endeavour to suggest some ways of entertaining your friends when they are met together.

(*To be continued.*)

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By Dora Hope.

"How nice and soft and thick your stair carpets are, Margaret," said Dorothy Snow to her friend as they went upstairs together. It was a week or two before Christmas, and Dorothy had came to spend a long day, to take advantage of Margaret's proximity to the London shops. "It gives me a most luxurious feeling, suggesting velvet pile and that sort of thing, which one does not expect on a staircase," she went on.

"I expect yours are the same, only that my pads being new are perhaps more noticeable."

"Pads!" Whatever have they to do with it?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, don't you know that it is such an advantage to have a pad on each stair, under the carpet? We used to have an old stair carpet instead, at home, which does almost as well; but in our new house of course we had no old ones, so the upholsterer put down these pads. They make the carpet feel and look much thicker, and save the wear a good deal too; I have a great objection to threadbare stair carpets, but they require a great deal of care to prevent them becoming shabby; I have them moved about an inch either up or down every week. Perhaps you are not aware that stair carpets are always bought rather longer than is absolutely necessary to allow of moving them about, and the surplus piece is either hidden under another carpet, or turned under, according to circumstances."

"Oh, yes, I did know that. At any rate, I am constantly falling headlong downstairs, and then being scolded for my carelessness in not noticing that the rods were out, and the carpets being moved."

"Well, there is nothing like an experience of that kind for fixing a fact in one's mind," rejoined Margaret, laughing. "Now I think I shall have time to try an experiment on these wax candles before we go out. I am rather anxious about them, for Aunt Annie gave them to me; she was going to use them up in the kitchen, as being too dirty and discoloured for anything else, so I begged them, as I thought I could whiten them by rubbing with flannel dipped in spirits of wine."

"Did you invent that, Margaret?"

"Oh, no. Somebody or other told me about it, but I have had no opportunity to try it before."

Margaret's aunt, being country born and bred, had hitherto had a strong prejudice against gas, and had used nothing but lamps and candles in her house. At last, the superior cheapness and convenience of gas had overcome her scruples, and she had submitted to it; at least, so far as the halls, kitchens, and bedrooms were concerned. She refused, however, to have the large ugly gaseliers hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and instead had branch lights from the walls, in various convenient spots, by which arrangement it was possible to read or work comfortably in any part of the room.

"IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A MAN TURN BURGLAR."

The dinner-table was illuminated by two, or sometimes three, lamps placed down the centre, which, covered with shades, shed a soft, clear light on the table without causing a glare upon the faces of those seated round it. These lamps gave Mrs. Colville some little extra trouble, as she insisted that they should always be cleaned and filled by herself or one of her daughters (which ensured them being thoroughly cleaned, *without* which there is always an unpleasant smell of oil), and the servants were never allowed to touch the oil-can, which was kept in the cellar for safety.

Margaret had gladly accepted the rejected wax candles, for in her little dining-room, besides the gas branches from the walls, she had one or two quaint old branching candlesticks on the table at dinner time, as she objected to lamps, because they obstructed her view. Each candle had its own tiny coloured shade on the usual wire frame, and the effect was very pretty.

"Now, Dorothy, will you not make out a list of the purchases you have to make? You are sure to forget something if you do not," suggested Margaret, rubbing away at her candles. "You will find a scrap of paper on that little writing-table, in a gilt clip which I keep for half-sheets."

"Oh, yes! here it it. My dearest Margaret, what a model writing-table! Here is a dictionary, directory, letter-weigher, railway guide, almanac—everything it is possible to want. And underneath a waste-paper basket, I declare!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"And I think you will find a sensible pad of blotting paper and a reasonably large ink-pot, which is kept clean, and several *good* pens," added Margaret, smiling. "I do rather pride myself on that table. I made up my mind that when I had a house of my own the writing table arrangements should have my first attention, because it is so often neglected, and I know how difficult it is in some houses to write a letter. The stamp-box, note-paper, and envelopes, and a box of new pens are in the table drawer. Now, Dorothy, do see how nice these candles begin to look; not quite equal to new, of course, but they are really very much improved."

That night the little household at Roseneath Villa had a great alarm, and narrowly escaped something much more serious. It happened that the outer wall of the house was slightly damp in some places, and Wilfred, judging rightly that this state of things was extremely bad for the pictures, determined to protect them from it. For this purpose he took several of them down in the evening, and fixed half a cork at each corner of the frames, at the back. This causing the pictures to project slightly from the wall, allowed a current of air to pass behind them, and so prevented the damp from affecting them. This proceeding took a considerable time, so that it was late before Margaret, as usual last thing before going to bed, threw two or three large clean dust-sheets over some of the pretty drawing-room furniture to protect it from the night's dust, and shutting the piano, went upstairs. These dust-sheets were always left on till the sweeping and dusting were finished next morning.

In the dead of night the whole household were aroused by a loud ringing at the bell, which was repeated till Wilfred went to see what was the matter. *Opening* a window, he looked out, and saw a policeman, who at once turned his bull's-eye full upon him.

"I don't know whether you know, sir, that your back-room window is wide open, and there's been somebody in there, though he's took himself off now. Shall I come in and have a look round, sir?"

Wilfred thought, on the whole, it might be as well to make sure that the intruder had really "took himself off," and accordingly admitted the policeman, and the two together searched all the rooms. It was evident that some burglar had been in, for several drawers were left open and the contents scattered upon the floor; but he had apparently been disturbed before he had time to find anything of any great value, and nothing was missed but a couple of silver serviette-rings which had been left in a drawer in the sideboard.

The policeman glanced around with a rather supercilious air, and finally fell to examining the window.

"Look here, sir, this window hasn't been forced; it must have been left open. This house is a pretty tough job for a burglar, I should say, so long as the windows and doors are properly fastened; but to go and leave one of them open! why, you might every bit as well ask them to walk in," he said, with a touch of scorn at the carelessness of householders. "Why, bless you, sir! it's enough to make a man turn burglar, just to walk about at nights and see how people puts every convenience in their way. If they wanted 'em to come in they couldn't do more to entice 'em. Now I daresay you had your dinner to-night with the blinds turned open, so as everybody could see in and watch exactly where the servants put the silver, and how you was all joking and laughing and never noticing as the window was a little chink open at top, and not latched. Ah! I thought so," as he saw a smile pass over Wilfred's face at having his faults pointed out to him in this way. "And look here, sir," he added, being mollified by a silver coin which Wilfred had slipped into his hand, "look here, sir; if you've got servants as you can't trust to look after this work better than that, you take my advice, and look at all the windows and doors yourself every night, and that's good advice from a fellow as has seen a good many jobs of this sort, and not all let off so easy as you've been," and touching his hat, he went out and continued his round.

Wilfred found the rest of the household collected on the landing in a state of abject terror, and expecting every moment to be assailed by fierce housebreakers armed with revolvers, but encouraging one another to defend themselves to the last gasp with the pokers and other weapons with which they had armed themselves.

It took some time to assure them that their lives were not really in danger, and that they might go back to bed without fear of being murdered in their sleep.

On Christmas Day, as it was no longer practicable to keep up the old family custom of all meeting together, Wilfred and Margaret agreed to spend the day with the latter's aunt, Mrs. Colville, their own maid Anne being allowed to invite her mother and brothers and sisters to dinner with her, and to keep her company for the evening.

Aunt Annie's family was a large one at these holiday seasons, for besides the addition of several boys and girls home from school and college, she liked to have with her any waifs and strays who would otherwise have to pass a solitary Christmas, and if no relatives in this condition presented themselves, she made up a houseful by inviting some inmates from the schools for missionaries' children, many of whom would otherwise have to spend their holidays at school.

At the cold lunch which was always provided on Christmas Day, the *pièce de résistance* on this occasion consisted of a large piece of corned beef, whose bulk indeed excited considerable mirth. The flavour was particularly good, however, and as Margaret, even on such festive occasions, was anxious to get any hints she could, she asked her aunt afterwards how she managed with such a large piece.

"You see, my dear, in such a large family as ours a small joint is gone directly; I am obliged to have something which one can cut at freely. So about three weeks before Christmas I buy a large piece of the round of beef, about twelve pounds, and either let the butcher put it in pickle or do it myself, for about forty-eight hours. Then I take it out, wipe it dry, and rub it with coarse Demerara sugar and allspice, adding a little cinnamon. Then I lay it in a cool place, and turn it every morning, and whenever it looks in the least dry I add some more sugar and spice, but if it does not I simply rub it with the pickle which has drained from it. This has to be continued for a fortnight, or as much longer as happens to be convenient. Then I do not wash it, but put it just as it is into a jar or tin, into which it fits pretty tightly, with a very little cold water. This is placed in a large saucepan of water, which is made to boil fast, and left on the fire for five or six hours, but it need not boil all the time. I leave it in the jar till it is cold, and then take it out and scrape it, as the spice makes the meat look black, and it is ready for use. It is very simple, you see, and everyone likes it."

"But, aunt, why should you take the trouble of having two pans? It would be much easier to put the meat straight into the one saucepan."

"It is very little extra trouble, and the advantage is very great, because it cooks the meat without hardening the albumen, for though the water in the outer saucepan boils, that in the inner one never gets above 180 degrees. It would hardly be a suitable dish for your small establishment, but if you ever have a picnic, or a good many people coming in hungry, you would find it very useful."

So far from making use of this recipe at once, however, Margaret's principal aim for some few days was to find means of cooking in fresh ways the large supply of meat already in the house, and she wrote to Joanna to describe her experiences.

"DEAREST JOANNA,—Many thanks for your kind thought of us, but you need not have had any anxiety lest we should miss the plentiful fare of our dear old home. On the contrary, we have been rather overwhelmed with presents of good things. You know of old that there is nothing I like more than cold turkey, but I have really had too much of it. You know, we went to Aunt Colville's for Christmas Day, and when we returned, the first sight that met my eyes was a large hamper in the hall. Uncle John had sent it to us full of delicious country produce, chief amongst which was a monstrous turkey.

"Everyone is engaged just now, or we might have a small dinner party on the strength of it, so we are obliged to cook it at once as it was just ready for Christmas Day. We had it roasted on Boxing Day, and two of the Colville boys came in to assist, but even then we did not nearly finish the breast. The next two days we were out to dinner, and Anne feasted luxuriously on the cold remains.

"I felt obliged to have the creature in some form for breakfast, so one morning we had the gibbets fricasséed. (You may copy my idea if you like, as imitation is the sincerest form of flattery; there are several recipes in the cookery book). The next morning I had a brilliant idea. I cut some nice slices and severed the wings as neatly as I could, then dipped them in egg and bread-crumbs, and had them fried. It made a very successful dish.

"Matters became desperate at last, and I begged Aunt Annie and the girls to come to my aid. They rallied round me at lunch yesterday, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the last bone of the turkey disappear downstairs as the final remains of a salmi, or, as Anne calls it, 'an 'ash,' which she and I concocted together."

(To be continued).

"CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY."

A

MUSICAL ACROSTIC FOR JUVENILE PARTIES.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEORGE LOMAS (Mus. Bac., Oxon.).

SCENE VII.

MISCHIEVOUS IMPS.

Properties.

Apple-stall, formed of board lightly supported, so as to be easily upset at close of scene. A hole should be pierced in the board sufficiently large to admit of nuts falling through, the hole to be stopped by a cork till the proper time.—Gimlet.—Apples and nuts spread on stall.—Snowballs formed of crumpled paper.

Characters.

(2 is not required for this scene.)
1, 3, and 5 (*street arabs*).
4. *Old Apple Woman* (MOTHER JENKINS).

4. *discovered seated at stall. Enter* 1, 3, *and* 5, *shouting, dancing, and snowballing. Snowball hits* 4.

4. Oh, ye horrid little wretches, drop that work, or I'll make it hot for ye.

1. All right, MOTHER JENKINS, give us an apple apiece and we won't hit you any more this snow.

4. Give ye an apple? Give ye a flogging more likely. Be off with you this minute.

(*Snowballing resumed.*)

1. Oh, I *am* so hungry. I must have some apples; if she won't give me some I must buy some. How much are they, MOTHER JENKINS?

(3 *goes under stall, and quietly withdraws cork from hole, letting the nuts fall through, with which he fills his pockets. While withdrawing the cork he should appear to bore a hole with the gimlet.*)

1. Pennies apiece.

3. It's too much. Shall I give you tenpence for a dozen, or will you give me fourteen for a shilling?

4. Pennies a-piece, I tell you, and cheap enough too.

5. Whisht—NED—I saw two bobbies go round the corner.

1. You never did!

5. *It's all true, every word of it,* and they'll be back here directly, for I heard them say so.

4. Apples all ripe, pennies apiece, pennies apiece.

3. Not much more peace, or pennies either, for you, MOTHER JENKINS, for here goes your whole stock-in-trade.

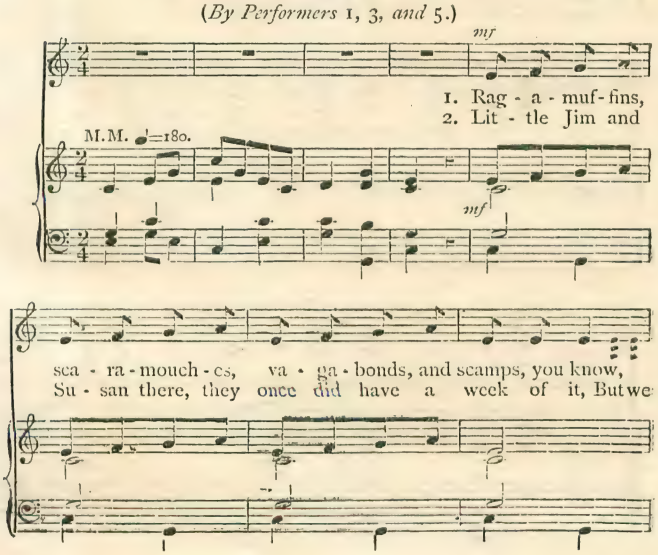
(*Upsets stall, scattering apples and nuts in all directions, which may be scrambled for by juvenile portion of audience.*)

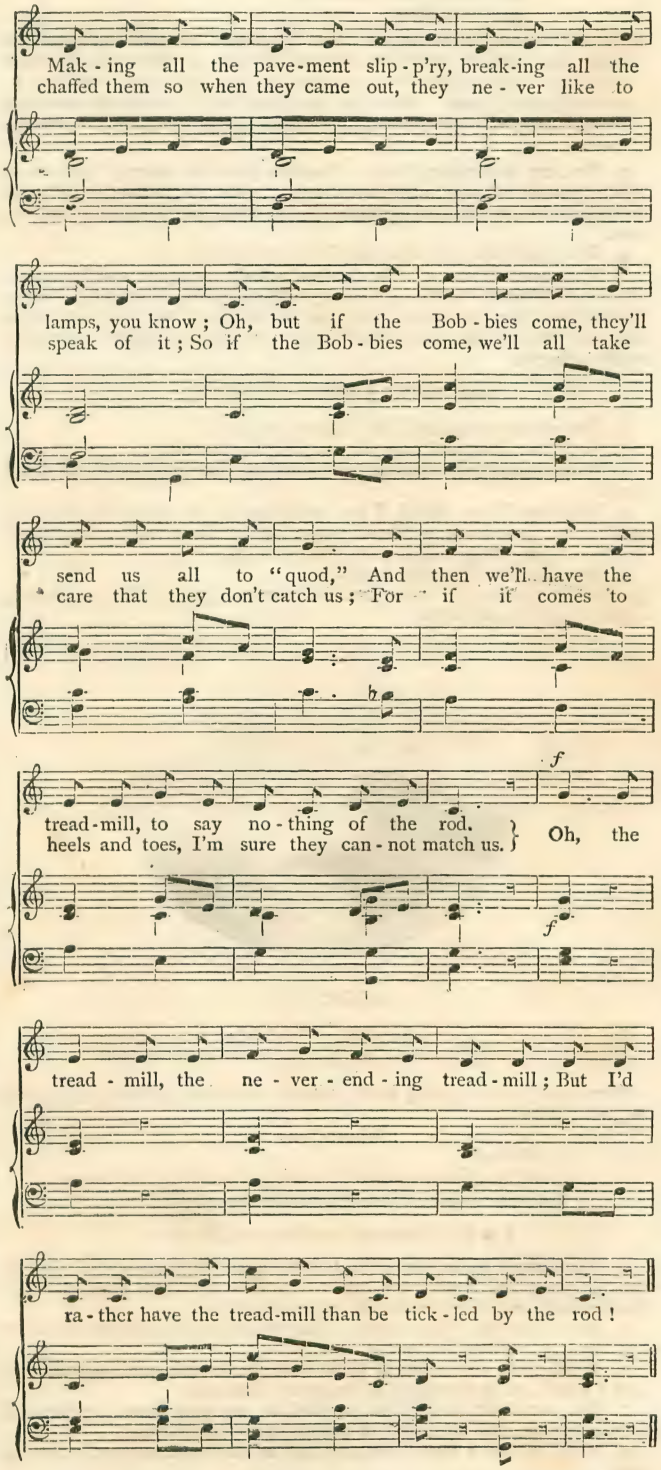
4. Police! police!

(1, 3, *and* 5 *dance round, singing song, a verse of which may also, if preferred, be sung at the opening of the scene*).

SONG.

(*By Performers* 1, 3, *and* 5.)





3 And here they come, so off we go, we'll see who's got the best of it;
We'll soon clear out of this here street, and never mind the rest of it:
We'll have another lark to-night, when "Robert's" off his beat, my boys,
But for the present sharp's the word, and now for a retreat, my boys.
Oh, the treadmill, &c.

SCENE VIII.

AMPUTATION TRICK.

Properties.

Couch for patient—Saws, knives, &c.—Bottle labelled chloroform.—Basin, &c.

Characters.

1. DR. STEELKNIFE (*Surgeon*).
3. MR. CLEVERFELLOW (*his Assistant*).
2. NURSE.
4. NELLY (*the Patient*).
5. PAGE BOY.

Patient (4) *discovered on couch. One leg should be tucked up, and the sham leg, which should be formed by one of her own stockings stuffed with bran, placed in a natural position, the upper portion concealed by the frock. After the supposed amputation, the assistant should carefully carry away the sham limb.—Nurse* (2) *in attendance.*

2. Yes, my dear young lady. I assure you the story I have been telling you is *all true, every word of it.* She got perfectly well, and with the aid of mechanical appliances she was able to walk as well as ever.

4. But didn't the operation hurt her very much?

2. She never felt it at all. Dr. STEELKNIFE is so expert, and his assistant, Mr. CLEVERFELLOW (such a nice young man, Miss NELLY), is so very careful about the chloroform, that she got it over in no time; and when they had finished she asked how long it would be before they were ready to begin.

Bell rings; 5 *enters, introducing—*

5. Dr. STEELKNIFE and Mr. CLEVERFELLOW!

1. Well, my dear, and how do you feel this morning?

4. Good deal of pain, doctor, but quite satisfied that we have decided right.

1. That's well, my dear! I am quite sure it is the only advisable course, and, you know, as Shakespeare says, "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

4. Yes, doctor, I'm quite ready.

(3 *administers chloroform, prepares instruments, sponges, &c.* 1 *operates, and* 3 *carries out limb.*)

SCENE IX.

SAILORS' YARNS.

Properties.

Two small articles of any kind, suitable for sailors to bring as presents to girls at home.

Characters.

1. *Bo'sun.*
3 *and* 5. *Young sailors returning from their first voyage.*
2 *and* 4. *Their sisters or sweethearts.*

2 *and* 4 *discovered watching on the shore.*

2. They ought to be here soon, CLARA; the ship was signalled early this morning, and it could not take them more than four hours to make the harbour, with a fine westerly breeze like this.

4. Here they are, I do believe! They must have landed on the other side the bay, and walked round.

1. Well, girls, I've brought them both back, safe and sound, as I said I would, so you owe me a kiss each, I'm sure.

2. Oh, you dear boys! I'm so glad to see you home again; and thanks to you, Mr. BO'SUN, for taking such care of them.

4. Well, sit down here a bit, and tell us what you've seen in foreign parts.

3. Oh! strange sights, CLARA, strange sights. We had a battle with the Roosians one day, and two of our middies were standing on deck, when a ball took off both their heads; one of them put up his hands to catch his vanishing pate, but was only in time to catch his comrade's; he clapped it down on his neck, and it grew all right and fast, but the unlucky part of it was that the two had different tastes. The head had belonged to a vegetarian, which the new owner wasn't; moreover, the head liked to smoke, while its new possessor hated tobacco, and many other very awkward things happened.

5. *It's all true, every word of it.*

1. Aye, true enough; but I can tell you a queerer story than that, ANNIE. We saw the sea-serpent one day, and it came quite close and opened its big mouth to swallow the ship, but such a volume of air came from its mouth that it blew the ship right away, and we escaped.

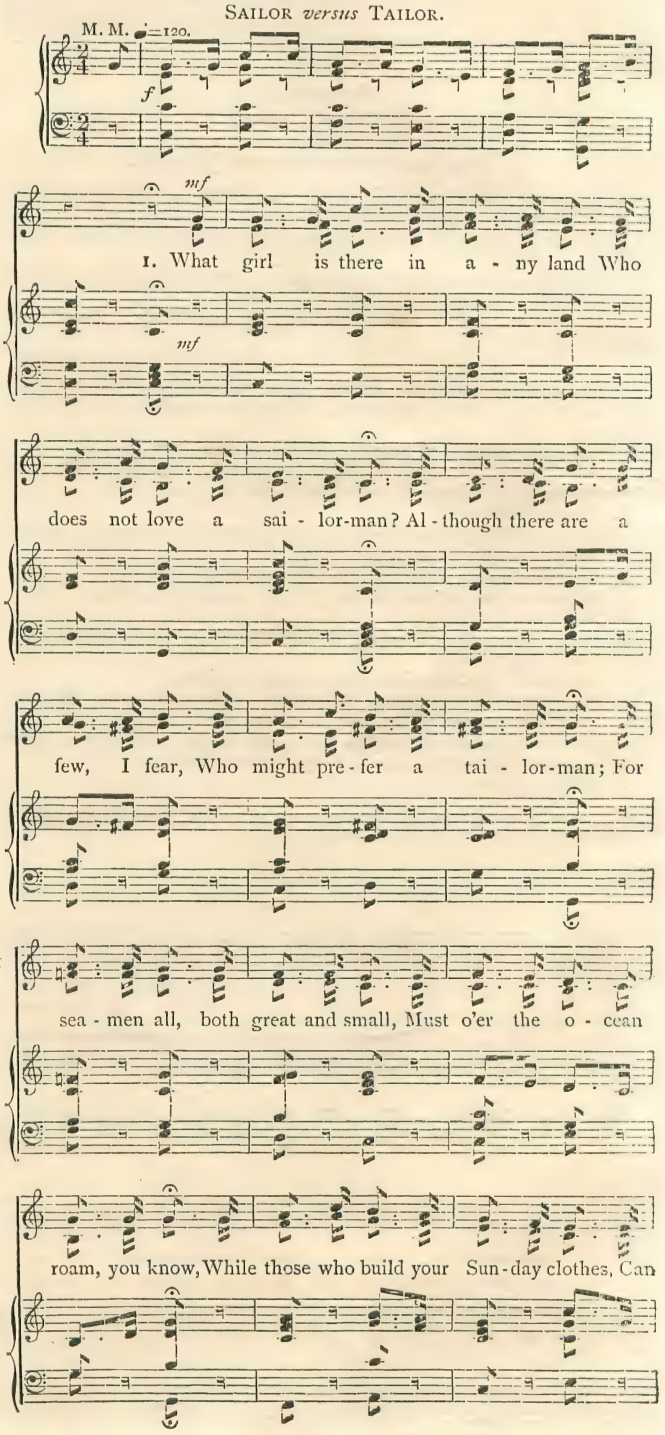
5. *It's all true, every word of it;* and now, before we go in to supper, would you like us to sing you a sailor's song.

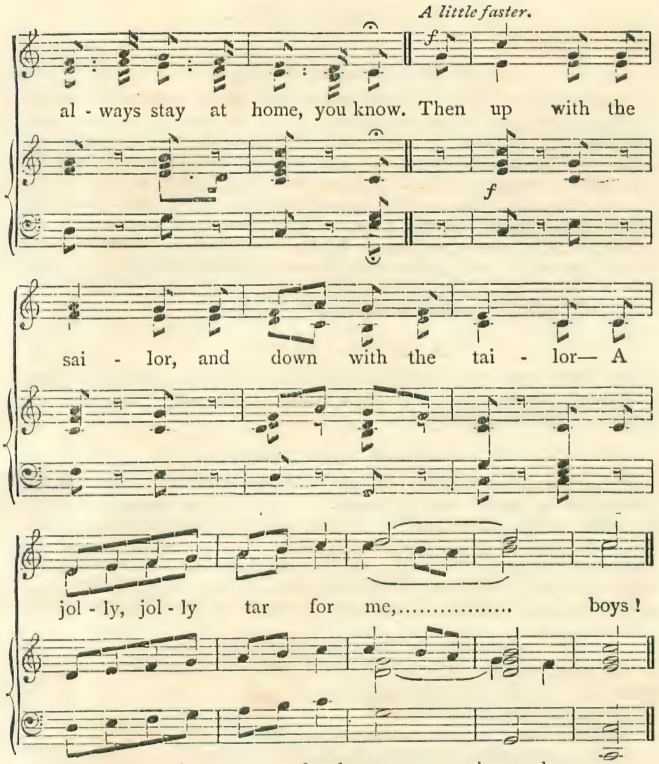
2 *and* 4. Oh, yes! do; it would be so nice.

SAILORS' SONG.

(*By performers* 1, 3, *and* 5.)

SAILOR *versus* TAILOR.





2 Although the sailor goes away, he always comes again, my dears;
But if his voyage should be long, he cannot tell you when, my dears:
He sees rare starts in foreign parts, and brings you lots of spoil, you see,
Whereas your landlubber at home can only share your toil, you see.
Then up with the sailor, &c.

3 And so I think you'll all agree I've proved the case quite fairly, ma'am,
Although I've never studied law, or only very rarely, ma'am:
The sailor's wife sees most of life whene'er she gets her Jack again,
While those who never go to sea—of course, they can't come back again.
Then up with the sailor, &c.

SCENE X.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITY.

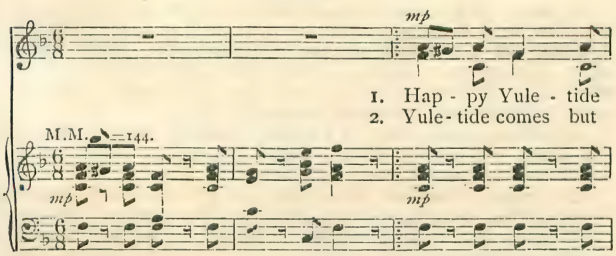
Properties.

Table spread for Christmas dessert—Doll's dessert service—Small candelabra* with wax tapers—A few tiny Christmas cards in fancy envelopes—A violin or concertina to accompany carol outside (*if practicable*).

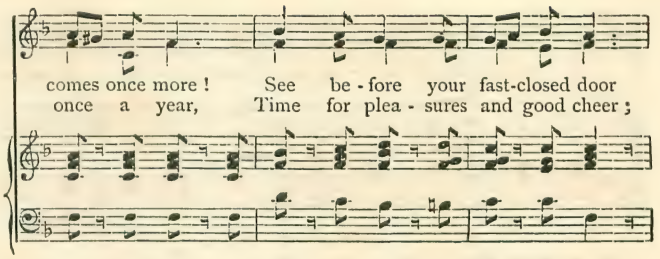
Characters.

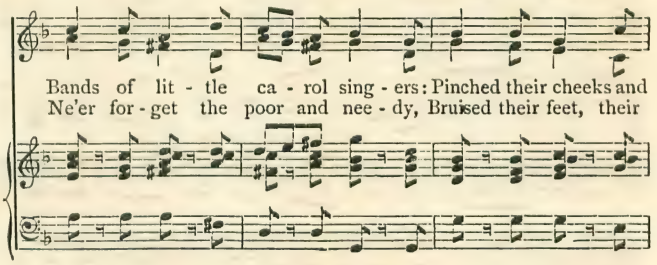
Six or eight of the youngest guests seated at table. Two or three of the performers act as carol-singers; one or two remain at the table—No. 5 takes the part of page-boy.

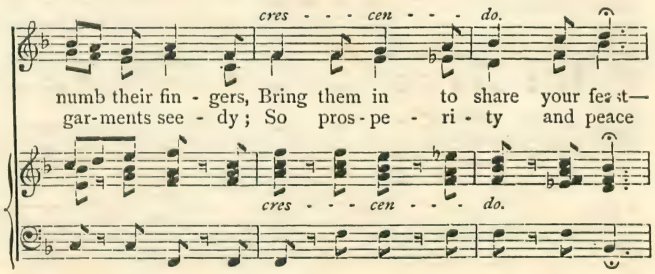
CAROL.

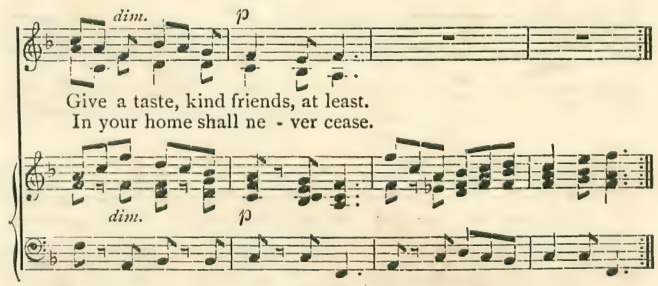


* These can easily be formed by ordinary candlesticks with wire branches to support coloured tapers.





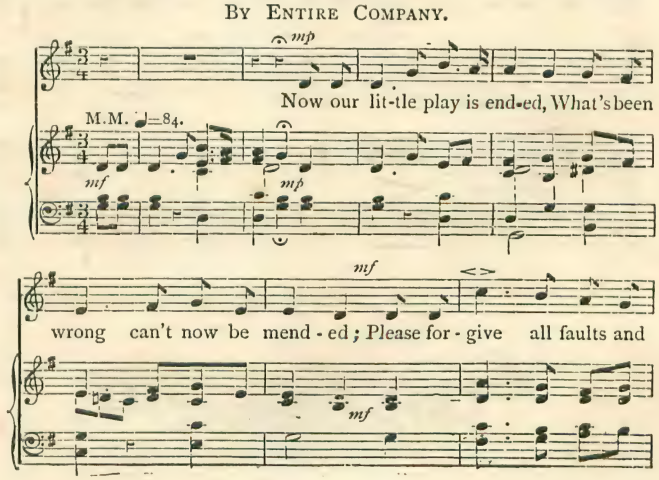


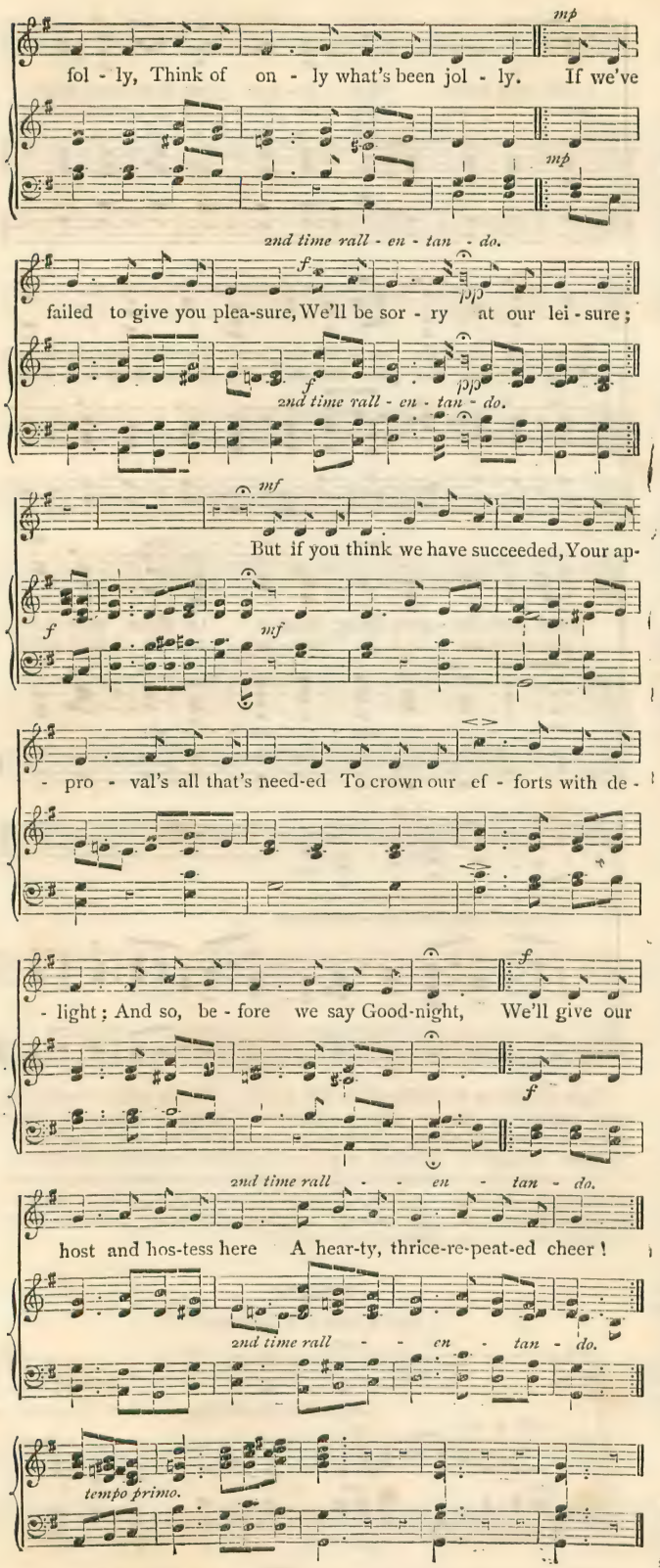


There is little or no dialogue in this scene. Curtain rises discovering party seated at dessert—No. 5 brings in Christmas cards on salver which are handed about—Carol-singers are heard outside—(*See carol, "Happy Yuletide"*)—Hostess or a guest asks for them to be brought in—Page summons carol-singers, who are offered refreshment, and repeat carol inside—Dessert continues, and at a given signal, guests, singers, and performers rise, and forming a semi-circle facing audience, sing the finale, "*Now our little play is ended.*"

FINALE.

By Entire Company.





CURTAIN FALLS.

VARIETIES.

IN PRAISE OF GOOD MUSIC.

Luther had a high opinion of music, and often spoke in its praise. "Music," he said on one occasion, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrow and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I have always loved music, and would not for a great deal be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

A REASON FOR LOVE.

Dr. Doddridge one day asked his little daughter how it was that everybody loved her. "I don't know," said she, "unless it be because I love everybody."

NEVER OUT OF TEMPER.

"You are never out of temper," was once said to a woman, well-known to be much tried at home. "Is it that you do not feel the injustice or the annoyance?" "I feel them as much as anyone could do," she replied, "but they do not hurt me." "You have, then, some special balm?" "Yes, for the vexations caused by people I have *affection;* for those of circumstances, I have prayers, and over every wound that bleeds I murmur the words, 'Thy will be done.'"

SIMPLE COUNSELS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

Yes, very simple. Listen, my child, and may they sink deep into your heart, as the dew sinks into the calyx of the flower.

These are my counsels:—

Distrust the love that comes too suddenly.
Distrust the pleasure that fascinates too keenly.
Distrust the words that trouble or charm.
Distrust the book that makes you dream.
Distrust the thought you cannot confide to your mother.

Treasure these counsels, and sometimes as you read them, ask yourself "*Why?*" And you will come, perhaps, at last to see the reason of those sentences which now appear to you so exaggerated.

A FAITHFUL SAYING.

"I have taken much pains," says the learned Selden, "to know everything that is esteemed worth knowing amongst men; but with all my reading, nothing now remains to comfort me, at the close of life, but this passage of St. Paul, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' To this I cleave, and herein do I find rest."

THE FRIENDLY ROBINS.

In the dead of winter there came a robin-redbreast to the window of a worthy countryman, as though it would gladly enter. The countryman opened his window, and kindly took in the confiding creature. It now picked up the crumbs that fell from his table. The children of the countryman loved and prized the little bird. At last spring revisited the country, and the thickets were covered with leaves. The countryman then opened his window, and the little guest flew forth to the neighbouring copse, and built his nest, and sang his joyous song.

And, behold, when the winter returned, the redbreast came once more to the countryman's dwelling, and he brought his mate with him. The countryman and his children were delighted when they saw the two, with their small, bright eyes, looking confidingly on all around. The children said, "The little birds look as if they were going to speak." "If they could speak," replied the father, "they would say, 'Kind confidence awakens confidence, and love begets love.'"—*Krummacher.*

IN A GIRL'S JOURNAL.

A young girl, in one of those moments when the heart seems to overflow with devotion, wrote thus in her journal: "If I dared, I would ask God why I am placed in the world. What have I to do? I know not. My days are idly spent, and I do not even regret them. . . . If I might but do some good to myself, or another, if only for the space of a minute in each day!"

A few days later, when, in a calmer mood, she re-read these lines, she said: "Why, nothing is easier! I have but to give a cup of cold water to one of Christ's little ones."

Yes, even so small a gift as that, but given in God's name, may be of service, and give us the right to hope for a reward in heaven.

Even *less* than that: a word of advice, something lent to another, a little vexation patiently borne, a prayer for a friend offered to God, the fault or thoughtlessness of another repaired without her knowledge. God will recompense it all a thousandfold!—*Paillettes d'Or.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

AUNT TOWZER.—The stuffing of the cosy is made of cotton wool, which may be purchased at any draper's. We should not advise you to use down.

SUNFLOWER is not satisfied with "My Work Basket." She wishes us "to insert in our next month's issue a few patterns of wool work, a nice teapot mat, and a few other things; also, if you have some tasty anti-macassars, &c., I should be much pleased." Alas! we cannot please everyone, and so must go on our own way, hoping that few are so hard to please as "Sunflower."

DI.—The pattern you send was made on a small German machine called a fringe machine, which may be obtained at any good fancy-work shop, where they will teach you how to use it also.

CYCLAMEN.—See pages 40 and 46, vol. ii.

MARGARET.—Send the hat, if a good one, to a cleaner to be reblocked and washed, or redyed.

NELLY.—Soak the cloves to soften them. If you use hot water it will take less time.

SISSY RAY.—Watered silk, *moire*, and watered velveteen and plush are the fashionable materials for trimming this year. Make a fresh scarf, cuffs, and collar, or plastron for your dress of any of these.

GWENDOLINE JOYCE.—The Hubbard shape is a very pretty one, but a long jacket trimmed with fur would be also becoming with the dress to match. Perhaps the Hubbard shape may not be becoming to you, and you may find it uncomfortable.

UMBRA.—We are much obliged for the offer of your pattern, but we do not require it at present.

HOPETOWN.—Wet the fruit stain, and hold over it a lighted lucifer match, so that the fumes of the sulphur may reach it. Silvery grey silk may be trimmed and re-made with black velveteen, or grey, or with grey satin or watered silk.

SISSIE LANCASTER.—Some pretty design embroidered in silk or crewel on satin would be a good decoration for the front of your piano, but as you give us no particulars, we can say nothing as to colours or style of work. We do not give information on the subject of our contributors or their private life. But we *may* inform you that you are quite mistaken in your supposition.

GLADYS.—Your ideas about the sermon case are very good. It is only decorated at one side, and should be lined with silk, but no cardboard is required to make it stiff, as it should be soft enough to put in the pocket easily.

KANGAROO and A. M. L.—Full directions are given as to the kind of silk and the size of needles at page 158, vol. ii. From 80 to 120 stitches are needed, according to the size required.

LITTLE NELL.—Consult "My Work Basket" for ideas and patterns.

NATION.—From 2 yards to 2½ of material, according to the width. Use salts of lemon to the ironmould spots.

E. A. L.—See "Crochet for Little Workers," page 508, vol. i. The *point de neige* stitch there described would do for your sofa blanket. The outline of any small design in Berlin work is suitable to embroider on crochet.

E. G.—We have already given a number of cross-stitch designs, but if you require more, at any good fancy shop they will supply you with a tiny book of them, price one penny, if we remember right. Many of our readers forget our space is too valuable to give up to the admission of things that can be otherwise easily obtained. Your other suggestion would be useless for the same reason. See "Hints for Christmas Decorations," page 169, vol. ii.

SAISS.—Two patterns for petticoats are given in "My Work Basket," one knitted and the other in crochet, pages 41 and 93, vol. ii. The child's crochet hood has also been given, pages 149 and 344, vol. i. We have been careful in answering your query, as you say you "know our paper thoroughly," and have not found them yourself.

FLOSSIE.—The 22nd Feb., 1869, was Monday. See "Crochet Gaiter for Child," page 516; "Crochet Petticoat," page 93; "Knitted Petticoat," page 41, in vol. ii.

BETA.—Renovate the blue alpaca by adding some blue cotton-backed satin to it, as new sleeves, and a kilting to the skirt. We do not give addresses, nor could we identify coins by your descriptions.

AGANDECCA.—We think that as the yellow shaded Shetland wool has already been worked into a portion of the shawl, you can only work in the new bluish wool; and when the whole is completed, wash the shawl according to the recipe given at page 511, vol. i., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; using sufficient blue to deepen the shade of the whole uniformly. 2. You are perfectly correct as regards "Livadia," the beautiful royal residence on the southern shore of the Crimea, now the property of the Grand Duke Sergius. There is no province of that name.

ROSEMARY.—Send for the net required to a good London firm.

MIRIAM CASH.—Jackets will always be suitable for young girls; but large mantles will be more generally worn by older people. Every description is given in the October number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

X. Y. Z.—Many thanks for your letter, but such addresses are not at all in our way.

JO.—We think that embroidered dresses are worn as much as ever. The best time for beginning the monthly numbers is October. We are most thankful to hear that you have been brought to understand the importance of personal influence, and we trust you will feel your own responsibility in the matter also.

LUCRETIA.—You do not inform us whether the ribbon be all yellow; if so, we should have it dyed into several different colours, and use it for the "log-house" or Canadian patchwork, to be mentioned in an article on "Occupations for Invalids." Send what you do not require to children's hospitals, homes, and orphan homes, &c. We cannot think it needful for you to take chlorate of potash every evening. Better to strengthen your general health by means of a tonic, and so increase the power of your voice.

B. W.—See instructions for making a boy's "jersey," page 319, vol. ii., and enlarge to suit.

MELON.—Green, brown, or red serge would all be suitable.

KITTEN.—We do not advise you to alter the jackets yourself unless you have had some experience. Fur is cut at the back with a pair of scissors, doubling the skin, so as to cut out a tiny strip of it.

WILHELMINA ESTELLE.—1. The three bridesmaids may be all dressed alike, but it is not essential. Pale pink or blue sateen, flounces trimmed with lace, the bodices of striped velveteen or velvet, or watered silk of prune colour. 2. We think you have little idea of maidenly propriety when you suggest its being "the orthodox thing" to go and meet a man at the station who is a stranger to your family, when it would be derogatory to you to meet one who was a friend of the family. The mutual friends at whose house you met the gentleman in question should give him a letter of introduction to your family. But it is utterly unseemly for any girl to meet men at stations, unless engaged to them.

ELLEN RHEID.—We do not give addresses of other publishers. We supply much on the subject of needlework ourselves. See also our articles on cookery, and our many recipes.

ORWELL.—1. Yes, a mantel-border worked in crewels would be even preferable to silk embroidery, as it could be more easily cleaned, and the footstools to match likewise. 2. Certainly it is not "vulgar" to write a family letter dated at various times, writing a little now and then when at leisure, to tell all the events as they occur, in diary form. It would be well indeed if more such satisfactory letters were written, instead of the wretched, coarse-looking notes, containing two words in a line, which serve no further use than to show the writer was alive when it was scrawled, but was not anxious to gratify you by any expenditure of thought or time.

EDUCATIONAL.

A STUDENT.—Milner's Geography, price 7s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Wash the hat with a solution of gum arabic.

AN EXPECTANT READER and E. A. C.—We do not give addresses. Inquire of a bookseller.

E. M. B.—There is a girl's public day school at Dulwich, Thurlow Park-road, S.E. If not near enough, write for further information to the secretary of the company, at 112, Brompton-road, London, S.W.

A MOTHER.—Children are admitted to the Blue Coat School on the presentation of the governors, and the list of those having presentations is published annually in March, price 1s. Write for information to Newgate-street, E.C.

BEESTON.—We do not quite understand the first query. If you mean the Science and Arts Department, write to the Secretary, Norman Macleod, Esq., South Kensington, S.W. Your writing is very bad and careless.

PEGGY.—You can have nothing better than Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. Send for the "Home Naturalist," price 4s., and the "Midnight Sky," price 7s. 6d. These will give you all the information you need.

A JILTED ONE.—Your writing would be good with a little more care, but you would be still more improved by writing copies in a running hand. Inquire at a post office.

PADDLE.—Your writing is good and legible, but you must avoid flourishes.

A HOPEFUL ONE.—Send for Milner's "Universal Geography," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 7s.

COOKERY.

BEAZEN IDA.—Being "a cake," we think there can be no doubt on the matter.

ANNE.—The recipe for vegetable-marrow jam will be found at page 399, vol. i.

L. D. O. Z.—A wrapping of white paper would do as well as a vine leaf, and would not look ill when brought to table.

EMILY H.—The legend of John o' Groat's house will be found on page 719, vol. ii. The recipe for making oaten cakes at page 525, vol. ii.

CHATAIGNE.—Thank you for your kind note; you will find the recipe in "Useful Hints." You might find all three songs at a second-hand music-seller's at a moderate price.

WATERFALL.—Many thanks for the recipe. We think there must be too many carraway seeds in it, however. To clean marble, see page 655, vol. ii.

VIOLET.—Read "Bread and Bread Making," pages 350 and 439, vol. i.

EXCELSIOR.—We have never heard an explanation given of the change.

ONE OF SEVEN.—Katherine means "pure." We are much obliged for both letter and recipe.

MARGUERITE.—Many thanks for the recipe.

A TEETOTALER.—Try a strong flavouring, such as coffee, lemon, or vanilla; but if not successful, you must give up all such delicacies.

MUSIC.

INQUISITIVE.—We must consult the wishes and requirements of the majority of our readers, and we do not think such pieces would meet with their approval.

L'ALLEGRO.—Inquire at a music shop or of your music teacher. We pity the people who live near you if you practise four hours a day; and we think you would derive more benefit with one hour's really good work.

GRATITUDE.—See the Reviews of New Music, and "How to Improve one's Education," page 794, vol. ii.

BIRDIE.—Read Lady Benedict's "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas."

ALICE O'BRIEN.—Bach was born March 21st, 1685, at Eisenach; died July 30th, 1750, at Leipsic. Handel was born at Halle on Feb. 24, 1684, and died on Good Friday (according to the wish of his life), April 13th, 1759. Mozart was born Jan. 17th, 1756, and died at Vienna, Dec. 5th, 1792. All small close hats are worn, as well as very large ones.

JEUNE PIANISTE.—The second movement in minuets, marches, waltzes, &c., is called "Trio," because it is said to have been formerly played by three instruments only, two hautboys and a bassoon; it first appeared in very early overtures, and afterwards in the symphony, and joined with the minuet. After the trio the first or principal movement must always be played again.

ART.

L. D. (Horsham).—We do not give addresses, nor undertake to procure lessons or work for our correspondents.

LILA MILLER.—Your writing is very good. The great home of Rubens's pictures is, we believe, in Antwerp.

ALICE HARTLEY.—We see no harm in your copying a Christmas card on a terra-cotta plate, but you could not sell it as original, of course.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Put on the first tints in their right colour, making them as pure and clear as possible.

EARNEST STUDENT.—The panels, if of any white wood, need no preparation, and may be varnished after the painting is finished.

MIMI and JIM CRACK'S SISTER.—The addition of a very little glycerine to the moist colours is said to soften them, but so very little is required that great care is requisite.

SUNFLOWER.—"Sweet be the reflection," "A day nearer the dawn," "Clothe also thy soul with prayer," would all be suitable as mottoes for a toilet table.

Q. ST. P.—Secure the paper for your picture by means of cement at each end of the glass slide for the magic lantern. Draw your design upon it, and then turn it round, and with black paint mixed with varnish, paint over the outlines seen through the glass. When dry, colour and shade the figures depicted, tempering all the colours with strong white varnish.

HOUSEKEEPING.

UNA.—You could have some black or coloured paint made up at any painter's, and also procure the varnish there, as well as the brushes.

PHILLIS DOVE.—We fear there is no cure, but sometimes a little turpentine inserted with a feather is said to prevent harm. We never heard that it was unhealthy to sleep in warm socks: quite the reverse.

ADOSCA.—"Crambambali" is the native name for punch made in Brazil. It is made by setting fire to the spirit, and allowing it to burn nearly out. In "The Highlands of Brazil," by Capt. Burton, an amusing account will be found of the life in the interior, where this wonderful beverage is much consumed by the natives. 2. The first Friday in July in Essex is marked by a local festival, held in Hainault Forest, under an oak-tree of prodigious size, known as the "Fairlop Oak." It is said that before the fire which nearly destroyed it, in 1805, it had a girth of 36 ft. The festival was inaugurated by Daniel Day, a pump-maker, of Wapping, called the "Good Day," who began the practice of resorting to the old oak on the first Friday in July, to eat a rustic dinner of beans and bacon with a few friends. From this grew the custom of "Fairlop Feast." The story of the festival and its founder is told in a small pamphlet, printed in 1847, at Totham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADELINE V. L. S. FREEBORN.—The word "pseudonym" is composed of two Greek words—*pseudo*, meaning "false," and *nym*, "name." Thus the compound word is used to denote the sham name which you adopt when your real one should be concealed. We are very glad that our little Indian friend derives so much pleasure from our magazine.

CLUNY.—The zither is a charming instrument, but not very easy to play. You would require lessons. The concertina is even more portable for a traveller, and the method of playing it more quickly learnt. The "th" is not pronounced in German; the sound of the "h" is substituted by that of a second "t."

ANNIE M. C.—The subject of your anxiety is one which has troubled multitudes, yet only because they have not read the context of the passage with sufficient thoughtfulness. In connection with the denunciation of those who "blaspheme against the Holy Ghost," in the 29th verse of chapter iii. of the Gospel according to St. Mark, read the explanation of Our Lord's meaning, in the 30th verse—"Because they said, He (Our Lord) hath an unclean spirit"; that is to say, they blasphemed against His Divinity showing itself in the miracles which He wrought by the power of the Holy Ghost, by saying that "a devil," or "Beelzebub," dwelt within Him and enabled Him to work wonders. Read the 22nd verse, which commences the subject, and you will see what called forth all our Lord's reasoning with the blasphemers, and you will understand what that "unpardonable sin" was. Of this, also, you may be sure—that those who dread to commit the sin are not those who have sinned past forgiveness. The steadfast desire to please God is not granted to those who have no hope nor chance of pardon.

LONGSHANKS.—For "Wax Flowers," see page 355, vol. i. It is generally considered good to sleep with the window open so long as there is no draught.

TIPSY.—Rub the fire-irons with grease before putting them away.

NEGLECTED ONE.—A young girl should not be the first to make a remark when introduced to an older person; it is her place to answer when spoken to; but after that she may make a remark if there should be a pause. We are sorry your friends think that you have "a great lack of courtesy." Rudeness we should scarcely have expected from one who writes so humbly, and imagine that they do not know the meaning of the word.

MINNIE.—For the method to be adopted for making skeleton leaves, see vol. i., page 582.

L. SPENCE.—The article called "How to Form a Small Library" is to be found in the November and December parts of vol. ii., page 122. Write to 56, Paternoster-row for them, or order them at any bookseller and stationer's.

WEST INDIAN.—We are unable to tell you who would be likely to purchase your shillings and half-crowns of George III. with the laureated head.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—There is no sale for small quantities of silkworms' cocoons.

LISMORE.—When you write a letter of condolence to any friend who has lost a relative you should write on paper with a very slight bordering of black; but you should not continue to do so if not in mourning yourself.

BRUNSWICK.—We by no means recommend you to make quilts decorated with postage stamps in "imitation of patchwork." You had better make a specimen of real patchwork. Your writing is bad, and your pen equally so. Your friend's writing is bad likewise.

VICTORIAN.—We acknowledge your kind letter, with our best thanks for your assurance that our paper is so much appreciated in your family and neighbourhood.

GIPSY B.—Unless you could give us an idea how the seats of the chairs became stained, we could not suggest how they should be treated. Perhaps, if made of hair, they might be scoured with a brush and soap and water. To clean a carpet use ox-gall.

PLUMMY (PLUMBER?).—You do not tell us of what material your dress is made, but at a venture we suggest your trying ammonia to remove the stains of flowers.

MINNIE.—Silver ornaments are worn when the mourning is not very deep. A letter coming from America would take from ten to twelve days, according to the season of the year.

MADELINE.—You would require a still. Perhaps they are not naturally thick and strong.

BRENHILDA.—We hear so many wonderful stories of animal sagacity that we are not astonished at your relation.

HOBBLE and PERVENCHE.—We do not give addresses. Many thanks for your kind letter of gratitude.

PANSY.—We think you had better wait until you are older before you take a situation. They are generally best found by advertising, or private inquiry.

AMY B. K.—Ammonia will probably take out the grease, and will not hurt the material.

A GLEANER.—Use a net for the horse when driving. We are much obliged by the offer; our regular staff is complete.

OLIVETTE.—Ask your father for an allowance for dress and pocket money; if only £10 a year, it will much increase your happiness. All work is only obtained by personal exertion. We can do nothing to assist.

MARJORIE.—In the spring, before the flowering season has begun.

MARY B.—Our third volume began with the November part.

SAUCY SIX.—Select a piece of poetry from our columns, such as "My Christian Name," which makes an excellent recital.

AN UNHAPPY ONE.—"Honestæ gloria fax mentis" (Glory the firebrand of the honest mind)—the motto of the Kilkington family.

TOBY.—Dip the black lace in strong tea.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—Nothing can be better than the food your baby has hitherto had; persevere with it, as, if she be healthy, you cannot wish for more. Nothing more substantial is needed yet.

JACOB.—We know of no origin for the saying, except tradition, which we have repeatedly heard is falsified by fact. Try some gum with your gold powder.

GERTIE.—See "Useful Hints," vol. ii., page 303.

SWEET BRIAR.—We have given directions already for preserving berries.

FLORIE and NELLIE.—Take the ring to a jeweller. You could not restore it yourself.

V. M. C. and W. J. G.—The 14th of November, 1870, was a Monday, and May 22nd, 1872, was a Wednesday. These two sapient young people wish to know "the result of the census taken this year." Perhaps they would inform us of how many columns they expect us to devote to an answer, or what branch of the subject they wish us to take up?

RHYTHM.—An article on the subject of mourning has been given, and the subject of complimentary and family mourning is discussed in the article published this week. Your mourning for a "step-grandmother" must be the same as for a real grandmother—viz., six months.

AMBALIA.—We could not prescribe for the affection of your throat if under the treatment of your own doctor. It would be mere quackery on our part.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—We thank you very sincerely for so kind a letter, written in a capital hand. Also for sending a recipe for your own home-made bread, an article respecting which we have many inquirers. We give it, as you desire, for the benefit of our readers: Bread.—To make a moderately large loaf, put two lb. of flour in a basin; mix with it a teaspoonful of salt. Make a hole in the middle, put in it a tablespoonful of yeast, and pour on it a pint of warm milk or water. Mix and knead well. Put in a buttered tin, cover with a cloth, and leave it on the dresser to rise. When cracked at the top, bake in tolerably brisk oven.

ELLEN V. P.—We are very sorry that it is not within the scope of this magazine to recommend English governesses and companions. You should read the advertisements in the principal daily or weekly papers, and also advertise yourself.

CLERGYWOMAN.—Your adopted name is a somewhat strange and unmeaning one. Dip the lace which you wish to turn coffee-coloured into some tea. Your hand is too large.

ROUGIE III.—1. See page 80. vol. i. What will remove stains in linen from wine will probably remove those from fruit. 2. Probably your teeth have been so much neglected as to need scraping by a dentist. After that the use of powdered chalk and soap alternately, twice a day, may be sufficient to keep them clean for a long time afterwards. 3. See pages 511 and 607, vol. i.

STRAW BONNET.—1. We can give no recipe for discharging marking ink, without burning a hole in the cambric. If the name be embroidered upon it the case is equally hopeless. If simply marked in thread, it may be accomplished with very fine scissors. 2. A dress of the material of the specimen enclosed should be trimmed with satin or ribbon, not red twill.

CONNEMARA.—Sew the shot into a piece of black silk, and introduce it into the hem, securing it firmly there. We are glad that you have found our cookery recipes so very satisfactory.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.—We advise you to study historical dresses, and which you will see in pictures in English history books. Some of your five dolls might be gentlemen, some ladies. You have written very well, and we quite believe that "nobody helped" you.

THANKFUL HEART.—For "Hoarseness" see page 592, vol. i.

TOPSY.—A little girl so signing herself sends a very small communication on toy note-paper, begging us to tell her "the way to cure" her "getting in a temper" over her lessons. She had better stand in the corner until she feels ashamed of herself, and then ask her teacher's pardon for her naughtiness. She should also pray for help to restrain herself.

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN.—The term "a dog watch" is a corruption of "dodge watch." Two short watches—one from four to six and the other from six to eight in the evening, introduced to "dodge" the routine—that is, to prevent the same men from always keeping watch at the same hours successively during every twenty-four hours. The "long watch" is of four hours' duration, and, strictly speaking, "a watch" means a 'keeping guard" for that length of time. 2. The small island of Tristran d'Acunha is one of a group of three, the other two being smaller, and one of them only accessible in very calm weather. The first-named is so called after their Portuguese discoverer, and contains but a very few inhabitants, so few as not to be thought sufficiently important to be mentioned in a good gazetteer. We think your emblematic design does you credit. Your pen is too hard.

CLEMATIS.—1. Your quotation is from Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Your hand is a very pretty one. 2. Use sufficient flour to make it into dough.

LISA.—1. Your looking-glass appears to require re-silvering, and should be sent to a manufacturer's for the purpose. 2. We imagine that your cat's symptoms proceed from her eating certain things (perhaps beetles), unknown to you, that disagree with her. She might find certain medicinal grasses for herself if you could give her a daily run in a field; and perhaps a dose of castor oil might be a good prescription preparatory to the more agreeable cure. You write fairly well.

GRATEFUL EDITH.—1. You might improve the appearance of the gilt frame by washing it over with some liquid gold, sold in a bottle at any artists' colourman's, and applied with a small painting-brush. 2. 'Sent to Coventry" is a phrase to which two different origins are assigned. One is that all 'troublesome" Royalists used to be sent for safe keeping to the town of that name, as being a stronghold of the Parliamentary party in the time of the Protectorate of Cromwell. The other refers the term to the fact that the citizens had at one time a prejudice against soldiers, and that a woman was tabooed by them if seen speaking to one; so that a soldier sent to Coventry was cut off from social intercourse.

B. E. A.—There is a prize given and a sum of money by an institution of the late Prince Consort's, which Her Majesty keeps up, to servants who have kept their situations and shown themselves consistently faithful and efficient; but we have not heard of any grant in their favour connected with the parish which you name.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

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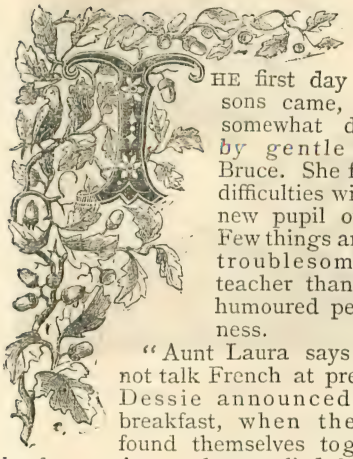
"'LOOK AT YOUR COPY, MY DEAR.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

A CONTEST.



THE first day of lessons came, a day somewhat dreaded by gentle Miss Bruce. She foresaw difficulties with this new pupil of hers. Few things are more troublesome to a teacher than good-humoured perverseness.

"Aunt Laura says I need not talk French at present," Dessie announced after breakfast, when the four found themselves together in the spacious salon applied between meals to schoolroom purposes.

"Mamma said she was sure you would kindly excuse Dessie just at first," explained Emmeline.

"Yes, my dear. Mrs. Fitzroy spoke to me about it," said Miss Bruce, in her most nervous manner. "I am going to grant you all a week's grace, on condition that the privilege is not abused."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Dessie, not too softly.

"Dessie, you are not a boy."

"I wish I were, Miss Bruce."

Miss Bruce wisely avoided the discussion for which Dessie was ripe, on the comparative merits of boys and girls. She gave Emmeline and Allie work to do by themselves, and set herself to search out the condition of Decima's mind, and the amount of knowledge contained therein.

Decima had no objection whatever to this. She liked being questioned, liked to show off her own cleverness, liked to bring forward odd little unexpected pieces of information on different subjects. Miss Bruce did not check the latter tendency. She was bent upon knowing what Dessie really had learnt, not bent upon going through a certain stiff examination in a certain particular form. Now and then her soft voice broke in upon one of Dessie's outpourings, with a quiet—"That is not to the point, Dessie," or, "That is not what I asked you, Dessie." But, as a rule, she was content in some measure to follow her pupil's lead.

For a while all went swimmingly, and Dessie was in high feather.

She mistook, however, the meaning of Miss Bruce's hesitating manner, and imagined her to be somewhat like Miss Wood—a well-meaning but ill-informed individual. Believing this, Dessie began to plume herself upon superior knowledge, and gradually waxed somewhat reckless. Having no fear of being caught tripping, she plunged into depths where she was by no means at home, with intent to dazzle her three hearers, for it must be confessed that Emmie and Allie could do little but listen.

Miss Bruce followed still her pupil's lead, and allowed her to flounder through a slough of scientific words, jumbled together in hopeless confusion. Allie looked impressed, but Emmie wore a perplexed expression, and presently Dessie became aware of a soft ironical smile stealing over Miss Bruce's face.

"My dear," said Miss Bruce, slowly, "I don't think you *quite* know what you are saying."

Dessie stopped short, suddenly checked.

"What?" she said, not over politely.

"I think, if I were you, I would avoid talking much about astronomy at present."

Miss Bruce's lips were quivering and her eyes were downcast, not with timidity, but with amusement and suppressed laughter. For once, Dessie grew almost angry.

"*You* don't know," she said. "You are not an astronomer."

"Certainly not," Miss Bruce answered, with a renewed quiver.

"I don't believe you know the name of that bright star which was in front of the house last night," said Dessie hazardously.

Miss Bruce laughed outright.

"You are talking too fast, Dessie," she said. "Think before you speak. Jupiter is a planet, not a star."

"Dessie, you'd better take care," put in Allie. "Miss Bruce knows heaps upon heaps about astronomy and everything."

"My dear Allie! Heaps!" expostulated Miss Bruce.

"I mean 'lots,' Miss Bruce."

"That is as bad. Never use ugly words when you can find graceful ones which will express your meaning."

Check number two. Dessie did not like it at all. She felt herself worsted, and was, after her fashion, annoyed. She dashed into an eager attempt to outdo Miss Bruce, to find some quarter in which she knew more than the gentle little governess. But such a quarter she sought in vain. Miss Bruce never grew excited, and kept always her timid deprecating manner; yet, wherever Dessie trod, she found Miss Bruce always a step beyond her, and every slip that she made was noted, and every false statement was quietly set right.

The morning passed quickly, and at its close Dessie laboured under a sense of dissatisfaction. She felt that she had by no means shone as she wished to do.

A walk restored her ruffled good-humour to its usual state, but by the afternoon her mood had changed. What was the use of "bothering" herself to outdo other people? Miss Bruce was the oldest, and was trained for teaching—so Dessie supposed—therefore it was quite natural that she should know most. Dessie was not going to slave for anybody. She took this resolution, swayed, after her usual fashion, by the moment's impulse or mood, quite irrespective of all question as to right and wrong; and she came to work in the afternoon in a hopelessly idle and vapid state of mind. Miss Bruce found it difficult to believe that this lazy chatterer was the same girl as her eager pupil of the morning.

Wednesday afternoon was commonly devoted to drawing. Dessie professed to know something of it, and was set to copy a pencil sketch. Emmie and Allie were soon diligently at work, and Miss Bruce moved softly to and fro, inspecting and giving subdued hints.

"The perspective is all wrong in this picture," announced Dessie.

Miss Bruce answered the appeal by coming to her side.

"It is perfectly correct," she said. "This is an excellent copy, Dessie, and extremely easy."

"I never saw a shed in real life slant as this one does, Miss Bruce. It is a sort of English Tower of Pisa."

Miss Bruce made no answer, and moved away to Emmie, who required some explanations. When next Miss Bruce looked up, Dessie was engaged in a careful attempt to balance one pencil across another.

"Not begun yet, Dessie?"

"O yes, I have begun," said Dessie, indicating a shadowy line across her sheet. "Miss Wood always told me not to be in a hurry over drawing, but to take time for thought."

"For thought—yes; but not for play. You are starting wrongly, my dear. Take the nearest upright line: see, the corner of the shed——"

"I always begin with the horizon, Miss Bruce."

"Very likely. When I was a child I always began a house with the chimneys. But there is a right and a wrong way of doing things."

Dessie deliberately lengthened the "horizon-line," and then, with a piece of paper, measured the distance between it and the water-wheel.

"No measuring, Dessie," said Miss Bruce.

"I always measure."

"I do not allow it. You may lay your pencil lightly against the copy, and then against your paper—so—as a slight guide. But there must be no direct measuring."

"Nobody can possibly draw without it."

Miss Bruce laughed again. She seemed to find Dessie's assertions irresistibly amusing. Dessie began to wax indignant, and to wish that she could make Miss Bruce angry. She drew a furious round O in deep black for the outline of the water-wheel. The general effect of the huge O below the horizon-line was rather like a large ring hanging to a clothes'-line.

"That O is not round," said Allie, peering across the table.

"I could make it round easily enough with a pair of compasses, or with a pin and a bit of string," said Dessie.

"Giotto could have done it without either," said Emmie softly.

"And others, I hope, besides Giotto," said Miss Bruce. "But the fault here is not insufficient roundness. Look at your copy, my dear. The water-wheel is oval, not round, in appearance, and not even a perfect oval, for the line on one side is a little broken. You are drawing far too heavily also. You must sketch lightly and delicately. See! Like this."

"I don't think I am made for such finikin work, Miss Bruce. It gives me the fidgets. I like to go straight ahead, and dash a thing off, and get it done."

"The fidgets are unimportant, and have to be conquered," said Miss Bruce calmly. "I think you are *made* to do whatever comes in your path, as your duty, my dear, not to do what your natural inclinations might prompt. I have noticed that one often has to do things contrary to one's natural inclinations. If not, how could there be self-conquest? But I see nothing 'finikin' in delicate work and careful finish. Coarseness and haste always belong to an inferior style."

"Style of what?" asked Dessie, rather at a loss how to combat Miss Bruce's quietly-delivered opinions.

"Whatever you have in hand to do. Drawing, at the present moment."

"I don't care for drawing. Pictures are not worth much, after all."

Miss Bruce was lightly sketching on a scrap of paper.

"See," she said; "that is the way in which you must begin. As for pictures, I hope you will learn some day how to appreciate."

"That is just a way of putting one down, if people don't agree," said Dessie.

"Hardly fair, is it?" said Miss Bruce. "It certainly would not be quite fair to give a blind man a set-down, merely because he could not appreciate sunlight."

Dessie was actually silenced for two minutes. Miss Bruce sketched on quietly.

"Now," she said, pausing—"you have seen how it should be done. Try to do the same. And remember one thing, Dessie: if you have work to do, which does not seem to you beautiful or worth giving time to, you may always *make* it beautiful and worth while by doing it 'with your might,' and 'as unto God.'"

Dessie was silent.

"Now, my dear," repeated Miss Bruce, "you know how to go on. Rub out those unfortunate lines of yours, and make a fresh beginning."

"I can go on from where I am."

Miss Bruce looked steadily at Dessie. There was a certain unyieldingness about this timid young governess, which Dessie had not expected to find. She was quite a different person in school hours and out.

"Dessie, have you come here to teach me, or to have me teach you?"

Dessie gave her shoulders a little shrug.

"I may put the question another way. Have you come here to learn, or merely to tell us how much you already know?"

"I don't feel inclined to lear to-day."

"Don't feel inclined! That sounds like five years old, instead of fifteen."

Dessie was utterly unaccustomed to steady opposition, and to the utterance of plain truths about herself. Moreover, there was a touch of gentle contempt in Miss Bruce's manner which stung her. Good-natured as she was commonly counted, her good-nature was not proof for the occasion. She coloured scarlet, started up, and bounced out of the room.

At that identical moment Mr. Fitzroy happened to be passing outside the door. Dessie's vehement exit took him by surprise, and a smart collision was very nearly the result; but he turned sharp round, and received her in his arms with a "Hallo! What now?"

"I am not going to learn from Miss Bruce, uncle Sidney."

Mr. Fitzroy released her, and stood examining her face. "Why not?" he asked.

"She interferes, and plagues, and orders me about. A stupid little fussy——"

"Hush! You forget yourself."

"But she is!"

"You forget yourself. No lady shall be called names in my house. Wait, and think, before you speak." Then, after a pause, "What is it all about?"

"I can't learn from Miss Bruce. She puts me out of all patience."

"Your stock of patience I imagine to be small. What is it that you cannot learn from her?"

"Drawing, and everything."

"And you have quite made up your mind that you cannot?" said Mr. Fitzroy, inquiringly.

"I would rather know nothing. It is quite impossible," said Dessie.

"Ah!" responded Mr. Fitzroy. He laid a hand on her arm, and marched her back into the schoolroom, where the girls looked scared, and Miss Bruce pale and nervous.

"Miss Bruce, I have come to say that you will not have the trouble of a third pupil, after all. Dessie declines to study under you."

Miss Bruce sat down, for she was trembling too much to stand.

"Is this the bone of contention?" asked Mr. Fitzroy, laying hands on the sheet of paper. "H'm! Ha! Well, it is wise to begin at the beginning: lines and circles, to be followed, I suppose, by angles. I should have said squares came before circles, in point of simplicity. But you will not be troubled any more, Miss Bruce. Dessie does not approve of our style of education. I must write to her father immediately, and tell him to expect her back next week."

"O uncle Sidney!" cried the dismayed Dessie.

"You do not imagine that I am going to keep you here for six months in a state of idleness! Your father sent you to us for education. But perhaps you expect me to engage an instructress especially for yourself?"

"I don t want to go home yet," said Dessie, with unwonted meekness.

"It must be home or Miss Bruce, if Miss Bruce is willing to undertake you again, now that she is released from the obligation."

"I can only do so on condition that Dessie submits to rules and does as she is told," said Miss Bruce.

"You hear, Dessie?" Mr. Fitzroy spoke significantly.

Dessie looked each in the face dubiously, thought, sighed, sat down at the table, and began to make vigorous use of her indiarubber.

"Does that mean penitence?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"It means—everything," said Dessie, with an air of profound submission. "I'll do just exactly *everything* I'm told—and more."

"'More' is not obedience," said Mr. Fitzroy. "Dessie, you are the most complete infant I ever saw, at the age of fifteen."

But this time Dessie controlled her feelings, whatever they might have been, and showed no signs of an inclination to rush from the room.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Slight Mistake.

Before accepting an invitation, it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland, the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home, and was introduced to his wife. The good man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter, after a little pressing, consented.

The good lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and seeing, as she thought, her husband washing, as was the custom in those days, at the family sink, she seized the family Bible and approached stealthily from behind, and brought down the ponderous tome upon his bald pate, exclaiming:—

"Tak' ye *that* for bringing hungry preachers here to dinner every time they come to the parish!"

As soon as the assaulted one could get the suds out of his eyes he looked about him, and after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She too came to the same conclusion when, on returning to the parlour, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend!

Double Acrostic.

Once crowned queen: divorced for conduct lax;
Woo'd by a second king for sake of gain,
She made him pay his rash ambition's tax
By dire domestic discord all his reign.

Her bitter temper drove him from his home;
She murder'd the companion of his love;
Is it then strange, since acts from actions come,
That all their sons undutiful should prove?

Her name, th' initial letters will afford;
That of her wide domain is in the final word.

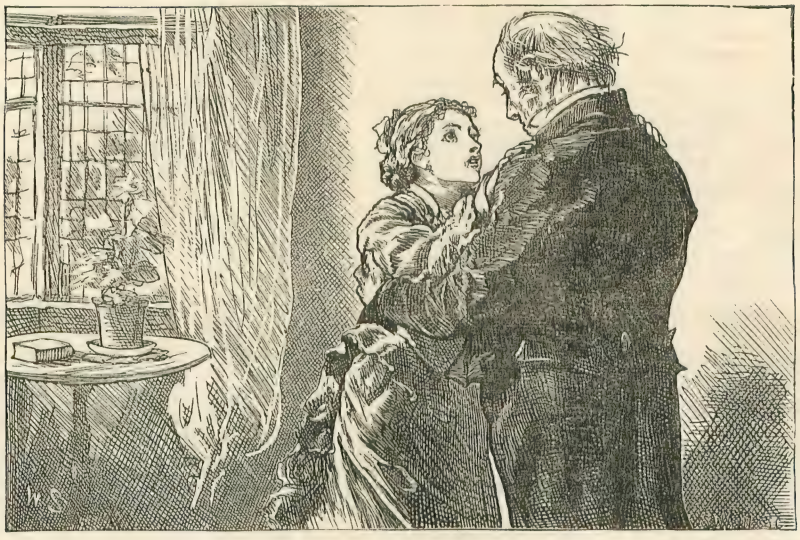
Oh, tiny beetle! when thy form appears,
What shrillest shrieks and screams arise!
A ghastly phantom, that, in feudal years,
Caused throughout France such wild, insensate fears
As raise our wonder and surprise.

The heroes who avenged their slaughtered sires
By vanquishing those fathers' foes.
A province that a Teuton race acquires,
Loses, regains, and restlessly aspires
To conquest, more than to repose.

A mighty spirit in a puny frame,
Who knew no thought or sense of fear;
Like England's thunderbolt of war, he came,
Expiring in the very hour of fame,
And left a name to Britons dear.

A brilliant constellation, in our skies,
In sharpest winter, beautiful appears.
The king of all his race, with dauntless eyes,
Who, 'mid the jagged crags that cloudward rise,
His helpless, hardy offspring rears.

Ximena.



FORGIVE AND FORGET.

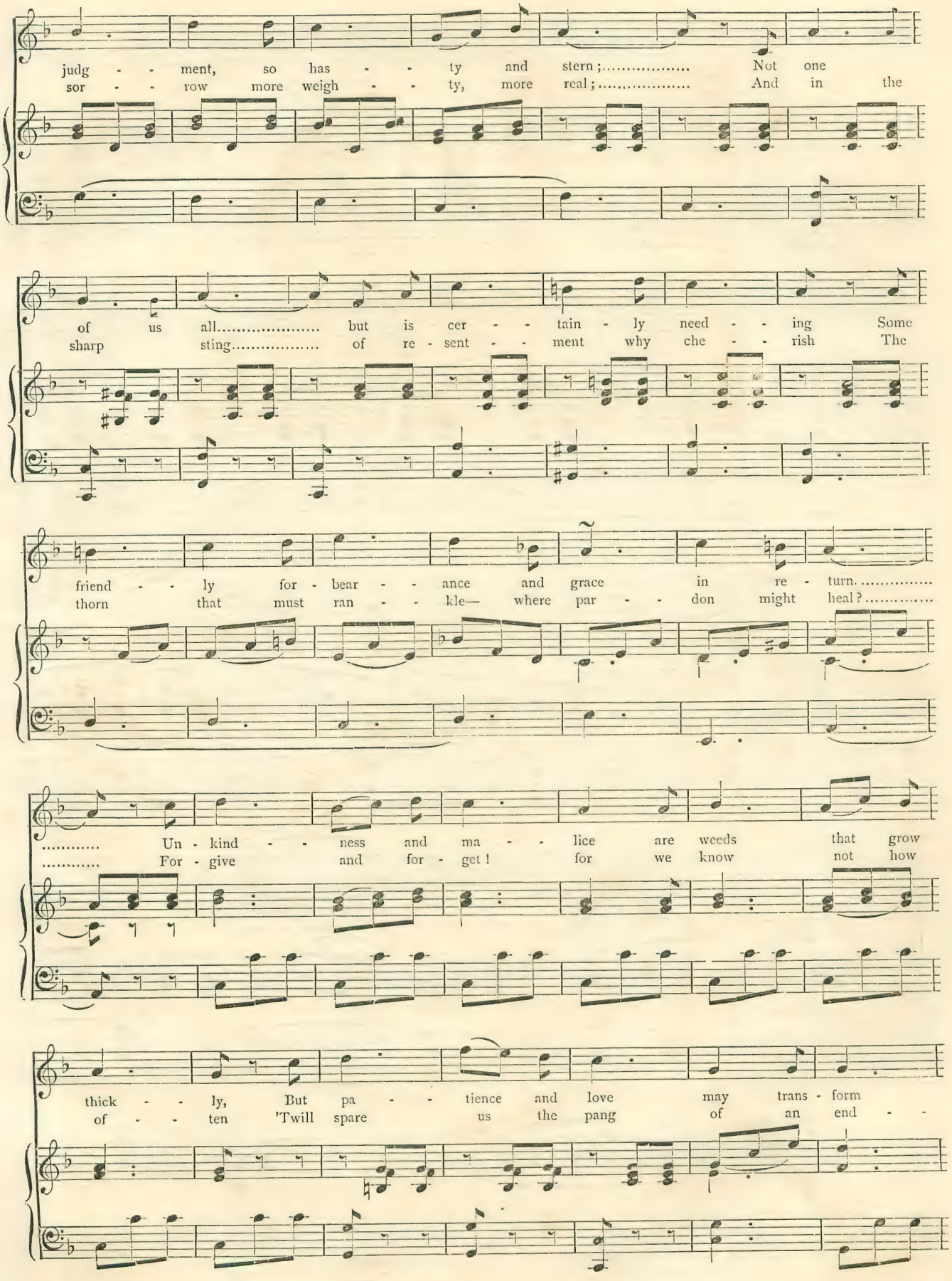
Words by S. E. G. *Music by* MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.

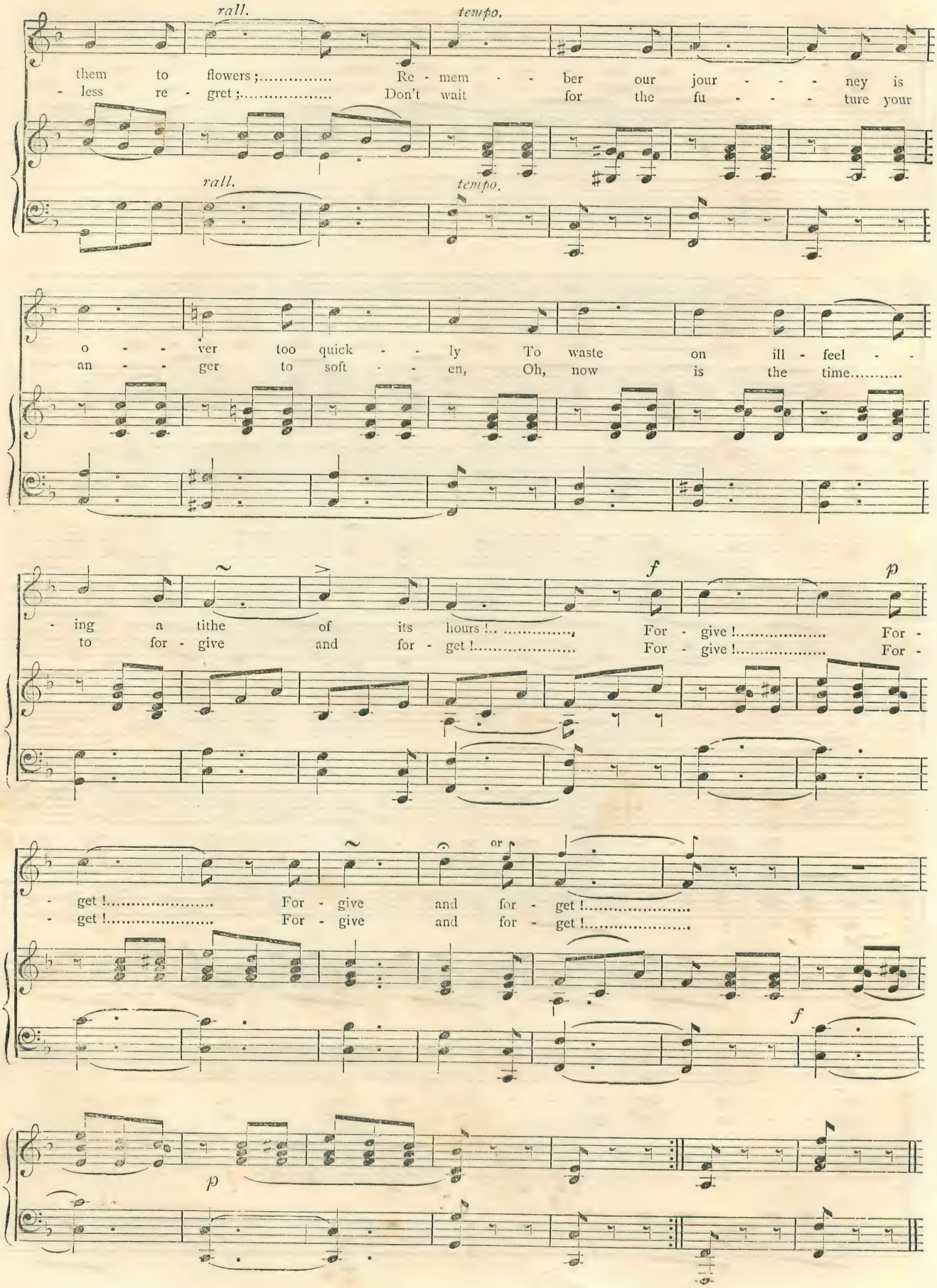
Moderato.

PIANO. *p*

1. For - give and for - get !.....
2. For - give and for - get !.....

..... 'tis a max - - im worth heed - - ing; Re - call the harsh
..... let the bit - - ter thought per - - ish; Life does not lack


judg - - ment, so has - - ty and stern;..... Not one
sor - - row more weigh - - ty, more real;..... And in the
of us all..... but is cer - - tain - ly need - - ing Some
sharp sting..... of re - sent - - ment why che - - rish The
friend - - ly for - bear - - ance and grace in re - turn.....
thorn that must ran - - kle— where par - - don might heal?.....
..... Un - kind - - ness and ma - - lice are weeds that grow
..... For - give and for - get! for we know not how
thick - - ly, But pa - - tience and love may trans - form
of - - ten 'Twill spare us the pang of an end - -


rall.
tempo.
them to flowers;..... Re - mem - - ber our jour - - - - ney is
- less re - gret;..... Don't wait for the fu - - - - ture your
rall.
tempo.
o - - ver too quick - - ly To waste on ill - feel - -
an - - ger to soft - - en, Oh, now is the time.....
f
p
- ing a tithe of its hours!.. ....., For - give!..... For -
to for - give and for - get!..... For - give!..... For -
or
- get!..... For - give and for - get!.....
- get!..... For - give and for - get!.....
f
p

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTING PHOTOS, &c.

By ACADEMICIAN.

How many unsuccessful attempts have been made by amateurs to colour photographs, and how often the only remaining photograph of a dear brother or friend is spoilt by the operator for the want of a few practical hints! Before commencing operations it is absolutely necessary that the young artist should be prepared with the few articles that are indispensable to the portrait-painter—viz., four or five different sizes of very small camel-hair pencils, one stick of the best Indian ink, and ditto of sepia, one bottle of Chinese white, one bottle of oxgall for removing grease, &c., before commencing, one china palette with three or four compartments, and a shilling box of Newman's water-colours. All these articles can be obtained from any artist's colourman for about half-a-crown. Before making any attempts, old and uninteresting portraits should be used in preference to those of dear and loved relations and friends, as any attempt to remove the colour, once it has been applied, disfigures it, and the photo that once held a prominent and favoured position in your album will appear with an ugly smudge across the face, made in the attempt to wash off the colour.

I do not mean to infer that it is an impossibility to remove the colour from photographs; far from it; but my readers will, I feel sure, agree with me in saying that a photograph, once it has been tampered with, loses all that sharp and clear outline and finish of touch, and appears dull and uninteresting. Photographs can be removed from the cards, and the colour extracted at the same time, by placing them in a soup-plate previously filled with lukewarm water, and allowed to stand four or five hours; but as this is a most unsatisfactory experiment, it is hardly worth the trouble spent upon it. The following rules should be strictly observed by the painter, who will find that after a time his or her album will not only clearly define the likeness of a person, but the colour of the dress and trimmings, which hitherto have passed unnoticed, will prove interesting and valuable.

To "hatch" a face means to draw lines across one another, and to stipple, which is the only true representative of flesh. Arms and legs of children should be "hatched."

The golden trimming of soldiers' uniforms should be a mixture of Chinese white and the colour desired. This can also be applied to trimmings of dresses, &c.

The Eye.—The pupil of the eye can be painted in sepia (if so it happen to be); the iris (or circle round the pupil) with cobalt, lowered with sepia, for a grey or blue eye, or vandyke brown for a dark eye. Eyebrows and eyelashes can be marked with sepia.

The Nose, Ears, and General Expression of the Face.—The outline, if in shadow, to be marked out in brown madder; the ear may be outlined with the same colour. The most important and characteristic shadows of the face should be put in as near as possible to their full strength with the general shadow colour, Indian red lowered with cobalt. This mixture of Indian red and cobalt forms a beautiful clean colour for the shadows.

The most important shadows are the sockets of the eyes on the lower part of the nose, and below it beneath the chin, and below or behind the ears. These shadows are to be partly washed; should be finer as the face is approached.

To Hatch a Face.—First hatch a light tint of blue over the lower and retiring part of the cheek; put in the blue shadow below and at the corner of the upper lip, keeping its form well defined, and unite it gradually with the blue shade of the jaw. Work in a blue tint under the nose, and a little of the shadow colour on the wing of the nostril; soften the edge of the chin, and round it with the shadow colour.

Now put in the warm colour, for the reflected light under the chin, with a tint composed of Venetian red and Indian yellow, which is sometimes called the flesh colour. Work a little of the same tint on the dark shadow in the sockets of the eyes; soften the shaded side of the iris with the shadow colour; finish the lips by stippling them with vermilion and pink madder, and observe that the more distant part is less vivid in colour. The principal work at this period of the painting consists in softening the tints by working on their edges.

Hair.—The difficulty of painting hair consists not so much in the colouring as in the drawing, for so the continual touches which give the flow and form of the hair may properly be termed; and to this point the attention of the student may be continually directed. We will first give directions for painting brown hair. For the local tint use vandyke brown and sepia, and with this work on the deepest shades with a touch that is neither too wiry and defined, nor too washy; then go on with the next deepest shades (the deepest tints having been already laid in their places when marking the outline), and so on, retouching and strengthening when necessary the extreme darks, and leaving the lights, which must be gradually covered with light touches, giving them the form of hair, until even the extreme lights are covered with a light tint of this local colour, taking no notice for the present of the blue tint perceptible on or near the lights. These high lights are afterwards to be taken out. When the local colour is not sufficiently warm, apply the flesh tint, composed of Venetian red and Indian yellow.

Black Hair.—Sepia to be used in place of vandyke brown and sepia, adding for the extreme darks a little warm black (composed of sepia, lake, and indigo); and remember that in black and dark hair the lights are cold and blueish, and that there is always a warm tint between the lights and extreme darks.

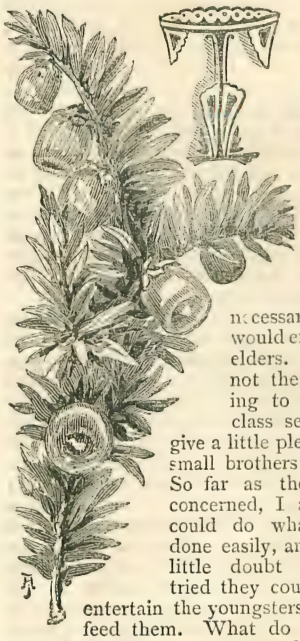
Flaxen Hair.—Commence with sepia; next tints, vandyke brown; then the flesh colour, Venetian red and Indian yellow. The local colour is either yellow ochre or a tint formed of Indian yellow and Venetian red, which, from being more transparent, is perhaps preferable, although the former, from its semi-opacity, has more solidity. The high lights of flaxen hair are yellow, and there is a cool grey tint between the lights and shadows. In all cases the high lights of hair are taken out afterwards, when the tints already described are quite dry, and to allow time for this it is usual to leave the hair in this state and go on with the neck, arms, and hands when they are visible.

Be careful to introduce shadows or grey tints between the flesh and the hair, and to soften the extremities and outlines of the latter where it meets the background, that it may not appear inlaid.

The Neck.—The colour on the shaded side of the neck is Indian red and blue; on the light side, blue only. The green tint on the neck is to be given with the flesh colour (Venetian red and Indian yellow) hatched over the blue. Proceed in the same manner with the arms and hands, using, however, Indian red alone for the first tint in the same manner as the forehead, when working over them, when necessary, with blue, observing the reflected lights, which are always warm.

Fingers.—The divisions of the fingers may be painted with brown and pink madder. The tips of the fingers, the knuckles, and the outside of the hands are more rosy than the other parts, and require to be hatched with the carnation tint of madder and vermilion.

HOW TO PROVIDE FOR A CHILDREN'S PARTY.



Here is many a household where the children would be allowed to have a "party" now and then, if it were not for the trouble which the necessary preparation would entail upon the elders. Why should not the girls belonging to our cooking class set to work to give a little pleasure to their small brothers and sisters? So far as the cooking is concerned, I am sure they could do what has to be done easily, and I have very little doubt that if they tried they could manage to entertain the youngsters as well as to feed them. What do you say, big grown-up sisters? Do you think the little ones would like it? If they would, persuade mamma to consent, tell her you will take all the trouble of getting ready out of her hands, send out your invitations, and then let us have a little talk together about what is to be provided for supper.

First of all, however, I must tell you that I am a very old-fashioned person. I believe in children being treated as children, and fed on simple wholesome diet. I should be very sorry to ask any of my young friends to spend an evening with me, and then arrange matters so that they should be in the hands of the doctor for two or three weeks after they have left me. Therefore, I warn you that if you admit me into consultation you will not be told of anything rich and savoury, but only what is suitable, plain, and good. I will answer for it, however, that the children will appreciate the dishes which I am about to suggest, and if they are satisfied I do not think we need mind any one else.

There is one advantage in providing for children, and that is that you soon know whether or not they like what is set before them. Also, you are in no difficulty as to the kind of dishes which they prefer. Meat they do not care much for, and they are better without it at night; therefore, so far as the children are concerned, we need not trouble about meat dishes. Of course, if there are any mammas and papas invited to accompany the children, it is a different thing; we enter upon a new field altogether. Here, however, I am speaking of provision for children only, and I maintain that you may make all sorts of expensive preparations, provide fish, fowl, or good red herrings, &c., and the children will care very little for any of them. Your substantial dishes will all be regarded as so many unimportant details which must be surmounted before the sweets can be arrived at. If, therefore, you will be persuaded by me you will provide nothing in the way of meat excepting a few well made beef, ham, or tongue sandwiches, and a dish of sausage rolls. Even these will be introduced more for form

than anything else. You will not think you have made suitable provision unless you have a few sandwiches; therefore, have them by all means, but if you consult the wishes of the children you will not provide a large quantity, neither will you pass round those which are there too many times.

But though our supply of meat be thus limited, we must take good care to have plenty of fruit—oranges, apples, almonds, and raisins, French plums and grapes, and fresh fruit, if it is in season. Nuts I should not recommend, because nuts very often disagree with children. More than all, however, we must have an ample variety of good sweets, and by good I mean sweets which look well as well as taste well. We are all influenced by the eye as by the palate, and children are especially so. Moreover, children like colour and appreciate contrasts. The addition of a few drops of cochineal will often determine their appreciation of a dish As we wish to please the little folks, we must not forget to supply colour.

Before I go on to the all important sweets, however, I must say a word about making the sandwiches. Perhaps you feel inclined to say, "Everyone knows how to make sandwiches! Why speak of them?" I suppose theoretically everyone does know, and yet well-make sandwiches are very rarely rarely met with. First of all, the sandwiches must be freshly made, and with bread which is firm but not dry; therefore, if you do not bake at home, order a square tinned loaf of the baker, and have it baked the day but one before the day of the party. A loaf of this shape is the best, because there is so little waste in cutting it. If you were wanting to make a large quantity of sandwiches it would be well to order a sandwich loaf—that is, a plain tinned loaf of twice the usual length. This would supply you with the maximum amount of crumb and the minimum amount of crust. A loaf of the ordinary size will, however, make a very good dish of sandwiches.

Before cutting our sandwiches we put the meat of which they are to be made on a plate, look it over carefully, and remove all the gristle, skin, and inferior portions, then cut the remainder into small mouthfuls. We place the mustard and butter (the latter must not be too hard to spread easily) close to our hands, and then we may commence operations. If the sandwiches were to be made of beef, a little salt would be needed, but for ham or tongue this is not required. By the way, I may say that economical housekeepers often make beef sandwiches of the tinned corned beef, for the purpose finding it both convenient and cheap.

Of course, the crust must be shaved from the loaf all round, and the slices must be cut thinly and with a sharp knife. The butter must be spread very lightly, and the mouthfuls of meat must be laid on evenly to cover the whole surface of the under slice. Add mustard judiciously, press the uppermost slice upon the meat gently with the hand, and cut the slice into triangular pieces of a small size; large sandwiches do not look well. Cover a dish with a neatly folded napkin, pile the sandwiches lightly on it, place small sprigs of green parsley here and there upon it, and our dish is ready.

We should not make these sandwiches until the day of the party, and the later they could be made the better. It is quite possible, however, that our friends the providers will have so much to do and think of that they will wish to make the sandwiches early and get them off their minds. They may do this easily, and the sandwiches will take no harm if they are placed in a cool place, and if a napkin wrung out of cold water is placed on them.

If liked, sandwiches can be made of something different to the orthodox ham or tongue. Cold meat, poultry, or game may be used; potted meats or potted fish of all kinds, or even cold dressed fish with fish sauce can be converted into sandwiches. The most delicious sandwiches I ever tasted were made with brown bread and butter and filleted anchovy (that is, strips of anchovy freed from bone and skin), hard boiled eggs cut into slices, and small salad. These sandwiches were rather troublesome to make, but they were quite worth the trouble they cost.

The sausage rolls may be very easily prepared. Calculate how many rolls you will need, and procure half the number of sausages, because each sausage will make two rolls. If you buy ready-make sausages, be very particular where you get them, because as you know there are sausages and sausages. Do not get very highly-seasoned meats, because children are not partial to pepper. Make a little flaky pastry, the recipe for which you will find in a previous number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Roll this out into pieces the eighth of an inch thick and six inches square. Cut the sausages into halves, lay each half in the middle of a square, fold the pastry over the meat, and join the edges neatly down the centre. Place the rolls on a greased baking-tin, brush the tops of the rolls with egg slightly beaten, and bake in a hot oven. It is best to cook the sausages partially before putting them in the pastry, then the rolls are sufficiently baked when the pastry is done. The fresh sausages may be plunged into fast boiling water and simmered for five minutes; after this the skin can be drawn off, and when cold the sausages are ready.

Jellies, creams, and blancmanges are always liked by children, therefore I would advise you to make an ample supply of these either the day before, or the day but one before the party. In arranging for an affair of this kind it is always well to do as much as possible beforehand, and to leave as little as may be to the actual day; however much you do you will find quite enough to occupy you at the time. There will be the rooms and table to prepare, the children to get ready, the games to arrange, and the flowers to look after. As to how you are to make the jellies and creams, I must refer you to my articles on those two subjects published recently. Follow closely the directions given there, and your moulds will turn out well, only remember to supply colour and to give ample scope to your ideas of ornamentation.

As to additional sweet dishes, I will mention two or three which you may like to make in addition to those I have mentioned.

Snow Balls.—Boil a teacupful of rice with a pint and a half of milk; flavour with chopped almonds, sweeten with sifted sugar. When tender beat the rice briskly to make it smooth. Pour it into cups which have been rinsed in cold water. When cold turn these on a glass dish; garnish with bright-coloured jam, and serve with milk or cream.

Fruit Gateau.—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in as much water as will cover it for half an hour. Boil half a pint of water and a quarter of a pound of sugar to a syrup. Throw in a pound of any kind of firm fruit, without being at all broken, and simmer till the fruit is tender. Dissolve the gelatine, put it with the fruit, add a few drops of cochineal, if colour is needed, and the juice of a lemon if dry fruit has been used. Place a jelly-pot in the middle of a mould, pour the fruit round it; turn it when cold on a glass dish and put cream in the centre.

It is astonishing what a number of dishes you can make by following this recipe and using different fruits. French plums make a delicious mould, which looks dark and rich as well as tastes well. Apples, too, flavoured with lemon and boiled to pulp, are very good; rhubarb also, and cranberries for people who like cranberries, are excellent. Fresh fruit, of course, may be used in this way, and excellent gateaux may be made of any fruit which is firm enough to keep its shape when boiled. In winter time it is a good plan to make two moulds, one of apples and one of prunes. The preparation of apple can, if liked, be arranged in layers, each alternate layer being coloured.

Lemon Sponge.—Soak an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of water. In half an hour put it into a saucepan with three-quarters of a pint of water; the thin rind and strained juice of two fresh lemons, and three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. When the gelatine is dissolved pour the liquid out and let it remain until it is cold and beginning to set. Take the whites of three eggs, without a speck of yellow, beat them well, then put them with the dissolved gelatine, and whisk all together till the preparation stiffens and looks like snow. Pile it high on a dish and make it look as rocky as possible, and at the last moment sprinkle hundreds and thousands, or pink sugar, over it. Serve with finger biscuits. To make the pink sugar, crumble a little loaf sugar to powder; drop a little cochineal on the palm of the hand, and rub the sugar in the cochineal. Spread it out to dry.

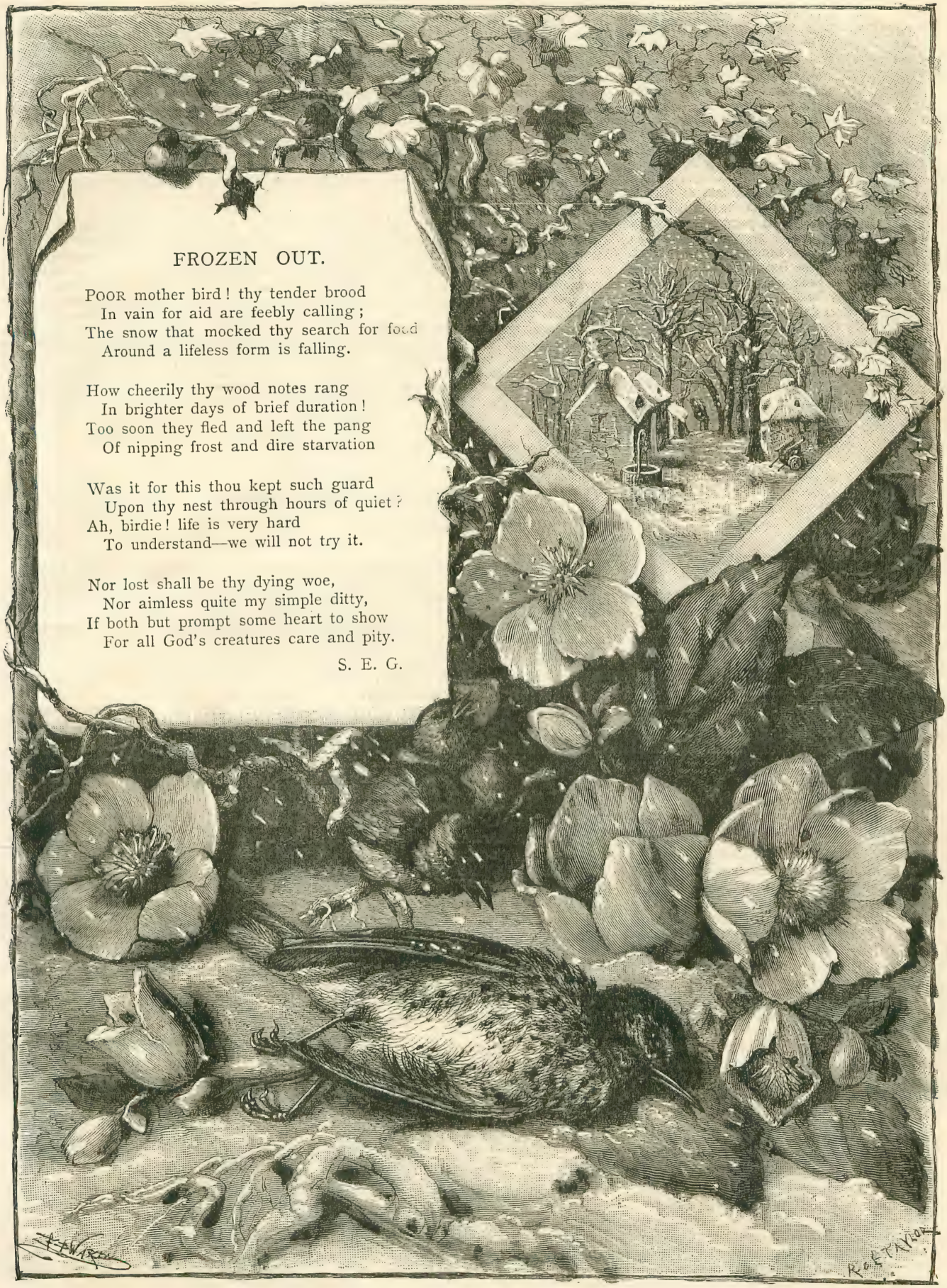
Jam with Cream.—Rub three or four good lumps of sugar upon a large fresh lemon till all the yellow part is taken off; add more sugar to make up four ounces. Put this in half a pint of double cream and flavour with a glass of raisin wine, if liked. Whip the cream with a whisk till it is slightly thick. Put a spoonful of apricot jam at the bottom of some six or eight custard glasses. Fill the glasses with the whipped cream, and serve with sponge fingers.

Stewed Prunes are always liked by children, and served with milk or cream they are both wholesome and excellent. The prunes should be soaked overnight in plenty of cold water, they should then be simmered gently in the same water till they are quite soft; a little lemon rind and two or three cloves may be stewed with them. When done the fruit should be drained (stoned or not), allowed to cool a little, then piled high in a dish. The syrup should be strained, sweetened, and thickened slightly with a little arrowroot, coloured with two or three drops of cochineal, and poured over the fruit.

Peach Compote, or Pine-apple Compote.—Procure a tin either of preserved pine-apple or preserved peaches and a small and rather stale sponge cake. Pour off the juice and put it into an enamelled stewpan with a breakfast-cupful of white sugar and a teacupful of water, and boil a minute or two till the sugar is dissolved; then put in the fruit and stew gently till it is quite tender. Cut a piece out of the centre of the sponge cake, leaving a good wall all round which is not likely to break. Put the fruit (when quite cold) gently into the centre of the cake, place a slice of sponge cake on the top as a cover; pour the syrup over all, and let the cake soak in the syrup. Pour a thick cream or custard over all; sprinkle pistachio kernels, which have been blanched like almonds and clipped finely, on the top, and the compote is ready. The sponge cake which was cut out may be crumbled, put into a glass dish, soaked in cream, and covered first with jam and then with good custard.

I must not, in speaking of the sweets, forget to mention the fruit. As I said before, have plenty of fruit; it is wholesome and comparatively inexpensive and convenient. If the party is given in summer time when we can get fresh fruit, we possess a great advantage. A large dish of ripe strawberries or currants will go a long way towards furnishing our table, and with the addition of white sugar and cream will constitute luxury by themselves. The more usual time for parties, however, is in winter, when apples, oranges, and dried fruits only are to be had. The value of these will be greatly increased if they

(*Continued on page* 186.)



FROZEN OUT.

POOR mother bird! thy tender brood
In vain for aid are feebly calling;
The snow that mocked thy search for food
Around a lifeless form is falling.

How cheerily thy wood notes rang
In brighter days of brief duration!
Too soon they fled and left the pang
Of nipping frost and dire starvation

Was it for this thou kept such guard
Upon thy nest through hours of quiet?
Ah, birdie! life is very hard
To understand—we will not try it.

Nor lost shall be thy dying woe,
Nor aimless quite my simple ditty,
If both but prompt some heart to show
For all God's creatures care and pity.

S. E. G.

(*Continued from page* 184.)

are prettily dished with green leaves for garnish. May I remind my friends that when fresh leaves are not available artificial leaves may be bought at the fancy shops?

Ripe juicy oranges are always popular when they can be eaten in private, but they are rather more than children can manage who are seated, not at the table, but round the room; who have a plate, and a fork, and a spoon on their knees; and who are specially desirous of conducting themselves with elegance and propriety. I never see children at parties eating oranges but I think of the two old ladies in Crawford, who made a point of retiring to their bed-rooms when they were about to indulge in oranges, because they so much enjoyed sucking the fruit, and did not like to do so before each other. Besides, with children pretty best dresses have to be considered, and we do not want them to come to grief. Why then should we not prepare the oranges so that the children's difficulty will vanish?

The usual way of preparing oranges is to cut them in half, but a half orange is almost as difficult to manage as a whole one; far better adopt the following plan, which comes to us, I believe, from America. Peel off the skin of the orange, leaving only a band round the middle about an inch wide. Divide the orange into sections, but let these remain connected by the band. The strip of rind can (if liked) be divided into two, so that each child can have half an orange instead of a whole one; but in either case it will be found that the sections can be removed when wanted, and disposed of one by one, and that without any discomfort. Oranges thus prepared do not look very well, but they are most convenient for eating.

When the time comes for laying out the supper, be sure to arrange the dishes so that the different colours shall contrast prettily. Intermix the white creams with dark gateaux or pink jellies, and let there be plenty of flowers upon the table; be sure also that there is an ample supply of forks, spoons, and clean plates.

Of course, we must provide something for our little friends to drink, and what shall that be? A great many hospitably disposed people out of the kindness of their hearts offer wine to children—sherry or raisin wine, or even champagne. Be sure this is mistaken kindness. If the children are judiciously brought up they will not be accustomed to wine at home, and wine is more likely to disagree with them than anything else. Have plenty of lemonade and raspberry vinegar; simple drinks like these will quench the thirst of your guests and will do them no harm.

The raspberry vinegar and water may have a little carbonate of soda stirred into it and be drunk during effervescence. The lemonade may be made as follows:—

Pare the thin yellow rind of two lemons and throw it into a pint of cold water. Boil this with half a pound of loaf sugar till it is a clear syrup; strain and cool it, and mix with it a quarter of a pint of lemon juice. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup mixed with a tumblerful of cold water will make an excellent drink. If liked, the lemon syrup can be mixed with water beforehand, put into decanters, and served in large claret glasses instead of in tumblers. Some people use lemon juice sold in bottles for preparation of this kind, but bought lemon juice never tastes so well as juice newly strained from fresh lemons.

Last, but not least, whatever else you omit, at a children's party have plenty of bonbons.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAMARIS TO LILIAN.

YES, my dear sister, I quite agree with you. All things considered, I have indeed been most fortunate in obtaining this situation with the dear, delightful old Marquise. I love her very dearly; she has a great and almost indescribable charm for me. Although we have been now for three months alone together in Paris, with nothing but the evenings on which she receives to interrupt our intercourse, I have never felt in the least dull. She says she would have been *triste* enough with only Mademoiselle Arglade, but with me it is different. She explains it in this way—'Your foolish admiration for a silly old woman stimulates and exhilarates her, *petite*.'

"However it be, we never seem to tire of each other's society. We do not always agree in our opinions; far from it; but I think our very differences give pungency to our intercourse. She has strange prejudices with regard to many things, and an obstinate persistency in maintaining them, and many of her ideas are not in the least in accordance with mine. We compare, or rather contrast, our thoughts and feelings on different subjects. We argue, sometimes warmly, but always with an undercurrent of fun; we each strive to convert the other to her views, perversely clinging to our own; and we always end by agreeing to differ, and return to the old charge whenever opportunity offers. Sometimes the Marquise, as I tell her, tries bribery and corruption; she is very fond of making me little presents whenever she finds a fair excuse to do so, and especially if she can in any way strengthen her own arguments by her choice of them.

"Hardly a wish of mine is left ungratified. I have a charming room, half sitting, half bed-room, all to myself; a bright wood fire is always burning on the hearth; and, through the Marquise, I can always command both carriage and servants.

"You reproach me, Lilian, with the brevity of my letters, but, I assure you, of absolute events there has been so little to chronicle during these three months, that after I had once given you an idea of my surroundings, there was not much left out of which to make a letter. Our days pass with a monotonous regularity, and, save for the affection which enlivens all intercourse with the Marquise in the way I have described, they would be tedious, because so unlike anything I have hitherto known.

"The Marquise seldom or never rises until mid-day. Then we breakfast together, a French *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Then we go shopping, or drive in the Bois, or to some of the environs. After our return the Marquise rests for an hour, during which I generally, though not always, read her into a passive semi-conscious frame of mind only a few degrees removed from slumber. Then she makes her toilette, and her real day begins. We dine together, and on the evenings when she does not receive, we entertain each other. She never makes visits, nor gives regular parties, on account of her partially-paralysed state, but on three evenings in the week she holds receptions. On such evenings her rooms are filled with people, and music, conversation, and light refreshment have to be provided. I am not in love with Parisian society, at least, so much of it as I have seen. One word would describe it: it is frothy. But so is all general society, more or less, you say. Well, then, this is the frothiest of the frothy. Everybody seems too highly polished to admit of the smallest individuality of character creeping to the surface. It is considered the very height of good breeding to empty oneself of all individual characteristics, and to be as little one's real self as possible. They have no absolute opinions upon any subject; it is ill-bred to be *prononcée*, but they find fault with everything without ever suggesting a single remedy for any known evil. And yet, remember, it is polite fault-finding, without a shadow of indignation. They seem to hug to themselves the notion that outside of their own immediate and narrow circle the whole world is going to ruin, and their comfortable philosophy is, 'Let it go.' All this is so different from the old Marquise that it seems to throw her character, so frank in its antipathies, so generous in its sympathies, into high relief. This is one of our most frequent subjects of dispute, but she defends the deadly level of high polish, while I depreciate it, and cry it down most unmercifully.

"'In your England, mademoiselle,' she said to me the other evening, 'is it that in good society people dare to wear their hearts on their sleeves, as your poet talks about?'

"I could not break a lance with her for old England, for, alas! Lilian, what

chance have I had of knowing what good society there is like? Perhaps, after all, society has points of resemblance wherever it exists; and, in proportion as it has reached a high state of polish, the units comprising it have learned to glorify insincerity also.

"'It must be so, *petite*. People must learn to put a restraint upon themselves. They cannot go about proclaiming their innermost thoughts and feelings to the whole world. And those who have the greatest depth of character have need to exercise the greatest self-command.'

"'But, madame, if all were like you I should have no cause of complaint. One need not express all that one feels, but I think it is necessary, and certainly nothing but honest, to feel what one's lips do express.'

"'Don't try to come over an old woman with cajolery, *petite*. I am not going to be beaten off the ground in this way.'

"The Marquise keeps late hours Her rooms are never cleared before two o'clock, and, at first, on the other evenings also, she would keep me employed about her until the same hour. But since she has discovered what she calls my 'country weakness,' she has dismissed me to my chamber on these at ten o'clock. I am thankful for this, as I begin to find the unusual dissipation very trying. I cannot lie late in the morning; I like to rise at seven, and am so accustomed to do so that I cannot sleep after that hour has struck. If the weather is fine, I go out to walk in these morning hours, get my letters written, or do any other little duty that occurs to me, because after midday I can never depend upon five minutes absolutely to myself.

"You want to hear something more about Monsieur St. Just, and complain of my reticence concerning him. For every word written about him, you say, I have written a score about Monsieur le Marquis. It is, because I have seen so much more of the latter than of the former. Until he went to visit his brother at St. Aubin we saw him nearly every day, either at home or abroad. Monsieur St. Just has not been in Paris since the time immediately following my arrival, about which I told you. Sometimes the Marquise speaks of him to me, but not very often. You ask for a personal description of him, but it would be a difficult, almost an impossible, thing to convey to you my own impressions concerning him. What his age is, or rather what is the exact sum of his years, I cannot say. It does not seem to me that he can ever have been young in one sense of the word. He has the appearance of delicate health; he has cultivated his mind too much at the expense of the body. It is evident that he possesses a mind of no ordinary calibre, and that he suffers from the isolation of spirit which is the natural consequence of much elevation of thought and feeling. Although somewhat sad, and very sensitive, the expression of his face is very prepossessing. It seems to appeal directly to one's sympathy and interest. For the rest, he is neither tall nor short, neither handsome nor ugly. His manners are neither studied nor careless; he seems to have an instinctive aversion to attracting attention to himself. It does not appear to be natural to him to talk much. His eyes are very fine, and darkly expressive; they have also a sort of magnetic power which one cannot help but feel, but which it is impossible to describe.

"That is a fair catalogue of his different qualities as far as I can give it to you, but I fear it will not aid you much in forming a true picture of him."

"His conduct towards his mother is admirable. Not long ago he confiscated a considerable portion of his own personal property to pay his brother's gambling debts and save his honour, and he did it in such a way that he has gained an ascendency over the mind and heart of Monsieur le Marquis, which I am sure he will use for his present and eternal well-being. I like to see Monsieur Jerome's face kindle and his eyes light up when his brother's name is mentioned. It proves that beneath all his surface faults there must be a vein of pure gold hidden somewhere. La Marquise has always had a weak leaning towards her prodigal, and she tells me herself that the more culpable she has been in this respect, the more tender and devoted has Etienne been. You see, Lilian, it is almost impossible not to feel a sort of ideal reverence for such a man, of whom I seem to have heard so much and seen so little. The only faults I have ever heard imputed to him are exaggerated virtues.

* * * *

"I am afraid you will acknowledge that there is nothing of the heroine in me when I tell you that I became so sleepy over my letter yesterday evening that I was obliged to lay it aside to finish this morning. Set your mind completely at rest, my dear Lilian, and do not indulge in any foolish fancies concerning me. Nothing is more improbable than that I should do what the story books call 'fall in love' with either of these sons of the Marquise. In the first place, I could not so far forget my position in her family; in the second, the one is as far above my idea of what this mythical husband to whose existence you often allude must be, as the other is below it; and, in the third place, this process of falling in love always has been a mystery to me. I do not believe in it as it is described. It is altogether a false condition, invented by a certain class of writers to give pungency to their mawkish sentimentalism. In real life, and for those to whom existence is truly an earnest and solemn thing, over whom duty wields her iron sceptre, such a state is an impossibility. Girls who have nothing to do but read novels, and form their ideas of life from the views therein promulgated, as a natural consequence have the disease in a chronic form. I have never sickened of it, and do not believe I ever shall. Do not indulge in such gloomy prognostications concerning me. The only effect of such notions on your part will be to make me more chary of my confidence.

"You will not have cause to complain of the shortness of this letter. It is only nine o'clock, the rain is falling, and I am prevented taking my usual walk, therefore I have set myself to remove all your causes of complaint, and to tell you everything that can in the least interest you with regard to myself and my present life.

"You ask me to tell you of the thorns, as well as the roses and lilies. I think I have already indicated the presence of several. The most constant, and the hardest to endure, is the limited opportunity given me for physical exercise. But since the modification of which I have already told you, I have been happier in this respect. But still, my liberty is not enough for my requirements. You know that bodily activity is an absolute necessity to me, and that from a child I have been accustomed to expend a great deal of energy in this way. In Germany I had no reason to complain of any such denial. But here it is all so different. There are no stairs to run up and down fifty times a day, no garden to rush into, no children to take out to walk, no gymnastics, no outdoor games, not even a dog to tempt one into a little run now and then. The Marquise has a horror of all pet animals. I go out, indeed, but always alone or with Angelique, into the streets or parks, when it is absolutely necessary to walk discreetly, with measured steps. The nearest approach to exercise that the Marquise ever takes is her drive, and she cannot in the least understand my love of it, nor how I languish for the want of it. She is naturally inert; the whole strength of her being seems to lie in her head; she expends all her energy through her mental faculties. She talks remarkably well, and she knows it. Her powers of conversation are not prompted, however, by any petty love of display; she thinks far less of the sway she wields over others, than of the necessity imposed upon her of lavishly pouring out her thoughts and sentiments. Her opinions are always very decided, and she often magnifies into great importance subjects which seem to me trivial and hardly deserving of a second thought. The artificial atmosphere in which she lives affects her mind, which seems to shrink from what is purely natural. In spite of the great attraction she has for me, I feel that constant association with her is enervating. She never occupies herself with needlework of any description, which is the resource of most women, and yet her sight is wonderfully good for her age, and her fingers are agile enough to play the piano remarkably well. She very rarely performs, however; the exertion is too great for her. She delights more in chit-chat than in anything else, and taxes me more in this way than any other. It is well that I am ready of tongue and fertile of fancy. She prefers this even to music and reading. She says she is reserving these talents of mine till we go into the country, where everything is *triste*, where there is no society, no Champs Elysées, and where she is usually *ennuied* to death. The very prospect of a few months' respite from this wearisome city life nerves me to endure it with better grace, and I dream of this shadowy St. Aubin, which

is as yet only a *château en Espagne* to me.

"Then, again, my dear old Marquise lives constantly in rooms the temperature of which is kept as high as the climate of Senegal. She fills them with flowers, too, and lavishly perfumes her own dainty person with the most costly essences. It is very pretty, but very oppressive. My lungs will not accommodate themselves to such an atmosphere. I feel as though I cannot breathe in it, and often run away to my own room, gasping, for a whiff of purer air. Besides this, I am obliged to be as idle as she. At first, I took my embroidery with me when I went to sit with her, but soon discovered that it made her nervous to see my fingers employed. She asked me if I were engaged by the day, if my work was very important, very useful, putting the questions in a playfully satirical tone, which at first I understood simply in that way; but when she began to invent excuses, just for the sole reason of drawing me away from an occupation which irritated her, I saw that there was more earnest in her remarks than I imagined, and I verily believe that if I had not made this discovery, and ceased to ply my needle when with her, she would have become really ill. When I came to her one day without my embroidery, she thought I had only finished my task, and for fear of my beginning another she told me her dislike to it, and begged me to desist, promising to buy me all the lace that I could possibly need rather than be fidgeted by my fingers in the act of making it. I detail this little incident because it is so characteristic of La Marquise. She professes to have a profound contempt for women whose fingers are never out of mischief unless they are employed.

"'I hope you are not one of them, *petite*. Knitting and embroidery are simply devices employed to simulate industry, and to hide the simple truth that those who make use of them are dying of *ennui*.'

"'I do not agree with you, *chère* madame; I can both think and speak better when my fingers are engaged. But, since it is displeasing to you to see me so occupied, I will not bring my needlework to your room again.'

"'I cannot be displeased at anything you like to do, *petite*. But, believe me, such trifling is not worthy of you. It is only fit for women who have no soul beyond such frivolities, for those who have to earn their bread in that way, or for prisoners. But for you, *petite*, it is culpable.'

"I smiled, and would have let the matter drop, but she added:

"'Anyone coming into my room, and seeing you sitting stitching there, would suppose you were my lady's maid, instead of my companion and friend, *petite*. I do not wish such a mistake to occur.'

"'It does not matter to me what people think so long as you *are* my friend, dear madame.'

"'There is all the more need, then, for me to be careful of appearances for you.'

"It gives me much ado to learn my lesson well and thoroughly; the *rôle* assigned to me does not come easily. I have to study to be gracefully indolent, and make many slips in acquiring my part. For instance, she has mislaid her delicate lace *mouchoir*, and leisurely stretches out her hand to the little silver hand-bell, which stands always near, to summon Angelique to search for it; but I, perceiving its lace corner protruding from a fold of her morning robe, spring hastily up and recover it for her—a slight service which any one might render, you will think; but she frowns in displeasure.

"'*Petite*, never spring forward in that excited manner to perform a menial task, which, remember, I never require from you.'

"I know you, in your turn, Lilian, will blame me for complaining of little things like this, which could never disquiet you. And yet in the passivity to which I am sometimes reduced, the smallest excuse for bestirring myself is to me no trifle, and to sit still and see others do what I should be so thankful to be allowed to do, requires no small amount of presence of mind and self-control. She keeps up a large correspondence with some forty or fifty absent friends. Of course, she could read and write for herself; why she does not I do not know, unless for the same reason that she lets her hands lie idle in her lap all day. I believe she has a very great dislike to being much alone, as great a dislike as she has to making an effort to exert herself in any way physically. All this sounds very whimsical, and yet I cannot say that she is at all capricious in her fancies; such as they are, she pursues them with a settled purpose. Possibly, in the depth of her own heart, there exists a satisfactory reason even for apparent vagaries, just as amidst the events of her past life there may have been one which has warped the natural bent of her character, and made it what I have so feebly endeavoured to describe to you.

"I never find her so bright nor so amusing when I go to her as soon as the clock has struck the mid-day hour as I have left her at ten o'clock the night before. She looks ten years older in the morning than she does in the evening. As the day advances her spirits rise, but she is never so sparkling nor so entertaining as when she is surrounded by her friends during the hour after midnight. That is the time when her spirits culminate.

"I ought, perhaps, not to say anything about her correspondence, and yet without in any way betraying her trust, I may just explain the nature of it. It is simply a lively chit-chat with her absent friends, literally doing on paper what she does in reality, on the other evenings of the week, with those acquaintances whom she has the opportunity of gathering about her in person. Therefore she lives, as you see, in absolute communication with a crowd of people of all kinds and diversities of character, amongst whom she does not seem to have any very especial favourites. They are the world to her, and the world is her life; its stir, its excitement, even its hollowness and insincerity, are all in a degree necessary to her.

"I must confess that I cannot understand this taste, for I do not in any way share it. I do not care for society generally; my idea of enjoyment is to hold frank and full intercourse with the few choice friends whom I dearly love, whose natures are in harmony with my own, without being exactly similar. But it is impossible that the Marquise can feel any great affection for the forty or fifty people with whom she corresponds, or the two or three hundreds whom she weekly receives.

"The post has just brought me your dear letter. It comes to me laden with the sea breezes for which I am longing. Just for one moment, when the familiar writing and postmark greeted me, I felt myself transported to the beach at Hilgay, and the salt wind blew refreshingly over my hot brow. It is not as you surmise, my dear Lillan. I am not unhappy here, and I have no thought of shrinking from the task I have undertaken. It is true that I find the close confinement somewhat trying, and the want of more fresh air, to which I have been so long accustomed, a denial. And I think these two reasons quite sufficient in themselves to account for my fluctuating spirits. They will receive a new impetus when once we get into the country, and the next three months of city life will not be so trying to me as the first three. *Tout ira bien.* Do not fear. What shall I say to the letter you enclose? How good of our poor old *nourrice*. How much I should like to see her honest face once more! You ask, is it possible that I retain a clear recollection of it? Yes, I can recall it perfectly, *as it was*. But time must have changed it in some respects, though not so much as it has changed us. Her kind and generous offer brought the tears to my eyes as I read. Yes, I will write and thank her, as you have already done. I would even promise to go and occupy that little empty chamber of hers for a week or two, but that I know you will never agree to my spending my first holidays anywhere but at Hilgay; nor can I think of going elsewhere."

* * * * *

The letter referred to by Damaris was from their old French *nourrice*, Justine La Marque, with whom both girls had kept up a correspondence at long intervals. It was as follows:—

"Par le Puy,
"Haute Loire.

"CHERE MADEMOISELLE DAMARIS,—

"I have heard from your sister, Madame Barnes, who says that you have left your home to go to Paris as *dame de compagnie* to Madame la Marquise de St. Aubin. I can hardly tell you how troubled I am to learn that it is necessary for you to act in such a capacity. I could not keep from crying when first I knew that your dear mother's daughter had come to this. Dear mademoiselle, I hasten to tell you of something you do not know. That, thanks to the generosity of your kind parents, I am no longer poor as I used to be. My husband has

been so successful in business, that we have been able to buy a little house of our own, with a piece of land to it. My son is a soldier, and your foster-sister is very happily married. Very well, then, you see we have no need of anything for ourselves, but if a few hundred francs will be of any use to you, we will have much pleasure in lending them to you for as long as you like, without any interest. If you will accept the loan, you will gratify very deeply several people who love you, although they only know you through hearing of you from me. My husband himself says :—'She ought to come here to us, Justine. She could live with us as long as ever she liked, and if she is a good walker we would show her our glorious mountains. If she liked, she could be our village schoolmistress. It would be better for her, surely, than being at the beck and call of some proud old marquise. Write, and tell her so, Justine.'

"So, *chère* mademoiselle, I am writing, not only because a good wife ought to do as her husband tells her, but because I also am very anxious that you should come. We have a little room in our house which no one uses, and which we will keep for you, and wild but beautiful scenery to show you. You will not be afraid of our mountains, you, who used to climb everywhere, when you were quite a little girl, so that your papa called you his little chamois.'

"If you are not happy where you are, remember that our little home is always open to you, and that we pray the good God every night and morning to bring you here to us, where you may be so safe and so happy."

Damaris responded gratefully and affectionately; and after thanking the good woman and explaining her situation to her, concluded her letter with the following assurance :—

"I will not cease to hope that some time before very long I may come to you for a short visit. I should dearly like to occupy the little chamber of which you tell me, to become acquainted with the beautiful mountainous district in which your home is situated, and to explore the scenes amidst which my mother's and my grandmother's happy girlhood were passed. If ever I have a fortnight to spare, I promise you, my dear Justine, that it shall be spent as you so kindly suggest. Commend me to your good husband, and with many loving recollections of your past and present kindness,

"Believe me always

"Your grateful foster-child,

"DAMARIS HARTLEY."

(To be continued.)

MY SISTER'S WEDDING, AND HOW WE ORGANISED IT.

MY DEAR KATIE,—

The great event to which we have all been looking forward so long, our dear Gertrude's wedding, is really over, and become a thing of the past.

I have taken a few days to rest, for I can assure you we were all tired out, and now begin to give you the promised full, true, and particular account of the whole affair, hoping you may be able to glean a few ideas for your own approaching marriage.

First, I must say a word about the trousseau. You know we have been busy over it for weeks, as we made nearly everything at home, only buying a very few articles so as to ensure having good patterns for our own work. Although her outfit included a large dress-box, as the honeymoons are now so short Gertrude did not require much luggage; so she only took with her the large portmanteau papa had bought for her, and a fitted travelling-bag, which was one of the presents.

Mamma has quite a superstitious dread of having the linen marked with the married name before the ceremony is really performed; so Gertrude's clothes, with the exception of what she required on her journey, and which she took unmarked, are all left here, and we shall mark them and send them to their dear little house before their return.

Although it is the usual custom in England for the bridegroom to provide the house-linen, mamma gave it in this instance, and I have heard of several cases lately in which it has been provided by the bride's mother. Mamma always says she thinks it is so unfair for the whole expense of furnishing to fall on the husband that she shall always relieve him of that part of it whenever any of her girls are married. Mamma would not have that marked either, but the marking and sending of it all off to the house will be something to occupy our minds in the vapid state one gets into after an excitement.

The six bridesmaids were dressed precisely alike, and according to the present fashion, in reasonable dresses that will be useful afterwards, instead of the full-dress half evening costumes which used to be worn. All those who lived within reach had their dresses made by our own dressmaker, but two friends of Gertrude's, who live too far off, had to get theirs done at their own homes. We bought all the materials and trimmings for them, and sent them a coloured plate with full and minute directions as to the make, and the result was almost identical with our own dresses; but generally speaking it is less trouble for one dressmaker to make them all, and I advise you if you have any bridesmaids from a distance, to let your dressmaker send to them for the measurements she requires, and make them all herself. She can be at your house to try them on, and make any necessary alterations, when they arrive, the night before the wedding.

The invitation cards were very pretty; a pale blue ground, with quaint Japanese figures in silver all round, and a monogram, and the words :

"Mr. and Mrs. Bruno request the pleasure of——'s company on Thursday, Sept 8th, at St. John's Church at 11.15, and to breakfast at their house afterwards, on the occasion of the marriage of their daughter, Gertrude, with Mr. Arthur Nicholson. "R.S.V.P."

"Elm House, Ledbury."

Arthur Nicholson, the bridegroom, gave us each (the bridesmaids, I mean) a splendidly painted fan for a remembrance. He had them sent up to the house early in the morning, and of course we wore them at the ceremony. His present to Gertrude, a most lovely suite of pearls, he presented himself the evening before. We were quite a large party that night, with a house full of friends and relations from a distance; so we got up a little dance, and were as merry as possible. We found it necessary to keep our spirits up by artificial means, even when there was so much excitement, for the prospect of parting altogether with a daughter and sister was a very trying one to us. Arthur was in the highest possible spirits, as well he might be, seeing that next day he was going to marry the very nicest girl in the world. Before he left we had to make a few final arrangements with him and his best man, as of course after his departure we knew we should not see him again till we met at the church.

Gertrude had always had such an idea of being married in the afternoon, as is now becoming fashionable, but as the necessary special license would be so expensive, she did not say anything about it, though I believe if she had given the slightest hint of her wish, Arthur would have procured the license at once, he is such a devoted lover.

We were up betimes on the eventful morning, had an early breakfast, and began to dress, I should think, an hour before we were to start. No one would believe what a long time it takes to put on a simple light silk (or satin in the one case) dress—would they? We were all perfectly ready a few minutes before it was time to start, and found Uncle John standing in the hall; he was our master of the ceremonies, you know; so he stood there, paper in hand, telling us who was to go in which carriage, and he looked after us so carefully we had not a chance of going wrong.

There was our own carriage, and Mr. Nicholson's, senior, and Uncle John's, and three more which we hired. The carriages first all, went taking guests from our house to the church, and then came back for the bridesmaids, who in the meantime had all assembled here.

The ceremony was fixed for a quarter past eleven, and by ten minutes past we bridesmaids were all at the church-door, and stood just inside the porch, three on each side, for about ten minutes, waiting till our own carriage drove up with papa and Gertrude. He had brought mamma previously, and gone back for Gertrude.

As she walked up the aisle on papa's arm we arranged ourselves after her, I, as chief bridesmaid, being in the first couple; Arthur and his groomsman were already in their places. We all thought the fashion of having only one groomsman a great improvement, as it makes less crowding and confusion.

My small duties of taking off Gertrude's glove and holding her bouquet were performed in a very creditable manner; the former task was not as difficult as it sometimes is, as I fortunately remembered in time to see that her left hand glove was not at all tight, and so easy to take off.

The service being cut as short as possible, we soon trooped off to the vestry to witness the signing of the register, and then we felt she was indeed married.

The newly made husband and wife walked radiantly down the aisle, and drove off home, the bridesmaids followed; and then the guests who had been invited to the breakfast followed as fast as their carriages could take them, Uncle John remaining till the last, in order to see that everyone was properly looked after.

Arthur and Gertrude stood in the drawing-room to receive everyone as they arrived from church, and everyone passed on into the library to look at the presents which were displayed there. Some people do not like this usage, but I think it rather nice; at any rate you will find it a great comfort to have something to fill up the inevitable time of waiting till all the guests are assembled and breakfast

is served. We did not, however, attach the names of the donors.

At one o'clock breakfast was announced, and the head waiter stood at the door calling out the names of each couple as they were to go in to breakfast, beginning of course with the bride and bridegroom. The names were arranged on his plan in the order in which they were to sit at table, so there was no confusion in getting to their seats. A waiter at the table had a duplicate plan, so he pointed out their seats as they entered the room. I need hardly remind you that the only way to avoid great confusion is for your M.C. to have all these matters carefully planned out beforehand.

As we had not a number of groomsmen, according to the old-fashioned arrangement, equal to that of bridesmaids, we six were taken into breakfast immediately after the bride and bridegroom, by gentlemen apportioned to us like the other guests.

Our rooms, as you know, are not very large, and we thought at first we should have to hire rooms at a hotel, and this would have had the advantage of not upsetting our house so much, but in the end mamma thought it would be more comfortable to have the breakfast at home—so we had it in the conservatory. It was rather warm certainly, but it looked so pretty. The plants were arranged so that Arthur and Gertrude sat in a sort of bower of ferns, with the tall tree ferns at the back, and the different plants and creepers all about made a very pretty setting to the bright dresses and gay and glittering table.

All down the centre of the table was a strip of white satin, bordered with maidenhair and white flowers; the cake was much decorated with flowers and maidenhair, and each guest had a small bouquet of the same, the ladies' all white, the gentlemen's having a faint colour, such as a pink rosebud, so that altogether the table looked very lovely.

We had the whole breakfast sent in from a confectioner's, it saves such an immense amount of trouble and thought, and really does not cost very much more in the end than if one did it in the house—at least so mamma says—when you consider all the extra help you have to employ, and the wastefulness and carelessness of hired professional cooks. We had hot soup handed first; though all the other dishes were ready at the table, like at a supper, till it was time for the ices, which of course had to be handed.

After Gertrude had with superhuman strength, and the assistance of Arthur's right arm, plunged a knife into the cake, and it had been carried to the side, cut, and pieces handed by the waiters, came the toasts, which were restricted to "the bride and bridegroom," proposed by Mr. Richardson, as our oldest friend, and replied to by the bridegroom; then "the parents," proposed by another of papa's friends, and lastly "the bridesmaids," proposed by a friend of Arthur's, and responded to by the best man.

Gertrude then rose, which was the signal for the guests to move back into the drawing-room. I, with a favoured friend or two, went up with Gertrude to change her dress. It was time for them to start as soon as she was ready, for of course they had fixed upon a train as soon as possible after breakfast. Arthur's best man drove off first to the station with the luggage, and soon the illustrious couple followed, being very mercifully treated in the matter of rice and slippers.

All the guests, except those staying in the house, left very soon after, and all of us were glad to go and remove some of our finery for a time, and have a good rest.

The party went off very well in the evening, and just after we sat down to supper we received a telegram from Arthur, announcing their arrival at their destination.

Next day we were busy getting the house in order again, and in "speeding the parting guests;" so it was not till the following day that we were able to begin sending off the cake to all our friends. You would see from the portion you received that we had bought square boxes, large enough to hold a nice little piece of cake. Those wedge-shaped boxes are absurd, for that is the one shape in which wedding-cake is never cut. In each box we enclosed the card bearing the name of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nicholson, with their future address, and written at the top, "At home every Thursday afternoon during October."

The smaller cake, which was on the other one, Gertrude is to have; it is to be sent to the house with the other things, for her to dispense at afternoon tea to those who pay wedding visits.

The announcement of the wedding is to be sent to the papers in a few days' time, according to present fashion. I think I have mentioned all the points upon which you would be likely to want information. No doubt you will have a few things differently arranged at your own wedding, as it will be on a much grander scale, but the general plan is much the same in all.

I have spun out my letter to an inordinate length, and will only add the hope that your wedding day may pass off as smoothly and well as did Gertrude's; and remain, dear Katie, your sincere friend,

JANET HADDON.

FAIRVIEW REST; OR, WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy."

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTMAS DAY, with its happy service of praise and its home festivities, was nearly over, and Mrs. Gresham and Alice, who always spent this day at the vicarage, were standing ready, enveloped in warm cloaks for the short run home.

The Rev. Charles Frere had been vicar of Holliton for many years, and his elder daughter, Bertha, now twenty years of age, and Edith—the younger—not quite seventeen, were Alice's only near friends.

"Now mind, Alice," said the vicar, as he bade her good-bye, "you are to go to Sir Gervis to-morrow, and ask him for a Christmas-box."

They had been talking over Alice's castle-building, and the vicar had laughingly told her to ask Sir Gervis to give her Fairview to do what she liked with.

"Oh, papa," said Bertha, a gentle-looking girl, but one who was apt to take her father's humour as matter-of-fact; "how could Alice do such a thing?"

"I believe Alice is brave enough for anything she thinks would do good," said Edith, who had a profound admiration for her friend.

"Of course I should not ask for it for myself. But after all, perhaps, Sir Gervis is not so cold-hearted as we think." Alice had felt rather penitent at the remembrance of some of her bitter speeches about him since hearing the little tale of bygone days.

"Well, think about it, Alice," said Mrs. Frere, as she gave her a parting kiss.

"Yes, my child, and pray about it also," continued the vicar. "Who knows but this may be the work ready for that superabundant energy of yours, for which you were complaining there is not scope enough in Holliton!"

Alice blushed and shook her head, as she remembered having been overheard telling the girls she longed for some great work to do, like Mrs. Fry or Florence Nightingale.

On the following day the girls had set off on a walk to a neighbouring village, having a call to make on an old servant of Mrs. Gresham's. They had not proceeded far before they espied Sir Gervis coming towards them.

"Now is your time, Alice," said Edith, jokingly.

"Don't be ridiculous," cried Bertha.

"I don't think it a bad proposition," said Alice. "No time like the present. Besides, were I to start off with the intention of going to the great house, my courage would fail me before I got to the end of the long avenue."

However, Sir Gervis passed with a bow and a "Good-morning," without Alice commencing the attack.

But he had but passed a moment when Alice turned round with a decided step.

"I'll do it; he is just as likely to listen to me now as at any time;" and in another minute she was by his side, leaving her companions in considerable alarm at her temerity.

"Sir Gervis, may I speak to you?"

"Certainly," he said, courteously, and standing still.

"I want to ask a great favour," began Alice, her heart beating quickly and her colour rising.

"I shall be happy if I can grant it, Miss Gresham," replied Sir Gervis, though looking slightly astonished.

"I want you—it is a very great favour——" but here poor Alice seemed in danger of breaking down altogether. The shadow of a smile hovered around the usually rather stern mouth, and the grey eyes had a suspicion of merriment in them.

"Is it *very great?* I can scarcely imagine it is in my power to do you a very great favour."

"Oh, yes! indeed it is; it is about Fairview."

The mouth resumed its wonted expression.

"What about Fairview?"

"I should be so much obliged if you will let me have it for a——" Alice did not know exactly how to explain.

"Let you have it! Do you intend setting up housekeeping on your own account?

"No, I did not mean for myself—I meant——" Alice, beginning to regain a little confidence, seeing that she could not leave Sir Gervis in his present mystified state, told in as few words as she could of her scheme.

Sir Gervis listened quietly.

"Your desire shows the kindness of your heart, Miss Gresham, but I am afraid this idea of yours is slightly Utopian, and I certainly must decline devoting Fairview to such a purpose."

Alice's eager face flushed still more.

"I am sorry to refuse you, but I think your mother would scarcely think the plan a practicable one."

"*My* mother thinks it would be most desirable," replied Alice, almost defiantly, yet in her heart she thought it possible her mother would consider her rather too impetuous over the matter.

"Really it is impossible for me to entertain the idea," said Sir Gervis, putting out his hand to the young petitioner, which she reluctantly

touched with the tip of her fingers and ran off to overtake her friends.

No need to ask her what success; two bright drops stood in those pretty brown eyes, and were with difficulty kept from falling.

"An old curmudgeon!" cried Edith; "however can he be so selfish?—like a dog in the manger. What does he want with Fairview?"

"I am afraid it was not quite the right thing to go and speak to him so suddenly," Alice said, with a mournful look, "and now perhaps I have put a stop to the work through being so impetuous. Mamma says I don't think enough beforehand. Oh, how sorry I am!"

And their walk was somewhat less cheerful than it would have been had they not met with this little adventure.

In the meantime Sir Gervis Eliot had pursued his solitary way towards home. "Strange beings girls are!" he muttered to himself. "Said her mother approved—women and girls all alike; no sooner get some wild notion in their heads than they expect every one to fall in with it. Sorry to distress the child, though. Child! let me see, she must be eighteen, for her mother had just come here a widow, with her baby, when Godfrey first came to me, and he was six years old. Dear me, time flies! Not much to mark it for me." He gave a half sigh, a half smile, as he opened a small gate which led into a private part of the grounds near the house. But he appeared suddenly to alter his intention of entering, and turning back he took a path across a field to the right, which brought him to the back of a house standing on a slope at the farther end of the village green. Letting himself in by a key which he took from his pocket-book, he wandered through the empty rooms. All had been kept in repair, but the bare floors and walls looked dreary enough, and no wonder the old man shivered as he moved from room to room. It was an old-fashioned but commodious place. To the left of the door was a large room; evidently it had been the drawing-room, and on the other side was a much smaller room, whilst across the back ran a third, long and rather narrow, communicating by a short passage with the kitchen departments. Three large sized bedrooms, with three smaller, all on one floor, completed the house. Standing at the window of the largest room, Sir Gervis seemed lost in meditation. "Fairview: yes, it's a good name," he said, having the habit that solitary people sometimes fall into of speaking their thoughts aloud. "She is right; it is just the spot," and he lifted his eyes to scan the prospect. It was but a short distance he could see this December day, but no fairer view could well be found than that under a summer sky. Extending for many miles around were heather-clad hills and ferny ravines, a bright rippling stream like a thread of silver winding its way amongst them, making fairy waterfalls over the brown mossy stones which vainly tried to impede its course, and widening as it reached the valley yonder, where a curtain of smoke hung indicating the whereabouts of the great manufacturing town of Goldbury.

"Plenty of ozone here," resumed Sir Gervis. "Pshaw"—with an impatient switch of a small dog-whip, for he was generally accompanied by a collie dog—"I am as ridiculous as the child herself," and, with an impatient gesture, he left the house, shutting the door in a very decided manner, and striding off in the direction he had come.

Entering his grounds again by the small gate, he made his way at once to the library, and, taking up a favourite author, determined to give in no longer to the unaccountable feeling of depression that had come upon him. But the thoughts were not so easily controlled, and, throwing the book down, he looked round with a discontented air. Truth to say, it would be difficult to tell what that spacious, lofty room lacked. Walls lined with books—the friends that never fail—luxurious reading chairs, writing-table, with every accessory suggestive of taste and comfort. Over all a subdued glow from the light which streamed in from an oriel window at one end; whilst from a window at the side a lovely view of a finely-wooded park might surely rejoice the eyes of its possessor.

Rising, Sir Gervis walked towards this window. He looked out, but soon returned, restlessly, towards the fireplace. "Sixty-three years old, and vexed that I have to refuse a pair of pleading eyes and a soft girlish voice. Why, she will thank me herself in a few years time for hindering her from committing such a piece of folly," stooping to pat the collie's head, who, lying on the mat with his nose between his paws, was enjoying a peaceful repose. "You have more sense in your head, old fellow, than all the girls put together," and Sir Gervis laughed aloud, whereupon Collie opened his eyes and blinked with astonishment at his master's unwonted hilarity, but soon resumed his slumbers.

Pacing backwards and forwards for a time, Sir Gervis at last, leaving the library, crossed a central hall and entered a richly furnished drawing-room. This was but seldom honoured by his presence, for, excepting on the rare occasions when visitors were staying at the house, he only used the room he had just left and a morning-room, in which he attended to any business matter, besides a dining-room. Walking to the end of the large drawing-room, he passed through a smaller one, and by a glass door entered a beautiful conservatory which formed a blooming winter garden. "What is the good of it all!" he murmured; but he had evidently come here with a purpose, for, taking up a pair of garden-scissors, he cut a number of the choicest blossoms. Returning to the library he rang his bell.

"Give these to Mrs. Thomson," he said to the man-servant, "and tell her to put them up as prettily as she can in a basket, and send them to Miss Gresham. Here, place my card with them."

"Yes, Sir Gervis," said the man, and carried them to the housekeeper.

That worthy old lady was far too dignified to express any astonishment before a servant, but nevertheless she wondered "what had come over Sir Gervis."

Could that gentleman have seen the reception his present met with, he might have doubted whether it had been worth his while to have run the risk of wounding the feelings of his head gardener!

When the basket was brought to Alice, her first exclamation was one of delight, but no sooner had she read the name on the card, than, throwing it from her,—

"Mamma, it is treating me just like a child," she said, angrily—"giving me a sugar-plum to dry my tears. He looked at me as if he thought me a silly child," and she scarcely deigned to give a second glance at the hot-house beauties.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Gresham, "you are thinking too much about your own gratification in this matter. It may be there are more suitable places than Fairview; it may be that others are more fitted to undertake such a work than we are. Anyhow, you must try and leave it in the hands of One without whose guidance, I am sure, you would not wish to take one step."

Alice looked subdued.

"You must write a note of thanks to Sir Gervis."

"I am afraid I don't feel very grateful."

"You will do so, I hope, presently. You should feel, I think, that Sir Gervis, for some good reason of his own, perhaps, not feeling able to approve of our idea respecting Fairview, wishes you to understand he is sorry to cause you disappointment, and therefore sends you this very charming peace-offering."

A few hours later a tiny note was put into Sir Gervis's hands. He turned the dainty thing over with a smile—not many such did he receive. Very stiffly, very politely, it conveyed Miss Gresham's thanks to Sir Gervis Eliot. With the corners of the mouth drawing down into their satirical curve, he read it. Then, taking up the pen which lay beside him, he wrote beneath:—

"P.S.—For all that, Sir Gervis is a brute!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

A LIEBLING.—Of the lace you send us, three—numbers 1, 5, and 7—are imitation; numbers 2, 3, 4, and 12 are guipure, number 8 is Torchon, number 9 is Maltese, numbers 6 and 11 are Valenciennes, number 10 is a bit of ordinary pillow lace. The best work on lace, its history, and the various methods by which it is (and has anciently been) produced, is that which is now coming out in shilling monthly parts, entitled "The Dictionary of Needlework" (170, Strand, W.C.). It teaches every description of plain-work, embroidery, dressmaking, millinery, cutting-out, and every kind of textile, in addition to the subject of lace and lace-making. It is partially the work of one of our own contributors to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, on which account we waive our rule and recommend it to our "girls." Improve your hand by copying some handwriting that you like.

A. M. B.—Deep red or claret would be very handsome with the light blue.

INDUSTRY.—We know of no such society.

INQUIRER.—Berlin wool work will wash beautifully with care, and should be wrung through a machine, and ironed on the wrong side when damp.

E. E.—Skunk and seal are much worn as expensive furs, but there are a number of others dyed and undyed, such as gennet, black fox, and racoon, that are cheaper. The names of furs are most misleading.

KATE KEARNEY.—Sprinkle a little Epsom salts on the gum, which will give a sparkling effect. Your writing is not good enough for twelve years old. The 31st Oct., 1868, was Saturday.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.—Keep in salt and water till needed. We advise your consulting a surgeon.

GRACEELEN.—Your letter has been a source of great pleasure to us, and we are glad we have helped to cheer and guide you. The ferns, if well pressed, can be used to decorate the table, and for bouquets with grass.

BERENGARIA.—We know of no new feature except that adopted at the Bagshot Park sale, where the Duke of Connaught was auctioneer. See "Our Novel Christmas Tree," vol. i., pages 20 and 38.

BIPSY.—See "How to Clean Leather," vol. ii., page 336.

THEO.—See pages 139, 189, 264, vol. i.

ANNIE C.—Opinions differ on the question of shaping the legs of socks, so there is no rule, and everyone can do what they please.

EDITH STACYE.—Read "How to Make Poor Children's Clothing," vol. i., page 125. Perhaps by reading "My Work Basket" you might be able to manufacture some articles for sale.

ITALIA.—Dry the prickly coverings and use them as the fir-cones are used in the article you mention.

AN IRISH GIRL.—Very good gold braid does not tarnish, but lately it is said to be all adulterated with copper. Perhaps a little ammonia might do good. You use too soft a pen.

C. M. S.—The "Home for Incurable Children," 33, Maida Vale, W., and hospital for the same, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. We do not know anything about the fund you speak of.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—Read "Occupations for Invalids," and also "My Work Basket." We have no suggestions to offer except what these articles contain.

EMILY SAVAGE pens a letter worthy of her name in reference to an article on "Gentlewomen as Dressmakers." Unfortunately, the art of cutting-out and fitting well may almost be reckoned among those that are lost, and the inefficiency of professional dressmakers has been a subject of general and very just complaint for some years past. This and the high charges made render it essential that amateur work should be attempted, and ladies, not having had the advantage of years of apprenticeship, could not be expected to succeed at first in what those trained to the business have (as a general rule) signally failed in accomplishing. A reduction in their charges, and a far greater efficiency in their business may restore to dressmakers a good

deal of the work now undertaken at home by ladies' maids or by themselves.

POOR FROU-FROU.—Let the affianced husband be the first to give a present. Your spelling is defective. The verses you quote may be from a poem of Mrs. Sigourney's.

M. FOSTER.—See page 504, vol. ii., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for instruction for painting on velvet. Inquire at any post office, and you will be informed of the price of postage. With reference to the "Zenana Mission," address Miss Bullock, 19, Delahay-street, S.W. 2. To spend the last evening of the year at a religious service is, unquestionably, more suitable for such a solemn season than to give up the hours to mere amusement.

PHILIPPA.—We have given full instructions for "Swiss Darning and Mending" at page 314, vol. i.; also "Plain Darning," page 270, vol. i.

F. F. C.—We are much obliged by your kindness in sending us your workcase pattern.

OLD MRS. BARRON.—Use any of the cross stitch patterns. Those at page 8 appear the simplest and best.

ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE.—Both satin-stitch and cross-stitch are used for marking; the latter, however, is called, *par excellence*, the marking-stitch. You may use which you like.

BLANCHE.—Use a good marking-ink, which does not require the linen to be prepared beforehand.

MARTHA.—We are glad to hear of the success of the pattern for the knitted petticoat. For a baby's hood see page 344, vol. i., also page 149, vol. i.

FAITH LINDEN.—There are so many little cards with coloured specimens of the Virginian creeper to be obtained that we wonder you did not consult one of them if you felt uncertain about the colours. Reds and yellows are generally used, but require taste and skill in their selection, to avoid gaudiness. Unless very badly done, do not waste your work, but pick out some of the shades and add others in their place, copying from some coloured card or picture.

NAN.—The pale blue evening cashmere dress will take a beautiful red dye, and might be trimmed with watered silk to match it. You might get a ready-made tweed jacket of a grey or buff colour for about a guinea. Your writing is well formed and pretty.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A NEW HOME.—We think your expenditure, exclusive of house-rent, would not be under £500 a year, even with careful management.

TABLECLOTH.—Your idea about the tablecloth is excellent. Use dark green cloth for the foundation.

C. PERKINS.—Crocus is a name given to certain oxides of metals. The kind you mean is crocus of iron, and would, perhaps, be more generally called rouge, or jewellers' rouge.

FRANCES.—Take off the paint-stains with turpentine, and use a little tripoli powder for the marks on the table.

PAUVRETTE.—What you require of each of your servants must depend on the agreement made with them on entering your service, such as the performance of commissions out of doors, the mending of linen, and the washing of small articles. If the errands be connected with the purchase of food, they would naturally devolve on the cook; the washing of small articles, such as woollen cuffs or ties, the housemaid could not object to the work, even though—when washing is done at home—the cook may assist in the folding and ironing, or even undertake the entire washing. A notable housemaid in a small family would not exceed her duty in mending any rents in a rug or carpet; yet, were they of any considerable dimensions, you could scarcely expect her to repair them. The cook must clean the boots, if there be only two servants, and the housemaid the knives.

ART.

APPLE-BLOSSOM.—See page 796, vol. ii., for advice on the subject of improving yourself in painting and drawing. We can only advise you to be courageous.

VERE.—Polishing wood is superior to varnishing it, but much more difficult to perform for an amateur. Use beeswax for polishing and copal for varnishing.

MARIE ROMANOVNA.—Read "Terra-Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. Perhaps a little spirits of wine might help you.

A RUSTIC GIRL.—We have not forgotten our promise, but must take our own time to carry it out.

LUCE AND CLAUDIA.—The School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings is 2 oz. methylated spirits and half a drachm gum mastic, applied with an odorator. No preparation, except drying, is needed.

GWENDOLINE.—1. Wash the alabaster with strong soap and water, and apply much diluted muriatic acid, afterwards fasten together with plaster of Paris. 2. Healths are not drunk at present.

MERCY.—Pencil drawings may be set by holding the drawing over the steam of a kettle.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—1. We decline to give a separate opinion from that of your own governess. Never appeal from her to us. She is authorised to teach you, and there should be no rivalry thus established in private. 2. Lord Nelson's wife was Frances, daughter of William Herbert, Esq., and widow of Josiah Nisbet, M.D.

ADAH.—Write to the Secretary, South Kensington National Training School of Art—Miss Truelock.

EDUCATIONAL.

CLERICUS, KATHLEEN, GWENDOLINE, GIPSEY, and MAYFLOWER.—Did you know you had spelt your pseudonyms wrongly? We should think our examination was as good as the other, but you had better write to the Secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

ANNIE K.—Many thanks for your kind offer, which, however, we must beg to decline.

KATHLEEN.—Inquire of a foreign bookseller.

VALERIA.—The word "fidiused" appears to be a play on the name Aufidius, the enemy whom Marcius was fighting. Read from "Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly." In the present day we have a similar example in the verb "to Boycott."

COLLEGIAN.—The Holloway College is not yet opened; you will see the notice when it appears in the daily papers.

SYNTAX.—See the grammars recommended on page 794, vol. ii. The first-named will suit your purpose.

CARROTS.—We advise you to join some of the many correspondence classes of which we give the addresses in these columns. This will give you an object in your studies, and keep your time occupied. There is an examination at the College of Preceptors, which might not be too difficult. Address the Secretary, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOPSY.—Situations such as you need are best obtained by advertising.

BUTTERFLY K., CYTHNA, and ROSE.—An article on the subject is already promised before the summer takes wing from us.

M. M. A.—The Tangerine is a small orange with much flattened ends and an extremely fragrant peel. They are usually to be obtained in April or May.

CHARITY BLANKET.—We always find plenty of white pepper and a good tin box the best protections from the moth. We have kept our furs and blankets in this manner for years; they must be well brushed, shaken, and beaten before being put away.

ONE WHO WISHES TO BE LOVED.—You had better avoid calling your relative by any name at all, until better acquainted; and then ask her some day what she would like you to call her. Your letter interested us much. It is always a good plan to wait until pressed to pay visits, rather than to run any chance of going too often.

ALICE F.—Whenever your mother tells you that you are "thoughtless," and instead of being grateful to her for her gentleness in using so mild a word when you have done wrong, "you get into a temper, and answer impertinently," we think that you should then make the only *amende* in your power by humbly apologising to her and confessing your sin to God, asking the help of His grace to restrain such evil tempers, and to make you dutiful and respectful to your parents.

HODGIE.—We much approve of the high aims to which your society aspires, and wish you and your friends God speed. But as the conscience of one Christian cannot be bound by all the rules which may bind that of another, as may be very clearly seen by a reference to the Epistle of the Romans, chapter xiv., we could not lay down any rule of absolute force in reference to a variety of points, which we find—in our daily intercourse with other earnest and conscientious Christians—are subjects of difference of opinion. One thing is certain—and each should individually lay the thought to heart—that we should be considerate to the feelings, opinions, and even prejudices of others, in those things which we may, with a clear conscience, allow to ourselves.

CYCLAMEN.—1. Accentuate the first and last syllables. 2. "Macrame" work is not very popular, and is one of very slow progression. Your writing is too large.

SARA.—The meaning of the phrase "All rights reserved" is simply that the right of re-publication, of selling the copyright, or of giving permission for the translation of the book into a foreign language, or its publication in another country, and whatever rights the proprietor might possess with respect to it, are retained by him, and cannot be infringed upon. We acknowledge your kind letter in commendation of our magazine with sincere thanks.

W. D. H.—We are gratified by your opinion of the magazine, and of the ability of the Editor; but he is not so grateful, perhaps, as he might be at your announcement that you propose "writing to him every week." He might be excused for exclaiming, "Save me from my friends!" According to the spelling, the name, were it English, should be pronounced "Shila," but Irish people usually pronounce it "Sheela."

VIOLET.—The perusal of your quaint and *naïve* letter has certainly failed to establish the point which you endeavour to urge upon us—that you are "utterly dull." We quite agree with your opinion of the "idiotic questions sent us about red noses, wrinkled eyes (that is a painful idea!), and white hands, which," as you wisely observe, "are not necessary for heaven." Doubtless you are right, so far. If you wish to earn both "respect and love," cease to brood over your mental defects—as your fellow-correspondents fret over their blooming noses—but devote yourself to the comfort and amusement of others, bear with their faults, and restrain your own temper. "Love begets love," and "He that watereth others shall himself be watered."

VERONIQUE.—We thank you for so kind a letter from so very far. Have you seen any photograph or engraving of Holman Hunt's wonderful picture, "The Light of the World"? The eyes are just such as you describe. 2. There is an expurgated edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works. We cannot supply addresses, but any bookseller would procure a copy for you. Wash the coloured stockings in cold water and rough-dry quickly. Gold and silver belts are in fashion, and may be worn on any dress-material.

LITTLE PIXIE.—Gaunt, haunt, taunt, avaunt, romaunt, vaunt, daunt, and saunter, are all pronounced alike; and are sounded like the word "awe;" but not like "aunt."

DUDREA.—This magazine can be sent to subscribers in France, as it is forwarded to all parts of the world. The postage is the same as for England. Twelve parts 6s., and the postage 2s. 2d., in all 8s. 2d., for the whole year's numbers. We think your hand pretty, but rather too small.

LEELA MAY appears to have peculiar ideas on the subject of propriety and maiden reserve. Unless engaged to a man, and with your parents' consent, you are acting very improperly in walking with any man alone. But if, as you say, you be engaged to another man, and walk with or accept the gifts and attentions of anyone but your affianced husband, your conduct is still more reprehensible, and the man would be quite justified in breaking off the engagement. Your conduct disgraces you.

DAD'S PET.—We have little doubt of the future recognition of the blessed, each by the other; whether related on earth or not. We cannot enter into the question of any controverted point.

MARGUERITE.—The name "Scipio" is pronounced as if written "Sip-pe-o." Your writing is too angular.

INEXPERIENCE.—A governess may call little children in the nursery by their Christian names; but after they reach about fifteen or sixteen, they should be called Miss——, or Lady——, as the case may be. But the wisest plan is to ask your employer how she wishes them to be addressed. Always rise when the lady who employs you enters the nursery, whether a woman of title or otherwise.

MAUD MELTON.—The cause of cramp may generally be regarded as acidity; thus the avoidance of sweetmeats—honey and preserves—and the use of such medicines as magnesia, bi-carbonate of potash, and bismuth lozenges to correct acidity, will probably reduce or cure attacks of cramp. The acorns employed for decorative purposes should be ripe.

JUE JUE.—Your letter interested us much. You are going through a season of trial, and may serve God in your lonely position by patience, and avoidance of annoying your parents by bringing our magazine or your dictionary under their notice. The latter you have used to good purpose, as you spell your letter very well. We sympathise much with you, and shall always be glad to hear from you and to be your friend and adviser.

QUERIST.—You need only a moment's reflection to understand so simple a phrase. Ask yourself the question, "exceptions to what?"—to a mountain or a mouse? or to what is reference made? The saying itself tells you—to "a rule." Well, then—or as Latin scholars say, "ergo," a "rule must exist if it have an exception." A popular joke applies the saying to Lindley Murray's English Grammar; in which it is affirmed that "there are exceptions to every rule!" The common phrase, "there is no smoke without any fire," might explain to you the equally apparent fact that there can be no exceptions where there is no rule; otherwise, to what have the "exceptions" reference? Try to exercise your commonsense. "The exceptions prove" (the existence of) "the rule" is what you are to understand.

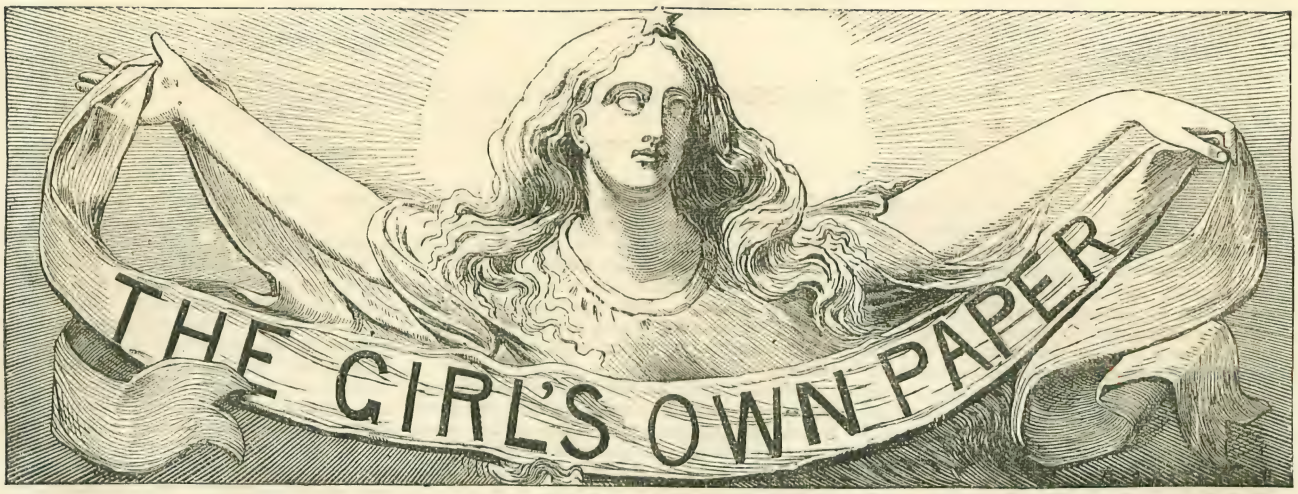
POPSEY.—We have not as yet heard of any method for preserving the green colour of the carrot-tops.

JOE OF TASMANIA.—We are gratified by your letter, and are much obliged by your information respecting the popularity of our magazine in Tasmania. The description of soap you name is by no means injurious, but is safely recommended.

A BLACK SWAN.—The explanation of the story of the "Ancient Mariner" is "that having shot an albatross, he and his companions were subjected to frightful penalties. On his repentance he was forgiven, but at times distress of mind drove him from land to land, and wherever he abode he told his tale to warn from cruelty and to persuade men to love God's creatures." It is "universally admired" as the most original and striking of Coleridge's works. "The images," says Dr. Angus, "are strangely fantastic and spectral, and the melody wild and unearthly."

ROSALIE.—We never heard it had any effect on the colour of the hair.

WATERLOO.—We cannot give addresses; such things are disposed of by personal exertion.



VOL. III.—NO. 104. DECEMBER 24, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HAPPY WOMEN.

By PHŒBE CARY.

IMPATIENT women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,
Or cling to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

"FORGET YOURSELVES A LITTLE WHILE."

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HOW TO PLAY BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

By LADY BENEDICT.

16. *Op.* 2, *No.* 2, *in A.*—In the very first bar of the *allegro* the mistake is often made of hurrying the demi-semiquavers; if you were counting four they would begin at the fourth beat, not any later. This remark applies also to the triplet in the eighth bar, while the same notes in the split chord in the bass of bar 9 are, on the contrary, as little divided as possible. In contrast to the beginning, the second half of the subject is as *legato* as you can make it. The runs which are frequently divided between the hands should be taken up so exactly in time by the right that no change should be perceptible. Thirty-three bars before the double bar a passage commences which you can hardly hope to achieve with the right hand alone. I would, therefore, recommend you to take the first note of each triplet with the left, which makes it quite practicable. After the double bar, the accompaniment of the second subject is used with the leading theme, which is given to the left hand. Bar 68 of the second part, and the similar ones following, are extremely difficult, there is so much to think of at once; the bass must be looked after, the skips being long, and the tenths in the right hand are tiresome at the proper pace; in fact, so much so that I recommend you to omit the small notes, unless you can get them in clearly and without detriment to the rest.

In the *largo*, be sure you sustain the upper notes of the left hand, playing the lower ones very lightly, just like *pizzicato* notes on stringed instruments. The shake in bar 10 is, of course, to be begun on *A* after the two grace notes, to prevent two $G\sharp$'s falling consecutively. The melody commencing at the end of bar 19 is imitated in the bass from bar 23, and this imitation must be made obvious. Twenty-three bars from the end the leading theme is grandly given with fuller chords, but softly again later on, and with a charming variation of accompaniment.

The merry little *scherzo* presents not much in the way of difficulty, except the occasional semiquavers in the left hand; but if you practise the same sort of figure among your daily exercises as you ought to do, you will not be troubled by them. Do not neglect the *sforzandos* in the *trio*.

The first bar of the *rondo* often puzzles pupils, because they do not take the pains to make out the exact value of the notes. You have eight quavers in the bar—two semiquavers for the first, two for the second, a triplet for the third, and four demi-semiquavers for the fourth. Do not forget that the two high *Es* are light. In the second bar the first note is not dotted, though I have often heard it played so; the second note of the bar should fall in each hand at the same moment. You will probably soon discover that the part immediately following the double bar requires the most practice; the semiquavers must be distinctly *after* the last note of the triplet, and the difficulty is augmented where the skips are great, as, for instance, between bars 5 and 6. Subsequently the scale passages are several times taken *legato*.

17. *Op.* 2, *No.* 3, *in C.*—The general character of this sonata, with the exception of the *adagio*, is one of brilliancy. Very little need be said of the first movement. Sometimes the right hand plays *staccato* against the left *legato*, and *vice versâ*, and this should be carefully observed. Towards the end there is a *cadenza*, not divided into bars, and which may be played *ad libitum*. I think it is effective to make a gradual *cresc.* from about the middle of the *cadenza* to the end of the shake, and then diminish again throughout the descending chromatic scale.

The minor portion of the *adagio* is particularly plaintive, and the theme, played always by the left hand, is like a lament, vying with its accompaniment in mournful beauty.

Carried away by the brightness of the *scherzo*, one is very likely to play it too fast, and then it is difficult to manage the *trio* in the same time. This latter consists merely of *arpeggios*, but they should be clearly played, each note being lifted as the next is struck.

The last movement by far exceeds in difficulty all the rest. Do not begin it too quickly. The accompaniment in bar 29 and the following is enormously hard to master, and must be practised by itself till it is quite distinct and at the same time soft. The left hand octave passages, as in bars 77 and 78, want strength combined with looseness of the wrist, which cannot be obtained without daily practice of octaves. The skips too in bar 87 and the next few are awkward. The episode in *F* commencing bar 103 should be perfectly *legato*, and equally so when transferred to the left hand. It is made a good deal of before the resumption of the leading theme, which, fifty-four bars before the end, is given to the left hand with a shake above. And this is much worse than the octaves. All that follows is exceedingly hard, the climax of difficulty being reached at the double shake, which you may find you really cannot manage, in which case strike the *B* at regular intervals, and shake only on the *D* above and *F* in the bass. The *rall.* and following *ff* in the original *tempo* form an effective conclusion.

18. *Op.* 28, *in D* (*Pastorale*).—This title, though not given by Beethoven, is fully carried out by the character of the sonata under our notice, of which the eminently pastoral character cannot escape even a casual observer. The first movement is perhaps more difficult in conception than in execution. It is somewhat unusually long, and needs a constant variety of colour to save it from becoming tedious. See that you give out the first subject very smoothly, and likewise the dotted minims in the left hand which help to accompany it. Bars 48 to 50 are fidgety, the danger being that you may fail to hold the right hand minims, and in bar 50 divide the *D* and $G\sharp$ instead of playing them quite together. The second subject commences with the last crotchet of bar 90, and just before the double bar there is, in the same key, what may be almost termed a third subject. In the working out you will observe that bar 7 to 10 of the leading theme are much used, both in bass and treble, especially bar 9, on an imitation of which twenty-one bars are entirely based.

The chief point to be remarked in the first part of the *andante* is to keep the bass *staccato* and light. After the second double bar the common fault is not giving the demi-semiquaver preceding the triplet its full time; it is not a grace note, and should not be played as such. The occasional slurring of the second and third notes of the triplets, as indicated, is important. For the rest the expression marks are sufficient to show how the movement should be rendered.

If one can speak of music as comic, the *scherzo* of this sonata may certainly so be called. After the four first sustained notes the abruptness of the following bars is very funny. Of the trio the left hand is not easy where there are skips, as it goes quickly.

The *rondo* is quite the most difficult movement of the work, and perhaps, at the same time, the most essentially pastoral. In bars 13 to 15 play the semiquavers in exact time, and *not* as a triplet, which I often hear done. The passage beginning bar 17, though it looks so easy, is frequently badly played; the two first notes of the right-hand group must always fall precisely with the two last of the left hand, and the constant change of harmony is at first perplexing. The long run preceding one of the returns to the subject is played for three bars by the right hand, the left taking it up at the first note of bar 4. Thirteen bars before the mark *più allegro* you will find a $C\sharp$, which is quite intended, but which has a very peculiar effect. Be careful in the passage three bars farther on to give the phrasing, as marked, against time. The conclusion is very difficult for the left hand; you cannot hope to get the skips correctly until the right-hand passage is entirely mastered, so that you can concentrate your attention, when playing, on the left.

19. *Op.* 27, *No.* 1, *in E♭*.—Like No. 2 of the same *opus*, this is headed, "*Quasi una Fantasia.*" It is a continuous whole, at the end of each movement there being an instruction to proceed at once with the next. The eminently poetical *andante*, though not technically difficult, wants such refinement and delicacy as to exact much careful study. After the double bar the beautiful melody must sing, though softly, and the accompanying chords be kept as *p* as possible. It is the speed of the *allegro* which makes it so hard; be very accurate in the fingering, and you will find the notes themselves easy enough. I cannot say as much for the *Allegro molto e vivace*. The skipping up and down is tiresome, and later on the left hand is *staccato* against the right *legato*, and syncopated. To make the notes sound alternately with distinctness will cost you days of labour, because they are so quick to begin with that there seems hardly room for others between. The short *adagio* concluding with a *cadenza* is full of intense expression, and must be very sustained in contrast to what precedes and follows it. The *allegro vivace*, though animated, should be played with delicacy. It is most important to bring out well the principal subject, and not to muddle the running accompaniments. Make very apparent the quick alternation of *f* and *p*, beginning in bar 25. Observe that the passage commencing in bar 35 is at first *p*, and then there is a *decresc.* to *pp*, and afterwards a *cresc.* to *p* again. These degrees of *f* or *p* must be carefully marked; they are the mezzo-tints of piano playing, and are indispensable to a finished performance. Pupils often merely make a distinction between loud and soft, and a coarse interpretation is the result. Bar 106 begins a sort of working out, the subject being modified somewhat. Near the end there is a recurrence to the *adagio*, in bar 8 of which I would begin the shake on the upper note. The concluding *presto* contains a slight allusion to the leading theme, and brilliantly terminates this fascinating work.

20. *Op.* 31, *No.* 1, *in G.*—The first movement is vigorous and brilliant. A great feature is made of the anticipation of some of the subject notes by the right hand. The left hand, in these cases, is to follow as closely as possible, and in bars 10 and 11, when the chords are struck together, let them be dis-

tinctly so, and not split at all. The second subject commences bar 66, and, when transferred to the left hand, I want you to notice its continuation—bar 83 and the following—as the same figure of descending 7ths is repeated in bar 93 and the following under altered conditions. This latter passage, moreover, is difficult, as the crotchet ought, of course, to be held while the semiquavers are played. If you cannot manage the stretch with tolerable ease leave the crotchet, rather than play wrong notes. Give great attention to the brilliant, florid passages which occur three times; as they are in octaves any slip would be very noticeable.

The second movement, a graceful *adagio*, has for its leading theme a simple melody which, as first presented, is not difficult. It is, however, subsequently given to the left hand, in which case I daresay you will not particularly enjoy the shakes. Besides, the demi-semiquavers in the treble are trying, owing to the change from groups of four to those of six, and ultimately seven or eight, and the necessity of nevertheless keeping it smooth. Look at the episode in *A♭* beginning bar 41. As written, it is very awkward, nay, almost impossible, to play clearly, and a little management is necessary to facilitate it. Play the last six semiquavers of bar 5, bass and treble, with the left hand, thus having the right prepared to take up its part crisply in the next bar. In bar 9 the first two semiquavers are to be played as written, the next four with the left hand alone; then six, as written; then two in the left hand alone; and the remaining four in the right hand alone—concluding that bar. Bar 10 may be arranged in an exactly similar way, as also the first group of bar 11, after which there is obviously no change to be made, though the difficulty is enormous. Although the movement is *adagio*, all this part is rapid. Soon re-enters the principal subject, and this time with another accompaniment, very hard to execute well, especially the third and fourth bars. In case you have not a fingered edition, I may as well suggest that the last group of six in the bass of bar 4 be fingered thus:—$\overset{4}{+}\ \overset{2}{1}\ \overset{1}{+}\ \overset{2}{1}\ \overset{4}{+}\ \overset{2}{1}$ After a long florid *cadenza* we have again the subject, now itself varied. The eleven notes against six you will find particularly troublesome, as also bar 23 from the end, owing to the speed.

The theme of the *rondo* is very *legato*, and be careful to hold down the semibreves which form so important a point. In bar 16 the subject appears in the bass, and is given there *in extenso*, with the exception of a few notes in bars 26 and 27. Later on the left hand has the florid accompaniment of triplets inaugurated by the right.

21. *Op.* 7, *in E♭*.—A very charming, though early, specimen of Beethoven's sonata writing. The first movement has a pastoral character, and is remarkable alike for the number and the beauty of its ideas. Change the fingers on the repeated *E♭s* in the first bars to prevent stiffness. When you come to bar 39 you will notice that the first and fourth quavers are *staccato*, and in bar 49 begins a *staccato* passage for the left hand, with occasional long skips in the right, not at all easy to compass. The second subject commences in bar 59 and is soon slightly varied, the form of which variation is used to effect a modulation to the key of *C*. Here the four notes *C, B, F, E*, twice given in the treble, are then transferred to the bass with running octaves above, and four bars of more than usual grace bring us back to the key of *B♭*. The termination of the first part is extremely beautiful; there are some long stretches in the semiquavers which will need attention. At the beginning of the second part you will find the scale of *C minor* in contrary motion and with the augmented second. If you practise all your scales so every day this will come naturally, otherwise you may have to give extra time to it. Observe that the first subject on its return at bar 53 of this part is *ff* for four bars, instead of *p* as originally. The movement concludes very brilliantly.

We next have a *largo* in *C*, very earnest and pathetic. The passionate episode in *A♭* commencing bar 25 has a *staccato* accompaniment, which must be kept quite soft. Just look for a moment at bar 37, where the interest reaches a dramatic intensity, deepened in bar 39 by the repetition of the phrase *p* and the substitution of *A♭* for one of the *Gs*. Several variations are made in the second part of the theme on its resumption, but in the first portion only one deviation from the original is to be found, viz., in bar 7; the alteration is slight, but it has its effect. In bar 74 begins the introduction in the left hand of part of the melody of the episode, now in *C*, which works up to a great *forte*. But the climax of all that is delicious is reached when, four bars from the end, the opening of the subject is given with an accompaniment of descending octaves in the bass, and the conclusion thus formed is perhaps unequalled in elegance even by the composer himself.

The *allegro*, of a cheerful, if not exactly of a lively, character, contrasts admirably with the *largo*, and with the *minore*, which forms a part of it, and is striking by its restlessness, and the occasional *ff* on the first of the bar.

Could anything be more delightful than the *rondo*, the dainty subject of which is each time reintroduced with such exquisite ease as to heighten its effect! All the middle part, beginning after the first double bar, is difficult to play neatly, and is capital practice for the left hand, as it keeps the little fingers at work. You will see that the fourth beat is generally accented throughout this portion. The variation, thirty-seven bars from the end, merits your attention, as does also that very remarkable transition to *E♮*, eight bars farther on.

22. *Op.* 31, *No.* 2, *in D minor*.—The first movement of this work is peculiar on account of the introduction of recitative, which invests it with a more or less dramatic interest. This recitative is derived from the *largo* with which the sonata opens, and which forms part of the principal subject. The figure of the *largo* is made great use of in the left hand, alternating with a new melody above (see bar 21 and afterwards). It is best to play all the melody with the left hand, crossing for the high notes, and keeping the right for the accompaniment. The second subject, beginning in bar 41, is even more impassioned than the first, and a *forte* is reached at bar 68. The skips here are tiresome, as the thirds must be firmly played, without hesitation. The end of the first part is formed by a little piece of double counterpoint, which means that what was above becomes the bass, and *vice versâ*. In the second part, at bar 55 we have the recitative, and, after a short interruption, it is resumed in a still more appealing strain. Though these portions are divided into bars, and are not to be played regardless of time, still there is a certain license in the performance of recitative, which is, in the nature of things, a less restricted style than ordinary rhythmical writing. In bar 10 from the end use the first finger for the first quaver, but in the three following bars the thumb.

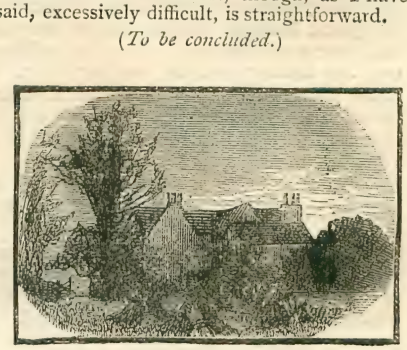
The *adagio* must be smooth and tranquil throughout, and this is not so easy to manage as it may at first appear, because where technical difficulties exist one is apt to play in a more excited way. Bar 23, and the other similar ones, may, happily, be simplified as follows:—Play those of the triplets which are written in the treble clef with the right hand, taking the last three quavers of each bar with the left. On the first beat of the next bar the right hand resumes its own part, except in bar 27, when it would be difficult to get down in time, and the first quaver may consequently be taken by the left. The passage beginning bar 51, which is a variation of the theme, is where you are most likely to fail in keeping smooth, and the following arrangement will facilitate it considerably. Play the first note of bar 51 exactly as written, but from that point let the left hand take up the right hand part, and the right hand play the demi-semiquavers, each resuming its own part at bar 52. Similarly, in 53 and 54. In bar 55, the last four demi-semiquavers must be played by the left hand. Remember, you must make the theme prominent, and keep the accompaniment subdued.

It has been said that the subject of the *allegretto* was suggested to Beethoven by the sight of a horse galloping, and in view of its energetic and fiery nature, and its curious rhythm, this seems very possible. The figure of the subject is in bar 30 given to the bass, and the skip down to the low *A* is extremely difficult, as also in bar 38. Then comes the second subject, bar 43, with a cross accent, and not a very easy bass, especially a little farther on, where there is again a skip down for the first of the bar. Take the first quaver in the treble of bars 70 and 71 with the thumb, but in bars 76 and 77 use the first finger for it. After the working out, all very hard to play, the return to the first subject is charmingly brought about. Fifty bars from the end we have the theme accompanied by a series of *As* above, which are to be strongly marked.

23. *Op.* 78, *in F♯*.—Six sharps! That, to begin with, is a disagreeable pill to swallow, but they form the smallest of the troubles which await you. However, we need not meet them half-way. The introduction, consisting of four bars, is easy enough, and though played with expression, must be gentle and pensive. Such passages as that in bar 14 of the *Allegro* want good fingering and great attention, so that each note may be distinct and all equal. The second subject, in triplets (bar 24), is quite simple and almost pastoral. The short working-out is built on the leading theme, to which you will find one or two references in the left hand, besides the figure of its first three notes being kept up in the bass, with continual skips up and down.

Strangely enough, there is only one other movement—an *allegro vivace*, which, as its heading indicates, is bright and animated. It would almost seem as though the second subject (bar 22), which consists entirely of detached semi-tones, had grown out of the first, to which it leads back so charmingly, anticipating its first notes. Be sure you play these semiquavers in exact time, not clipping the first, and lift the fingers quickly, that the other hand may take up the note clearly. We have them subsequently reversed, leading to a passage in *D♯*, a key which would have nine sharps! It is, of course, synonymous on the piano with *E♭*, and if you think of it as *E♭* you will find it, perhaps, easier to remember. All the rest, though, as I have said, excessively difficult, is straightforward.

(To be concluded.)



A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. AUBIN.

"*Me voici, enfin!* and already I feel myself a new creature.

"Again you are pained, my dear Lilian, and wondering over my long silence; but if I could only make you understand what those last weeks in Paris were to me, you would not wonder that my pen lay wholly neglected in my desk. I seemed to have no energy for anything. La Marquise was just beginning to congratulate herself secretly upon the success of her tuition, and to believe that she had brought me to that high state of polish which manifests itself in a languid do-nothingness, when my appetite and spirits failed so utterly that she was compelled to seek some less satisfactory reason for the change which did not, after all, please her so much as she had supposed it would. She had lingered on, loth to leave her dearly-loved Paris, although most of her friends had drifted away into the country; but as soon as ever she discovered the true cause of my spiritlessness, she hesitated no longer. She had urged me to see a physician, and I, unable to keep the weary longing out of my voice, cried—

"'Oh, madame, it is not that I want medicine. I shall be all right when once we get into the country.'

"'*C'est ça, pauvre petite!*' said she with instant comprehension; and by the next post, with her own hand she wrote a few words to Monsieur St. Just, bidding him prepare to receive us.

"Three days later we left the streets and gardens of Paris baking in the sunshine far behind us. Angelique, in her quiet way, was as rejoiced thereat as I. St. Aubin has some recognised charm for her.

"The latter part of our journey had to be performed *en voiture*. We left the railway at a little town beautifully situated on a slope of the mountains—the Cevennes—and there we spent the night. In the morning came Monsieur St. Just with carriage and horses from St. Aubin.

"I never remember feeling so rapturously happy as when we were fairly on our way to St. Aubin; when the little town of Chambuisson with all its peaked roofs was left smiling amongst its vineyards, and we drove away into the laughing summer air amidst a wilderness of green leaves. Never before has the summer greenery seemed so refreshing, nor the country air so invigorating. I drew long deep breaths, each more intoxicating than the last, and my spirits rose and rose until I longed to give them vent in song.

"La Marquise gave a little sigh of satisfaction and said amusedly, '*Petite* is happy at last.'

"Monsieur St. Just smiled upon my enthusiasm. But neither the amusement of the one nor the forbearance of the other had power to damp my mood. I felt something as I suppose a skylark would if his liberty were suddenly given him after long imprisonment.

"We passed through a deep gorge in the mountains into a valley all golden green with sunshine and leaves, and sparkling with rapid mountain-fed streams. Everywhere the water-courses were marked with a luxuriant growth of moss, bulrushes, and flowering grasses of innumerable kinds, amongst which gleamed the turquoise blue of the myosotis, and the purple and gold of the water iris. And the water was not content to roll smoothly between its enamelled beds, but laughed and leapt sparkling in the sunshine, throwing up foam wreaths that glittered with prismatic tints. The road over which the carriage rolled was broad and well gravelled, and bordered by magnificent beech trees, which cast their dappled shade upon us. After crossing the valley, the road began steeply to ascend amongst the hills. The horses could only proceed leisurely, so I begged to be allowed to walk. Monsieur St. Just at once bade the coachman stop, and he himself assisted me to alight. He walked beside me then, as the carriage passed onwards with the Marquise, who waved her delicate hand to us in merry farewell.

"'It is like your England, is it not, mademoiselle, that it gives you so much joy?'

"'Like England? Oh no, monsieur.'

"I paused to look backwards along the lovely verdant valley which lay behind us. We were now on a level with the tops of the beech trees, and, far below, the great jagged leaves of the luxuriant vegetation that marked the water-courses caught the sunlight in patches. A faint blue haze hung its mystic veil over the far distance.

"'There is just this difference,' I said, still in answer to his question. 'In England Nature is like one of your high-bred Parisian ladies, all polish and cultivation; here she is herself, savage and wild. We always think that she can be improved, and we have hardly left her one solitary nook in which to develop her own especial characteristics unmolested. Her most sacred haunts are invaded and desecrated by hordes of people called excursionists. But here, no one disturbs her solitary reign; she wields her sceptre in absolute sovereignty. I do not see the smallest trace of man's hand anywhere in the valley below us.'

"'And yet,' said Monsieur St. Just, drily, 'we have been spared a good many jolts by having his road to travel upon instead of Nature's. Ardent lover of hers though I am, I must confess that men can make more excellent turnpikes than she can.'

"I laughed, and turned to continue the stiff climb upwards, when the distant sound of mountain pipes broke upon our ears. The player was nowhere visible, and the sound seemed to wander over the hills and through the green valley like the invisible spirit of the scene.

"'Hark!' I cried, and paused again.

"'It is a mountain herdsman,' said Monsieur St. Just.

"'Nay,' I said, with a little defiance, 'it is Nature's own voice in wordless harmony.'

"'Listen, and you will hear words.'

"A countryman trudging onwards a few steps in advance of us, caught the oft-repeated refrain of the wandering air, and began to chant some rude words that appeared to have neither rhyme nor reason. Their very incongruity caused them to be impressed on my mind.

"'*Hélas! que les rochers sont durs!*
Le soleil ne les fond pas,
Le soleil, ni même la lune!
Tout garçon qui veut aimer
Cherche sa peine.'

"'*Hélas! que les rochers sont durs!*' reiterated Monsieur St. Just. 'There, mademoiselle, you are reminded upon the very threshold of Nature's kingdom of the cruelties of which she, unmolested, can be guilty.'

"'That sentiment has two sides to it, monsieur. Is this little rhythmic production one of your *chants du paysan?*'

"'Yes; you will hear many such about St. Aubin. The country people here are a hardy, independent race, hard as the *rochers durs* themselves, and very tenacious in their affections. The natural expression of their deepest emotions seems to be in song; and, curiously enough, all these songs, more or less, have notes of sadness in them, just as Nature's music is all set in minor keys.'

"'If we look upon creation through smoked glasses, everything appears dun-coloured, monsieur. For my own part, I have never detected any sadness in the skylark's song. It seems to be all delirious gladness from beginning to end. I will not—I cannot believe that there is more sadness than joy in life.'

"'That is because you are very young, too young to have had much experience of life at present.'

"'Not too young to have known trouble, monsieur. But surely trouble need not—indeed, ought not—to be allowed to poison the deepest springs of existence. Young people may be nearer the great heart of truth, in their insuppressible joy, than those who have drifted from it while floating in the barque of their own especial sorrow.'

"Monsieur St. Just looked at me and smiled.

"'You have a fondness for your own opinion, mademoiselle.'

"'But not only because it is my opinion, monsieur.'

"'Nevertheless, the voice of the people, which is said to be the voice of God, remember, is against you. Here, in this

rude verse, and borne out in the melody also, you have the assurance that

"*Tout garçon qui veut aimer*
Cherche sa peine."'

"'Yet never was any *garçon* withheld from loving by fear of any such consequences, monsieur. When one wishes to get the honey from a beehive, one is ready enough to brave the stings of the bees.'

"'But is the honey ever a full equivalent to the stings?' he asked, laughing. 'My mother is beckoning to us; let us hasten onwards.'

"The carriage had reached the highest point attained by the road, and La Marquise was very eager to point out to me the first glimpse of St. Aubin. From where the horses stood we looked down into a second and smaller valley, shut in more closely by the precipitous sides of green hills, clothed to their summits with a dwarfed growth of beech, and elm, and oak. Through the valley dashed a rapid stream, which divided in the centre to enclose a rocky island. Straight from the sides of this foaming river rose granite rocks, with bushes and creepers springing from every ledge and interstice; and on the summit, almost like a continuation of the rocks shaped into form by the hand of man, stood the *château*, grey and lonely, with the sunlight shining upon its turrets, and the water foaming all about it in green gloom below. Quite in the bosom of the valley I could distinguish a few cottage roofs amongst the trees, with thin blue wreaths of smoke curling upwards, of that lovely transparency which only wood fires can produce.

"'There, *petite*, that is St. Aubin,' said the Marquise.

"Monsieur St. Just stood a little apart, looking also towards St. Aubin, with a cloud upon his brow.

"The *château*, standing alone upon its eminence, in the midst of this sylvan solitude, seemed instantly to connect itself with him in my mind. Is it not possible, dear Lilian, that I may find in its solitary strength something of an index to his character, since scenes and circumstances do, more than we care to admit, make men?

"La Marquise was by no means content for me to admire in silence. Although she professes such a strong dislike to the country, St. Aubin has evidently power to touch some of the most secret depths of her being. There was a glow of pride in her eyes, a little flame of excitement on her cheeks. To gratify her, I spoke out warmly the admiration I felt, and therewith the Marquise, encouraged by the assurance of finding in me a sympathetic listener, began to tell me of the deeds of St. Aubins of St. Aubin, until Monsieur St. Just put an end to her traditions by offering to place the whole St. Aubin chronicles at my disposal on condition that we continued our journey now.

"'Come, *petite!*' said La Marquise, with a little assumption of dignity, and indicating the place by her side. 'Etienne is not a St. Aubin, you know.'

"'That is the very worst thing that can be said of me, mademoiselle,' said Monsieur St. Just, laughing.

"'Then the worst is not very bad, monsieur.'

"'Ah! I see, you have yet to acquaint yourself with the degrees of badness.'

"La Marquise, meanwhile, maintained a dignified silence; but presently Monsieur St. Just adroitly led her back to the pursuit of her favourite theme, as the carriage wound downwards into the valley and the *château* loomed above us in its lofty isolation.

"We passed snug little cottages covered with flowering creepers, and embowered in fruit trees, with sunburnt peasants standing in the doorways, or plying their lace bobbins with flying fingers, and little brown, barefooted children rolling and tumbling amongst the moss and wild flowers. Then we crossed a rude stone bridge over another winding of the Mousse, and obtained a lovely glimpse up the bed of the stream, its white foam wreaths flecked by the green shadows thrown from the overarching canopy of leaves. Not far from the bridge stand the mossy wooden supports of an old mill, with the big wheel, all dripping with water and moss, turning, turning away in the misty green gloom. A few more windings brought us close under the rugged rocks which form the base of the *château*, but of pathway up them there seemed to be none; indeed, they rose so steeply above us that I began to think we should need a scaling ladder in order to gain admittance.

"The Marquise was amused by my perplexity, and professed to pity me greatly for being brought back to the barbarism of the middle ages.

"'Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of the miserable accommodation the *château* is likely to afford, *petite?* Say, shall we turn and go back to Paris?'

"'No, a thousand times no. I would rather remain here with room to stretch my limbs, and plenty of air to breathe, even though I may have to turn *paysanne*. But, dear madam, how are we ever going to scale that great height and obtain admission into what seems to be the very abode of Tantalus? Were the St. Aubins at any period of their family history so far lifted above ordinary humanity as to be gifted with wings?'

"Monsieur St. Just laughed outright, but La Marquise tried to look severe.

"'*Petite*, you have forfeited your right to any explanation by that poor attempt at wit.'

"Try as I would, I could only succeed in being wickedly penitent. Monsieur St. Just laughed once more, and Madame la Marquise was not mollified.

"Just then the carriage passed over a broad and well-built stone bridge into a sort of *basse-cour* with two sides washed by the river, and the fourth occupied by stables hewn out of the solid rock. Here we were surrounded at once by servants, and all alighted from the carriage.

"'Is the chair of Madame in attendance?' asked Monsieur St. Just of one of the men.

"'*O, oui*, monsieur. Jacqueline!' The man raised his voice and shouted the name in loud tones. Almost before it had left his lips, my attention was drawn to a flying figure, with dark elf-locks protruding from her close muslin cap, that came bounding into the courtyard and made straight for the arms of Angelique, which closed round her.

"'*C'est sa fille*,' said Madame la Marquise.

"Following Jacqueline, but in a more leisurely manner, came two bronzed, middle-aged women, bearing between them a covered chair on poles.

"The strangeness of the whole scene bewildered me. I wondered whether I were dreaming as I watched Monsieur St. Just carefully assist his mother into the chair. She leaned out to say something to him, then let the curtains fall. The women lifted the poles, and, with Angelique and Jacqueline in attendance, the little cavalcade moved off.

"I was left standing alone on the paving stones in the sunshine, vaguely asking myself how much of my novel experience was real.

"Had I been forgotten?

"No; there was Monsieur St. Just coming towards me, smiling to himself at my perplexity.

"Mademoiselle, shall we follow Madame la Marquise? Or would you like to be at the *château* first to receive her?

"'*Ce n'est pas possible, monsieur.*'

"'If you can have faith in me we will do that which is impossible, then.'

"'How, monsieur?'

"'Have you the requisite faith?'

"'I think so.'

"'Then come with me.'

He led the way, I following, out of the *basse-cour*, to where the green river banks sloped up to cling with moss and ivy tendrils to the grey-lichened rocks. So we came upon a little door thickly studded with iron nails set in the rock itself, and hung about with a drapery of wild creepers. Monsieur St. Just drew a small key from his pocket, and inserted it in a keyhole carefully hidden by a movable plate of iron. The door swung backwards on heavy hinges, and I saw a small, dense cavity within.

"'Here is the test of your faith, mademoiselle. Ah! you hesitate; you draw back after all.'

"'I do neither. I professed no more than I am ready to fulfil.'

"'Then come.'

"I followed him through the doorway. There was barely room for us both to stand at the foot of a steep flight of stone stairs, the first few steps of which were just visible to me in the scanty light which fell through the creepers. He drew the door to behind us, and I heard the grating of the lock as it turned under his hand. We were enveloped in thick darkness, through which I could not see so much even as the outline of his figure.

"'Now give me your hand.'

"He spoke shortly and authoritatively, and I stretched out my hand in the direction in which I supposed his to be. His slender fingers closed firmly over mine.

"'Now follow me. The steps are narrow and winding. There is a rope, however, running along the wall to your right. You had better put your other hand upon it.'

"'I have it, monsieur.'

"'You are not afraid?'

"'I see nothing to fear.'

"'That is because you see nothing, perhaps?'

"Nay, rather because there *is* nothing to fear.'

"So we climbed what seemed to me endless steps, and the higher we went the thicker seemed to grow the blackness which environed us. We kept silence for some time. Then Monsieur paused to ask if I were tired—if I would like to rest a few minutes.

"'Oh, no, let us continue, please, until we get to the light.'

"'You could not have imagined such an entrance to the *chateau* as this! And you think it a very undignified means of ingress. Is it not so?'

"'I certainly never imagined it, monsieur.'

"'Take courage; we have not very much farther to mount now.'

"The hand which held mine gave me a reassuring pressure, and more effectual help also than I had hitherto required. My knees were trembling under me, by head began to spin round in the darkness, but for that sustaining hand I must have fallen backwards, down into the black gulf below. The thick darkness seemed to press upon me from without, and the chilly air, laden as it was with foul vapours, made my lungs ache.

"Upwards we went once more in silence, and then suddenly a stream of soft yellow light fell down upon my face through an aperture above. Monsieur St. Just had pushed open a door which moved on noiseless hinges. We were within a room lined from floor to ceiling with books. I felt a soft carpet beneath my feet. The mellow light came through deeply embrasured windows with small leaded panes, many of which were of yellow glass, and falling as it did upon the leather-bound backs of the books that lined the walls, produced the peculiar golden glow which made so distinct an impression upon my half-stupefied senses.

"So sudden had been the change that I gazed around me bewildered. There was a door in the far corner of the room, but neither behind, nor below us, nor on either side, could I discover the aperture through which we had gained admission.

"'Where are we?' I cried, half ready to believe Monsieur St. Just guilty in some measure of dealing in the black art of magic.

"'We are in the library of the *chateau*, mademoiselle. But we must not linger here if we are to be on the terrace before La Marquise. You are not too tired to proceed? or faint—or giddy—or anything else that a delicate creature with nerves might be expected to be under the circumstances?'

"He looked at me half scrutinisingly, half comically, and I rallied myself vigorously, at once ashamed and resolved to conquer any weakness of that kind which I might have felt.

"Monsieur St. Just led the way down a stone-paved corridor to a quaint old entrance-hall lined with ghastly steel men, the outer husks of former seigneurs of St. Aubin. From this hall a flight of broad stone steps led down to a long narrow terrace with a balustrade. Looking over this balustrade we saw the chair of Madame ascending along the zig-zag path immediately below, with Angelique and Jacqueline, hand in hand, following closely behind.

"Here I am then, at last, Lilian, in a veritable *chateau en Espagne*. We are really and truly dwelling amongst the clouds, hanging mid-way between heaven and earth. I am burning to discover more of the strange situation of this glorious St. Aubin, which exceeds all that my most ardent imagination had pictured.

"From henceforth you must look for something altogether supermundane in my letters."

(*To be continued.*)

A CHAT ABOUT BRITISH FERNS.

By Cotsford Dick.

Few lovers of plants have not attempted, with more or less success, to make a fernery for themselves. Their grace and beauty of form, and the comparative ease with which they may be preserved, greatly tempt the amateur to collect them. The hardy kinds are planted out in a rockery in the garden, designed perhaps especially for their reception, while the rarer and more delicate species are protected by the sheltering care of the greenhouse. Those which flourish out of doors may be left to take care of themselves. If planted in suitable soil and in a shady position they require very little looking after. But heat, moisture, and shade are necessary for the full development of those tenderer kinds with which we are all more or less familiar. Ferns that are cultivated indoors require much attention. First, the pots in which they are planted should have plenty of free drainage. Then, they should never be allowed to become dry, but water should be plentifully (but judiciously) administered, and the saucer of the pot must be emptied when the water has filtered entirely through. No plant should stand in the same water that has passed through the pot. Some ferns seem to thrive if the water is administered in the saucer, but, on the whole, good drainage is the best for them. There are two things which ferns dislike above measure, and which in a room are most difficult to be avoided. One is dust, and the other is draught. When the room is swept, remove your ferns from it, unless they are in a glass house of their own. When the window and the door are both open at once, place your treasures where they will be sheltered from meeting the current of air. Give them fresh air, if you can do so, daily, but let the outside air come gently upon them, and do not plunge them suddenly from a temperature of sixty degrees to one of forty degrees. Let the water that you give them be tepid, especially if they are accustomed to warmth. This is a very important point in their culture. Then, again, they will not thrive if exposed to the influence of gas, nor must they be placed too near the fire, or in a window that admits a draught. All these little details must be well and carefully observed, or your ferns will droop and become sickly. Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well, and if you establish a little green family of ferns around you it is clearly your bounden duty to look well after their interests, nor suffer them to perish through want of attention, or, perhaps, be it said, from sheer laziness!

There are many varieties among the British ferns, and we propose to consider a few of the most important, and try to learn something about their different characteristics. For ferns are not all alike, as even the most casual observer will confess. That graceful leaf-like spray has distinctive features by which the order to which it belongs can be recognised at once. If you know something about each kind you will feel a greater interest in obtaining specimens of those that may please you the most. *Place aux dames!* Let us begin with the lady fern, or, as it ought properly to be called, the *Athyrium filix famina*. This fern is one of the loveliest of all our larger ferns, and in many a sheltered glen or wood may her ladyship be found. If you have read your Walter Scott, you may perhaps remember that he alludes to this plant in "Waverley."

> "Where the copsewood is the greenest,
> Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
> Where the morning dew lies longest,
> There the lady fern grows strongest."

In moist situations it flourishes luxuriantly, its somewhat pale green fronds arising in such places to the height of three or four feet. It is less common in England than in Ireland, where the light and arrowy fronds rise in circular tufts, beautiful throughout the summer, but cut down, alas! by the first frost. It is so common on the Irish bogs that it is used for packing fruit, in the same way as the common brake is used in England. There are several varieties of this lady fern, one of which, called *Athyrium molle*, has a short stalk, and its fronds seldom exceed a foot in height. Another variety, *A. multifidum*, has the tips of the frond and of the branches cut into numerous segments so as to form a tassel. A dwarf variety termed *crispum* resembles a clump of parsley.

From the lady fern to the male fern—*Lastrea* (or *Aspidium*) *filix-mas*—is an easy and natural transition. This fern may be met with in almost all our country walks, its very green fronds growing generally in a circle to the height of three or even four feet. Observe in spring how pretty the young leaves are, curled round into circles, and covered with shaggy scales to protect them from wind and rain! This scaliness, so characteristic of ferns, becomes proportionately less on the more matured fronds. Gather a matured frond, and you will find on the back a multitude of little round raised dots. These constitute the celebrated "fernseed," so famous in olden days for its reputed power of rendering its possessor invisible, provided that the seed had been gathered upon the eve of St. John. The young fronds were formerly called Lucky Hands, or St. John's Hands, having the efficacy, it was credulously supposed, of averting various ills. The yellow St. John's wort, by the way, was also dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and burnt on Midsummer Eve.

The male fern is met with throughout Europe. In Norway it has been used as fodder for horses and cattle; in Switzerland it has been employed as a remedy for some diseases. This species has been included by various writers in the genus Polypodium, Aspidium, or Polystichum, always, however, retaining its specific name of *filix-mas*. Gerarde, the herbalist, describes it by the name of "male fern," probably because its habit is more robust than that of the lady fern.

The "spleenwort" family is a large one. There is the *Asplenium trichomanes*, or

common wall spleenwort, which is frequently met with on old stone walls, or even on the tower of some ancient church. The frond is a dull green, and the stalk is throughout a glossy purplish-black. When growing in large quantities it is extremely graceful. Then we meet on the sea-coast, where it seems to thrive best, with the *Asplenium lanceolatum*, which in Devonshire and Cornwall springs out of every wall. Its long black, wiry roots penetrate far into the fissures of the rocks. The young fronds, which appear in May, are matured by August, and remain green throughout the winter. The average height of the fronds is from six to eight inches.

The *A. Adiantum-nigrum*, or black spleenwort, is a very ornamental fern, hanging down in graceful sprays over rocks and ruins.

It is among the latest of our ferns in unfolding its fronds, which are not crisp and brittle like those of many ferns, but have a tough and leathery texture, and are very much veined. On first appearing above ground, they form little tufts, but gradually lengthen, and curve downwards, retaining their green hue throughout the winter.

The *A. Ruta-muraria* (wall-rue spleenwort) is generally distributed all through the country. The plant is not unlike the common garden rue. It seems to love rocky hills, but attaches itself very kindly to artificial rockeries and stone walls. Its fronds, which are commonly only four or five inches long, are thick and leathery, and triangular in shape. They vary somewhat in colour, from a deep dark green to a pale sea-green tint. This fern was sometimes called the "white maidenhair," probably on account of the light-coloured powder occasionally to be seen on its fronds.

The *A. marinum*, or sea spleenwort, is, as its name implies, a lover of the sea-coast. In the Channel Islands, and in the south-west of England, it grows abundantly. Like all the species destined to thrive on rocks, it has tough, wiry stems, which penetrate into clefts and hold the plant firmly there. Its general appearance is quite distinct from any other British fern, so that it is easily recognised. Its upper surface is of a deep glossy green; its under surface is paler. When brought into culture under glass it attains great beauty and luxuriance.

The little green-stemmed spleenwort (*A. viride*) is found in places where moisture is abundant, often under the spray of a waterfall. You will know it by the tiny oval leaflets which are arranged on either side of the central stem, forming one of the prettiest little fern fronds possible. It is one of the most charming of the spleenwort family.

Scolopendrium vulgare is a very long name indeed, but let us call it hart's-tongue, and you will, I am sure, meet with an old friend. No fern is so often found in green lanes and shady woods than is this one. The clumps are round, the fronds, which are long, slender, and glossy, spreading out from the centre. In June and July the hart's-tongue fern is very bright, with tender, delicate, green leaves growing on a short stalk of a purplish brown colour. It delights in the sides of wells or the borders of streams, but seems equally happy, if, perhaps, not quite so luxuriant, on a stone wall. It derives its classical name from *scolopendra*, a centipede, there being a fancied similarity between the lines of fructification and the feet of that animal.

The *Allosorus crispus*, or rock-parsley, is a most charming little fern. It grows freely in the North of England, occurs sometimes in Wales, but is not to be found in the southern counties. Southey describes it as "the most beautiful of all our wild plants, resembling the richest point lace in its fine filaments and exquisite indentations." Its crisp sprays might at first sight be taken for a tuft of the common parsley, and it as bright and green as that herb in early summer. The stalk of the frond is smooth, slender, and of a pale green colour, and is usually longer than the leafy part. The delicate green fronds rise in great number from the stem, and form a dense mass. This fern grows freely under cultivation, but requires a good deal of shade, as too much sunshine renders its green hue less vivid.

The *Polypodium vulgare*, or common polypody, is an extremely familiar fern. It grows abundantly in all parts of our island, now clinging apparently to the sturdy trunk of an old oak, and now forming large picturesque clumps on the banks by the wayside. It is one of the earliest to expand, being usually fully developed by the month of May, but it is easily destroyed by frost. The roots of the *P. vulgare* are very numerous, forming entangled masses, and the horizontal underground stems are entirely covered, when young, with pale brown scales. The slender stalk of this frond rises from its brown stem, and is clothed more than half way down with the leafy portion. The frond varies in height, from a few inches to a foot and a half. This plant contains a large proportion of carbonate of potash, which was used in former days by glass manufacturers. It has also been gathered by country folk as a cure for whooping-cough, the fronds, when quite dry, being boiled down with raw sugar. In Kent it has been called the golden polypody, doubtless from its bright orange-coloured masses of fructification. For medicinal purposes it was considered necessary to gather the fern from the oak, and not from the shady hedge-bank!

The *Polypodium dryopteris*, or oak fern, is sometimes known by the name of tender, three-branched polypody. The triple fronds are a marked characteristic of this plant, and it is slender in form, and thin, smooth, and fragile in texture. The height of the frond is from four to six inches, and its colour is of a brighter green than that of any other British fern. Curiously enough it loses this vividness if exposed to the sun. Its mode of unfolding the young fronds is very remarkable. In March and April these emerge from the soil, exactly resembling three little balls on wires. These folded scrolls daily uncoil to the air and shaded light, until, by the end of June, not only are the three graceful branches developed, but the dark brown masses of seed cases are crowding upon their under surfaces. Like many another plant which rapidly attains perfection, it is somewhat short-lived, not surviving the earliest frosts. The stalk is very slender, about twice the length of the leafy part of the frond, and is of a dark purplish colour, very brittle. The three branches of the stalk are triangular, each having a short stalk of its own, the three uniting with the common stalk of the frond. They spread loosely, and are moved by the slightest wind, the middle branch being the largest. The three-branched polypody is not unfrequent in moist woods and in stony, barren, mountainous places both in England and Wales. It is common in Scotland. Its underground stem is slender, black, and wiry, and creeps to a great distance. You will certainly recognise it when you meet with it from the above description.

The *Polypodium calcareum* (limestone polypody), or rigid three branched-polypody, although akin to the last species, is different from it in habit. It is a firmer plant of a darker green colour, and the lower branches are smaller in proportion to the middle one, being also more slender. It has not the angular bend in the stalk of the frond which is so noticeable in the oak fern, although specimens have been found which share this peculiarity. It is rather a rare fern, as it never seems to grow wild except in limestone districts. When transplanted to the garden, it requires lime to be mixed with the soil.

The *P. alpestre*, or Alpine polypody, is so like the lady fern in its outline and general appearance that it has been believed to be an Alpine variety of that plant. It is a very graceful fern, the fronds growing in circular clumps to the height of a foot and a half. Although it has long been met with in Switzerland, yet its claim to be a British fern is now fully established, since it was discovered growing in Forfarshire in the year 1844. If you light upon it in your travels, by all means possess yourself of it, and bring it under culture.

The tribe of Lastrea is a large one. Several of the most conspicuous of our native ferns belong to it. We have already noticed one of the family, the male fern (which, by the way, some botanists claim for the genus *aspidium*), and we cannot do more now than lightly glance at its varieties.

The *Lastrea thelypteris*, or marsh fern, delights, as you may imagine, in moist boggy lands, and grows in great abundance among the heather, but it is somewhat local, and is less commonly met with than might be supposed. It has a slender stalk, arising from a black underground stem, which creeps to a great extent in the soft soil, and sends forth a number of tough fibrous roots. The colour of the fern is pale green, and its texture is somewhat thin and delicate. It is not very large, being rarely more than a foot high, although under cultivation it may be induced to grow to twice its ordinary size than when wild.

The *Lastrea rigida*, or rigid fern, grows up erect from an underground stem. The frond is annual, appearing in May, but dying down with the first frost. It is usually between one and two feet high. The stalk is short, and very full of scales. This fern grows at some elevation on the limestone hills of the North of England. It is found freely in Yorkshire and Lancashire. When you go up there do not forget to look for it.

The *L. oreopteris*, or sweet mountain fern, grows on heaths and dry pastures, and sometimes in wooded districts. On the heather-clad spots about Tunbridge Wells you will easily distinguish it, its handsome fronds springing up in May in circular tufts, and remaining green until the very last moment before winter in reality commences. The fronds are erect, and are remarkably narrowed downwards from about the middle, so that the lower part is quite as tapering as the upper.

Over every portion of the under surface lie numerous small, glossy, round, bright yellow glands, which give a golden tinge to the young fronds, and form a marked feature of this fern. If we bruise the frond, these diffuse a very pleasant odour. The underground stem is scaly, and the roots are numerous.

If you want a rare fern in your collection, you must on no account omit to seek for the *Lastrea cristata*, or crested fern. You will have to go far afield in your search, and look amongst the heaths of boggy lands for it. It has a thick underground stem, branching in various directions, from which, in May, rise the narrow fronds, always remarkably erect, narrowing towards the top. The frond is about two feet in height. This fern is not so beautiful as many others, and is esteemed more on account of its rarity, perhaps, than for any other quality.

Several species of lastrea grow upright, or nearly so, but the fronds of the *Lastrea dilatata*, or broad prickly-toothed fern, fall downwards into graceful, arch-like forms. The stalk is much thicker at the base than at the upper part. The height this fern attains is about two or three feet, but its luxuriance depends greatly on the places where it grows, as in situations which are congenial to it, it rises sometimes to five feet above the ground.

(*To be concluded.*)

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By Agnes Giberne, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS.

"Friedrich Strasse,
"Heidelberg.
"Saturday.

"My dear Ella,

"I don't know what in the world you will have thought of me, leaving you all this time without a single letter. I meant to write to you ages ago, but, somehow, time slips away, one doesn't know where, in a foreign country. Everything is so new and amusing at first that one does not feel capable of descending to the common-place drudgery of letters.

"However, I really am going to write to-day, and at the outset I promise a long letter to make up for past dilatoriness. After all, you will appreciate it better now than you could have done awhile back, when you were still anxious about Baby. Dear little man! I wonder if he remembers 'Auntie Dessie' still, or whether he will have quite forgotten me by the time I come back. There is nobody in all England whom I want more to see than Baby Hugh. That's a compliment to his mother as well, I suppose. You all speak about his 'seeming stronger.' Does that mean that he really is quite well again, or is he pulled down still by his illness? I should like to be told that he is just as rosy and merry as ever. My home-folks do not favour me with much information, and you have only written once—good reason why, when I have never taken the trouble to answer you.

"My Heidelberg relations are on the whole very satisfactory. Uncle Sidney is remarkably like and yet unlike papa. Aunt Laura is kindness itself, though she can be tremendously positive. Emmie and I are great friends, though we do not suit one another in the very least. She is all romance and I am all prose, and she is perpetually shocked at me, and I am perpetually amused at her. There's a charming state of things! But we are friends, nevertheless, and I believe we really are fond of one another. I should like her immensely if only she were a few grains less sentimental. She provokes me sometimes, and then I laugh at her, and then poor Em is miserable.

"I think I have more fellow-feeling for Allie than for anybody. Bertie is rather conceited, and we wage covert war, he and I. But Allie is always in a mess, and always *forgetting*. She is constantly going through penitent fits, and trying to curb her spirits down to the due point of dolefulness. I take a particular pleasure at such times in keeping her spirits up to the mark, and hindering the said dutiful dolefulness.

"But don't think me worse than the reality, Ella! I really *am* reformed. I really *am* becoming quite a different person—so obedient and tame that positively you would not know me. The sparkles in my nature are being squeezed out of existence—almost. I found that it was a case of either submission or home, so I have gone in extensively for submission, and do meekly whatever I am told.

"We have a governess, Miss Bruce, a wonderful contrast to Miss Wood and Mademoiselle St. Roque. I expected at first to find her a most wishy-washy piece of goods. She hangs her head and droops her eyes, and looks as if she had not a single bone in body or mind to keep her upright. But, somehow, though she seems so soft, she has a considerable notion of managing folks; and, though I don't like to be managed, she has the upper hand of me. When I am with her I feel as if I had a soft elastic unbreakable cobweb stretched round me, pulling me back whenever I want to go on. I must say for her that she really is clever, and seems to know pretty nearly everything.

"Heidelberg is a pretty place. Emmie would say a great deal more on this point than I can do, but you know it isn't my way to go into raptures about scenery. I suppose I do not care very much about it.

"Only think, Harry talks of coming to us soon for a little visit. We do not know yet how soon. It will be pleasant to see a home face, not that I am in the least homesick.

"We had an excursion lately to the Schwetzingen Gardens, some way out of Heidelberg. It was very amusing, though we all thought the gardens far too stiff in style for beauty. I can't endure primness. Uncle Sidney said it reminded him of—

"'Grove nods to grove—each alley has its brother;
And half the platform just reflects the other.'

or else he said the lines were in Murray—I forget which. But there could not have been a better description. Where one avenue branched to the right, a second exactly like it was sure to branch to the left.

"Another excursion is impending, and a much more delightful one. Next week we hope to go for two or three days on the Rhine—perhaps longer. I believe we are to sleep at Cologne, and possibly at Coblentz also. Bertie can't go because of school, and Miss Bruce will stay at home to take care of him—which I am not sorry for. I don't dislike her, but I do like freedom.

"I ought to be able, after our return, to give you quite a history of the Rhine, but I do not expect that I shall. One gets rather muddled in one's recollections among such a lot of hills and castles. Bertie is doing his best to 'coach' me, by telling endless legends of water-nymphs, and distressed damsels, and stern fathers, and crusaders, and knights, and fairies, and dungeons, and underground passages, and dejected lovers ending their days in nunneries and monasteries. I am inclined to suspect that he improves freely upon the originals. I tell him the most charming of all is the story of Bishop Hatto eaten by rats in the Mouse Tower, and he is perpetually reciting Southey on the subject, making Emmie stop her ears. Em cannot endure horrors.

"Emmie will undertake all the raptures, and leave me free to enjoy myself after my own fashion, I expect. She is already in a state of incipient gush, preparing to go frantic with delight. Her one distress is that I don't fully 'sympathise.' I tell her we are formed on different models, and cannot possibly feel exactly alike.

"Here comes the meek little cobweb—I beg her pardon, Miss Bruce—to tell me that I must dress for a walk. All right. One can't have too much walking in this place—though I *should* like a good wild ramble, with nobody to eye my movements.

"Now do please forgive my long silence, there's a dear Ella, and write soon and tell me all about yourself and Baby.

"Love to all, and I am,
"Your affectionate Sister,
"Decima Fitzroy."

A quick response came to this letter—quicker than Dessie had expected.

"2, Wellington-terrace,
"Thursday.

"My dear Dessie,

"I was very glad to see your handwriting, and to find how much you are enjoying yourself. The thorough change of scene must be pleasant to you in every way.

"Heidelberg is, I know, a lovely place. Cecil and I spent a week there, on our wedding tour, and it made a very strong impression on me.

"I remember that we went on an excursion to a certain place at some little distance, where there are three old ruins, one called the Schwalbennest. The place itself was Neckarsteinnach. Have you been there yet, or are you likely to go?

"I suppose you hear pretty regularly from your home, dear Dessie. They are all fairly well—your mother much as usual. Dora looks rather thin.

"Cecil has been very poorly of late. I think he wants rest, but we cannot get away at present. Baby is, on the whole, certainly stronger.

"I am glad you like Emmie, and are making a friend of her. I do not think your notion of friendship can be exactly what mine is, judging from the way in which you write. But companionship may grow into real friendship in time. Emmie may be dreamy, and may be a little romantic, but she is true-hearted, loving, and high-principled. What you call 'sentiment' will in some measure be brushed out of her by-and-bye.

through contact with others. The real poetry and sense of beauty underlying she will, I hope, never lose. Remember, Dessie dear, both beauty and the power to appreciate beauty are gifts from God. True poetry—I do not mean mere rhyme and sentiment—is one of God's highest gifts. You will understand this better by-and-bye, I think.

"Yesterday evening I was thinking a good deal about you. Cecil was out, and I had two or three hours alone.

"It seems strange to me to look back to the time when I was your age, and to remember how differently things appeared to me then from what they do now. Not so very many years ago, you will say, perhaps, but indeed I feel more than twice your age. Nothing makes one so old as long pressure of anxiety and trouble.

"You and I are not much alike in character, I think. Still, there was a time when everything looked gay and bright to me, as everything seems now to look with you. I wonder whether you know the real meaning of shadow yet, and how you will meet the first that will come to you, for shadows must come, Dessie. Life cannot be all sunshine.

"I do not think it is the best and happiest state to be in, when one is perfectly satisfied with oneself and all that one does. I could not help wishing, when I read your letter, that you were not *quite* so satisfied. There are surely possibilities in you for longings and cravings after something better and nobler and holier than anything you have reached yet. If you are content with the level plain, what hope is there that you will ever climb to the mountain-peak?

"I think an awakening out of girlish dreams generally comes to one in life—sooner or

"DESSIE READ THIS LETTER WITH UNCOMFORTABLE SENSATIONS."

later. Perhaps it is 'later' with you. Sometimes the awakening is gradual, like a child slowly opening its eyes from sleep, and sometimes there is the thunderbolt.

"I am writing these things as they come into my mind, called up partly by your letter to me. My first intention was to write quite cheerfully, and not to cast the shadow of even grave words over your pleasant time. But there are days when one's heart is too utterly sad and sore for even the appearance of cheeriness, and it is so with me to-night.

"And perhaps it will do you no harm, darling—even if my words *should* help you to realise for a few minutes that life is not all careless brightness, that possibilities of sorrow lie near, if they *should* make you stand still and think.

"I must stop now, with much love, in which others would join if they knew me to be writing.

"Ever your affectionate Sister,

"ELLA FITZROY."

Dessie read this letter with uncomfortable sensations. She did not care to be called upon to stand still and think. Talking was more congenial than thought to Dessie. Moreover, the constraint of the first part, and the unrestrained depression of the last part, suggested to her that all was not so well at home as she had of late supposed.

"However, I don't believe it is anything," she decided resolutely. "People get depressed fits—though I don't know why they should—and Ella was most likely in one when she wrote that. It comes from sitting alone and thinking too much. *I* should be in the dolefuls if I sat alone and thought for an hour. It's much best to be always on the go. I am ten times as happy, taking things easily, as if I were always in a fret, wishing to be different, and miserable because I am not perfect. Nobody is perfect, and I don't see that I am worse than other people. I shall be grave in good time, I daresay, but one must have a little fun in life first. I couldn't possibly be like Emmie, always worrying myself about doing right and doing wrong. I like to be free."

But how if that freedom were in reality bond-service? How if Dessie, in her would-be liberty, was in reality the slave to her own will? She did not see it so, but others did.

The only immediate result of Ella's letter was that Dessie went off to her uncle with an eager—

"Mayn't we go to Neckarsteinnach some day?"

"I do not know why we should not," responded Mr. Fitzroy.

"Ella says she went there with Cecil on their wedding tour, and she asks if I have been," Dessie said, with her liveliest air.

"Aunt Laura must decide," said Mr. Fitzroy. "If Miss Bruce can give us a good report of work done now and in the next few days, I think we might manage it before long."

And Dessie wrote another letter to Ella, in a tone of exaggerated flippancy, condoling with her on her fit of the dumps, prescribing a foreign tour as the best possible cure, expatiating on Heidelberg delights and German peculiarities, and doing her best to make it appear that Ella's words had utterly failed to impress her.

Ella had keen enough intuition to be aware that such was not exactly the true state of the case. She guessed it to be just *because* she had touched some hidden chord that Dessie was so particularly careful to veil the fact under an appearance of recklessness.

Edith happened to be sitting with Ella when Dessie's letter arrived, and Ella, after reading it, passed the sheet to her companion. Edith went through from beginning to end silently. Then she lifted her eyes, and said: "Wilder than ever. The experiment has failed."

"I am not so sure. I think good and evil impulses are struggling side by side," said Ella.

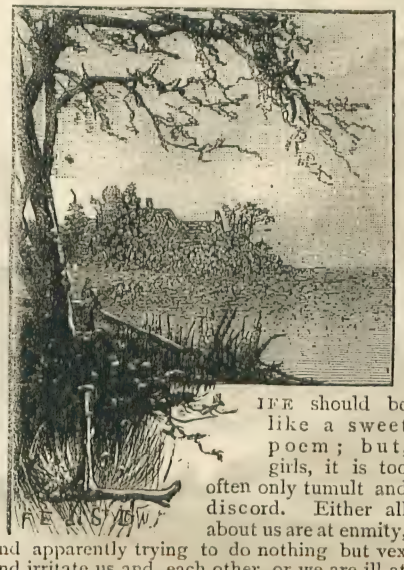
"I know one thing," Edith remarked, quietly, "and that is, that we are wrong in hiding from Dessie the true state of things—about little Hugh. If she *can* be really touched, it will be through him. Your tenderness of heart makes you wish to shield her, Ella, but I think you are mistaken."

"I am almost afraid you are right," Ella answered, sadly, with a sigh.

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

II.—THE SECRET OF PEACE.



LIFE should be like a sweet poem; but, girls, it is too often only tumult and discord. Either all about us are at enmity, and apparently trying to do nothing but vex and irritate us and each other, or we are ill at ease in our own minds.

A great Italian poet was once seen wandering about in a cloister, and silently gazing at the columns and arches. And when the friars asked him what he wished and whom he sought, he slowly turned his head, and looking at them said, "Peace." Now many of us are, in our own way, seeking for peace as eagerly as that great poet.

It is a pity, however, that we do not look always in the right places. I have known more girls than one in their search for this precious treasure acting no more sensibly than the man who took to digging for gold in his kitchen-garden.

It is not difficult to tell when one has a peaceful mind. The countenance almost always proclaims it, and you see it in the manner too. A calm eye, a firm mouth, and a self-possessed carriage are sure signs of a heart at ease.

When people look at our friend Caroline, for example, they feel a pure delight, such as one can hardly tell in words. They see her serene look, as if she had gained the victory over her passions, and rested with great inward joy after the conflict. One thing about her is very noticeable: she derives amusement from the least things imaginable, and that, it has been well said, may always be looked upon as a proof that one's mind is at rest.

Is not Esther a contrast! But let us speak about her as little as we can. We are never comfortable with her, any more than she is with herself, whilst one lingers with pleasure even over the sound of Caroline's name. Do you mean the girl whose tongue is never still, and who twists her face just like a monkey learning to speak? Yes, Kate, that is she; and she talks so incessantly and makes such faces, very much because there is nothing in her heart but uneasiness and discord.

Peace! Oh, that we might discover where it lies, and take it home to dwell with us for ever. On what is this sweet peace based? On our perfect reliance on the sacrifice of the Peacemaker for our reconciliation with the Father. By this only can we find peace with God, and be at peace with the world and with ourselves.

If a girl only lays up her treasure in heaven, and if her heart is with her treasure, she is at peace so far as this world is concerned. "Use this world as if you were already beyond it," says some one whose name I forget; "that brings a calm which nothing can ruffle." "I am in great uncertainty," says Emma, "about the future." Make sure of the glories of the future, my dear Emma; there is no peace in uncertainty. When the Mohammedans are called to prayers in Eastern countries, the crier on the minaret of the mosque calls out twice, "Come to prayer! come to security!" That is worth remembering, for that is the whole secret.

No doubt peace is arrived at through conflict, and sometimes through a great deal of conflict. In every heart there are two spirits which will never agree, and one or other of them must triumph if there is to be any lasting calm. But perhaps the evil one may conquer? Perhaps. If you give no heed to the secret of peace, perhaps. Then there will be peace of a sort; but how different from that tranquillity which proceeds from a consciousness of being watched over and guided by God.

But, girls, when all is said, I fear we can never enjoy perfect calm for long in this world. To have it without interruption, we must have no enemies, no temptations, no doubts, no difficulties; and if we would be without these we must cut off our heads. There are changes in the Christian life just as there are in nature, and we can no more look for enduring calm than we can expect "the golden peace in the dawn of a summer's morning" to last for ever. There are, especially, difficulties in the case of you young folks, for the activity of your lives has its dangers, and the sea you sail on is seldom one of great tranquillity. For all that, seek eagerly after peace, and give everything to secure even a few of those calm hours whose joy can never be forgotten.

In the Middle Ages, when the monks used to meet each other, one would say, "Peace be with thee," and the other would answer, "And with thy spirit." It was a beautiful salutation, and it will make as friendly a parting. So, "Peace be with you, girls," say I.

JAMES MASON.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP, SHEPHERDING, AND SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

By Ruth Lamb.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland there is a famous breed of sheep which are said to be descended from Spanish ancestors. They are beautiful sagacious creatures to which one could not apply the term "silly," so commonly given to sheep by persons who see animals without observing their habits.

In Cumberland there is a tradition that their mountain sheep, so prettily marked and so *cute* looking, were brought to them by what has proved a fortunate accident.

A ship, containing a number of Spanish sheep of a remarkably fine breed, was wrecked on the Cumberland coast, but the live stock it carried were all saved, and were the ancestors of those which now feed on the heights of Helvellyn and Blencathara. They are lively, active creatures, which roam and feed on the fells during the summer, and spend their winters in the valleys, foddered from day to day by the hand of the shepherd.

People generally speak of sheep as helpless creatures, which stray away without any provocation so to do, and have not the slightest notion of taking care of themselves. In one sense they are helpless and timid, for nature has left them without the means of defending themselves; but when they stray it is not always in the purposeless fashion generally attributed to them, as the following anecdotes abundantly prove.

A farmer, living near Thirlmere, sold three sheep to go to a place near Keswick, above six miles off. A few months later, during the lambing season, the three sheep made their appearance at their old home, weary with their walk, and evidently with the intention of being tended by their former shepherd. They were of course restored to their proper owner, but they went back a larger flock than they came, for their lambs were born a few hours after they reached the old spot, where they had nursed the offspring of the previous year.

Two other sheep, sold from the same farm to another near Cockermouth, also started back again, after several months' absence. One reached Thirlmere safely, having passed through Keswick on its way; the other was seen and restored to its purchaser.

Another day there was considerable anxiety at the Thirlmere farm, because two extremely handsome and valuable rams had taken themselves off in company. These creatures had lived two years on the banks of Thirlmere, yet it is evident they had not forgotten their old home, for they were seen pattering away in the direction of Ennerdale, the spot from which they were originally brought. They did not reach it, however, for someone, recognising them by their marks, stopped them on the way, and sent a message to their owner, who fetched them home again, rejoicing.

In these northern counties a book is kept at each farmhouse, containing a description of the various marks placed upon the sheep, so that when any of them set off without the owner's leave, they are easily recognised and restored to their proper bounds.

Do not the above anecdotes show, not only remarkable memory of places and roads, and a fixed determination on the part of one animal, but prove that the two or three entered into a plan to act in concert, and travel together? It seems to me that the more sheep are noticed, the less we shall feel inclined to speak contemptuously of their want of sagacity.

They, however, require incessant care and watchfulness, for their enemies, though apparently contemptible ones, are such as the sheep cannot battle with unassisted.

In mountainous districts the carrion crow is a terrible foe, and will sometimes peck out the eyes of a poor sheep, or even its tongue, when it is wearied and blown with the weight of its fleece. Then the flies are terrible pests, and the cause of indescribable torture to the poor creatures. Shepherding must, therefore, be untiringly followed up; and it is a most interesting sight to see the wiry dalesmen race up the sides of Helvellyn day by day, accompanied by their delightfully intelligent dogs.

In the level pastures of Lincolnshire and many other English counties, one colley, with sleek, well-covered sides, is amply sufficient for the work. He drives the flock towards a gate at which the shepherd stands, and they are counted, reviewed, and dispersed again with little cost of time or trouble.

But the mountain shepherd must have, at least, a couple of dogs to help in his task and to gather the sheep and lambs. They scour along from height to height, the shepherd shouting to his four-footed assistants, and using untranslatable ejaculations, which only the dogs appear to understand. These cries sound very much like those uttered by a little Japanese acrobat, whom I once saw flourishing his small limbs at the top of a ladder balanced on his father's chin. However, the dogs know what their masters say, and pay attention to it.

They are thin, wiry creatures, these Cumberland shepherds' assistants, and when I first patted some of my colley acquaintances there, I was quite shocked at the ease with which their ribs could be counted. I felt indignant that such good servants should be so badly fed, and ventured to express my opinion rather warmly.

For answer, I was allowed to see the huge bowls of porridge which awaited them on their return from the mountain, and the rapidity with which the food disappeared showed they had brought a good appetite back with them.

"These dogs cannot carry flesh," I was told. "They have too much travelling for that. Mountain work runs all the flesh off their bones, though they get plenty to eat. If they were fat they could not do their work. They would be exhausted, out of breath, and wearied with carrying their own weight before they were half-way up the mountain."

So I understood that there was a needs-be for the disreputable, thin appearance of the faithful beasts.

Sheep-dogs enjoy their work, and if the shepherd does not attend to his share of the duty, they will go off to the fells on their own account. To prevent this, one of the pair which are accustomed to go out together is usually kept under lock and key, so they go about the farm in turns.

During the hay-harvest a year ago, a succession of hot days were eagerly turned to account by the farmers, in order to get in the crop as quickly as possible, and for once shepherding was neglected. It happened that some person let the second dog, Ben, out of the stable, whilst Bess was also at liberty. Determining to do some shepherding at all hazards, and yet not daring to go on the mountain after their own sheep without the master's presence, they crossed the lake, ascended the opposite fells, and collected the whole flock of the farmer, who resided at the foot. They were driving them down for inspection, when they were discovered and sent off to mind their own business.

Before closing this paper, I should like to say a few words for these valuable and intelligent dogs. I know from experience that during the winter, when the sheep are in the low pastures and the services of the colley are less needed, he is often very badly treated and insufficiently fed. I never heard of this being done in our own northern counties; but in January last a statement was made in a paper read before the Manchester Literary Club, which has positively haunted me whenever I have since looked at the beautiful, intelligent face of a colley dog at work.

The writer said that some of the Welsh farmers turn out the faithful creatures, which have guarded their flocks through nine months of the year, to shift for themselves as best they can; that they subsist, sometimes on the carcase of a sheep that has been killed by a fall from the rocks, or perished from cold, and sometimes, driven by starvation, they turn upon the flock of which they have been the faithful guardians, and take a lamb for themselves. If detected in this their lives would pay instant forfeit, though the cruel master, who could so illuse a hard-working, four-footed slave, is the one who really merits punishment.

One cannot help hoping that the exposure of such conduct may shame those who have been guilty of it into treating with more consideration their humble but indispensable assistants in the care of their flocks.

RECONCILED ENEMIES.

It is only a short time since I wrote of the jealousy of our adopted cat, Blackie, as manifested towards our proper cat, Kitty. And, more recently, they have become friends in a funny way. Kitty had a young family, from which a handsome tabby was selected to be kept and brought up for a friend—the race being a valuable one, and greatly prized as mousers.

Jealous Blackie was moved to interest herself in the mamma, and even popped her nose over the side of the basket and bestowed a patronising lick on both its inmates, to the discomfiture of the little terrier, which dodged to the opposite side and kept one eye on its old foe's claws and the other on the blind youngster down below.

The kitten throve, and was most devotedly nursed for three weeks by its own mother, when Blackie, too, had a family, all of which were doomed to a watery grave. Whereupon, instead of lamenting over what could not be mended, Blackie took advantage of Kitty's absence, the first time that loving little mother went to take a walk abroad, jumped into the basket and took possession of the kitten.

She lavished caresses upon it, and coaxed the little fat, furry bundle to take her on as nurse number two, but at first without success. By dint of perseverance, she succeeded, and the real mother acquiesced in the arrangement in the kindest way.

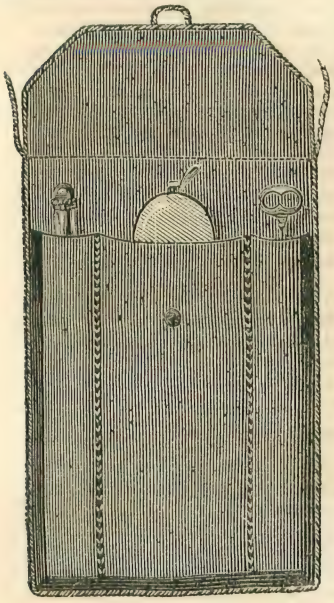
From that time the cats nursed the little one by turns, and sometimes both would lie in the basket together, with the kitten between them, and Kitty's white paw thrown lovingly round the black neck of the pussy by whom she had been so often maltreated. Lady was no longer clawed by Blackie for venturing to look over the side, or interfered with when the kitten was big enough to seize the doggie's tail and caper round her.

I took my husband to look at the pretty group one day, and he said, with a smile, "It is not the first time that a helpless baby has been the means of reconciling old foes. Such things happen in human families, as well as amongst cats."

MY WORK BASKET.

Safety-bag for Spectacles, Keys, and Pencil.

This useful little article is expected to save many a hunt after spectacles, special keys, or pencil, so often mislaid when not in use, and is as ornamental as useful.



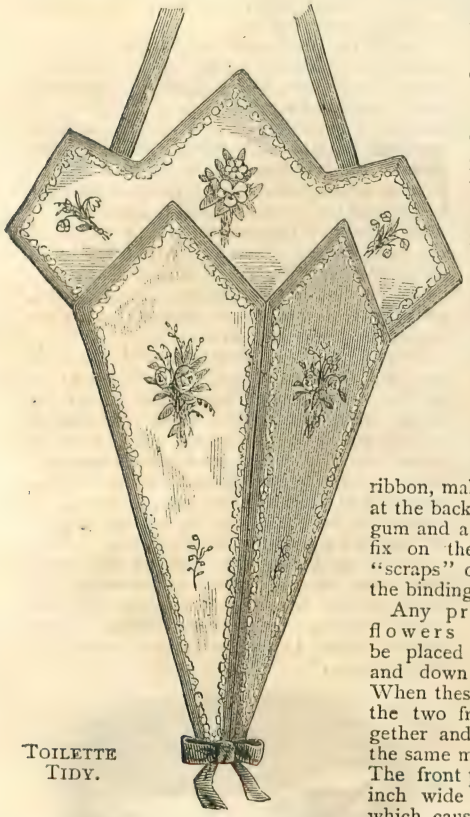
Safety-bag for Spectacles, Keys, and Pencil.

The back of the bag is a piece of cardboard seven inches deep and four inches wide, the back of which is covered with black silk, and the front is slightly wadded and quilted with crimson silk. The front may be the colour of the dress, or plain black silk. It has a border, scolloped or plain, of velvet laid on flat, and worked with buttonhole stitch in gold-coloured silk. This is cut a trifle broader than the cardboard back, and is also lined with crimson silk. The divisions are worked in feather-stitch. When finished, the front is lightly tacked down the centre on the crimson side of the cardboard; the sides are then turned back to the divisions, and stitched on the wrong side. The edges are sewed together. The small flap at top is cut separately, and made to match the front. Of course, care must be taken to sew this on, so that the velvet-trimmed silk is brought forward.

A silk cord is fastened all round the edges, and forms a long loop at top, by which the bag can be suspended to the waist by either a safety-pin or hook.

Toilette Tidy.

This tidy is composed of three pieces of coloured cardboard, of a soft grey shade, bound with crimson ribbon and ornamented with coloured "scraps."



Toilette Tidy.

The back of the tidy is eight inches deep and six inches across from the two lower points. It tapers towards the bottom, which is rather more than an inch wide. The two front pieces are about five and a half inches deep from the upper points, the outer edge being cut to fit the back, as shown in the illustration. First bind each piece with the ribbon, making small stitches at the back. Have some clean gum and a fine brush ready to fix on the narrow band of "scraps" over the stitches of the binding.

Any pretty design in flowers or figures may be placed on each vandyke and down the two fronts. When these are all well dried the two fronts are sewn together and then attached in the same manner to the back. The front pieces are nearly an inch wide each at bottom, which causes them to stand forward to form the pocket, and is open at bottom. A loose paper bag is put inside, and can easily be removed when filled with hair. A small bow, with ends, is fastened on the bottom of the front pieces, and a hanging string with bow in centre fastened neatly to the back, completes this pretty and useful little tidy.

Case for Small Pocket Comb.

Case for Small Pocket Comb.

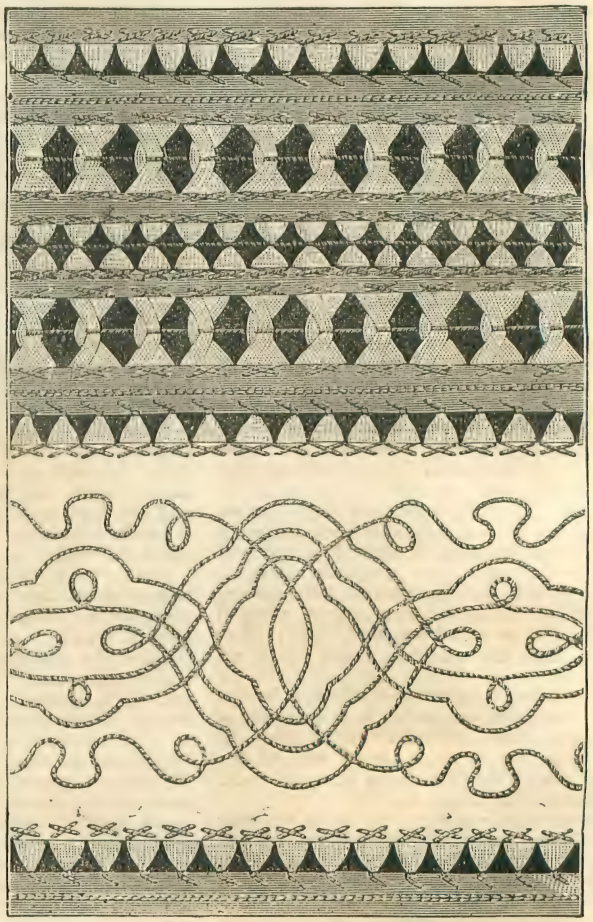
The usual size is about four inches long and one inch broad, made with two covered pieces of firm cardboard, with a narrow ribbon round the two edges and bottom, to give room for the comb. The front is slightly scooped out at top. The covering may be of thin leather embroidered with coarse knitting-silk, or if covered with velvet, the work is done with filoselle in the shades of the flowers and leaves selected. Java canvas worked in tent stitch can be substituted, for which any old Berlin pattern will be found useful.

Both sides of the case must be lined before joining them together with the ribbon.

Antimacassar or Counterpane.

Of coarse white, or écru linen, in alternate stripes of "drawn work" and crewel embroidery.

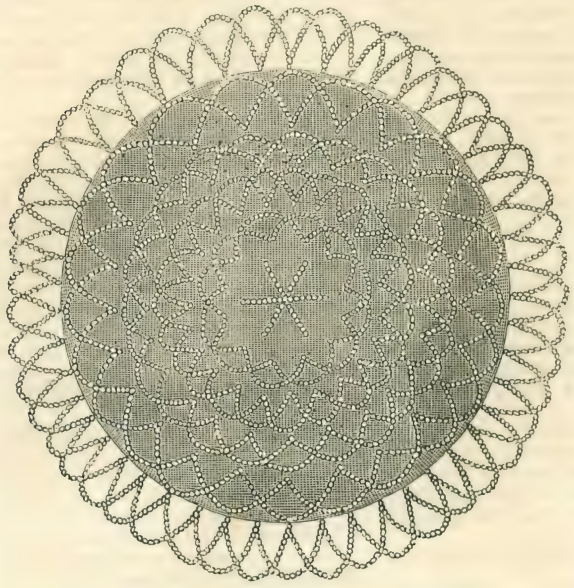
The three drawn stripes in centre of design measure one inch each in width, the two outer ones half an inch each. The worked bands between each open work are half an inch each. The edges of the wider drawn rows are worked in large marking stitch, as is the outer edge of the narrow outside rows, which are simply tied with a long stitch between each division. The centre stripe has about six threads tied together tightly in the middle, and the cotton, or wool, carried on to the next bunch, without drawing them too closely together. The two broad open rows are eight threads divided into two fours, and crossed by bringing the thread under the lower four, and over the upper. The two outer bands between the open rows are worked with a row of raised spots at equal distances. The other two rows are worked in chain stitch. The broad embroidered band is worked in "stem stitch" with two different colours or shades of crewel threaded together in the needle.



Antimacassar or Counterpane.

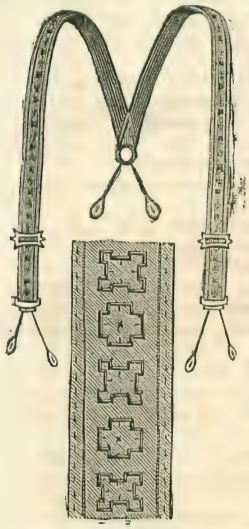
The colours we have most admired are orange, and brown for the

"stem stitch," and an opal blue for the open work; but of course colours must be selected to match or harmonise with the rest of the



ROUND PENWIPER, EDGED WITH BEADS.

furniture. The edge of the counterpane should be worked in broad buttonhole stitch, either in scollops or plain straight edge, with the colours used for the "stem stitch." For an antimacassar the ends should be fringed out, and knotted with the two crewels, the sides in buttonhole stitch. The open work may be done with good coarse in-grain thread, instead of the wool, if preferred.



GENTLEMAN'S BRACES.

ROUND PENWIPER, EDGED WITH BEADS.

This penwiper is made of five graduated rounds of fine scarlet cloth, each worked on the edge in crossed loops of small bright white glass beads, with a cut steel bead, the same size as the glass beads, in the centre of each loop. The smallest round in the centre is worked with glass beads, and a steel bead at each point and where the bars cross.

Beneath these worked rounds two or three rather smaller rounds of black silk, and one of cloth, the same size as the largest upper one, are fastened. This is easily made, and a very pretty orna-ment on the writing-table.

GENTLEMAN'S BRACES.

The braces may be made of kid or fine silk canvas. A cream-coloured kid, about an inch and a half wide and thirty inches long, when finished (without the fittings), is worked with fine silk chenille, either shaded greens or mauve, and dots of cardinal filoselle. If of silk canvas, the pattern may be worked in crewels in tapestry stitch. White canvas worked with rich claret-coloured crewels and gold-coloured filoselle are exceedingly pretty and less expensive.

The fittings are easily stitched on. The braces should be lined with good white ribbon.

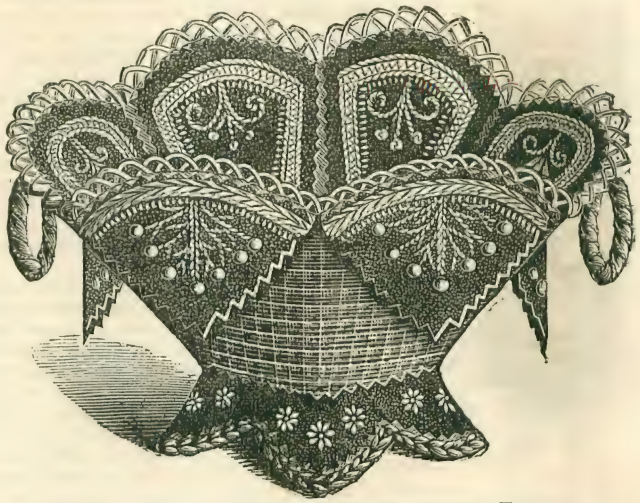
MAT FOR LAMP OR VASE.

MAT FOR LAMP OR VASE.

The foundation of the mat is in black velvet or crimson plush, with a thick short tassel fringe of various colours, to match the embroidered corners, and flat fancy braid used to form the pattern of squares. The mat is made firm with cardboard, the lining being of cloth or merino. The size of the mat should be sufficiently large to show all the braid and embroidery when the lamp is stood on it.

FANCY BASKET, WITH EMBROIDERED PLUSH TRIMMING.

This pretty basket is made of wicker and plaited straw. The interior is lined with red plush; each scollop is cut separately.



FANCY BASKET, WITH EMBROIDERED PLUSH TRIMMING.

The edges are cut in small pointed scollops; the embroidery is in crewel tracing stitch, with double Berlin wool; the balls in shaded blue silks in satin stitch; the stalks in chain-stitch in two shades of green; the foliage, in long-stitch in green wools and filoselle. The outer edge is a chain-stitch in pale blue silk; the inner line, of brown, with points in lighter brown silk. Between these lines a row of Mexican stitches in gold-coloured filoselle. The outside of the basket is ornamented with six tabs, embroidered with seven large balls in shaded rose-coloured filoselle; the branches, in chain-stitch, with olive-green wool. The border across the top of the tab is edged to match the inside, with a wreath of leaves in place of the vandykes, worked in two shades of brown, and crossed and pointed with gold-coloured silk. The foot of the basket is covered with plush, worked with daisies in blue wool and gold-coloured centres; the edge is finished with a thick plait of the mixed wools. The edges of the tabs may be worked in buttonhole stitch, with the gold-coloured filoselle, or any of the shades of the green wool.

DETAIL OF FANCY BASKET.

FAIRVIEW REST; OR, WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy."

CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT passed, and the subject that had so engrossed the thoughts of the three girls had ceased to be so frequently mentioned; still their hearts yearned to be of help to their young sisters—toilers in this busy world—and went up in prayer for them to the great Helper. They had met more than once with Sir Gervis in their walks, and he had made various little attempts at friendliness, but, we must own, these were not met very graciously.

One bright morning Bertha and Edith came running into "The Laurels."

"Will you go with us to Farley and Wilson's, Alice? Mamma wants some wool matched, and it is such a lovely day."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," answered Alice. "I feel inclined for a long brisk walk."

The toilette soon arranged, they started off on their shopping expedition.

Many admired the fresh young faces as they passed. Bertha was, perhaps, the most generally attractive, with her large expressive eyes and her wavy brown hair; her figure also was fine, and she bid fair to be a stately woman. Alice and Edith were *petite* and fair, the former especially gentle looking, but both with intelligent, pleasant countenances, bespeaking a great power of sympathy.

Messrs. Farley and Wilson's shop bore but little trace of its Christmas excitement, though a few of the "suitable articles" were still to be seen. The purchases made, Alice, who had in vain tried to recognise amongst those who were serving the young girl who had so awakened her sympathy, inquired after her.

"You mean Miss Gardiner? She has left, miss. She was so ill, the doctor said she had better go home."

"Do you know if she is getting better?"

"No, miss. I fear she never will be well—at least, the medical man thinks she will never be strong enough for much work. She went too long without a rest, he says."

"How sad!" cried the girls; "how very sad!"

And little else was talked of on the journey home but that subject which had been nearly dropped.

Arrived at the vicarage gate, Bertha said, "Come in, Alice, and see how beautifully I am getting on with my bracket." The work admired, the new parcel of wools discussed, and the sad news they had heard talked over, Alice was just rising to leave, when Sir Gervis's tall form was seen at the gate. The two girls scampered off upstairs, and Alice passed the baronet in the garden path with the stiffest of bows; feeling a slight accession of resentment this morning.

After the first salutations with the vicar and his wife, Sir Gervis said—

"I hope *I* did not frighten your young visitor away?"

The vicar smiled—what could he say? "Alice has been for a walk with my daughters."

"Ah! I see they are capital pedestrians—I often meet them. But I fear I have mortally offended Miss Gresham," continued Sir Gervis. "She came to me with some wild scheme about turning Fairview into a country residence for shop-girls—at least, that is all I could make out of it," and he gave an amused laugh.

"Perhaps I can enlighten you a little as to the origin of this notion of hers," and the vicar proceeded to tell the little history that we already know. He told the tale simply but feelingly, and Sir Gervis listened with evident interest.

"Then, you think such a scheme is practicable?"

"I have scarcely given sufficient thought to the matter to speak of its practicability. Of its desirability there can be no doubt."

"And you think Fairview would be suitable as a country seat"—he stressed the word rather sarcastically—"for young women in shops?"

"Don't mistake, Sir Gervis; it is not merely for young women serving behind the counter, but for any who, honest workers for their living, still have no means of getting a short, needed rest—all, I mean, above the grade of domestic servants."

"And pray why are the poor servants to be left out?"

"Well, Sir Gervis, there are distinctions which one must observe. A young woman in an *upper* class of service would be, if provident, generally able to have a change when needed."

"Humph," said Sir Gervis, looking far from being able to comprehend,

"I see how it is, Sir Gervis," said the vicar; "you are too far up the social ladder to be able to see the spaces between the lower rounds. But, I assure you, there is often as much, nay far more, difference between the lower grades as between those a few steps higher."

"Possibly you know more about this sort of thing, as a clergyman."

"Forgive me, Sir Gervis, if I speak honestly to you, and tell you you would benefit by coming down yourself, with your money in your own hand, to distribute occasionally, instead of employing others to be your almoners, as you now do."

"Well, well, I begin to fancy there is some truth in what you say. Then you believe Fairview, to return to the subject, a fit spot?"

"I can scarcely judge, indeed. That must rest entirely with you."

"The air is invigorating, certainly."

"Yes, and Holliton is conveniently situated for three or four large towns, notably that of Goldbury, since by your influence our station was opened."

"I certainly had no intention of obliging the young workers in Goldbury."

"No, but we are sometimes mercifully allowed to be of use where we had little thought of it."

Rising to leave, Sir Gervis said, with a hearty shake of the vicar's hand—

"You give me some hard hits now and then, Frere"—they had been college friends—"but I must own you are always careful to put on the padded glove. Make my adieux to Mrs. Frere."

She had been called away soon after Sir Gervis had come in, but on her return now heard her husband's account of the conversation.

"After all," she remarked, "I should not be surprised if Alice wins the day."

"Certainly, my dear, Sir Gervis evinces more interest over it than I imagined he would do."

"Possibly the thought of having his nephew here again so soon brightens him up; he has been away so long now."

"Yes, but I do not wonder the young man has chosen to spend a few years in travelling before settling down to a country life, which I suppose will be his lot, as Sir Gervis's heir."

The following morning Alice came rushing in to the vicarage, an open letter in her hand.

"Girls—girls! such news! A letter from Sir Gervis to say we may do what we like with Fairview."

"Wait a minute," said the vicar, who had just opened his study door, "I have also a letter from Sir Gervis, who puts the whole responsibility of the affair on my shoulders. Do you think I can bear the weight of answering for the good behaviour of you three?"

"Oh, papa, you know we should never do a thing without consulting you or mamma, or Mrs. Gresham!" cried Bertha.

"Oh, you *will* consent, will you not, Mr. Frere?" entreated Alice.

"Well, I suppose I must. But you, of course, know Fairview? You have seen that it is a fit and comfortable house before you spoke about it?"

Alice reddened. "How could we?" she asked.

"Nice thoughtful folks you are!" said the vicar, shaking his head.

"Papa knows it is all right," said Edith. "I understand that look in his eyes."

"Let us go and see the house," suggested the more practical Bertha.

"A sensible proposal, Miss Frere," said her father, handing her the key, which had been enclosed in his letter, and away the girls trotted off, full of hopefulness. How glad, and yet excited, they felt as they turned that key in the door—how merrily they ran from room to room.

Before they had finished their examination, the elder ladies followed, almost as curious and animated as they were; and very closely after them came the vicar, "just to see what they were all about, you know."

"What a lovely drawing-room this will make!" said Edith.

"We had better call it a sitting-room, perhaps," observed Bertha; "people might think it too grand."

"I don't mind what it is called," said Alice; "but we will make it look pretty, and have nice easy chairs, and everything comfortable."

"And we will have a square of carpet, because that will be less expensive, and stain the boards round the edge of the room," added Bertha.

"Oh, yes," cried Edith, clapping her hands. "We'll do it ourselves; that will be fun."

And so their tongues ran on, until they had, in imagination, furnished all the rooms.

Waiting the opportunity of a slight pause, the vicar, putting on a solemn look, began—

"Now, young people, you have got so far in your arrangements, let us discuss the ways and means. How is this very desirable furniture to be got?"

"With money," replied Edith, seeming to think that a very unnecessary question.

"And where is that to come from?"

No answer.

"Remember, I am responsible for good behaviour, and most assuredly to get into debt would not be *that*."

"Of *course* not," cried the girls, but they looked a little serious.

"Don't tease the children, Charles," said Mrs. Frere; "we have the nest, my dear, and we shall find the lining, depend upon it."

Speedily the young voices were set chattering again.

"Yes," said Edith, "crowds of people will be ready to help when the thing is once started. We must write to ask the rich folks at Goldbury to send us some money, and you, papa, must preach a sermon and make a collection."

"No, Alice must preach the sermon," said

the vicar; "her first attempt has succeeded so well."

"I don't think it was my doing at all," Alice said. "It was what you said to Sir Gervis, Mr. Frere; I believe that made him think kindly. *I* only made him laugh."

"We never thought of the knives and forks," said Bertha, coming from the room across the hall.

"No, nor of the saucepans and kettles," added Alice; "and we *must* have those."

"What an enormous number of things we shall want! It is almost as bad as being married," said Edith, with such dismay in her countenance that they all laughed heartily.

"A very good idea," exclaimed Mr. Frere. "I must publish the banns of marriage between Prudence and Benevolence. We shall get a goodly supply of wedding presents, perhaps!"

"Far be it from me to forbid the banns of so well-assorted a couple," said a manly voice, and turning round they espied Sir Gervis in the doorway, and peeping over his shoulder a younger face, such as his might have been some five and thirty years since, before the light in the grey eyes had been dimmed or the finely-shaped mouth had learned to smile bitterly.

"I was driving Godfrey from the station," Sir Gervis went on to say, "and seeing some one at the window here, he asked me if I had let Fairview, to which I replied no; but three witches have taken possession of it, and what is to be the end of it all I am puzzled to say."

Godfrey Eliot was an old acquaintance, though, having been away for three years, he was hardly prepared for the alteration that had taken place in the younger members of the group, and as Alice, spokeswoman as usual, stood thanking Sir Gervis in her own earnest, unaffected manner, he might well think her bewitching. On their return home as they parted, the vicar, speaking seriously, said—

"We have been very merry over our new hobby. We must remember that it must be taken up as a real, important work—one to be thought over seriously and prayerfully. I should like you all, for the next few days, to jot down any suggestion that may come to your minds, and then we will have a committee-meeting to talk over them together, and settle what is the first thing to set about."

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

B. S. T.—1. The subject of mourning and its quality and duration was treated in the second part of the article entitled "The Habits of Good Society." 2. If your guardian consider you too young to be appreaticed to a dressmaker at sixteen, do not appeal to us from her decision, but practise well with your needle, and study books on cutting-out and dressmaking, and patiently wait for her time to begin. Your spelling is bad, so you have that to attend to, and you should not make dashes under your words.

Scotch Thistle, H. Robens, and Carnation.—The ordinary "marking-stitch" is otherwise called "cross-stitch." Not more than two threads should be taken up at a time. Illustrations of letters in ordinary marking may be had in any fancy-work shop. All the capital letters should be worked successively, and then all the small ones in any kind of alphabet. The size is given as well as all other directions. The frilling is to be whipped and sewn on. See pages 60 and 61 in the number for October 22. The material should be double for buttonholes.

Caro Cottage.—Either send such of the hats as you like to be dyed, or give them away.

Chelah.—1. To suit your sealskin jacket, your hat and dress should be of a brown colour, or light and dark shades of the same. 2. Order the back numbers of The Girl's Own Paper at any bookseller's. The third volume has now commenced, as the first number appeared in the January of last year (1880).

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anxious Maggie.—When the clergyman asked you to select and play a hymn, you were wrong to refuse. But you should have taken an opportunity of consulting him on the subject of your difficulties, relative to the requisite practising, and as to your future conduct.

A Lover of Roses.—The word "æsthetic" means the love of the beautiful. But although persons describing themselves by that term have selected good "art-colours" for their dress, we cannot regard their good taste, as exemplified in the general style and make of their clothing; nor do we regard the limp positions and indolent manner which they affect as at all expressive of the beautiful in nature. Quite the reverse.

Ben' ti Voglio.—We are informed that the poem about which you inquire is to be found in a book called "The Popular Reciter," which is used at "Penny Readings." We owe you our very best acknowledgments for so kind a letter.

Victor Clericus.—Your sore throat may be the result of over-fatigue, and of a debilitated system. But we could not prescribe for you unseen and unquestioned. You should show your throat to a doctor.

Regina.—The 3rd of October, 1862, was a Friday. You need advice from both doctor and dentist.

Cora Bee-ee.—The address of the Flower Mission is Miss A. L. Boyle, 10 Craven hill Gardens, W.

A Canterbury Belle.—Use a little pipeclay and water to clean the leather.

A Nurse.—Read "Food for Invalids," for a suitable book, page 612, vol. i.

Sheila.—See "Useful Hints" page 407, vol. ii.

Madcap Violet.—See page 96, vol. i.

B. C.—Yes, china roses will do.

Emily Rose.—See page 439, vol. ii.

Parton.—See page 270, vol. i.

Ella Carlisle.—The 29th Nov., 1863, was a Sunday.

Rita.—Pardon us if we do not break our rules in your favour, much as we sympathise in your distress. Read "Terra Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

Nkoziyamtu.—Your wishes will be attended to, as your letter has been sent to the office. We are much obliged for your kind letter. Your hand is good.

Anne Marie C.—The ingredient recommended appears like a misprint. We will supply a better recipe a short time hence.

Comtesse d'——.—We acknowledge your kind letter with a grateful sense of your warm appreciation of our magazine. We admire your proficiency in English, and regret that, as your poems are in French, they would scarcely be eligible for insertion. But we thank you for the offer, regretting that the French scholars amongst our readers should lose the pleasure they would have afforded. We sympathise much with you with reference to those matters confided to us. Have you ever visited Miss Leigh's "Homes for Young English Girls and Americans," 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris? Lord Lyons is the patron. They would interest very much, and you might help the charitable work for these poor foreigners in many different ways. M. Galignani gave the orphanage in the Boulevard Bineau 35. All those engaged in this great work are unpaid.

A Nuisance.—Hold the strawberry by the top, dip in the sugar, and eat it. If with cream, however, use a fork in the right hand to hold the strawberry while with the left you pull off the top.

Mamie.—We do not think you need fear any evil effects; of course, over-exertion is bad in all exercise.

Florence.—"Mizpah" means, "The Lord judge between thee and me when we are absent from each other."

Sibyl Laughton.—See answer to "Florence." Nothing can help you but wearing gloves constantly.

The Star.—Read "Window Gardening," page 483, vol. ii.

Diana.—"The Manners and Customs of the Jews," price 1s. 6d. "Trades and Occupations of the Bible," price 3s. See also "Biblical Geography and Antiquities," 6s., all published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Gladys goes to the root of the matter and inquires "why it is that a comet appears, and what is the cause of this phenomenon." Unfortunately she spells phenomenon with an "a." "Comets," says a recent authority, "have a perfectly mysterious constitution and office; some of them are permanently fixed in the solar system, others come as periodical visitors, and the great majority appear within its limits and disappear in the immensity of space, to return no more."

A Crooked Sixpence.—We thank you for the song you were so good as to send us. We are glad that our recipe for cleaning glass was found successful; and we insert your own, that our readers may have the option of a choice between them. Take a portion of a newspaper, wet and thoroughly soap it, tear it into small pieces, and put it into the article to be cleaned; add a little water and shake up vigorously, then empty it, rinse well out, and dry.

Pollie.—Many thanks for the contribution, which, however, is not quite good enough for our amateur page.

An Anxious One.—An article will be given on the subject of teaching young children in the Sunday school.

Eunice.—With regard to your question about emigration, apply to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave road, S.W., for information as to the chances of educated women in the colonies. Every place appears to be spoken of as "down from London," whether in the north or south.

J. Cobbs.—Dr. Angus' "Handbook of the Bible" would certainly be the best book for you.

Hildgarde.—We regret we cannot supply you with all the addresses you require.

Effie Howard.—There is no difficulty in retaining the colours of flowers if not pressed too much at first, and if the paper is changed every day.

Veronica.—Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary" is an excellent book. The word "Adonai" means "Lord or king," from the Hebrew *Adon*. It is used by certain sects amongst the Jews for Jehovah.

Hop-o'-my-Thumb.—See page 582, vol. i., for a full description of how to skeletonise leaves.

Froggie.—For knitting a baby's shoe see page 159, vol. i. The worst part of your handwriting is the way you make your "s."

Rosalie.—The flower you send us is very much flattened, but looks like a *very* small specimen of a tiger-lily.

Mortimer.—Thank you much for your correction. On reading it over again, however, we think you will find the answer is right.

Memory Muff.—The author of "John Halifax" is Miss Muloch, now Mrs. Craik. 2. We should advise washing the hair after it has been wet with sea water.

Canadian.—Use transfer and tracing paper; both are to be obtained at any stationer's.

Scarlet Runner.—The beans have the green fly on them apparently, or perhaps some sort of blight.

Fanny Parkes and Mary Owen.—We regret some delay has occurred in sending the certificates.

A. K.—Wash well in boiling water and soap. There should be no difficulty in getting the stain out.

Jessamine.—Fifteen is the usual age. Scales and exercises are the most important things in music to the beginner.

Gertie.—Wash with cold water, and, if needful, a little soap. Thank you for your kind letter.

Jessie.—1. About a tablespoonful three times a day. 2. The roots should be fresh for the tea. 3. We think not.

Steel Pen.—All sisters take precedence of their younger brothers and their wives, so, of course, they do of the children. The niece to whom you refer has no right whatever to drop her Christian name. As a case in point (with reference to precedence), the Princess Beatrice, although unmarried, takes precedence of the grand duchess, wife of the Duke of Edinburgh, and her place is immediately after her eldest brother's wife, the Princess of Wales. Sisters when unmarried hold the rank, whatever it may be, that their eldest brother held during their father's lifetime. An earl's daughter, married or unmarried, is styled "The Lady" (Blanche), while her younger brothers and their wives are only "The Honourable."

A. P. T.—We are told in Holy Scripture that "God hath chosen the weak things," that "not many wise, not many noble are called," that they who have "much forgiven, love much"; and God says, "to this man will I look, even to him that is of a humble and a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at my word." All these passages show that greatness and nobility of character, strength of mind, and worldly wisdom do not purchase the favour of the Creator, unless accompanied by humility, repentance, faith that acknowledges the supremity of God, and love springing from gratitude. David was an autocrat, and his temptations bore no comparison to ours. He was impetuous in character also, and full of faults; but even supposing that he had no natural redeeming qualities (which he had), he had that which won him the favour of God—he confessed and repented of his sins (how often have those who condemn him done that themselves?). The bitterness of his self-reproachings and the sincerity of his return to God are very evident, both in his writings and in his history. Amidst all the idol-worship around he was true to the worship of Jehovah, and so, amidst his grievous falls, his "heart was right towards God." Thus, in his never-failing repentance, and in his loving gratitude to Him who had forgiven much, we can more readily understand that he was "a man after God's own heart." The case is parallel to that about which the Jews of old grumbled—the woman was "a sinner," but she repented, and "loved much"; and to that of the "prodigal son," for whom the "fatted calf was killed." There are a great many "elder sons" who think themselves very superior!

Monica.—Much diluted glycerine and water and oatmeal and water are both recommended by Cooley as good for the purpose. Tinted paper is used by everyone, and is considered quite ladylike.

S. E. B.—We fear there is no way to clean it at home. Wear it on the third finger of the right hand if big enough.

Anna.—See page 571, vol. i., in reference to staining a floor.

"MY QUEEN."

A Ballad Picture. Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—No. 105.] DECEMBER 31, 1881. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

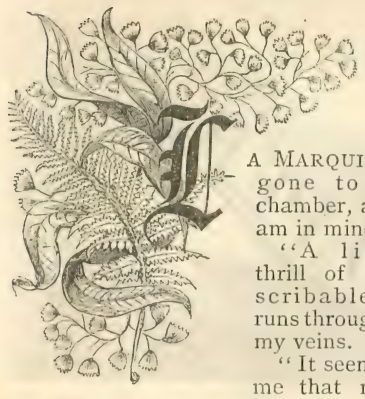
A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

[*All rights reserved.*] "THE STRANGE EXPRESSION OF HIS FACE CARRIES ME OUT OF MYSELF."

CHAPTER XV.

LAUDATE DOMINUM.



A MARQUISE is gone to her chamber, and I am in mine.

"A little thrill of indescribable joy runs through all my veins.

"It seems to me that never in my life before have I known what real happiness is. And yet the feeling is altogether indefinable. The most exquisite gifts of life are all like this; it is only the grosser realities we can succeed in analysing and putting into words.

"I am alone. Jacqueline conducted me along the intricate passages and stairs which led to my room, but she left me at the door. I did not invite her to enter, for I wanted to be alone. I have a quaint sort of feeling that it is all too good to last, that I am dreaming, and must presently awaken. Some way we never are quite at home with true happiness in this world. Along with its current always runs the prophetic truth that every earthly sun must set, to have other rising.

"*I* clasp my hands over my eyes; I philosophise. I tell myself such deep sunshine must produce still deeper shadows. As yet my life has been full of cool grey uniformity; there have been few heights and few hollows. I have never formed an idea how clear, how sparkling, how intoxicating is the air on the heights.

"All my philosophy ends in this.

"I open my eyes, I resolutely determine to take things as they come, to rejoice, to be glad, to abandon myself to the enjoyment of such happiness as is given me, and not to look for the inevitable reverse, for surely our joys, no less than our sorrows, come to us direct from the hand of God.

"I advance to one of the windows. There are four of them in the alternate sides of the octagon chamber. I throw wide the casement, with its lozenge-shaped, leaded panes, and lean forth.

"I am lodged in one of the turrets of the old *château*, and just opposite me there is another, with ivy creeping round its white-curtained windows.

"Like a child full of eager curiosity, I rush to the second to see what sort of an outlook into the green world that will afford. Now I look down upon the terrace, with its balustrade, and the zig-zag path lost among the bushes, up which the chair of La Marquise had been carried. Round the third window a purple passion flower climbs, and from this I see, far below, a white foaming cascade descending with swift gleams of light into cool green depths of shadow. The fourth window holds me longest.

"Here the stream seems to have worn its way through a channel of rocks, which, hoary and grey, almost clasp hands across the current. Over the narrow opening a light fairylike bridge has been thrown, which apparently leads into gardens, for I see, from my limited point of view, indications of culture in shrubs and path, which are, however, immediately lost amongst overgrowing trees. I long to be down there exploring. I am rejoiced at this discovery. That slight footbridge is surely a link connecting St. Aubin with the outer world of leaves and trees, and cottages, and peasantry down there in the snugly shut-in valley, with its mill, and its countless indications of hardy industry; it seems also to lessen the sense of isolation and lofty superiority with which St. Aubin, on its rocky eminence, has impressed me.

"Somewhere, amidst those garden shadows, there is a gleam of roses. I catch their light of loveliness here, and there amongst the green, and begin to wonder what the garden is like.

"As I hover between the windows, peeping, comparing, contrasting, and delighting, it seems to me that stream and waterfall, and trees, and green hills, the blue heavens, and even my own heart, all sing the same glad song, the words of which are old almost as the rocks themselves—

"'Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord all ye lands.

"'Praise the Lord upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

"'Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord.

"'Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars.

"'Let them praise the name of the Lord, for He spake the word and they were made.

"'He hath made them fast for ever; He hath given them a law, which shall not be broken.

"'O praise the Lord of Heaven.

"'For His name only is excellent, and His praise above heaven and earth.'

"These sentences spring naturally to my lips, and seem to relieve my heart of some of its superabundance of feeling. While I am still whispering them, confident that my glad thanksgiving reaches the Almighty ear, Jacqueline comes to my door with the matter-of-fact announcement that—

"'Dinner awaits the coming of Mademoiselle.'

"There is no time to think of changing my travelling-dress now, and with a hasty glance into the oval mirror which hangs between two of the windows, I rush after Jacqueline, uncertain whether I shall ever succeed in reaching the *salle à manger* without her guidance. I have a profuse and eloquent apology ready on my lips as I enter the *salon*, which I am certain La Marquise will accept as being most flattering to St. Aubin. The room is full of green shadows and the sonorous voice of the cascade, which must be somewhere close under its three long narrow windows. There is no one to receive my apology but Monsieur St. Just, so it never gets spoken. He offers me one instead, asking me to excuse Madame la Marquise, who dines in her own room as she rests, and who will join us later at coffee.

"There are servants present, and Monsieur hands me to the table with formal politeness. I see him now as *grand seigneur* in his own domain, but the impressiveness of his position as such loses much by the memory of our undignified *entrée* into the *château* by that subterranean staircase.

"I dine in a sort of jubilant abstraction, and have not the most remote idea of what that first meal at St. Aubin was like. It consisted principally of ambrosia, I think.

"The air is full of voices. I heard them calling to me through the sunshiny stillness, and irresistible longings arise within me. I want to be out of doors, listening to the wooing winds, to the laughing streams, to the quivering leaves, exploring every green nook about the old *château*.

"The meal is as much a pretence to Monsieur St. Just as to me, and we are both relieved when it is over. I return to the *salon*; he goes some whither alone. I feel constrained to await the coming of Madame la Marquise, and do so a little impatiently.

"The *salon* is, of course, extremely un-English in its appointments, but it has not the airy lightness of our Parisian *salon*. Its walls are panelled with cedar wood, with mirrors and picture-frames let in. Its floor is darkly polished, and relieved by little oases of fringed mats. There are plenty of quaint cabinets, and other receptacles, for rare old china and glass, and a general air of old-world-forgetfulness envelopes the whole. The hands that gathered together the great variety of furniture and ornaments have long since mouldered to dust in the tomb. The taste which directed them is gone—who shall say whither? To what strange scenes have all these *ameublements* been witness! What comings and goings, what heart-burnings, what joys, what disappointments of the St. Aubins, they might, were it possible, reveal!

"Still another expression the strange old room has for me. It looks unused. As though it were dusted, polished, and duly set in order at stated intervals, but so long is it since any one has dared to push table or fauteuil one inch out of its regular disposition, to adapt either for more comfortable use, that they have become cold and repellant from neglect. I feel that I am doing a charitable act when I throw myself down into a cushioned chair whose arms yawn forlornly. But so astonished is the chair at the liberty taken with it, that it actually gives forth a creak of dismay. So I amuse myself for awhile by making a raid upon the sacred and orthodox immobility of these wooden and gilded limbs and outlines, and try to break up their mathematical uniformity. I draw one table up here, I push another back there; I bring out ornaments lurking in the shadows, and set them to sun themselves in the light. I long to fill all the vases, which have held

nothing but their own emptiness for so long, with flowers. I open the piano, and as the long row of ivory keys sees the light, it seems as if the instrument laughed, showing its teeth with a satisfied grin. I run my fingers over the keys, and they fall into no sacred melody of Beethoven or Bach, but into some light, laughing modern waltzes. The spirit of the past is scandalised, and seems to retreat farther and farther. Something within me rises antagonistic to that spirit; I seem to be contending with an invisible foe. How I recognise its enmity I cannot tell; the knowledge that it is so comes to me by instinct.

"I even spread out my needlework sachet, and litter a few odds and ends of thread and silk over an embossed velvet-table cover. Then I laugh softly as I think how shocked La Marquise will be when she sees them, for fear that I am again going to betake myself to my obnoxious needlework.

"The *salon* smiles to me with almost a new face. I can think of that mellow-tinted, book-lined room now without being hurt by the contrast.

"But suddenly it occurs to me that this is not the house of Madame la Marquise, who has always allowed me so much freedom of action, and who is certain to approve of everything that I do. It is with the belongings of Monsieur St. Just, in whose house I am scarcely more than an hour old visitor, I have taken such liberties.

"I am overcome by the thought of my own temerity, and retreat from the scene of my labours to the broad balcony running along under the windows.

"Presently I hear the firm quick tread of Monsieur cross the floor within. It is arrested midway. I glance askance, not wishing him to see that I am observing him.

"He looks round quickly, inquiringly, as though the changed expression of the room strikes him at once. Then his eyes alight on my sachet, he picks it up curiously and a little timidly, as though it were a new species of scarabeus, perhaps. The next instant he lets it fall suddenly as though it had bitten him. I suppose the wily, unsecured point of the needle has had the audacity to puncture the skin of his seigneurial finger, and begin to laugh.

"He sees me then, and steps out on to the balcony with a lurking smile breaking up the darker shades of his face.

"'Ho, ho! Mademoiselle Petite, you then are the owner of these edged tools, and the author, too, of what I am tempted to believe a species of enchantment.'

"I straighten my face and try to look contrite.

"'I have been guilty of something like impertinence, I am afraid, monsieur.'

"'In leaving your pins about so that I might prick myself? Well, yes, I quite agree with you.'

"'It was a needle, monsieur. And if you had let it alone it would not have pricked you.'

"'Are not pins and needles the same thing?'

"'Not quite.'

"'For all practical purposes they might be.'

"'Certainly not, monsieur.'

"'How not?'

"'A needle has an eye without a head, and a pin a head without an eye.'

"'Both are equal in point, at any rate.'

"'Not even in point, monsieur, as you may, if you will, discover for yourself.'

"'Thank you, no. I wish for no more practical illustrations.'

"'I did not know that you were investigating with a purpose when you ran that needle into your finger, monsieur.'

"'It was a pin, mademoiselle. I do assure you it was a pin.'

"'Nay; I can prove to you that it was a needle.'

"'I do not believe you have sufficient of the science of logic to prove anything. And if I persist in maintaining that the prick I received was the prick of a pin, you will, in the end, be obliged to accept it as such.'

"'Oh,' I hotly exclaim, 'if you are going to browbeat me from an absolute fact by some cunning art of logic, the matter is at an end.'

"'Then, in spite of your fondness for having your own way, you admit that it was a pin.'

"'I admit nothing.'

"'*Petite!*' calls La Marquise from within.

"I hear her wheeled chair on the boards, but before hastening to obey her call I cast an indignant glance backwards.

"'I will not give in to your assertion, monsieur. I simply refuse to argue a disputed point unfairly. It *was* a needle that pricked you.'

"'What is the matter?' asks La Marquise, plaintively. 'Have you and Etienne got to quarrelling already? *Petite*, I am astonished at you. Etienne is master here, and we are his guests. But I ought not to be surprised if your spirits and temper are already affected by this sad country air.'

"'Madame,' I say, comically, 'if it pleases Monsieur St. Just to say that black is white, must you and I swear to it whilst we are here at St. Aubin?'

"'Swear, *petite?* I never swear,' says La Marquise, so simply that neither Monsieur St. Just nor I can restrain our laughter.

"'But, madame, Monsieur St. Just is here at St. Aubin the whole year round with no one to contradict him. Do you not think it well that we should for a little while—upon principle, you know—dispute the sovereignty of his will?'

"Mademoiselle Petite has already begun to put her suggestion into practice,' says Monsieur, as he comes to help Angelique bring Madame's chair out on to the balcony. Between her anxiety to be effectually screened from sun and air, and her perplexity with regard to the nonsense we are talking, Madame is fully occupied for a little. When at last she is settled to her satisfaction, she asks—

"'What has *petite* done? I did not know she was given to be rebellious.'

"'But it is on principle, *ma mère*—on principle,' he responds, with a comical set of his lips. 'Is it that this *petite dame* of yours is always so careful to have a right basis for even the most trivial of her actions?'

"*Petite dame! Petite dame!*

"The words thrill through me with a strange echoing memory.

"All at once, there, on the terrace at St. Aubin, I find myself transported to Hilgay, to my last night in the little bare attic chamber, and my dream comes back to me.

"The summer leafage, as I had seen it then, is all about me now, the noise of falling water fills my ears, and the face of the stranger! It is here beside me, with its care-lined brow, its eloquent eyes; and I know, at last, why the face of Monsieur St. Just struck me so familiarly the first time I saw it on the stairs in Paris. I had seen it previously, clearly and distinctly as ever I have seen it since, in a dream. His dream-words come back to me also—

"'*Petite dame*, thank God you are come!'

"Is my presence at St. Aubin, then, to be a joy to him—a cause for thanksgiving? I feel a glow creep over my face, a moisture fill my eyes.

"'What is the matter? Are you ill, mademoiselle? You surely have too much good sense to take all this nonsense seriously?'

"With an effort, I shake off the clinging impression of my dream, and smile back reassuringly into the anxious face of Monsieur, since explanation I can give none.

"'I am not annoyed, I am not hurt, I was not thinking at all of our foolish discussion. Something—I hardly know what—carried my thoughts away to England.'

"'Can you bring them back to France sufficiently to allow you to come and pour out my mother's coffee?'

"'They are here, wholly and at once, monsieur.'

"Nevertheless, I am not sufficiently mistress of them to be at all provocative, nor even to pick up the innocent little gauntlet more than once thrown down by Madame la Marquise and her son. At length I become altogether silent, and leave the conversation to be carried on by Monsieur and Madame.

"The first indication of the approach of evening reawakens within me my desire for further acquaintance with the outside of the *château*, and I begin to chafe against the necessity which keeps me in the presence of others, and makes it incumbent on me to be agreeable and sociable. I begin to question Madame la Marquise as to where this path leads, and where that; what is beyond this hill, or hidden by that group of trees, for my restless longing is bound to find utterance of some sort.

"'*Petite*,' she says, 'Etienne will show you St. Aubin if you ask him. I am going to my room now, for I am still tired after my journey.'

"Monsieur St. Just goes within to summon Angelique, and returns just as I have fully decided to wait until the next morning, the early hours of which will surely be my own, rather than apply

to him according to the suggestion of La Marquise.

"'I will show mademoiselle something better than St. Aubin, if she will allow me.'

"Better than St. Aubin! I look up quickly to see how much there is of earnest in his words.

"'You look incredulous. Is it possible that you have already given your assent to my mother's creed?'

"'I was not questioning the assertion for myself, monsieur.'

"'But you wondered whether I fully believed my own words. Well, you shall see. And then if you do not agree with me, I will admit that I have, for the first time, been wholly deceived in my estimate of character.'

"'*Petite* is not so easy to understand as most people,' says La Marquise, jealous on my behalf lest he should underrate what she values so highly.

"'Nevertheless,' he answers with a smile, 'I think I know of one thing, at least, that will give her pleasure, profoundly hidden though her real thoughts and feelings be from casual observers.'

"'Don't boast, Etienne. I have known her longer than you have, and have had much more experience in reading character, but I confess that the things which give delight to *petite* are sometimes the very last I should suspect of doing so.'

"'Mademoiselle, you must be the sphinx herself. I had no idea that you possessed such opacity of disposition.'

"The answer which springs to the tip of my tongue I catch back again, remembering how repeatedly Madame la Marquise had been disappointed because I derived so little pleasure from the artificial enjoyments which delight her.

"Monsieur St. Just speaks to La Marquise:

"'Mademoiselle shall tell you herself in the morning whether or no I am right in my prognostications. Now let me help you. You do not find yourself more tired than usual?'

"La Marquise reassures him, and, with the assistance of him and Angelique, goes in from the glory of the outside world to her luxurious resting.

"I remain behind with my cheek pressed against the cold marble of the balustrade, gazing down into the glen where the shadows are collecting. Presently Monsieur St. Just comes back, and bids me get my hat and something to wrap about my shoulders, for the evenings are always chilly here.

"I go and return, and find him waiting.

"Then he leads me out towards that bridge across the rocks which I had seen already from my chamber window. I rejoice, because he has taken the very way I should have chosen.

"We do not talk of St. Aubin, nor of our journey, nor of the weeks to come. Once he asks me, with a simple directness that wins a like response, whether I have ever felt a moment's regret for the promise I had given him in Paris. I assure him no, and revert curiously in my own mind to that time when I had spoken so easily of leaving La Marquise, and think how hard it would be now to put such a design into execution.

"Even when we are close to it, the bridge appears to me to be of the frailest possible construction, much too fairy-like for the purpose it serves. But Monsieur St. Just assures me that it is strong enough to bear many hundred times my weight, being made of iron and riveted on to the rocks, and so laughs me out of my momentary hesitation. We pause for a few seconds mid-way, and, grasping the railings, I look down into the gulf below, where the water goes seething and tumbling on through its narrow channel. It fills my ears with its deafening noise, its spray moistens our faces. Mosses and lichens cling to the damp rocks, flourishing in an atmosphere never interpenetrated by sunshine.

"The summits of the rocks on either hand are clothed with trees, whose fringe-like edges break the sky-line.

"At first there is to me an awful fascination in the chasm below, where the water seems to live like a giant enchained, beating itself in fury against the walls of its prison-house. Then the continued silence brings back my eyes and thoughts to my companion's face. I see it above me amidst the damp shadows with a strange grey pallor upon it, which some way seems to bring me nearer to him than all his playful badinage had done. And now I can tell that his features have settled themselves into an expression habitual to them: they have fallen into the care-worn lines which are deepened and intensified. Hitherto, although I have observed these lines, I did not know how deep they could be, for the varied expression called up by the play of conversation had softened them considerably.

"I break the silence to ask, 'Shall we go on?'

"For answer he takes my hand and turns me round to face the course of the stream, as it rushes furiously on, some hundred feet or more beneath us.

"'An awful leap, don't you think, from this slender rail to those foaming waters? Don't you wonder that a young creature, barely out of her girlhood, could be found to dare to attempt such a death?'

"'Was there ever one?' I ask, with something like terror upon me.

"'Once, yes. But for her the fear of living was greater even than the dread of a death so horrible as this.'

"'She must have been very unhappy,' I say, stupidly.

"I think of some village girl from the hamlet below, and wonder dimly what misery she can possibly have known to drive her to such extremity. And then something prompts me to add—

"'A silly, love-sick girl, perhaps!'

"'No, she was a wife, and a mother.'

"'Then,' I cry, indignantly, 'she ought to have endured her fancied wrongs rather than have taken such selfish means of escape.'

"'Fancied wrongs! You are very hard upon her. Do you not think the greater blame attaches to him through whose indifference she was driven to take so desperate a step?'

"'You mean her husband. Was he unkind to her? Did he ill-treat her?'

"Monsieur St. Just's hands clasp the handrail of the bridge with such force that it vibrates, but my first thought is not one of fear. The strange expression of his face carries me out of myself.

"'Never; but she wanted more than he had to give, and he did not know of her need, nor how she considered herself injured by it, until it was too late.'

"I do not reply immediately, but he turns to me a face of pale entreaty, and I feel constrained to say something. I speak apart from myself, as it were, and in a voice that sounds harshly indignant even in my own ears.

"'It was cowardly and selfish. She must have thought only of herself. In order to escape her own burden of sorrow, she has inflicted a lifelong regret upon her husband, and done her child an injury for which nothing can atone.'

"He gives a deep sigh of intense relief, but nevertheless says—

"'I believe women are always hard in their judgment of each other.'

"'Have I judged her? I did not mean to do so; I would not arrogate what belongs to God alone. But there can be no crime in expressing an opinion. It always seems to me that a suicidal remedy for earthly ills is a mean and cowardly one. Better, far better, as well as nobler, to live holily and endure bravely until the end comes. I suppose one's first and most human instinct is to escape from the burdens imposed upon us; none but weak natures, however, obey this instinct; the stronger endure and conquer in and through One who bore a heavier cross by far than has ever been placed on mortal shoulders. She was drowned, you say?'

"'Her body was recovered afterwards, beaten, bruised, and bleeding from these dreadful rocks.'

"'Was it long ago? Are her husband and child living?'

"'They are living.'

"There arises in my mind a picture of a grave-faced man going forth to his daily labours somewhere in the village below, with the thorny crown of vain regret invisibly set upon his brows. I feel sure that I shall know him from all the other *paysans*, and I resolve to seek him out and endeavour to help him as far as I can.

"'Shall we continue our walk?' asks Monsieur St. Just.

"I awake from my reverie with a start.

"'This is not what you brought me to see then? This is not what you consider "better than St. Aubin"?'

"'God forbid! I am sometimes tempted to think this St. Aubin's curse.'

"I follow him over the bridge, thinking what a tender and sensitive heart he must possess to be thus affected by the tragic sorrows of the poor people on his estate. Surely it would go very hardly with him in any trouble that touched him personally!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., Islington.

Read St. Matthew, c. 1, v. 18 to 25; Luke, c. ii., v. 1 to 6.

The coming of Jesus Christ into the world was the greatest event that ever occurred in it, and yet the New Testament tells us about it as simply as if it were telling a story to a child. And although it records the mightiest works, the greatest teachings, and the most tragical things in His after history, it always preserves the same calm and unostentatious manner. The New Testament writers never seem surprised; they never get excited. It seems to them perfectly natural that Jesus Christ should be born in this way, and that He should say the wonderful things, and do the wonderful works that He did. The Incarnate Son of God simply lived and acted in a way perfectly natural to Him. No solicitous explanations are given, no loud exclamations are uttered, no timid feeling expresses itself. It is as if an archangel were writing of his everyday experience of Divine wonders. This is a very significant mark of the New Testament. Its brevity, simplicity, and quiet assumption are in wonderful contrast with every other biography in the world. The more we think of it the more we are astonished.

Another peculiarity of the New Testament is that everything in it comes out of Christ's own personal history and character. All other religious books teach us *ideas* about God and the soul, and holiness, and the life to come. Take everything about Moses out of the religious books that he wrote, and everything about Mahomet out of the Koran, and the books remain religiously the same. Take Jesus Christ out of the New Testament, and the religious book is destroyed.

The great and wonderful ideas of the New Testament are simply explanations of what Jesus Christ was and did. Jesus Christ was the religion—the revelation of God; the New Testament is only the record of it. Every Christian doctrine is simply an explanation of the life of Jesus Christ. If the personal history of Jesus Christ were taken away there would not be a single Christian doctrine left.

Therefore it is that men love and worship Jesus Christ as they do no other prophet of God. He has a religious power over our hearts and lives that has no parallel in the history of the world. He did not merely teach a salvation; He came to bring it, He died to constitute it, and therefore we love and worship Him with all our heart and soul and strength.

The life of Jesus, therefore, has far more vital interest for us than the life of any other religious teacher. We might learn great lessons from the human example and piety of good men, but the life of Jesus Christ is essential to our religious life itself. He is the object of religion, the Lord of our obedience, the source and sustenance of our spiritual life; He the vine, we the branches.

The first great thing told us is that Jesus Christ was the Incarnate Son of God, God manifest in the flesh, God dwelling in the form of a man. This is necessarily a mystery. We can know it only by testimony, and the testimony must be a revelation from God. Our reason cannot speculate about the possibility or the manner of it, but our reason can see that such an Incarnation is the fitting beginning of such a life. The after-life of Jesus Christ is not a divine life that contradicts the conditions of ordinary birth and childhood; its greatness is in harmony with the Incarnation, and is accounted for by it; on the other hand, it is not a little, unworthy life such as would make the assertion of an Incarnation ridiculous. The great birth and the great life wonderfully harmonise with *each other, and* compel us to believe both true; the Incarnation, therefore, determines the whole of Christ's character and history. It makes *Him* the Divine person we think Him to be. It makes His death an atonement for the sins of men. It makes Him to have power to guide our spiritual life, and it makes Him the proper object of all our religious worship and obedience. Upon our receiving this great teaching of the Incarnation, therefore, our entire Christianity depends.

The Evangelists tell the story of Christ's birth very beautifully; each contributes something. The fullest account is given by St. Luke, who tells us that the angel Gabriel was sent to Mary, at Nazareth, to tell her that she should be the mother of the Divine God. It was necessary that God should reveal this, and fitting that the messenger should be the *prince of the angels* of heaven. Mary was a poor peasant woman, descended from King David, but fallen into poverty, the betrothed wife of a village carpenter; and yet the angel enters her humble dwelling with a more reverent salutation than would have greeted the High Priest himself, and he addresses her with more deference than he had shown to the priest Zacharias; he pays her such homage as had never before been paid to mortal. In his eyes Mary was "blessed among women." Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias, called her "the mother of my Lord." In her song she said, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Some have ignorantly and superstitiously worshipped her as if she were divine, but all have regarded her with admiration and reverence. We cannot think of her great honour without sharing the reverent awe of Gabriel.

And yet how very little is afterwards said about Mary in the New Testament! Everything seems carefully avoided that could suggest idolatrous feeling. Our Lord's love and reverence for His mother is never mentioned, except that when He died on the cross He commended her to the care of John. Nothing is said about the illustrious personages of Scripture merely to magnify them. Everything is for the setting forth of Christ's salvation. The silence of Scripture is as wonderful as its utterance. So that like all great things, the history of our Lord begins simply, silently, and obscurely, like the seed which we scarcely notice when we drop it into the ground, but which springs up a great tree. Who would have thought that such would have been the manner of the Messiah's advent to our world? But how the social lowliness of His birth makes His greatness of character to shine, and the greatness of Mary's character also! What must have been the purity and grace of the *young maiden* chosen to be the mother of the Lord! What must have been the sanctities and affections of her whom the Incarnate Son of God was to reverence as His mother, to whom He was to look up with filial love, whose words were to teach Him, whose example was to be ever before Him!

We never know what great things God is preparing for us; to what high destiny He is about to call us; to what position of honour and service He is about to raise us. God chooses the nobles of his kingdom from all earthly ranks. No one class may claim exclusive honours; and how often He puts honour upon those whom others pass over or disesteem! Mary's safety in her great honour was found in her deep and beautiful piety. If religious life is true and strong within us it will fit us for any duty or destiny.

She was full of glad surprise; her meek humility breaks forth in song, "He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden." Like all great destinies it brought its great trials to both her feelings and her faith. No wonder that at first she received so strange a salutation with silence, and wonder, and awe. She was greatly troubled at the saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this might be; apparently with alarm in her countenance, which leads the angel to assure her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favour with God."

Her relatives and her husband did not believe her; she had no human witness of the angel's visit. Joseph, a kind but righteous man, repudiates her, and she has to flee from her home in Nazareth. She takes refuge with Zacharias in the distant hill country of Judea. Great joys bring great sorrows. She leaves a troubled home in Nazareth full of distrust, but she finds tender sympathy and holy joy in the house of Nazareth. God has revealed the visit of the angel to the pious priest, and as soon as Mary's foot touches the threshold Elizabeth breaks forth in a song of congratulation. "Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come unto me?" And Mary is comforted. She does not utter a word of complaint about her relatives at home, or of self-justification. She can think of nothing but the great honour put upon her, and catching Elizabeth's inspiration, she pours out her rapturous song, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

God speaks to Joseph also, and Mary goes back to Nazareth, and there remains until the taxing makes it necessary for Joseph and her to go to Bethlehem, in the land of Judah—a long and toilsome journey—where the wondrous child was born, as an ancient prophecy had foretold.

Bethlehem was the ancient Ephrath, where Jacob buried his beloved Rachel. Generations after Ruth gleaned in its fields, and David, the son of Jesse, was her great grandson. But all this tender poetry and romance of Bethlehem are eclipsed by the nativity of Jesus Christ, "God manifest in the flesh." It is interesting that in the midst of a Mohammedan population the little town of some 3,000 inhabitants has not to-day a single Mohammedan resident. All are Christians.

Very simply, beautifully, and touchingly does St. Luke tell the story. Mary—young and beautiful as the young girls of Palestine are—comes to Bethlehem with Joseph. The khan is full; there is no room for them. They are glad to find shelter in a cave where asses were sheltered—no great hardship at that time of the year. Here Jesus was born. The cave of the nativity is still shown. A church is built over it; lamps are ever burning in it. Few traditions are more probable.

And this was the advent to our world of the Incarnate Son of God. Obscure, humble, disowned, a poor child of a peasant mother, born in a stable, a Nazarene wayfarer. But what a wonderful array of Divine attestation attended that lowly birth!—the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, the star that guided the Magi, and their worship of the child in that lowly cave—the wonderful fulfilment of prophecy; the story with its romance, its simplicity, its strange harmonies, is itself a miracle.

What sanctity it throws around childhood.—Suppose He had taken upon Him at once an adult manhood. He would not exclude infancy from His experience, His duties, His sympathies and blessings. He was a child before He was a man.

What sanctity it throws around poverty.—He chose to be born a poor man's child in a stable rather than in a palace. And through life He remained a poor man, labouring with His hands for daily bread, dependent, during His Ministry, upon the generosity of friends. "He had not where to lay His head."

What possibilities of life there may be in a little child.—Who may prognosticate its future, its character, its destinies! Think of Herod in his palace, and the little babe in the manger. Herod and his kingdom would be now forgotten but for his connection with the infancy of Christ. Christ now rules the world. The spiritual power of that obscure child rises above the strongest thrones, and survives the most lasting. "What manner of child shall this be?" may well be asked over every cradle. What room there is for the wildest imaginations of a mother's heart.

How little we know what is passing around us.—How little the host of the khan knew, or the wealthier or more pretentious travellers, or the people of Bethlehem.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—A parable which has its sad application to many human hearts. We fill our hearts with other things, and leave the Christ to find a place where He may. There is room for many things—for trade and pleasure, and ambition, and learning, and human love, but no room for Him. What a portentous beginning of His Gospel! It is not that men persecute Christ, or put indignity upon Him, or crucify Him; they are simply indifferent to Him, too full of their own cares and interests to trouble themselves about Him. Let Him take a stable if He can find one. We will not make room for Him. Rather let it be the challenge, and the song of our joyful surprise, that He in His great love and condescension should come to us at all. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

ICE.

"I SHOULD uncommonly like to know what is the matter with our water to-day," said a very juvenile perch to a consequential little minnow, who was swimming about, making, as she thought, beautiful evolutions in the water of a large pond, near a mountain wood.

"What stupid questions you're always asking! Why, what's the matter?"

"Such a queer thing!" replied young Perch. "When I went up just now for a mouthful of air, feeling a little thirsty, I hit my nose against something hard, and oh! so cold; but still I could see the light as usual."

"What a silly little thing you are!" politely responded Miss Minnow. "Why, that's ice. I suppose the pool is frozen over, and we're in for a long frost. I must go and see that mamma has laid in a good stock of my favourite food, for I should be afraid to eat just anything that comes in my way, as the others of my family do, who don't care about their appearance; it so spoils the colour of one's skin—at least, so my eldest cousin says; and he is a great judge of what's pretty in a minnow!"

With this she darted away with increased efforts at elegant movements, leaving the perch very disconsolate.

"Oh, don't go away!" he called after her. "I want to know what is ice and frost." But she was far out of sight. He was turning disappointed away when he heard a voice near him, saying—

"Never mind her, my dear."

Master Perch looked quickly round, but seeing no one, was about to swim away, when,

under a stone covered with water-plants, he saw sitting an old green frog, who croaked out again: "Never mind her, dear. She's a flighty little thing, and I doubt if she could even have told you what you want to know, so thought it best to get out of the way. Can I help you?"

Then the perch, though a little afraid of the great yellow eyes that rolled at him, repeated the story of his wonderment and discovery.

"Ah! I can tell you," said the frog. "Swim down closer, and listen to me, for I find very few fishes really know what is the cause of the ice; and it was only by my having gone up on land (which you can't) that I ever learnt about it. Last summer I was sitting one day half asleep among the rushes and grass at the edge of our pool, when I suddenly heard a noise, and saw two of those great animals called men, who are so fond of trying to kill your relations by dropping dreadful hooks, with imitation flies stuck on, into the water. By the way, I can't understand how it is your people are so stupid, and don't see they are not real, nor worth eating. When a worm is sent down there is excuse for their being caught, especially if they are very hungry; but *I* should never be taken in by those flies," and Dame Frog rolled her eyes in conscious wisdom.

"Oh, that's how my poor fat, old aunt was taken away from us!" said little Perch. "She caught a fly one day that hurt her dreadfully, and, in spite of her struggles, she was suddenly pulled away, right up, we didn't know where; but we never saw her again."

"Don't interrupt me, my little dear, about your foolish old aunt. You take care that you are not so greedy and foolish when you get to be her age. Well—to return to the men—they were talking, and I listened, as I sat under a broad leaf, where I had crept, and one told the other what curious changes happen in our water. It is always moving round, else it would not be fresh and good for us to live in, and the warmest part of it is lightest, and lies on the top, whilst the cold sinks to the bottom; but in winter, when what is called frosty weather comes, then the water at the bottom, which is colder than usual, expands and stretches itself out. This makes it so light that it rises up above the warm water, where, meeting with the exceedingly cold air, it becomes hard, and freezes, and is called ice, and that is what you knocked your nose against this morning. I have heard," pursued Madame Frog, "of a poor fish—a very distant relative of yours—who was not very well, and I suppose became sleepy, or something, and was boxed up in this ice—what is called frozen in; but when the sun came, and melted it all, he was found quite dead. Generally, all living things feel the great cold, and keep down in the warmer water below."

"Oh, thank you!" said the perch; "now I understand: the ice is even lighter than the warmest water up above on a summer's day!"

"Yes!" answered Mrs. Frog, "because as long as it is ice it is lighter and floats on the top, as I once found to my cost. I went up to the shore one winter's day, when I was young, and cut my poor back dreadfully against a sharp piece of thin ice just as I was getting out of the water. I remember coming back to my mother in great woe, saying there were a lot of strange thin stones floating on the top of the water, which I could not make out at all."

"It is very curious about the water stretching, isn't it?" questioned the little perch. "I don't quite understand it, I must say."

"No, I was afraid you wouldn't," replied Mrs. Frog; "and what is more wonderful is that when it is heated, water can go into another shape, called vapour, in which it stretches a great deal more; and this you will not understand at all, because you have never been out of the water in your life."

"Oh, yes I have!" quickly interrupted Perch, junior, delighted to recount his small experiences. "I jumped out of the water the other day after a fly, and I jumped so far that I fell on land, and got quite dry. I thought I should have been smothered, for the sun seemed so near and so very hot. There was air round me everywhere, more—far more—than I wanted to breathe. I struggled dreadfully, and just as I was beginning to see everything dark round me, I slid back into the water. Wasn't I glad!"

"Again you have interrupted me!" croaked the frog. "How badly your manners have been attended to, to be sure! But as I perceive by what you tell me that you understand what I mean, I will forgive you *this time*; but remember, don't do it again!"

Little Perch looked very meek immediately, which so pleased old Madame Frog that she went on to say, "That's it exactly. You say, you got quite dry. Well the water on your back expanded by the heat of the sun, and turned into vapour, which you could not see; but if you could have seen it, you would have wondered, for it stretched to seventeen hundred times the size it had been on you; thus becoming vapour, and, being immensely light, it rose up to try and get at the sun, and so left you quite dry. Water is very fond of the sun's warmth, and will always rise up (or evaporate) to try and get at it; but the dewdrops have told me that the sun's rays shake them off when they have let the vapours run up them a certain height, and then, if there is any wind, the poor things get rolled and tumbled about till they are quite round clouds, like those that come and look down into our pond."

Mrs. Frog stopped suddenly, for just then her little green daughter leapt down with a brown worm in her mouth. This being a great weakness of the old lady's, and one that she never could resist, Master Perch saw her gobble it down, and then, thinking he had stayed long enough, he very politely thanked her green ladyship for her kind explanation, and went up once again to investigate the ice.

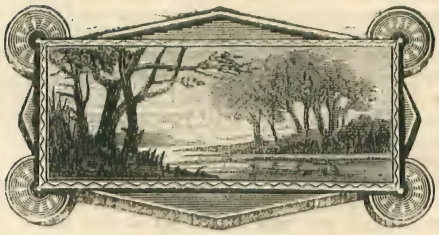
A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE spring, with all its violets, long ago
Departed, and the fragrant wealth of June;
And then the autumn hung rich banners out,
Until the winds of shrill November came
And reft the flaunting splendour all away.
And now the holy tide will consecrate
The year's last hours with a Divine love glow,
While gentle Time veils all its sins and woes
In his soft golden haze, and we forget
All but its brightness when its sun has set.

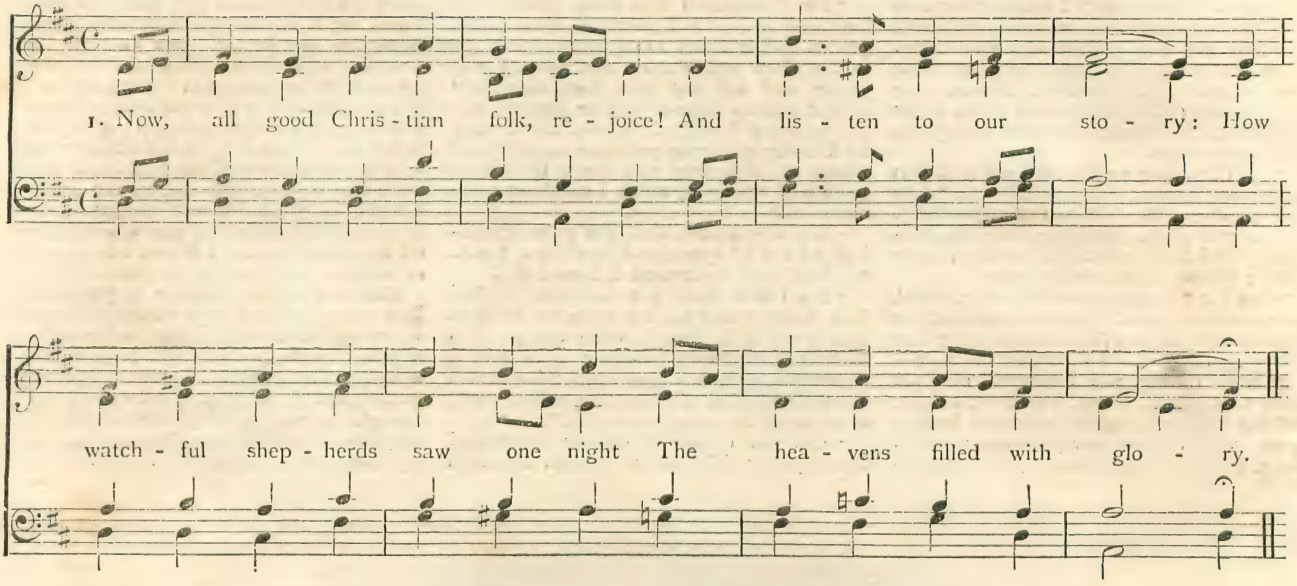
No flowers to strew before the tender feet
Of the sweet Child Christ when the morning comes,
But fire-tinted globes upon the briars,
And glowing holly, flame *along* the ways,
Which the pale primrose starr'd in time gone by.
And frost gems, meet for decking royal brows,
Are gleaming on the branches where they stand
Against the skies, grown purple ere the dark;
And thus so still, and very fair, the earth
Lies waiting—looking—for the dear Lord's birth.

What blessings can I wish you, O my friends,
Save that the joyful calm of Christmastide
Should wrap your hearts so close that never jar
Of the world's care or grief can enter in—
But only love to keep you pitiful,
And faith, and hope, to keep you strong and true—
"A Happy Christmas" and "A Glad New Year"
I wish you, and may God's exceeding love
Enfold you all, until His tender hand
Shall lead you safely Home, to Love's own land!



A Christmas Carol.

Words and Music *by* COTSFORD DICK.



II.

Amazed, they heard the Angels call,
"Good tidings are we bringing,
For Christ is born in Bethlehem,
His praise let all be singing."

III.

With joy they hastened there to find,
Within a manger lying,
A little Child, who to the world
Should tell of Love undying;

IV.

Of Love, all fear to cast away,
Though life be dark and dreary;
Of Love to welcome Home at last
The wandering and weary.

V.

To God, who sent this Love to us,
Be honour, praise, and glory;
And peace, good-will be unto you
Who listen to our story.

FAIRVIEW REST; OR, WHAT THE GIRLS DID.

By the Author of "Wrapped in the Robes of Mercy."

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE many days the "committee meeting" was held, and it was there and then agreed that the first steps should be a consultation with some men of business, and letters written to influential friends, who might be able and willing to give help. Mrs. Frere being related to some of the rich manufacturers in Goldbury, could make appeals where, it was supposed, ready response would follow.

Advice of all kinds was received—"Don't attempt it," "Impracticable," "Excellent idea," "God speed you in the good work." But by the middle of February the encouragement given and the money promised were considered sufficient to warrant the start.

Now the girls began their work in earnest. It had been agreed by the elders that the furnishing should be left in their hands, under the supervision that would be necessary, for it was thought it would prove beneficial for them in many ways to have this little responsibility, not only giving them a lesson in household arrangements, but exercising them in a thoughtful use of money. They

got two memorandum-books, in one of which they wrote down the articles they thought indispensable; the other they headed, by Edith's merry suggestion, "*articles de luxe*," and of the latter, if truth must be owned, the greater number had to be crossed off. What important business excursions were made during the ensuing weeks, and how many things the young hands were found clever enough to do themselves! Three happier, busier girls could scarcely be than these during the next three months, for it took quite this time to prepare the house for its hoped-for occupants. The staining of the floor proved a perfect success; but it must be confessed that in this, as well as in more arduous work, a pair of young masculine hands often rendered willing assistance, Godfrey having prolonged his visit to his uncle considerably beyond the time expected. Many a cheerful little working party also was held at Mrs. Gresham's, for sheets and pillow-cases had to be made, and towels and dusters to be hemmed; but even here Godfrey was allowed to make himself useful, the girls declaring he marked the things so beautifully. Several tradespeople sent contributions from their stock. The sheeting and towelling were presents from Messrs. Farley and Wilson's; an ironmonger sent in two fenders and sets of fire-irons, and sundry smaller articles were received, and, at last, all had been managed but the chairs for the sitting-room. Money, after the first few weeks, had not come in quickly, and there seemed to be some difficulty in obtaining this furniture, about which the girls felt very anxious, for they wished this room to have a pleasant, homelike appearance, to look cheerful and tasty, yet not to have things that were merely made to look well in an upholsterer's window. They had begun to consider over their purchases in a business-like manner. But such chairs and couch were not to be got for so small a sum as they were now reduced to. To apply to Sir Gervis was out of the question; he had already given handsomely, and had undertaken to pay the salary of the housekeeper and keep the garden stocked and in order. So it appeared probable that a further trial of patience would be inevitable. However, this was averted in an unexpected manner. Godfrey had been talking one morning with his uncle at breakfast-time over this dilemma. Sir Gervis listened, but made no remark. Shortly after, when he had been speaking with his housekeeper over some arrangement, he said—

"You have the key of the schoolroom, I believe, Mrs. Thomson? Will you bring it to me?"

"Yes, Sir Gervis," she replied, turning away to fetch it, and marvelling what he could want it for.

The room, which in the present baronet's youthful days had been used as a schoolroom, was in a wing of the mansion seldom visited for many years. It had always retained its name, but at present it was but a kind of storeroom for some old furniture which had been set aside long ago as no longer fit for anything. It had been a whim of Sir Gervis's that it should be kept, and, moreover, cared for. He had seen it in his mother's room when he was a boy.

Returning with the key, Mrs. Thomson remarked, in rather an injured tone of voice, "I have taken every care of the furniture, Sir Gervis. I go myself to look after it."

"No doubt of it, Mrs. Thomson. I shall be obliged if you will come with me."

Ascending the wide staircase, and walking to the end of a long corridor, the housekeeper opened a door leading to the unoccupied suite of rooms. Did memory go back to the days when the two brothers lovingly shared tasks and play; when the elder often manfully took the part of the younger in any childish skirmish? Did the quaint chintz, with its large faded pattern, recall the form of the gentle lady who, long an invalid, had only been able to have her boys by her side for a few minutes now and then, to give them motherly counsel and embrace? The old man, who now looked at them, and seemed to touch them with a reverent touch, knew nothing about sentiment —*so he said*—and the only thing that now betrayed it was a too evident determination not to demonstrate it.

A large easy chair, a huge affair with strong supporting arms; five or six large-sized, ordinary chairs, but substantial enough to bear an extraordinary weight; and a sofa, of such dimensions that a Goliath could find it a comfortable resting-place. These were the things that chiefly attracted Sir Gervis's attention. He had them drawn out, examined them, pronounced them perfectly sound; but he muttered, "No, they wouldn't suit girls." Then, after considering a moment, "Will you ask Mr. Godfrey to come to me, Mrs. Thomson?"

The dignitary addressed looked over her spectacles with some amazement. "Girls!" she said, as she went downstairs. Meeting Godfrey, she told him of his uncle's wish to see him.

"In the schoolroom, Mrs. Thomson! What is he doing there?"

"Really, Mr. Godfrey," replied the housekeeper, with whom he was an old favourite, "I don't know what to make of Sir Gervis this morning. He doesn't seem himself."

Godfrey hastened on.

"Ah, here you are, Godfrey. That's right. What do you think of these? Would they do for Fairview?"

Godfrey hesitated. He felt strongly inclined to laugh at their faded appearance, for there were no loving associations with them for him.

"Perhaps they might do if they were covered afresh," he answered. "Old things are all the rage nowadays."

"The 'rage' has nothing to do with the matter, I should think," replied Sir Gervis, a little testily, catching a suspicion of merriment in Godfrey's tone as he spoke of his uncle's Penates. "Comfort would be the principal thing to be considered."

"Would it not be better for the ladies to see them and decide?" suggested Godfrey.

"What, send my 'goods on approval'?"

"No; ask the ladies here to see them."

"Do you think they would come?"

"Certainly, Uncle Gervis; I will go and ask them, if you like."

So it came to pass that the three girls and their mothers found themselves, somewhat to their own astonishment, being conducted by Mrs. Thomson and accompanied by the two gentlemen to the room sacred to bygone memories. The girls were a little awestruck at first, but soon recovered their vivacity when Godfrey made an attempt to personify the salesman as he exhibited the furniture.

"How delightful!" cried Alice; "they want nothing but new covers."

"Then you really think they will do?"

"Just the very thing," said Edith, "for a tired girl!" as she ensconced her little self in the embrace of the giant chair, but by no means making a good illustration of a *tired* girl.

"Well, then, that is settled. I will send them at once to be re-covered."

"Oh, no, Sir Gervis," Bertha said. "You *must* let *us* do that. We have done everything we possibly could with our own hands, because, you know, we have so little money we can give."

"But can you manage upholsterer's work?"

"You don't really know what girls can do when they try," said Alice, her face beaming.

"I begin to think I don't know what girls *cannot* do," answered Sir Gervis. "It is an understood thing, then, that I am your banker for any expense incurred about these?" and he pointed to the furniture. Then in a lower tone to Mrs. Frere, as he walked away with her, "They were my mother's." The kind-hearted lady looked at him, the ready tears in her eyes, and she saw that hers were not the only tearful ones.

A pretty flowered cretonne having been met with, which was pronounced exactly "*the thing*," after several patterns and much feminine cogitation, the upholstering was creditably accomplished, and all was complete, a suitable housekeeper having been found who was able to superintend the domestic affairs with the aid of a young servant from the village, and who was also fitted to take a general matronly supervision.

The same party had again met in the sitting-room that had assembled in the empty room some months since. The joy of the group now assembled was a quieter one; earnest and anxious work had brought a thoughtful happiness with its success, and when the vicar asked those present to join him in praise for desires so far fulfilled, and prayer for future blessing, every heart responded, and so was "Fairview Rest" dedicated. It was agreed that there should be but a few simple rules for admittance at the commencement; experience would be the best teacher in this. And before another Christmas came many weary young workers had gone from Fairview refreshed and strengthened to take up their daily toil anew; and, better still, some thanked God not only that young hands had worked for them, but that young hearts had prayed for them and led them to Him who could give soul-rest.

* * * *

Again it was Christmas time, and the old gardener had just filled a hamper with the laurel and shiny holly he had been cutting for the young ladies who were decorating the church. Their voices were heard drawing near.

"I was just a-going to bring the hamper," said old John, "but my back's that stiff with rheumatiz I scarce know how to lift myself up when once I get down."

"We'll carry it, John," and Bertha taking one side, and Edith the other, they carried it along.

"And I will head the procession," said Alice, shouldering a big branch that formed a kind of frame for her blithe young face.

As they stepped into the road, Sir Gervis was driving from his gate.

"Good morning, young ladies! A merry Christmas to you!" and he drew up for a moment. "I hope you think better of me than you did last year."

"Indeed, Sir Gervis, I hope you think better of me," answered Alice, reddening as she remembered her encounter with him now nearly a year ago.

That year had been good for all interested in Fairview, but to none so much as Alice, to whom the little discipline had brought gentler feeling and more self-control.

"I cannot tell you all I think of you just now, for I am off to meet Godfrey at the station. I wrote to him a day or two since telling him I am getting a very lonely old man, and that he must try to give me more of his company. His reply was very short; he could not answer until he had solved an enigma which has lately troubled him a good deal, so he is coming down at once. An odd fellow! Christmas is the time for riddles, though—is it not?" and he drove off, smiling rather mischievously.

The day has not yet passed, and Godfrey has come to wish Mrs. Gresham the "compliments of the season;" but he seems in no way impatient because that lady has not made her appearance yet. Indeed, his handsome face looks radiant, as he sits with one little hand

imprisoned in his, his eyes watching the sweet girl face beside him, half shy as it awakens to a new-found happiness.

Alice had been successful in solving the enigma.

But a third is in the room who thinks no family compact complete without his sanction. Lifting up a great brown paw, he lays it on Alice's lap, looking up with serious questioning eyes. Whereupon his young mistress assures him—as she rests her cheek between his two long silky ears—that "he is the dearest fellow in the world," and he—poor innocent dog—he *thoroughly believes it!*

NEW MUSIC.

Hutchings and Romer.

Six vocal duets, with English words by George Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. —No. 1. *The Mermaids.* For soprano and contralto.—The voices are harmonised and blended in a pleasing manner, the words and accompaniment corresponding throughout. Both vocal and pianoforte performers need care as to time and expression.

No. 3. *Under the Stars.* For contralto and tenor, or soprano and contralto.—A very pretty duet, with a graceful accompaniment, rather difficult, perhaps, but quite worthy of a little trouble to master the necessary smooth rendering and exactness in time.

No. 4. *Bygone Days.* For soprano and tenor.—The old craving for change so common to us all from youth upwards, and the cry, "Why is it so?" is well portrayed by words and music. The duet is in two flats and of easy compass.

A. Cox.

A Match. "If love were what the rose is." Words by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Music by Louis N. Parker.—The accompaniment to this song is good, with a degree of freshness that needs a little practice with the vocalist, in order that time and expression be well understood. We can recommend this song.

Over the Heather. (Vocal duet.) By H. Van Landeghem. Words by Mrs. H. Van Landeghem. For soprano and contralto.—A lively duet, with a joyous ring, easy both for piano and voices.

By-and-By. Words by F. E. Weatherly, M.A. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A most pleasing song for soprano and tenor voices; in three flats, ranging from D to F. The air is soothing and expressive, and the accompaniment graceful and light.

Weekes and Co.

Willow Pattern. (A legend.) Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Arthur Carnall.—This well-known legend is put into words by a writer whose name carries success whenever he undertakes to publish "musical words," and the composer of the music has arranged his part with simplicity and in good taste. This is an easy little song in three sharps.

Metzler and Co.

The Curfew Bell. Words by Longfellow. Music by Allis Gower.—The tolling of the curfew bell is well marked throughout, and the idea altogether easily carried out.

Reed, Brothers.

The Zephyr and the Flowers. Words by Catherine Ray. Music by George Lomas.—A simple song, requiring but little effort on the part of either vocalist or instrumentalist.

Goddard and Co.

Pity the Poor. Poetry by Wallace King. Music by Jacob J. Sawyer. Song with chorus.—A good song for "penny readings" or "winter gatherings." The words speak to the heart, and the melody is easily caught. The chorus is well and simply harmonised.

J. and W. Chester, Brighton.

Christmas Song. Words (by permission) from the *Sunday Magazine.* Music by M. L. Bladon.—A well-written and suitable duet for this festive season. It is on small music paper, at the low price of 4d. net.

Ashdown and Parry.

The Fishermaidens. Cantata for female voices. The words by Frederick E. Weatherly. The music by Henry Smart.

No. 1, Introduction and Chorus, "O gaily sings the grating keel." A pleasing opening, quite in keeping with the following chorus, which is written in four parts, and has the somewhat unusual merit of presenting melody in each voice part.

No. 2, Duettino, "With bending masts." Evidently intended to continue without any break from No. 1, the nine opening bars containing a modulation from the original key of G to the initial key of this number, E flat. We must class this amongst Smart's happiest specimens of vocal writing, the music being really charming in the extreme.

No. 3, Recit. and Chorus, "Sing to us, Elsie," leading well into No. 4, Ballad in A minor and major, "It was the little Lilian"—an elegant piece of descriptive music, plaintively telling its own tale.

No. 5, Choral Scena, "Hark! hark!" beginning with a double chorus of fisher and sea-maidens, necessitating seven-part chorus work in the commencing allegro movement. This is followed on pp. 32, 33, and part of p. 34 by what we cannot help calling some rather uninteresting writing, evidently caused by the numerous changes of key and unharmonic treatment. Fortunately, this portion of the number can easily be omitted in performance by at once proceeding to the allegretto moderato on p. 34, which is a pretty soprano solo, accompanied by chorus.

No. 6, Trio, "Sister, lend no willing ears." A trio of considerable beauty, unfortunately all too short.

No. 7, Chorus of Fishermaidens, "Hark! softly blown," and Chorus of Nuns in the distance, "Ave, Mother, Queen of Heav'n." For this an eight-part choir will be required. In the Chorus of Nuns, the devotional character is beautifully sustained, and appears to have in a great measure influenced the strains of the Fishermaidens. The happy introduction of the convent bells in the accompaniment should also not be overlooked.

No. 8, Finale, "O joy! O joy!" A few bars of instrumental writing founded on the music of the convent bells, lead into one of the brightest numbers of the work, containing also a charmingly tuneful fragment for the soprano. The last three pages bring to a brilliant close one of the most interesting works of the kind that we have seen for some time, and one that we would strongly recommend to all who wish to cultivate an acquaintance with good part-writing for female voices. As regards the words, although the idea they portray can hardly be called original, none more adaptable could have been chosen for musical purposes. In fact, it has often been our pleasure to note how Mr. Weatherly's words invariably suggest and aid musical treatment, and in the "Fishermaidens" he has been particularly fortunate in having secured for an exponent such an eminent and poetical musician as the late Henry Smart.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

J. B. Cramer, Regent-street.

J. B. Cramer has published a collection of well-known airs from various composers, entitled "Les Petits Concerts," suitable for young performers. All are well fingered, and the expressions plainly marked, so as to accustom the ear to a right rendering of the different styles. Beethoven, Chopin, Weber, Gounod, Handel, Rossini, Offenbach, Donizetti, Grétry, Boccherini, Choudens, Vilbac, and Varney have been selected as studies of pleasing character.

There are twenty-five short pieces brought out in one book at the very moderate price of 2s. 6d. The frontispiece will also please our young musicians.

Goddard and Co., 4, Argyll-place.

Valse Caractéristique. By Ch. Gounod.—The movement is very brisk, and by no means difficult. The detached and marked notes are effective, coming to a climax in a rush of crisp chords.

La Gondoletta. By Giulio Gardini.—Written in a good swinging style. The beat of the bars with the bass hand is felt as it accompanies the *legato* singing in the treble. It is in the key of one flat, and quite within the powers of a medium player.

Weekes and Co., Hanover-street.

Two Minuets. By J. Matthews.—No. 1, in C minor, is something like a minuet in character, as well as in name, although the harmonies are not always faultless. No. 2, in B major, is not written in minuet form at all; a better name for it would be a digital exercise, any defined melody being strikingly conspicuous by its absence. On pp. 3 and 7 a very disagreeable effect is produced by the consecution of two-sevenths, as follows:—

A. Cox, 29, King-street, Regent-street.

An Impromptu in B♭, for Pianoforte. By Charles Bennett.—The air is well sustained, and the accompaniment smooth and flowing, gradually dying off into *ppp.* An easily-acquired piece, and sure to please.

Six Classical Ballads for Pianoforte. By Charles Bennett.—No. 1. *Molto Agitato* is a short and bright drawing-room piece. The upper notes, or air, require smooth playing, whilst the accompaniment in double notes should be carefully detached, and touched lightly. The bass also requires attention, but no difficulty will be in the way of a careful performer.

No. 2. *Allegretto Cantabile,* in two sharps. —A little catchy, and dependent on right rendering.

No. 3. *Andante Con Moto.*—A soft "song without words," with some rather long stretches here and there for the left hand, which the practisers of Aug. Buhl's "Wrist and finger exercises" will find no difficulty in accomplishing with ease and smoothness.

No. 4. *Allegretto Moderato.*—In the same flowing style, the theme is taken up alternately in treble and bass. The air and accompaniment must be kept very distinct, with careful attention to all the marks of expression and use of pedal.

No. 5. *Allegro Vivace.*—A light and graceful movement, without any difficulties.

No. 6. *Andantino.*—A short finish to the series, being only three pages in length, but these pages are by no means without merit or interest. The "Six Classical Ballads" are published separately, and we recommend either, or all, to our young friends.

INDOOR DRESSES.

NEW CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By a LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE patriotic movement in favour of wearing English materials has been met at Bradford with a determination to supply suitable and stylish woollen goods of soft texture for the winter's wear. We have seen several patterns of very pretty diagonals, serges, tweeds, and other warm materials made in England, and we were not a little glad to welcome our old friend "French merino," though, for the sake of the present feeling of nationality, the word "French" is dropped, and the merino owns itself to be what it really is—an English-made article. Of the excellent wearing qualities of it we need not speak, as they are so well known.

It is a great pleasure to believe that the fashion for wearing short dresses, morning, noon, and night, will not alter, and long trains show no signs of coming in again, and are not worn except on very special occasions, by elderly matrons, who prefer not to cut up a very handsome dress. Short skirts are wider, and though equally tight in the front, the advent of the *tournure* has made the sides and back much wider and more graceful for slight figures, because not so tight and clinging.

Certainly, the present fashions for skirts are very pretty, and we are not obliged to adopt any extreme puffiness because others do so. In the shape of bodices there is really nothing new. Coat bodices, jackets, round and pointed bodices, and also polonaises are all worn, so we need not fear our old dresses will be *outré*, or remarkable. The pointed bodices, arched on the hips, are very becoming, and we quite return to a style of Queen Elizabeth when we add to them a kilting, or a series of tabs over a kilting, which come from under the edge of the bodice. Tunics of all kinds are shorter, and the back drapery of overskirts is also much shorter, so that more of the underskirt is seen. The tablier, with plain skirt, is often made of embossed velvet. Gauging is still used, but not so much as it was; the gatherings are much wider apart, and are arranged in groups, with little *bouillonées* standing up between them. The gauging on bodices takes the form of waistcoats, or plastrons, and straight *bretelles* put on on both sides of the front with a few gatherings at intervals. The fashion is not likely to go out; however, as nothing is so becoming to young and unformed figures.

The high art or æsthetic-made dresses have the necks cut out in a half high shape, the space being filled in by an under-bodice of gathered material, with a frill of the same round the neck; in the evening this is replaced by a chemisette of white muslin or lace drawn up to the throat by a thread. This bodice is drawn down in box-pleats to the waist, where it is finished by a wide sash folded round, or else there is a plain belt and hanging bag at one side, and through the straps which hold the bag the tunic is drawn so as to show the underskirt. With pointed bodices a large sash-bow is worn at the back, on the top of the overskirt.

The seams on the shoulders are not quite as short as they were, and three seams in the

back appear to be the correct number. All kinds of sleeves are worn—gathered, puffed, plain, and coat-shaped—and they are usually rather short at the wrist, the long gloves filling up the space.

And now for a word about materials, for the benefit of those who have dresses and bonnets to re-make, and, perhaps, jackets to alter. Plush has appeared in so many different forms, and now that it is no longer an expensive material it can be used for our ordinary bonnets and hats, and some of the striped plushes can be obtained as low as 2s. 6d. a yard, and they are very pretty for the crowns of hats and the bows of bonnets. Then there is a useful short pile velvet that will not crush, and bears gathering and pleating. Satins of every kind are as much in vogue as ever, and their price leaves nothing to be desired, whether for dresses or for trimmings. The same may be said as regards the trimming part of the *moiré* or watered silks; they are very effective decorations for dresses. Two materials are still the rule in making all dresses, except where tweed and serge are employed.

The openwork embroidered cashmeres are the new trimming for cashmere, and even for velvet and silks. The patterns on them are like round wheels, and they remind one of the Strasbourg embroidery which was produced in mull muslin and in lawn some years ago. They are sold by the yard, and in purchasing them for making flounces and other trimmings the purchaser must work a buttonhole edge and cut the flounces out for herself.

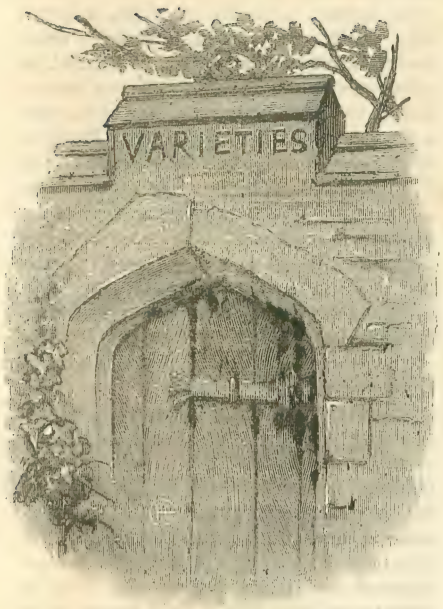
The old plain silks, grosgrain, and even *glacés* are reappearing, and many people will think this very good news, as there never was certainly a more delightful "best dress" than a good black silk in anyone's wardrobe.

Black mantles are the rule for the winter, one hardly ever sees a coloured one; the materials are cloth, cashmere, plush, velvet, and *broché* satin, the trimmings are fur and feather borders, the latter consisting of marabout, ostrich, and cocks' feathers. Plush also is largely used for borderings, and so is *moiré*, the latter, however, only on satin and cashmere. Large bows of *moiré* ribbon appear on the back of every mantle, and some of my readers will, no doubt, be glad to give an air of fashion to an old mantle by an addition of the sort. Indeed, everything lends itself this winter to alterations of the sort.

The lighter-coloured furs seem to have slipped out of fashion this winter, and the taste leans to dark browns and black. The principal furs are—stone marten, seal, musquash, skunk, coney, opossum, black fox, and what is called Russian cat. These are all comparatively moderate in price, and our illustration, "On the Ice," will show how they are worn. The first figure wears a brown poke bonnet, a mantle of plush, trimmed with black fox, brown cashmere dress, brown velvet and fur muff, and a bunch of yellow crocuses. The central figure wears a skating costume of plum-coloured cloth, with a fur or feather border. A wide lining of velvet on the tunic, which is caught up on one side. Velvet muff, beaver hat of the same colour. The two skating figures wear, respectively, grey box-cloth, trimmed with grey fur, and a Hogarth hat of grey beaver; and a dark terra-cotta cloth dress, and a skin cape, muff, and hat. Bag and trimmings of seal-brown ribbed plush.

The four figures in our illustration of at home dresses are a fair exemplification of the styles of the hour. The first dress is of brown cashmere, the bodice buttoning behind, the skirt trimmed with embroidered cashmere flounces, and edged with marabout feather trimmings round the skirt. The seated figure wears a house dress of cashmere and velvet. The third figure wears a plain merino costume, trimmed with embossed velvet and satin, the front turned back with a deep revers of the embossed velvet. The fourth figure wears one of the newest styles of dress for a young girl—a dress of soft merino, made short, with puffed sleeves, long gloves, belt and sash. This recalls the dress of our grandmothers in a great measure.

OUTDOOR CLOTHING.



THE BORDERLAND OF MIRTH AND MOURNING.—*Ha* is the interjection of laughter. *Ah* is the interjection of sorrow. The difference between them is very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning! —*Thomas Fuller.*

AN EASTERN SUPERSTITION.—A tree grows in heaven, say the inhabitants of Mohammedan countries, upon every leaf of which some man's name is written. When death is at hand, the leaf upon which the dying person's name is inscribed falls to the ground, and is picked up by Azrael, the Angel of Death, who then proceeds to the abode of the sick man and awaits the parting of soul and body. When the soul leaves the body, if it belongs to a good man the angel takes it in his hand up to heaven; but if to a bad, he receives it upon the point of his spear.

ABOVE ALL THINGS, CHARITY.—To understand everything would be to pardon everything.—*Madame de Staël.*

ON A JOYFUL PILGRIMAGE.—We must be cheerful philosophers, girls; and if we want a motto giving happy expression to our principles, let it be this stanza from the famous old song:—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile-a."

A WISE MISTRESS FOR A GOOD SERVANT.—If thou wouldst have a good servant, let thy servant find a wise mistress. Let her food, rest, and wages be reasonable; let her labour, recreation, and attentions depend upon thy pleasure; be not angry with her too long lest she think thee malicious, nor too soon lest she conceive thee rash, nor too often lest she count thee humorous; be not too fierce lest she love thee not, nor too remiss lest she fear thee not, nor too familiar lest she prize thee not. In brief, whilst thou givest her the liberty of a servant, beware thou loosest not the dignity of a mistress.—*Quarles.*

DOES HAIR EVER TURN GREY IN A SINGLE NIGHT?—It is a common belief that hair has been known to turn grey in a single night. Sir Erasmus Wilson, however, declares that he finds it impossible to gives credit to the bleaching of the hair in a single night or even in a single week. "The first step in the change," he says, "may have been made in a single night, and on that night week the whole of the hairs of the head may have become white at their roots; this is perfectly possible, and the only reasonable explanation of the circumstance. Thus we learn that Marie Antoinette became grey in a short period from grief, as did the unfortunate Queen of Scots. But the error has a foundation in poetry as well as in fiction, and hence may not easily be dethroned."

GOOD WIVES AND EVIL WIVES.

Rather any ache than heartache; rather any evil than an evil wife.

Man and wife well matched have heaven's glory as their companion; man and woman ill matched are encircled by a devouring fire. —*Old Hebrew Sayings.*

THE SAUCY RUSHLIGHT.—A rushlight that had grown fat and saucy with too much grease, boasted one evening before a large company that it shone brighter than the sun, the moon, and all the stars. At that moment a puff of wind came and blew it out. Maggie, who lighted it again, said: "Shine on, friend Rushlight, and hold your tongue; the lights of heaven are never blown out."

ARE YOU IN EARNEST?

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.
What you can do, or think you can, begin it!
Each indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days!

HOW TO JUDGE THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.—"One only needs," said Goethe, "to grow older in order to grow tolerant. I have seen no fault committed which I might not have committed myself."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

JESSIE.—Books would be obtained much cheaper by buying them second-hand. You leave too much soap in your hair, which would make it sticky.

URSULA MARCH.—We consider your writing, spelling, and composition excellent, and think you could improve your education by reading. Consult "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii., and select a few books for careful reading, in history, literature, and geography.

MADELINE.—Obtain the book recommended at page 796, vol. ii, by Mrs. Frederick Inman.

ECHO.—Divide the word into syllables, and pronounce as divided. Your writing is legible and neat.

ANTE MERIDIEM.—We could not give up so large a space as the answer to your question would require, nor do we consider the subject of general interest.

PORTIA.—Read "How to Improve One's Education," page 637 and 794, vol. ii. We fear you will not find the book you want, as it appears to be altogether too explanatory—a kind of "royal road to learning."

GWENDOLINE.—Your ideas about the manuscript are quite correct in every way. Be careful to write in a legible hand.

A DEVONSHIRE LASSIE wishes us to tell her "what are the nicest ways for a girl to get her own living?" Alas! we know of no "nice ways"; all are made difficult by the anxiety natural to dependence.

MUSIC.

E. M. S.—We could not say. Inquire at a second-hand music shop, where you would be likely to obtain them.

ROCHFAN.—Practise from 1½ hours to 2 hours in the day, but always divide the time, out of consideration to those who live with you. Exercises and scales are both of great importance. Arrange for their performance, if possible, when the family has gone out, or not within hearing.

KATE J. SILLEY.—1. To be a good pianoforte player you should begin early—say at eight or nine years old—but any girl in her teens might learn to play easy pieces fairly well in the period you name (two years). 2. Our correspondent "Maud Melton" gives the following recipe for curing warts, for which we are not responsible:—"Dissolve a small piece of copperas in water, and rub the wart with it two or three times a day, and in a week or two it will disappear."

MARGERY DAW.—The word "introit" is the same in French as in English; in Latin it is *introitus*, and in Italian *introito*, so we do not think much of your dictionaries. The literal meaning is "entrance." Thus the so-called "introit" which you heard in the cathedral was the anthem sung when the clergyman entered the inner railings of the chancel.

ISABEL.—We do not know of any. Inquire at some music-shop; it will be procured for you there, if there be any.

WORK.

DEVONSHIRE BREEZES.—Dew is the moisture from the atmosphere, condensed by cool bodies upon their surfaces. Dew neither falls nor rises, correctly speaking. It is formed within a certain height from the ground, and in walking through it the moisture encloses and covers you above and below; thus the use of an umbrella could scarcely be of any service, unless the thickly bedewed branches of a tree were shaken over your head. See Milner's "Universal Geography," page 233 (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.).

A. L. O. G.—We acknowledge your gratifying letter most cordially. See patterns in crochet of *point de neige*, page 508, vol. i.

SHAMROCK.—There is an institution at 42, Somerset-street, W., where ladies are taught dressmaking. There are plenty of addresses in the daily papers of masters in all accomplishments. If you had given particulars as to the length of time your visit will occupy, and the number of lessons required, we might have suggested a course of studies in the South Kensington School of Art.

EDITH BILSON.—Tack the lace on a foundation of American cloth, and follow the twistings of the work with the usual lace thread.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADEMOISELLE BLANCHE.—Write for the frontispieces and index to the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

MAY.—We do not give addresses, and we do not know what "holesail" means.

DESPONDING LOO.—We regret we cannot give you either cure or comfort, except "patience."

CHAW-CHEESE.—You should be up not later than six this fine weather. We cannot say; it depends on the girl herself.

M. A. P.—The generally accepted way to spell "mama" now is with one "m." Grey flannel wears well, and keeps its colour better than red.

GREEN SHAMROCK.—"Katherine" means pure, and Kathleen seems an Irish form of the same name. Thank you for a kind and grateful note.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS.—The 1st of September, 1870, was a Saturday. We are sorry to say your writing is very poor for thirteen years of age.

NANCY.—The person meant is Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, who was buried with her father's head in her arms.

YOUNG WITCH.—The title and estate would go to the nephew if his father were dead. The guardian or trustees are appointed by will.

A LONG CROSS PARISHIONER.—Your best adviser is an experienced stonecutter, the same who made the screen.

FAITH.—The titles of "lord" and "right honurable" were first granted to the Mayor of London by Edward III. in 1354; the title of "lord" is also borne by the Mayors of York and Dublin.

ANNA.—We are much gratified by your nice grateful letter, and wish that there were many more general servants who tried like yourself to serve God in doing your daily work faithfully, as in His sight. Your writing and your whole letter are creditable to you; and we tell you so, as an encouragement to go on improving.

DELIA H.—The "Buried Verses" we bury most cruelly, yet with real regret, under a heap of your young sister's manuscripts. We thank you warmly for your cordial letter, and wish we could give a better return for it, to our genial little "Bardic Delia."

ASH TREE.—Your kind letter is very creditable to your good feeling. Sometimes the perspiring of the head, though bad for the hair, may preserve you from headaches in very hot weather. You should employ some good invigorating wash before you become heated in the morning, cleansing both skin and hair from the excess of the natural moisture from which you suffer.

MARGARET DALLAS.—See page 431, vol. i. When the term is applied to any one it implies that they are pretentious. It is never attached to clever and well-informed women, who make no parade of their learning, but are modest and retiring.

A. L. O. T.—Do you think it would be expedient to place all the drugs and poisons in a chemist's shop into the hands of a person who had no knowledge of their properties, how to compound them, nor even the antidotes to poisons, and advise them to cure themselves? Just so to put all manner of books and plausible infidel arguments into the hands of a young and uninformed person, bidding them to "choose the good and refuse the evil." It would be like placing them in a boat without rudder or compass, and bidding them row out on a stormy sea, and a dark night, and take chance where they should find themselves in the morning. You have not been trained to meet the plausible sophistries of unbelievers—it is not your vocation—and failure on your part would injure you both. See "How to Answer Objections to Revealed Religion," by Miss Wheatley, price 1s. 6d.

LA PAULINE.—It is better to take the box to an artists' colourman, who will give you the best advice. They are not expensive; have a new box.

MISTEEN.—Inquire of a bookseller near you. All parts may be obtained from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

CRITTA.—We think you require more out of door exercise. Find out the cotton best suited to your machine, and use that. We could not give any reason why one cotton does better than another.

CHATTERBOX.—You may obtain it at any optician's or instrument-maker's.

OLD GAT.—Address him as the Right Hon. the Lord Bishop of B——.

A COUNTRY LASS.—If the cream ribbons are clean, wear your bonnet. It is not usual to take off the bonnet at luncheon parties.

PETRINA PANDORFF.—We do not recommend hotels. Consult your guide-book.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your "poem" is prose put into rhyme, not poetry, but we thank you for the kind good wishes and complimentary allusions.

MAYDA.—Arterial hemorrhage is known by the blood that flows being of a bright vermilion hue, and by its flowing in jets corresponding to the beats of the heart, between which the flow is continuous and does not cease. The bleeding is checked—first, by cold applications, such as ice in a bladder; second, by the position of the limb, which should be, if possible, raised above the level of the heart; thirdly, by pressure. If a small artery, this may be applied by means of a pad of lint and a bandage, and also by means of a tourniquet, which may be made impromptu by placing a stone or weight over the artery, and by tying a handkerchief round the limb with a stick twisted in it to obtain pressure. We should advise your endeavouring to obtain a few lessons in bandaging from a doctor when you are lucky enough to be near one, as in the bush you would find such knowledge useful. The 11th April, 1862, was Friday.

HOKEY POKEY.—To clean pearls see page 239, vol. ii. No, we think not.

HARAH.—Adams was, we think, the name, but we are not quite sure.

BUTTERFLY.—Inquire of the dyer; we think a dark red or a dark green.

KILCHATTAN BAY.—Both the sentences you quote are correct as to grammar.

DAISY.—We do not know of any market for it. Have your black felt hat re-dyed if a good one. Use lemons, not lemon-juice.

KATHLEEN.—See page 127, vol. ii. We regret we cannot do as you require.

ARTISTE.—Scrape a little French chalk on the grease spots.

NELL GWYNNE.—See "Hints for Christmas Decorations," page 169, vol. ii.

MOTHER OF PEARL.—See page 127, vol. i.

COOPER and THISTLE.—"To Mount and Press Seaweed," see pages 176, 494, vol. ii.

ALICE.—See page 46, vol. ii., also page 566, vol. i.

PEGGIE.—Use turpentine for your painting, and also a drier, such as *Seccatif de courtrai*. Buy a shilling manual.

MAUDE.—The reason that ships are called "she" probably lies in the gallantry of the sailors, who think their ships the models of everything good. Clean your hair brushes with flour.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—Put the bulbs in the ground again not fewer than two months after they were taken up. In the meanwhile keep them in dry sand. Read "Gardening," page 409, and "Window Gardening," page 483, vol. ii.

EITAK.—Take off the root leaves gradually, so as to form a stem, and train on sticks or a frame.

ITALIAN GIRL.—See pages 239 and 543, vol. ii. The silk needs no preparation if you use Roberson's medium.

IRIS.—We think a little ammonia will remove all such stains. The sago should have a little water put to it first, and the dish must be greased.

A TASMANIAN FRIEND.—Many thanks for your cordial note of thanks and recognition; we value it highly.

DIDO.—Borax water is a good thing to clean your silver ornaments with.

H. L. T.—"S. A. N crewel work" is the short way of writing "School of Art Needlework." Can you not compete for a prize yourself? Many thanks for your kind note and its offers of service.

PALLAS ATHENE.—Wash the chamois leather in cold water and soap.

SIMILIAR.—The acorn is usually placed in a bottle of water.

SILVER THETIS.—Place the leaves between sheets of blotting-paper to press, and change daily into dry paper. Boadicea was Queen of the Iceni, a British tribe who rose to fight for freedom from their Roman conquerors. This outbreak was successful for a time, and the Romans were defeated with terrible slaughter; but the tide turned, and recent researches have rendered it probable that Boadicea and her daughters made their last stand in Epping Forest, and bravely lost their lives.

CURLY NUT.—Bow, but do not shake hands in an ordinary introduction, but of course there are circumstances under which you are anxious to show extra kindness and cordiality. Thank you for the recipes.

JENNY JONES.—Many thanks.

MADCAP.—To pack flowers see page 176, vol. i., also page 46, vol. ii.

M. E. D.—See page 46, vol. ii.

MABEL O'KAY.—You must take examples of your drawings, and show them at the various publishers. You will soon find out if they are worth anything.

THE EDINBURGH FOSSIL.—Inquire of any artists' colourman. If he does not keep the colours himself, he will probably direct you where to find them.

HOPE.—We do not give such addresses. You must help yourself.

ASCHENPUTTEL.—The addresses of such societies may be generally procured through the *Queen* and other fashion papers.

A COLONIAL.—Our new volume began in October. It is best to purchase the first volume bound.

RYMLA.—Many thanks for your enclosure, which, however, is not quite up to our mark.

CLEMATIS.—Rub with oil first, and wipe off; then rub with emery-powder. Put the skates away well covered with grease always.

PLANCHETTE.—We strongly advise your having nothing to do with anything so nearly resembling the "curious arts" mentioned in the Scriptures. Let the last answer you quote be sufficient, and unless you, too, desire "to hold communication with bad spirits," put "Planchette" in the nearest fire.

ANXIOUS TOMBOY.—Ask your family doctor. Perhaps a small blister might be of use.

BESSIE O.—To remove mildew see page 768, vol. ii. We should prefer a coat bodice, over tunic or scarf, and trimmings of grey velveteen or a cheap satin.

JEANNE D'ARC.—Write to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., if you have no bookseller near you. The new volume began in October.

M. A. J. (Bambro' Castle).—You had better procure the second volume entire, which began in October, 1880.

S. A. H.—We cannot be responsible for the advertisements in any way.

TOBY.—Purchase the moss in packets, and sew or gum it on.

DOT AND CARRY ONE, JUANETTA, REDBERRIES, AND OTHERS.—Read "Hints for Christmas Decorations," page 169, vol. ii.

CELESTINE.—Read the conditions of the competition carefully. We cannot imagine your making any mistake about them.

MIGNON.—We believe the picture of the Magdalene you inquire about is in the famous Uffizzi in Florence.

IRENE.—We fear we cannot help you, as nothing apparently moves the stain from textiles.

MICHAELMAS DAISY.—In October, 1880.

EMMELINE.—You are, alas! one of many who wish to earn a living at home, and write to us to inquire how to set about it. You, however, give us no list of your qualifications, so that we might advise you. But we know of no way to do it, and can only advise you to put your own shoulder to the wheel, and think for yourself.

GREENGAGE.—We do not give such addresses, which are, properly speaking, advertisements.

CHRISTMAS.—See the number for Christmas, "Christmas Roses."

GERTRUDE.—'*Caed mille failthe*" means "A hundred thousand welcomes." It is Irish.

MEADOW SWEET.—Consult a doctor, and put the digestion in order; or else the dentist, and attend to the teeth. Your suggestion is an excellent one.

B. C. D.—Ireland is the Gaelic for the "Western Isle." "Ierne" is the Celtic word meaning the same thing. The "Hiberni" were the tribe that inhabited the island, but not the name of the island itself.

MY LADY.—The cheese formerly sold in Cheshire was moulded like a cat; the allusion is to this fact. It is applied to persons who show both teeth and gums when they laugh. "They grin like a Cheshire cat."

MARY S.—Consult a doctor for your sister. The best thing for a stout person to take is—exercise.

BICES.—Read "The Eyes and Eyesight," page 805, vol. ii. Do not meddle with quack medicines, especially where your eyes are concerned.

IGNORAMUS.—The quotation is from Shakespeare, and will be found in the 3rd act of *Measure for Measure*.

GLADYS.—Dicessa, the daughter of falsehood and shame, is an imaginary character mentioned in Spenser's "Faery Queen," book i. Stripped of her gorgeous disguises, she appears a hideous hag, as falsehood does when exposed by truth.

CONTRALTO.—There is a lady students' home at Russell House, Russell-square, W.C. We cannot promise such a thing.

DARKIE.—The meaning of the name Hephzibah is, "My delight is in her." Israel is called by this name, Isa lxii. 4. The "pot-pourri" jar was a jar for holding "pot-pourri," for which a recipe was given at page 335, vol. i.

FAGGIE.—*Dum spiro spero* means "While I breathe I hope." You must have made a mistake as to the author of your quotation.

LOUISA E. V.—Consult a doctor. Your ailment probably proceeds from acidity in the blood.

MARCITE L——R.—Inquire at the office of the Religious Tract Society, 18, Slater-street, Bold-street, Liverpool.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Use a little milk to wash your jet, and if not improved try a little oil to the dull unpolished part.

HILDA.—Eighteen is usually supposed to be the proper age for a young girl to "come out."

ALICE H. W.—There are exceptions to most rules, and to the case in point. Adopt some good dictionary and follow its directions. We are obliged to you for advising us to "aid the intelligence of several young readers," which we have already discovered to be a very necessary effort in some cases.

MENA, DOLLIE, ETHEL, and ANNIE inquire about the modern development of "æstheticism." The word "æsthetic" means the theory or philosophy of taste;" or, "Science of the beautiful in Nature and art." The modern exposition of this "science" is merely a burlesque of the beautiful—extravagant and irrational. Yet, like all *exaggerations*, it has had some good results, so far as colour and form in dress are concerned. It has procured our greater freedom in the individual selection of what may suit us; and has delivered us in a great measure from the trammels of French fashions. But the style of expressions introduced into conversation has no redeeming characteristic. It is as puerile as its un-English; and the dreamy demented air and general deportment which is affected are utterly at variance with common sense.

TOBY TICKLEPITCHER.—More words are required to express certain ideas in one language than are requisite in another; and all languages are not equally rich in words giving various shades of idea. Thus, to translate the idea, the mere translation of the actual words employed would not give, in all cases, an exact and faithful expression of the idea to be conveyed. For this reason, and on account of differences in the idiom and construction of sentences that exist between various languages, it was found to be necessary to print the words giving the meaning, yet not the literal translation of the words, or that had to be added to explain the sense in our own language, in italics. To "take French leave" is a phrase originating from the fact observed in reference to French soldiers, who, on the occasions of their invasions of any country, took all they wanted without asking leave or offering payment.

MEGSY.—Your first quotation is a vulgar saying only. "Net" is deprived from the French *net*—clear, clean, free—meaning free or clear from incumbrance. "Net profit" thus means clear profit. Thank you for your kind words and friendly letter.

E. A. K.—Many thanks for your kind and ladylike letter. We were aware of both.

FLEDA.—It is often translated as "Sweet do-nothingness." Your last quotation must be a mistake.

WIGWOM.—We conclude you mean the Indian word "wigwam," which, though pronounced as you write it, is spelt with an "a." Please send your brother's query to THE BOY'S OWN PAPER.

PIERROT.—Ferns, mosses, and hardy evergreens are used. Have the two shells mounted on some sort of stands, and use for flowers, work, or books.

TOXOPHILUS.—A working jeweller who undertakes mending would perhaps answer the purpose. Your writing is very pretty.

ELMA GRAEME.—Many thanks for your letter, but we do not think the suggestion would suit us.

MIGNONETTE.—Try to think of anyone and everyone around you, but not of yourself. There is always a certain degree of vanity in extreme self-consciousness.

ROMA.—We do not give addresses. Read the article at page 112, vol. ii.

RURAL.—You will get the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on application at the "Religious Tract Society's" depot, in the Western-road, Brighton. Send your gloves to be dyed.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.—Apply to Miss Tipple, secretary of the "British Ladies' Female Emigration Society," 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W. This society can give all information required, and befriends female emigrants, and supplies them with proper supervision during the voyage to any of the colonies.

MAJOR.—Even were we acquainted with the lady's name and private address, we could not violate her *incognito* by publishing them in a magazine. "Watling-street" of the British, when under the Romans, was one of the five great roads. It was subdivided into two branches—the northern and the southern. The former probably extended from Scotland, through Reichester, Catterick, and Chester, into Wales the latter from the Kentish ports to Canterbury, and thence through Rochester, London, St. Albans, Dunstable, Stony-Stratford, Towcester, and Weedon, to Wroxeter on the Severn; and so passing into Wales.

CORALIE.—A man should always walk on the outer side of any footway. Your writing would be good if sloped rightly. Your digestion needs attention; and your kind letter is fully appreciated.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—The text you inquire for will be found in Jeremiah xlv. 5.

A CONSTANT READER.—You must take off some of the leaves round the bunches of grapes, and bring the latter as much as possible into the light and air.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—"Sick Nursing at Home" is a shilling manual; see page 612, vol. i.

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A GUIDE was just going round with a party when my sister and I arrived there, so we paid sixpence each, and followed him. We went first to Henry the Seventh's chapel, which was most interesting, but the guide went on so fast that when I stopped to take particular notice of anything I found he had gone on a long way, and I had to miss several interesting things so as to keep up with the rest, but I will tell you what I did notice; all round the top of this chapel were hung the banners of the different knights; a great many of them were falling to pieces they were so very old.

On one side was the tomb of Edward the Sixth, who died in 1553, and also a Communion Table erected to his memory. Near this was the tomb of George the Second and his wife Caroline (the last of the Royal Family buried here, being after that buried at Windsor); also of George Villiers, Dean Stanley, and Henry the Seventh himself, which was very beautiful indeed. In the north aisle of this chapel I noticed the tombs of Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Richmond. The bones of the two poor little Princes that were smothered in the Tower by their cruel uncle, Richard the Third. Sophia, daughter of James the First, as a baby in a cradle.

We then went on to the chapel of St. Paul, where was the bust of Sir Rowland Hill, and a very ancient stone coffin that was found on digging his grave. And a beautiful screen of wrought iron made by an English blacksmith. In Edward the Confessor's Chapel was his tomb; Queen Eleanor's, Henry the Fifth's, and Richard the Second's; the chair in which Queen Victoria was crowned; the state sword and shield of Edward the Fifth; the chair made for Mary Queen of Scots; the body of Edward the First that was embalmed and opened 500 years after, and found still in a state of preservation. A beautiful sculpture of Lady Nairn, who died in the arms of her husband; there is a figure of him kneeling down and holding his wife, and he sees Death starting from the tomb which is just below; the skeleton is beautifully done, but it looks really awful. I cannot remember anything else inside the chapels, but outside I noticed statues to the memory of Southey, Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, Handel, and the poet Gay. Under his statue were these lines—

> "Life is a jest,
> And all things show it;
> I thought so once,
> But now I know it."

Of course, there were a great many more, but I cannot remember them, besides I expect most of the girls who will read this (if I am fortunate enough to have it printed) will have seen the Abbey for themselves, and perhaps know a great deal more about it than I do.

AGNES (aged 20).

MUSIC.

ROUND a blazing fire half a dozen merry girls are gathered. They are chattering as busily as schoolfellows customarily do. Let us listen for a few moments to what they are saying.

"I went to a concert in the Christmas holidays," says Helen. "I never heard such music in my life, and I am sure none of you ever did, either."

"Oh, yes, I have, though!" says Annie. "We went to Devonshire at Easter, and you should have heard how the birds sang! You see their little hearts were in tune with their voices, while your musicians were either calculating how much money they could earn in the next month, or else each one was only trying very hard to play better than somebody else."

"Singing birds are all very well," says Mary; "but I don't think that theirs is the grandest music in the world. I have heard that the stars are all singing to each other up in the sky, only they are too far off for us to hear them, and I am sure that what they call 'the music of the spheres' must be finer than the chirping of all the birds on the earth."

"Whish-sh!" a gas-flame darted out of a large piece of coal in the fire.

"Let us hear what the fire has to say on the subject," laughed Annie.

"Fiddlesticksss!" said the gas-flame. "You're all talking rrrubbish-sh! There's better music to be heard than you know anything about. Buzzz!" The tiny jet of light disappeared, leaving only a puff of smoke behind it.

"I wonder what it means by that?" said Helen, rather indignantly.

"I think I know," said Margaret. "The best music in the world is the music of a contented heart, for when people are contented they always carry the sweetest music about with them, and I think that is better than even yours, Mary, for it is *not* too far off to be heard, and we may all possess it if we will."

AUGUSTA KLEIN (15½).

THE COMFORTER WILL COME UNTO YOU.

ART thou, love, so very weary?
Lo! thine eyes are full of tears.
Do you say the world looks dreary,
Haunted by a host of fears?

You forget the One All-seeing,
Thou, whose life is in His hand;
He who gave to thee thy being,
And thou liv'st by His command.

Surely *He* can give thee gladness,
Take thy sorrow unto Him;
He can banish all the sadness,
And give light to eyes grown dim.

Bravely, love, go to thy duty,
With a spirit bright and true;
He will crown your life with beauty,
Help you with His presence too.

KATHARINE GADSDEN FIRBANK (21).

St. Valentine's Day.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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SCREENS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY DORA HOPE.

EARLY in the last century there was a rage in the fashionable world for screens and fans of all kinds. In the publications of the time we find constant allusions to the prevailing taste, which was particularly partial to anything of Japanese manufacture. In an old magazine for the year 1738 we find this advice—

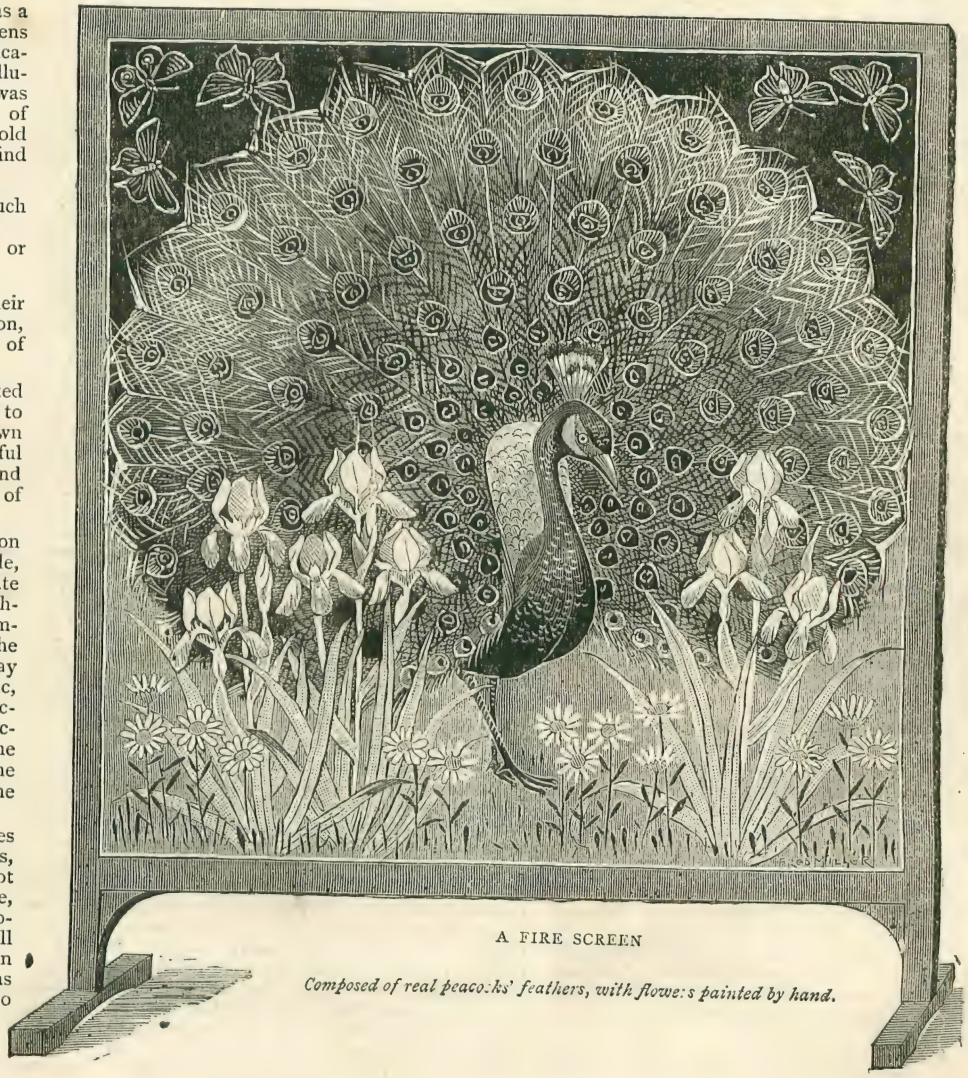
"Ne'er chuse a screen, and never touch a fan,
Till it has sailed from India or Japan."

These Eastern goods still hold their own, and justly so, in public opinion, for they are unrivalled in beauty of colour and quaintness of design.

But, in spite of the injunction quoted above, we have the presumption to think that we can, even in our own homes, produce some very beautiful screens which anyone may "chuse and touch" without being suspected of want of taste.

We begin with the most common form, the screen pure and simple, which those of the most moderate purse may make for themselves without being obliged to reproach themselves with extravagance, namely, the picture or scrap screen. These may be either extremely pretty and artistic, or, equally possible, extremely ineffective, looking patchy and confused, according to the taste and skill of the maker. Let us try to describe the best way of making them, so that the result will be of the former style.

Nearly every one nowadays takes in one or two illustrated magazines, and when they have been read, if not worth binding we throw them aside, or keep them in some convenient cupboard, hoping that in time we shall think of some use for them. Then there are the heaps of old Christmas cards and valentines, which are too pretty to throw away, and yet if we have already filled one scrap



A FIRE SCREEN

Composed of real peacocks' feathers, with flowers painted by hand.

[*All rights reserved.*]

book our resources are at an end, and what is to be done with the rest?

Now if we turn all these hoards into account by making them into scrap screens, they are not only really useful in a cold or draughty room, but, if nicely made, are a great ornament at the same time.

First, then, we must get the plain deal frame. It should consist of either three or four wings, about six feet high, though this is only a *matter of taste*; they need be only three feet if preferred. They are covered with coarse canvas, but the wings must not be fastened together till each one is finished.

When the carpenter has ended his part of the work, we must get some large sheets of paper from the paperhanger's; if our pictures are chiefly engravings, it should be black (and it must be understood that well chosen and arranged engravings make a very handsome screen). But if we have a number of coloured pictures, green is the best for the background. Then the paper must be smoothly pasted on each wing over the canvas, so as to completely cover it, and all blisters and creases carefully pressed away. The joins will not show at all when all the pictures are put on. The wings must then be put aside in a warm place till perfectly dry. But we need not waste our time during the process, for there are all the pictures to cut out, and the thick ones, such as Christmas cards and oleographs, must have the top sheet peeled off, or they will not adhere to the screen. They should be laid, with the coloured side upwards, on a plate of cold water, or, if very large or there are a number of them, a bath is the most convenient place. They must be left for several hours, some even will require a whole night to loosen them. After an hour or two take one out, and you will see that at the edge the card looks like several sheets gummed together, and if you loosen these with a penknife you will find that the top sheet, with the picture on it, will easily peel off. If it seems likely to tear, put it back in the water for a little while longer.

The pictures should be only partly cut out, or you may find that you have cut away just the portion that would be most useful. Do not throw away any pictures because they seem poor or badly-coloured, for some of the most effective subjects are to be found amongst coloured advertisements, and some of the prettiest wreaths of flowers from floral trade lists; the varnish hides many defects.

Having an extensive supply of pictures ready and partly cut out, the next thing is to arrange a plan. Do not put the pictures on anyhow, just as they come; you will use twice as many as are really required, and the effect will, after all, be nothing but a confused jumble.

The method of arrangement depends partly on the number of wings to be covered and the class of pictures. A subject is sometimes chosen to be carried out all through; for a four-winged screen the four seasons naturally suggests itself; for one with only three divisions, childhood, manhood, and old age. If there be no regular plan, large pictures must be chosen for the lower part of the screen, getting smaller and lighter towards the upper part, and, if possible, there should be a picture with a good deal of sky quite at the top.

The easiest way to plan it out is to lay one flap of the screen on a table, place the principal pictures on it, moving them about till they are quite satisfactory; the innumerable little ones required to fill up the gaps can be left till afterwards. Then lay another wing of the screen by the side of the first, and set to work to paste the pictures on it, taking them one at a time from the first, and not disturbing the arrangement of the others till the previous one is quite firmly secured.

Be very careful, and thoroughly saturate each picture with paste, and to smooth out all blisters, for no amount of varnishing will disguise them afterwards, and they will always be an eyesore. When the general plan of the design has been carried out the gaps must be filled in with little pictures or scraps cut from larger ones. A word must be said about making the most of the pictures we have. In the most unlikely ones there is generally some little scrap — a figure, a tree, or something worth cutting out, to fill up a space in another. A landscape, too uninteresting to be used as it stands, may be enlivened and brought into service by adding figures cut from other pictures, or it will, at any rate, furnish a tree or rock to help out some other one. Ships may be put on the sea or lake, animals and birds in the woods, and thus the dullest pictures made useful by odds and ends from other sources.

It is generally difficult to get enough large trees, if our design requires out-door scenes, but by saving every little morsel of tree, and carefully piecing them together, that difficulty can be got over too. An expanse of sky for the top of the wing may probably have to be obtained in the same way by joining, and the sea or landscape beneath it will very probably not have belonged to it originally. It is hardly necessary to say that engravings and coloured pictures should not be mixed on the same wing. If it is wished to use part of each they should be put on opposite sides of the screen, never together.

This done, we must first size and then varnish the pictures; and let no unwary person think to save trouble by using varnish alone without first applying the size. It entirely spoils the colour of the pictures, and she who tries it will prove the truth of the adage, that "lazy people take the most pains." All that is necessary now to complete our screen is to cover the edges with strips of stamped leather, which can be bought ready for the purpose, and to fasten the wings together by means of small hinges, which are sold with screws to fit them at any ironmonger's.

In the same category with these ordinary scrap screens come the rather more ambitious styles, in which a little painting may be introduced—a little only—so that the modest and unaspiring young artist need not be frightened from the attempt as being a too ambitious one. The method is this: Suppose, for instance, winter is the subject chosen for one wing. The paper for the groundwork is a dull, grey colour, and we have a considerable number of suitable pictures, but still not nearly enough for the whole wing. Those we have are arranged so as to form, as far as possible, a continuous scene. At the bottom is a pond, with a group of skaters, and a road leading up, on one side of which is a forest with snow-covered hills in the distance, and further on a cottage, with a tired wanderer just reaching the door, and so on. It is most improbable that these pictures will fit in to one another comfortably, so as to produce at all the desired effect, so we arrange them the best we can, and then paint in all the rest. If the road in the bottom picture stops short, we mix our paints to as nearly as possible the same tints, and continue the highway up the screen. We add snow to the branches of the trees in the forests, and paste a pack of wolves, or some other suitable wintery subject, over the picnic party, who are enjoying themselves in the original. In this way, the most unlikely pictures can be made to suggest the depth of winter by cutting pieces out, joining others together, and, when necessary, painting in entire scenes. The result will be rather patchy and unsatisfactory at first, but all the little deficiencies will be hidden by the varnish. Many girls have found that by beginning to paint in this way they have acquired courage and enterprise to continue on a larger scale.

Another plan is to cover the screen with a better paper than is generally used; then get for each wing two or three really good groups of flowers or fruits, not more than three. These pictures are then extended by the addition of painted butterflies, birds, additional sprays of flowers and grasses; or sometimes a basket, in which they are resting. This is excellent practice, and the most timid need not be afraid of trying to paint in this way, as an unsuccessful attempt can be so easily covered by another picture.

Quite a different form of screen is that consisting of a frame, resembling in shape an enlarged flap of a clothes-horse, but supported on spreading feet, so that it may stand firm. Some half yard below the top bar is a second cross-bar, furnished with rings, from which hangs a curtain. This screen may be made economically also; a carpenter will provide the simple, strong, wooden frame for a small sum, and we ourselves can easily ornament it by painting it over with black enamel paint and liquid gold, or lacquering it in some of the ways made so easy for amateurs nowadays.

Coming to to the curtain itself, if economy be our object, perhaps nothing looks so well, at a small cost, as a handsome design crewelled on coloured Bolton sheeting, which is very inexpensive. Peacocks' feathers, worked in their natural colours on an art green ground, are extremely pretty. A curtain of Utrecht velvet, with the design traced in gold thread, would be very handsome; cretonne *appliqué* would be suitable for a bedroom; but perhaps the most beautiful of all would be a curtain of tapestry painting on canvas, the method of doing which has already been fully described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

For a small standing fire screen a modification of this last style of screen would be suitable, or one can buy the frames made in bamboo with the centre left vacant to be filled up according to the taste of the owner. One way in which these frames are frequently filled up, is to arrange pressed ferns and flowers between two sheets of glass, with a few bright-hued butterflies to add colour and life; the wings of butterflies only are needed—the bodies are painted in afterwards. For this kind of work gum tragacanth should be used, as it leaves no mark if it exudes beyond the edges of the leaves. It should be bought at the chemist's in a hard form and put into cold water to soften; then after leaving it an hour or two pour off all the water that has not been soaked up by the gum, and mash up the pieces till quite smooth.

Another small screen is made by procuring a sheet of thin wood, or a very stout cardboard, cut to the right size, and covering it on both sides with Christmas and New Year cards. Varnished over, this makes a pretty little screen, besides being an interesting souvenir.

A very fashionable way of filling in the wings of a folding screen is to embroider a subject in outline on a piece of canvas or sail-cloth of the right size, and have it stretched tightly across the flaps. Should the room for which it is destined be upholstered in cretonne, the figures or flowers might be cut out and *appliqué* on a better material, and then stretched over the screen. The cretonnes made now are brought to a height of perfection in design and colour, and some of the figure subjects are well worth transferring in this way; or for a bedroom the cretonne may be used as it is, without transferring.

Besides the materials mentioned for covering screens, endless others may be used; Eastern materials, stamped leather, plush, and stamped velvets; all are employed, and all look well if judiciously selected so as to suit the requirements of the room; and it will be found that a screen may be at a small cost not only an effectual preventive against draughts from ill

fitting doorways, but at the same time a most ornamental piece of furniture.

On page 225 is a design for a fire screen, intended to be painted on tapestry or in oils. It might be embroidered, but we are afraid the time spent upon it would be considerable to make it look nice. Another plan would be to embroider the legs and body of the bird and to stitch on real peacocks' feathers. Of course the irises would have to be worked. We think that perhaps the tapestry painting would be the best method of carrying out the design, as the background should get lighter as it nears the bottom.

(*To be concluded.*)

MAXIMS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

By MEDICUS.

"Look before you ere you leap,
For as you sow you're like to reap."
Old Play.

SOME people laugh at the very idea of making good resolutions; I do not. It is true we never can keep all the good resolves we may make; if we could do so we would be perfect, and that is what no merely human being ever yet was in this world. Nevertheless, it is my humble opinion that it *ought* to be our aim, and that it *is* our duty, to get as near to perfection as ever we can, both for the sake of our own happiness and that of everyone with whom we come into contact. You grant this; well, then, I'll tell you something. I mean this month not only to be your *Medicus* but your *Mentor* as well. Just for once in a way, you know, and I'm certain my fair young readers will forgive my presumption, for—it is a season of forgiveness. I would not be your accuser though, yet well I know that if you were to ask yourself this question, "Have I done all the good in my power for those around me and for myself in the year that is gone?" the answer would be expressed in a word of two letters instead of three. But, there, brighten up and read what I have to say; the year is young yet, the year is yours to do as you will with, and I would not have the hue of your resolution "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." No one, I may begin by telling you, who is not perfectly healthy can be truly happy and comfortable, and a person who is not both cannot bring joy to others, so that in resolving to do the best you can for your personal health, both mental and bodily, you are really consulting the good of others at the same time. That itself should in my opinion be inducement enough for any girl to learn and to try to abide by the common laws of health. But does obedience to these laws entail a very great deal of self-restraint and self-mortification? I do not think so, because good habits are just as easily acquired as bad ones. I pray you lay that to heart and remember, too, that—

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

Besides, evil habits always bring wretchedness and misery in their wake, while good invariably lead to happiness and joy.

Now some of the hints and maxims regarding the care of the health, which I have embodied in my papers of last year, will bear repeating here in an epitomised form. But as I have very great objections to write anything in a dry tabulated kind of way, I will try to put before you what I have to say in the shape of a sketch.

The heroine of my little sketch I shall call Jeanie Smith, and I will try to paint you, from my imagination, just one day in her life. It is a very common, some might even say humble, name I have chosen for my heroine, and you cannot tell therefrom whether she be English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh. But, whatever you do, don't imagine that Jeanie is a saint; she is neither more nor less a saint than any of my readers are. She has the same passions, good and bad, and the same temptations to do wrong instead of right, only, for the sake of illustration, I choose that she shall do what is right.

Jeanie's age is somewhere between ten and fifteen; she is neither rich nor poor, but she has duties to perform just the same as we all have. Jeanie lives in the country, but for all that she comes up to town sometimes in the season, and a year never passes without her having a holiday of some kind.

It is a clear frosty morning in January, with crisp crunchy snow on the ground, and the sun is shining quite brightly, although it is not much past seven o'clock. Jeanie wakes and rubs her eyes, and sits up in bed. She gives a little shiver as she does so. "Oh!" she thinks, "I do wish it were May or June once more, then early rising would not feel so hard." She would fain lie for only one little half-hour longer. It is a good thing she doesn't, for lying awake in bed of a morning is most enervating and depressing, but she remembers she has a little brother to dress, and several other household duties to perform, so she gets up within five minutes of the time she first opened her bright eyes. It is not good to spring at once out of bed; one ought to compose one's thoughts for a few minutes. This gives the heart time to prepare for the change, but do not take longer than five minutes, any more than Jeanie does. She kneels for a space of time beside her bed, and asks for guidance from Him whose guidance we all so much need.

Now the bath. The servant has brought a little hot water, to deprive the ordeal of its January chill. But it is still a cold bath. If it were not so, there would be no brace or tonicity in it. Tepid baths are only for bedtime. The glow produced by the bath—though not very great—is enough to give Jeanie heart and warmth to go on dressing. She even sings to herself as she does so, and this, by the way, is a sure sign that the bath has done her good. If young girls are healthy, they ought to want to laugh of a morning, and sing as the birds do. Jeanie's toilet adjuncts are all of the simplest, but good. Her tooth-powder is either charcoal or carbonate of soda, her tooth-brush is medium in thickness; her nail-brush strong and useful, like her little nail-scissors, which she does not forget to use. Thus Jeanie's teeth are like pearls, her hands are soft and white, and she never suffers from agnails. The soap she uses is mild transparent, the water *rain water*. Perhaps this accounts for the beauty and delicacy of her complexion, but only, mind you, to a partial extent, for Jeanie lives nearly all the day in the open air, and there is nothing in the world equal to fresh air, for not only beautifying but preserving the complexion.

Our heroine washed her hair some evenings ago, using warm soft water and yolk of egg instead of soap, so this morning it only needs well brushing to make it glitter like the wing of yonder blackbird, who is waiting for Jeanie to throw him his matutinal crumbs. A word about the bedroom itself. It is neat, and clean, and tidy, and everything is put in its place again as soon as used. Now the very fact of sleeping in such a room has an effect for good. A tidy apartment is a nerve tonic; an untidy one a nerve depressant.

But, see, Jeanie is dressed, and hurries away to perform her duties. She carries health with her, and that makes the duty seem light. Oh! what a holy thing is duty well performed. Duty! Have ever you studied the word in all its bearings?

Jeanie's is by no means a life of ease. I am sure she would not be happy if it were, nor half so healthy. Hours of leisure she has, of course, and these she devotes to exercise, to study, and to doing good. She always finds means of doing good, if only in a small way—to God's lower animals, for instance.

One of Jeanie's duties at meal times is to see that her little brother is properly served; that he doesn't eat too fast, and that he behaves himself like a young gentleman. It is good for her she has to do so, for thus her own food is not hurried down, and indigestion rendered impossible. The danger of eating too quickly is great, for the food is improperly masticated—it is not sufficiently mingled with the saliva, and too much is eaten, so the stomach is in consequence very greatly overtasked.

Jeanie has sewing to do as well as lessons to con, but neither at her needle nor at her books does she sit huddled up in an ungainly, cramped position. Indeed, she *never* sits thus; and her shoulders, in consequence, do not bend forward, nor is her spine bent, so she can walk erect; and as she never sews or reads in the dim twilight nor in strong sunshine, her eyes do not ache and her sight is as powerful as a bird's. She has learned that a great deal of work, whether sewing or reading, can be better and less laboriously performed out of doors than in: and much more pleasantly, too, because in the open air she is not only increasing her health, but learning to love life in every shape. Does she not see the flowers blooming around her, the trees gently waving their glittering leaves in the sunshine, and the bees at work, and does she not hear the birds singing? Ay, and Jeanie can sing, too, for well she knows how beneficial such exercise is, and how it keeps colds and coughs and consumption itself far away. She knows this, because "Medicus" told her; but even if he hadn't it would have been all the same, because it is as natural for a girl to sing, when healthy and happy, as it is for the lark.

Jeanie goes for a long walk, not after, but before dinner; but whether sitting or walking out of doors, she takes her mother's advice, and wears strong boots and warm stockings.

Here are a few truths or maxims about catching cold, which I throw in parenthetically. This climate being a most changeable one, it is advisable for every girl, especially if anywise delicate, to wear, winter and summer, flannel or silken underclothing, and woollen stockings or silken, with water-tight boots. Goloshes are bad. Patteus are excellent to wear about the doors in the country. In cold weather, while walking, wear a comforter; but loosen it if you feel warm. Do anything rather than sweat your neck. Don't sit in draughts, but do not be afraid of a good blow of fresh or even cold air. Avoid sudden changes from heat to cold; never go right away out of a warm room into a cold, to dress for an evening party. Thousands by doing so receive their death-blow. Avoid sitting in damp clothes; and if you get wet, don't be afraid of

it, only change when you can, and keep moving while you can't. Waterproof clothing should never be kept on one moment longer than is necessary.

It would seem that our Jeanie Smith is determined not to turn an old woman before her time, for, returning from her walk with a healthy appetite, and roses mantling in her soft cheeks, she nevertheless is not tempted to overeat. She takes her time to dinner, too, and she is content with the plainest food, and does not believe in a multitude of dishes. The afternoon is the time for housework, so she settles down to that, and an early tea, which she does not drink over strong, refreshes her, and fits her for further duties. Her supper is like her tea—early; it is also sufficient for her requirements, but certainly not heavy. After supper come the hours for pleasant talk and lightest reading.

"Then comes still evening on,"

and the time for retiring. Jeanie has had many little worries during the day, but she has never once really lost her temper. She cannot, on reviewing all that has passed since morning, allow that she is perfectly satisfied with herself, but she hopes and prays she may do better if spared to the light of a new day. And so she sleeps—sleeps the sleep of health and happiness—and if she has any dreams at all, they are very pleasant ones.

Now let me finish this short article by giving you a few additional maxims, which you will do well to ponder over and lay to heart. Good may come of doing so in the year that is before you.

Beware of leading too much of a life of ease; if you would have length of days, you must be busy. If you have care and worry don't fret over it; the heart that has nothing to bother goes back and feeds upon itself.

You will have pain sometimes. Treat it as your friend; it is a warning voice, it tells you something is wrong with your health; it is like the shout of "breakers ahead," that warns the ship-master he is running on shore. Laughter and merriment are the best of tonics; try, then, under every circumstance to be cheerful. To be so not only does good to yourself, but to everyone around you. If you feel, though, that your merriment is forced, it is a sign you are not perfectly well; you must try to find out the cause and remedy it. Very likely plenty of outdoor exercise, and living as our Jeanie Smith does, will make you once more naturally merry and happy. But it is better to force smiles and laughter than to succumb to gloom, and not laugh at all, because laughing begets laughing, and I have known people begin an evening by forcing themselves to be happy, and end by being downright merry in earnest.

Here are two truths I wish you specially to remember. Late hours and *tight lacing* age the face long before wrinkles have any right to appear. Intemperance in eating and late suppers do precisely the same thing. And mind this, you never can beautify the face by any external means; and pray what, except a correct mode of life, will beautify the eyes, those windows of the soul?

Anger is a feeling that is to be avoided in every way. It is most depressing to the nervous system, and most injurious to the health, and no good that I can remember ever yet came of anger. So strive to avoid it. If you do feel fretful, get away out into the fresh air, or seek some pleasant employment, for fretfulness really points to ill health. Study contentment. Oh, what a long useful sermon I could preach on that one blissful word, contentment! But space wanes, and warns me to stay my pen. I do so and retire, pausing but one moment ere I go, to wish every reader of the GIRL'S OWN a happy and healthy New Year.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

ATTENTION.

"EMMIE, my dear!"

Emmeline sat, pen in hand, abstractedly gazing into vacancy. Miss Bruce waited, and spoke again—

"Emmie!"

"Yes—O I beg your pardon, Miss Bruce. Did you speak to me before?"

"Three times," said Dessie, yawning. "Heigho! Study is uncommonly sleepy work, after the Rhine."

"O Miss Bruce, if you had but been with us and seen Cologne Cathedral," said Emmie, earnestly; "you *would* have enjoyed it. I don't know which was the most beautiful time—evening or morning. In the evening it was all so grey, and solemn, and shadowy; and in the early morning it was all one glory of colour and light, with the sun streaming in through the east window. If you could but have seen it, Miss Bruce."

"Fancy lazy Emmie getting up in time to be at the cathedral by half-past seven," said Dessie. "Shows what may be done with a sufficient motive."

"If you had only been there, Miss Bruce," repeated Emmie. "I *should* so like you to have seen it all."

"My dear, there is something else that I prefer to see at the present moment," said Miss Bruce, indicating the blank paper before Emmie with a slight movement of her hand. "How many lines of your French essay have your accomplished this afternoon?"

"I am very sorry," faltered Emmie; "I really did mean to work hard, but somehow——"

"The poor thing is suffering from ruins on the brain," said Decima, sententiously. "I wouldn't expect too much of her, Miss Bruce. It would be a case of cruelty to animals. If you had given Bishop Hatto and the Mouse Tower as the subject of her essay, or the 'Lurlei River Maiden,' or the 'Castled Crag of Drachenfels,' she would have filled folios of paper in no time."

"No one asked your opinion, Dessie."

Dessie lifted her eyebrows, but subsided. Allie resumed her history reading, with divers blunders, and Emmie arranged herself in an attitude of resolute attention. The resolution failed to hold the attention long. Five minutes passed, and once more she was gazing into the air.

"Emmie."

Another start. "O Miss Bruce, I *am* sorry."

"She can't help it, I do believe," murmured the irrepressible Decima.

"I do not acknowledge the word 'cannot' in the schoolroom," said Miss Bruce. "Neither does Emmie."

Emmeline lifted her eyes with rather a hopeless air of dissent.

"At least, I imagine not," said Miss Bruce. "Is it quite right, my dear Emmie, to be so absorbed in a past pleasure as to fail in attention to a present duty?"

"No, it is wrong," Emmie said, at once.

"And to do wrong is *never* a necessity. Therefore, there is no 'cannot' in the question, beyond the fact that if you are so absorbed in the past you certainly cannot attend to the present."

"That is just it," said Emmeline, mournfully.

"That is just where you have to conquer — to bring the wandering of your mind into subjection to your will, and to your principles of right. Failing to do so, you bring *me* to the point of questioning whether these unsettling excursions are not better avoided."

"O no!" three voices exclaimed.

"I am not sure. If their effects are to make Emmie idle through dreaminess, Dessie idle through flippancy, Allie idle through carelessness——"

"But travel does one good," said Dessie.

"It ought. I am not so sure that it does in your case. It seems to me rather to interfere with after duties."

"AND RUSHED OUT OF THE ROOM."

"Well,—it shall not," said Dessie. "Why, there is Neckarstiennach to come off next."

"If——" said Miss Bruce.

"If we're good little girls," said Dessie, in an extinguished voice, which nearly upset Miss Bruce's gravity.

"Precisely so," she answered.

Emmie's attention wandered less thenceforward, and Dessie's was chained. She wrote for an hour without a break, never lifting her eyes from her exercise-book. At the end of the hour Miss Bruce sent Allie out of the room, and came to Decima's side

"If you always worked like this, Dessie,——" she said.

"Oh! I couldn't. It's awfully fatiguing," said Dessie, with a stretch

"I do not think you look exhausted. But inattention is worse on your part than even on Emmie's. She has real difficulty in concentrating her thoughts, and you have not—when you choose."

"Oh, no! it is all a question of choice with me," said Dessie, looking much complimented.

"Then the responsibility is the greater—and when you fail the blame is the greater."

Miss Bruce would have said more, but Mrs. Fitzroy came in.

"Lessons over?" she asked. "Time is just up, I suppose. Dessie, here are two letters for you—both from home, I think."

"Fancy getting two at once. I *am* favoured," said Dessie. "From Ella and Edith. I'll read Ella's first. No, I won't though. I'll keep the best till the last."

"And here is one for you, Miss Bruce," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "Emmie, my dear, I want to show you this. I asked you to address an envelope for me this morning to Miss Benson. See!"

Mrs. Fitzroy held up the envelope with a meaning look, and "Ellen Benson, Esquire," stood confessed. Dessie went into a peal of laughter.

"O Emmie, Emmie, what *will* become of you? Ellen Benson, Esquire! O dear!"

Emmie had started up with crimson cheeks.

"Mamma, I didn't know—I didn't think——"

"Effects of Rhine and relics," gasped Dessie. "O Em!"

"I didn't mean——" was all Emmie could say in her confusion.

"A good thing I looked at the address before posting it," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "My dear child, what will you do next? Do you intend never to have your wits about you?"

"I am very sorry," said Emmie, almost in tears.

"Emmeline Fitzroy, Esquire, is coming out in a new line—comic instead of tragic—modern kind of Melpomene," said Dessie.

"I can't think how I *could*," said Emmeline.

"Dreaming, Emmie, I am afraid," her mother answered. "We must not tease you any more about it; but, my

dear child, do try to give your attention to what you have in hand, or you will get yourself some day into serious difficulties."

Dessie's laughter had suddenly ceased. She was reading Edith's letter, and, as she read, the merry expression in her face yielded first to a look of gravity, then of perplexity, and, lastly, of blank distress. She tore open the second envelope, unheeding her aunt's inquiry as to whether all were well at home, and glanced rapidly through the sheet. When she had reached the end she still did not speak, but sat gazing at the papers in her hand, as if bewildered.

"What is the matter, Dessie?" asked her aunt.

Dessie looked up vacantly.

"I—I—don't know," she began. "It is only—about——" Then, with a short sob, she started up, thrust the letters into her aunt's hand, muttered, "You can all see," and rushed out of the room.

"Mamma, what *is* the matter?" exclaimed Emmeline.

Mrs. Fitzroy glanced down Edith's letter.

"Ella's little boy, I am afraid," she said. "How sad!" and she read aloud—

"'MY DEAR DESSIE,—

"'Mamma agrees with me that it would be wrong to defer any longer giving you particulars about poor Baby. So long as any hope remained that we might see a change soon, Ella begged us not to say a word to you, as she felt sure you would feel it a good deal. You know how thoughtful Ella always is for others. *We* felt rather that you ought to have known it all along, but, of of course, we yielded to her wishes.

"'From the time when Baby began to recover, the doctor seemed to fear permanent injury to the brain—whether the result of the convulsions, or whether the result of some blow which that careless servant concealed from us, no one can tell. I think the Doctor always suspects the latter.

"'It is feared that poor little *Hugh will never* again be the same that he was. So long as great weakness continued, we all hoped that the want of power to understand might be connected with it, and that as he grew stronger the mind would grow clearer. But it has not been so. He shows no interest in anything or anybody, and scarcely seems even to know Ella from other people. He has to be dressed, and fed, and carried about like a baby six weeks old. And if one thinks how bright and clever he *was*——

"'Poor little fellow—it is very dreadful, and if you were here, Dessie, you would be as grieved as we are, I do think. It is far worse for Cecil and Ella than if they had lost him. If Anne's careless ways *had* anything to do with the illness, she has much to answer for. But we shall never know. She has gone to another situation. Even if we did know, it would do no good now to poor little Hugh.

"'Cecil's distress is bad enough, though he has bright fits, and gets interested naturally enough in other things, but when he is down one can say nothing to comfort him. And it is still worse with Ella. She goes about like a shadow, so still and pale and quiet, always busy, and always ready with a smile for others, but looking ten years older than she did a few months ago. Now and then she breaks down when I am alone with her, and if she did not, I almost think the strain would kill her. But she cannot bear to distress Cecil or mamma with tears.

"'Mr. Crewe speaks of hope, and talks of possible improvement years hence. But it is easy to see that he does not expect much. The child grows stronger, and that almost makes the matter worse, though it seems cruel to write the words. There is not the very slightest improvement in the *other* way—and to think of his growing up to manhood like this is fearful. If Hugh were taken it would be a great grief, but time would soften the loss. If he lives on in this state it will be a never-ending sorrow.

"'I have no time for more to-day. Ella knows I am writing, and she spoke of sending a few lines herself by the same post, but I do not know whether she will be able. Tell Aunt Laura that she should have heard this sooner had it not been for Ella's wish that you should not be told. I do not know whether you will feel it so much as Ella thinks. Your last letter came when I was with her, and I am sure it distressed her. Do write to her in a different style—*now*. I think you cannot help being grieved for her.

"'Believe me,

"'Your affectionate Sister,

"'EDITH.'"

Ella's was as follows:—

"'Thank you, my dearest Dessie, for your last letter. I am glad you have so many pleasures just now. I have only time for a few words to-day, but Edith says she must not longer put off sending you word of our trouble, and I should like you to have a line from me by the same post.

"'I know you will be sorry for us, Dessie. Edith will give you particulars. Our precious child is, indeed, slowly regaining strength—bodily strength—but over his bright intelligent mind a dark cloud has come—how dark I cannot and dare not yet realise. O Dessie, it is an unspeakably bitter trial, so bitter that I sometimes think *any* sorrow would have been easier to bear. It is hard to be resigned—hard to recognise the love which lies behind—and sometimes I cannot conquer the rebellious thoughts that come to me. Yet I know the love *is* there, and day by day we are helped. Pray that we may have patience, darling, and that, if it is God's will, the cloud may lighten.

"'I am afraid we are too happy and satisfied—too proud of our bright beautiful boy—and yet I do not think this is the right way to look upon the matter. For God loves us to be happy, and He would not send the grief without good reason. We always so earnestly prayed that He would take care of our darling. But, O Dessie, we did not think it would be in this way.

"'I cannot write more to-day, and I am afraid this is a depressing letter. You must forgive me. The sorrow is still so new that I can hardly command myself as yet.

"'Believe me,

"'Ever your warmly-attached Sister,

"'ELLA FITZROY.'"

(*To be continued.*)

THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY FOR GIRLS.

I THINK no one can ever imagine what my feelings were when I first heard that Laura Heywood was actually married! It was such a disappointment to me, after all the worry and anxiety I had suffered on her account. But if my readers care to understand my feelings I must begin at the very commencement of my story.

One Sunday afternoon I was in my seat as usual at the Bible class, waiting till all the girls had assembled and taken their places. In they came, quiet and orderly, two or three at a time, some of them having a last word together at the door before they took their accustomed places in the class. Among them I saw a stranger. She entered with one of our own girls, and together they took seats on the front row.

She was a bright, lively girl, with a springy step, and a cheerful look that was very pleasing. She was, perhaps, about twenty, rather tall, with dark hair and eyes, and a pretty colour in her face. During the lesson I could not but observe that her bright eyes were very busy taking note of everything about her. She examined her neighbours' bonnets and dresses with lively curiosity, then her attention was turned to me for a little, and from me her eyes wandered away to the Scripture prints and texts that hung upon the wall. After all this she seemed to settle down quietly to all that was being said, and joined very heartily in the beautiful hymns which the girls have such pleasure in singing. In spite of her somewhat careless demeanour at first, I confess I felt a good deal interested in the new comer, and was very glad when she came up to me at the close of the class and asked to be enrolled as a regular member.

She gave her name and address—aye, and occupation—Laura Heywood. Age, 19. In service at No. 20, Sussex-place, Newington. When I said that I hoped that she would attend very regularly, she smiled, and said that she expected to be present every Sunday, as she had the whole afternoon and evening to herself.

For several weeks after this Laura was always present with us, and seemed very attentive and quiet.

One day, however, I missed her from her usual seat, and as she was still absent on the following Sunday, I felt that I must go and look after her.

Accordingly, one day I set out in search of No. 20, Sussex-place, Newington. It was one of those innumerable new streets that are springing up all around the suburbs of Edinburgh, and for some time I could not discover the locality. At last I suddenly came upon it. A quiet side street, with pretty little gardens in front of the houses. As I approached No. 20, Laura herself opened the door, with a letter in her hand for the post. I turned, and walked with her to the end of the street, where the letter-box was.

Upon inquiring why she had been absent from her class for two Sundays, she smiled, and said she could not come. "But why?" I persisted; "were you busy, or were you not well?" She hesitated for a moment, and then said she had been out walking with a friend. There was evidently something else to be told, and as Laura was very frank, and quite willing to be questioned, I was soon in possession of the whole story.

The friend was a young man—"Joe Bennet," a mason. She had known him for three weeks. Another lad had introduced him to her. He had asked her in marriage, and she had consented! "And you have only known him for three weeks!" I repeated, in much surprise. "What do your parents say to that?" Then the truth came out. Her parents had not been told yet! I felt rather shocked to hear this; and, after a pause, I asked if he was a sober man? Poor Laura admitted that she did not know, but hoped so.

I was indeed grieved to the very heart to see the reckless manner in which the young girl had entered into the most serious engagement of life, but as I did not wish utterly to freeze her with my unsympathetic looks, I said no more at this time, merely asking, and obtaining leave from Laura, to see her mother and tell her of the engagement. Before I parted from Laura that day, one thing she said gave me a clue to the extraordinary haste with which she had engaged to marry a man who might almost be called an absolute stranger. "You know, ma'am," she said, "I'll be the very first girl married in the class!" Poor Laura! I wish she was the only girl who could be influenced by such a foolish ambition! Here I must pause to say a word about the parents of Laura. Her father, who had been a soldier, and had a small pension, was a very intemperate man; his temper was violent, and he was utterly regardless of the comfort or even the respectability of his family. Her mother was an easy-going woman, who, with a better husband, might have had more influence with her children, but she had lost heart long ago, and being without any real religious principles, she had become idle and careless, and sometimes not unwilling to indulge also in drink. It may easily be imagined that the home was a most unhappy one. There was one other daughter already married, and one boy of twelve, the only child at home. When I heard all this, I did not wonder so much at Laura's reserve with her parents, but I did indeed wonder that, with such a father's example before her, she had not made very sure as to the sobriety of the young man to whom she had engaged herself. The whole affair very much occupied my mind. I felt that such parents could be no help to their girl at such a time as this, and the responsibility of her marriage and future happiness seemed to be partly laid on me. And very uneasy I did feel about her!

After thinking well over the matter, I went to see Mrs. Heywood. Surely, I thought, any mother, however bad or foolish, must care a little about her own child; and I was not disappointed in this. Mrs. Heywood seemed proud of her girl, and much pleased that I should take an interest in her.

She was not much surprised to hear of the engagement; she thought it would be a good thing if Laura was settled with a home of her own, and as to the young man's character, marriage was just a chance, for all that she could see. She hoped Laura would have better luck than she herself had had. Any way, Laura was headstrong, and sure to take her own way in the long run!

There was little to be gained by this kind of talk; but one thing I entreated—that Mrs. Heywood would see Joe Bennet for herself, and make some inquiries about his character before any further arrangements were made. This she promised to do, and I left her, feeling how very difficult it was to help people who in the most solemn emergencies of life could act as Laura and her mother were doing.

The next Sunday Laura was again absent from the class, and I made up my mind that we would never see her bright face among us any more. The thought was vexing. I felt that I really loved her; she was a fine, happy-tempered young creature, and it was sad to see her throw herself away, and yet not to be able to prevent it. But a crisis in Laura's affairs was at hand! I was quietly walking home late one afternoon with a book in my hand, peeping at the pages now and then, and thinking how pleasant it would be to rest and read in the evening after the fatigues of the day. Someone came running up behind me, panting and breathless. It was Laura, and in a very excited state of mind she seemed to be.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "I was just coming to you. It is all at an end; I've given him up." And then, with great indignation, she added, "He came to see me last Sunday night, and, ma'am, he was so drunk that master had to turn him out; and serve him right, too," she added, with great energy. "And then master turned on me and said what kind of girl was I to have a scoundrel like that coming about me, and I never was spoken to like that before," said poor Laura, with a burst of tears; "and I wouldn't demean myself by looking at Joe now, not if it was to be ever so!"

By this time we had arrived at my house, and so I took her in, and we talked the whole matter over.

I highly commended her resolution, and tried to inspire her with some womanly self-respect. And then, with her faithful promise to be at the Bible-class on Sunday, and a few earnest words of prayer that she might be kept and guided aright, I let her go. So uncertain are all our affairs and arrangements in this life, that although Laura kept her word, and took her place at the class, I myself was absent. A telegram had summoned me many miles away, and for fully a month my own affairs so engrossed my mind that I scarcely ever thought of Laura. I knew the Bible-class was well-cared for, and I believed that Laura's particular danger was over.

Imagine, then, how I felt the next morning after my return home, when I was told that an elderly, poor-like woman waited downstairs to see me.

It was Mrs. Heywood, smiling and almost giggling, with a parcel in her hand, loosely tied up in white paper. "This is for you, ma'am," she said, presenting the parcel, "with Laura's best love, and she was married, ma'am, on Friday night." The parcel contained a square lump of cake. "Married!" I repeated, feeling quite bewildered. "To whom is she married? It is surely very sudden. Why, it is scarcely a month since she parted with Joe!"

"Oh, ma'am," she replied, "they made it up again. This is how it was. You see, her mistress gave her warning after the noise that Joe made that Sunday night, when he had been taking a glass, and so Laura came home. And what could I do with her, and her father raging like mad at her? And so they made it all up, and Joe is behaving beautiful."

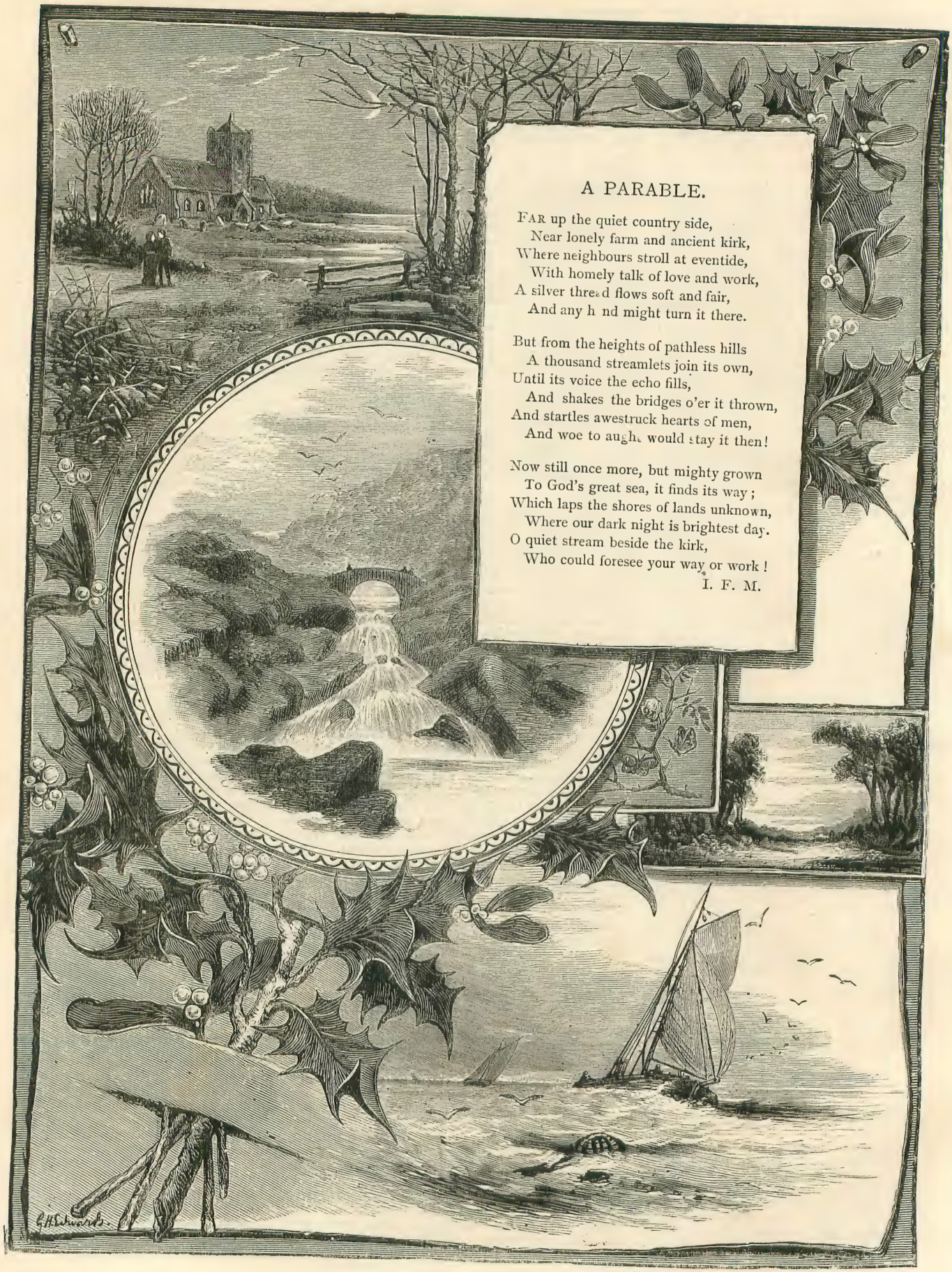
"Oh! Mrs. Heywood," I said, "I am so vexed at all this. Oh! I do wonder at you. Laura could easily have got another situation. Now I fear her whole future life is ruined. And how you, her mother, can stand smiling there over your daughter's folly quite perplexes and astonishes me." I might have talked on for an hour, so vexed did I feel at the marriage, and so provoked at the foolish woman, who was quite excited over the unusual stir and bustle of the wedding, but I began to reflect that it was rather an ungracious proceeding on my part to stand scolding a woman who had walked nearly a mile to present me with a piece of wedding-cake, so I invited her into the sitting-room, and heard all poor Laura's plans.

Joe and she had taken a furnished room in the Canongate. He was working only half-time, as trade was slack, and Laura would be so glad to see me, if I could find it convenient to call.

Oh what a sad, sad story it was; and the saddest part of all was the insensibility displayed by the chief actors in it. What could Laura expect? What were her hopes about the future? And Mrs. Heywood! She knew well the misery of her own home; did her heart not bleed to think that her bright young daughter would probably share the same fate? Then I thought of all our dear girls at the class; would any more of them make such a marriage as this? How could such a sad calamity be averted? How could they be induced to exercise a little caution before they engaged themselves to take this great step in life? Many of our scholars were Christian girls in the fullest sense of the word; not only respectable and well-conducted, but really striving every day to live for the dear Saviour who had died for them. Surely such girls at least were in no danger of acting as Laura had done? And yet we cannot shut our eyes to what goes on all around us! Do we never see a Christian girl married to one who is by no means free of the charge of occasional drunkenness? And if our Christian girls are in danger here, what of those who are vain and thoughtless, and who have very little or no religious principle to uphold them in time of temptation? When vanity and love of admiration are aroused in the heart, it is wonderfully easy to blind the eyes and to refuse to look at the inevitable future. And, besides this, many a young man, before he has gone very far on the downward course of intemperance, may have such a frank and kindly manner that the warm heart of the young girl is given to him before she even knows of the fatal habit which has already begun its work of destruction in his character.

It was not long before I went to see Laura. She welcomed me gladly, although she showed a little embarrassment at first, as she remembered when she had last seen me, and how inconsistent her conduct had been since. I said very little about the past; it would have been indeed useless to do so. The marriage had taken place, and for good or for evil they were bound together for life. But I soon found out what poor Laura's hopes and expectations were about the future. I was talking to her about keeping things comfortable and tidy in the house, so that her husband might not have any temptation to seek happiness or comfort out of doors, when she interrupted me, saying with great animation, "Oh, ma'am, you will be glad to hear, Joe has never taken a drop since we were married, and I don't believe he ever will again!" Poor girl! Like many another young wife, she thought her influence would be quite sufficient to keep a young man always sober and steady whose bad and unsettled habits were already formed. A terrible awakening was in store for her!

(*To be concluded.*)



A PARABLE.

FAR up the quiet country side,
Near lonely farm and ancient kirk,
Where neighbours stroll at eventide,
With homely talk of love and work,
A silver thread flows soft and fair,
And any hand might turn it there.

But from the heights of pathless hills
A thousand streamlets join its own,
Until its voice the echo fills,
And shakes the bridges o'er it thrown,
And startles awestruck hearts of men,
And woe to aught would stay it then!

Now still once more, but mighty grown
To God's great sea, it finds its way;
Which laps the shores of lands unknown,
Where our dark night is brightest day.
O quiet stream beside the kirk,
Who could foresee your way or work!

I. F. M.

HOW TO PLAY BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

By LADY BENEDICT.

24. *Op.* 81, *in* $E\flat$.—This sonata was named by Beethoven, and consists of three parts—"The Farewell," "The Absence," and "The Return"—each vividly descriptive and suggestive. The first has an introduction *adagio*, which should be as *legato* as possible, and the *allegro* begins with a few bars leading up to the principal subject (bar 5), full of depth and earnestness. The second subject (bar 34) begins with two semibreves; hold them down and make them sing. In bars 6, 7, and 8, after the double bar, notice the allusion, in long notes, to the opening of the *adagio*. The first bars of the *allegro* are also made considerable use of in the working-out, the fourth, which forms a feature in them, being presently changed to a fifth, a sixth, and, lastly, an octave, leading up to the repetition of the passage as at first, and the resumption of the first subject. Things then take their usual course till the semibreves, as in the first part, when we are justified in expecting a speedy conclusion. Instead of this, we find ourselves in *F minor*, with the leading theme. Then there are some single semibreves, evidently alluding to the three descending notes of the *adagio*, which soon themselves reappear, in which place keep the accompaniment soft. Near the end there is a peculiar passage, formed still by those three notes, but generating some very harsh discords, which do not mistake for misprints.

One can hardly conceive music more touchingly expressive of poignant grief than the *andante* representing the absence of the beloved one. Ever and anon creep in little scraps indicating a gleam of hope through the darkness, but that feeling of desolation *will* come back like a great wave of sorrow. If you should ask me how to render this, I should answer, "Read Tennyson's 'Mariana'; it will help you."

But Beethoven does not leave his Mariana bemoaning her sad fate. There is yet happiness in store for her. With the first note of the quick movement we know the reunion is accomplished. Their joy is at first tumultuous, their feelings impossible to analyse, but after the double bar we hear them laughing, we see them dancing for very gladness. Notice the runs just before the repeat, where every now and then a triplet is introduced, as though they had so much to say to each other that they hardly knew how to get it in.

Towards the conclusion the subject in $E\flat$ is introduced much more slowly, and though, for the sake of an effective conclusion, we end in the original *tempo*, still this *poco andante* is doubtless meant to represent the feeling of quiet contentment, which is the only lasting form of happiness.

25. *Op.* 54, in *F*.—Though any work by the great Beethoven must command our respect and attention, still one is forced to acknowledge that this sonata is less interesting than many of the others, and repays one less when mastered for the great labour necessarily bestowed upon it. It is in two movements only; the first being in the time, and the subject, at least, in the style, of a minuet. The octave passages are difficult, the sixths which follow perhaps even more so; and there is a great deal of both. The subject is then gracefully varied, and there is a return of the octaves followed by two pauses. Now in bar 6 after the second pause it is well to take the second group of four semiquavers with the left hand, so that the right, merely holding down *F* with the thumb, may be prepared for the upper note. In the preceding bar the right hand can do it all by using the thumb on the eighth semiquaver.

The allegretto reminds one of the *finale* of the $A\flat$ sonata, *op.* 26. It is very difficult and continuously so, which is always a greater tax than occasional bravura passages with quieter portions between them. In bar 14 after the second double bar play the last bass semiquaver (*E*) with the right hand, as well as the $C\sharp$ which belongs to it, thus giving the left time to find its $A\flat$ for the first of the next bar. Finger the two last quavers in the bass of bar 53 of this part 1+, so that there may be no awkwardness in reaching the lower $A\flat$. The remainder it is impossible to simplify; only really hard practice will enable you to play it satisfactorily.

26. *Op.* 53, *in C*.—This and the following work are giants of difficulty, and perhaps I should not have included them in this paper were it not that they are so well known that my readers will probably expect some remarks on them. The one under our notice is usually called the "Waldstein," from the fact that it was dedicated to a Count of that name. The opening *allegro con brio* gives an idea of restlessness and almost of mystery. Let the quavers be played with lightness and the semiquavers not muddled, as they usually are, but in exact time, without being heavy. At its repetition the subject assumes a slightly altered form, semiquavers taking the place of the quavers, and here you will find the following fingering for each group of four the best: 313+. It gives much more clearness than would be possible by always taking the lower note with the same finger. Be sure you make no *decresc.* in bar 22, it is *cresc.* to the very last, and a sudden change to *p* is to be effected at the beginning of bar 23. The second subject (bar 35) may be somewhat slower than the first, to which it forms so happy a contrast. After eight bars it is taken by the bass alone, with a graceful accompaniment above. At bar 50 we begin again to work up the speed and gradually reach the original *tempo*, when you will find some brilliant passages concluding with a long shake in the bass. The first note of the next bar is strongly accented, but the remainder *p*, and the same again four bars farther on.

The second subject is not at all used in the working out, which is built on the leading theme, and some of the other ideas. For instance, bar 50, &c., of the first part is reintroduced at bar 27 of the second, only in a different key, and with the parts reversed, and it leads to a series of figures very difficult indeed to master, and which must be most carefully fingered and diligently practised. The return to the subject is brought about by a long and gradual *cresc.*, and it is less easy than perhaps you imagine to make a *cresc.* well. The semiquavers in the bass are at first very *piano* and quiet. Hold yourself well together, and by no means let your fingers run away with you. The first note of the bar preceding the subject should be very marked. Keep up the *forte* to the end of the run, and then drop to a sudden *pp*, as indicated. The effect is simply magnificent. The remarks with regard to the first part apply to the second, but at the end of the long shake in the bass there is this time a difficulty which did not before occur—viz., the skip downwards, which it is almost impossible to manage without making a slight pause. Therefore it is as well to take the two final grace notes with the right hand, which just gives you time to move the other down. Forty-one bars from the end the theme in the bass has a syncopated counterpoint of octaves in the treble, and, though these should be marked, the theme below must be clearly distinguishable. And then comes an enormously difficult passage, built on the fourth bar of the subject, with dreadful skips in the bass. You will at once see that the trouble here consists in having to leap down so quickly to the grace note from the last of the four semiquavers. Now Dr. Hans von Bülow, whose edition I have before me, particularly indicates the fourth finger for the last semiquaver in the left hand every time, and I am naturally very diffident in expressing any opinion in the face of so learned an authority. Moreover, I have no doubt this is the best fingering for those advanced pianists to whom it is possible, but I think you will not find it possible with this arrangement to get in all the notes clearly, and I cannot help fancying that if you fingered the semiquavers thus — 12+1, or 12+2, you would find the matter simplified. I merely throw this out as a suggestion, and am perfectly aware that what will suit one hand is occasionally awkward to another. The short reference to the second subject serves to bring out with double force the brilliant *cresc.* with which the movement so characteristically ends.

The *adagio* is, as it is headed, an introduction to the *rondo*, and presents no mechanical difficulty.

The *rondo* itself, however, you will find troublesome, if for nothing else but the crossing of hands. Avoid the common fault of beginning it too quickly, otherwise you will be forced to slacken later on. Do not forget that the very first note, that low *C*, is an integral part of the principal theme, and must always have a slight accent. The second note, viz., the high *G*, is *staccato* and the rest *legato*; this applies to each phrase. Played at first by the left hand, the subject is soon taken up by the right, and in bar 55 it has, besides a running accompaniment in the bass, a long shake in the right hand, which combination, as you may well imagine, does not facilitate its performance. This is where you are sure to break down if you have begun the movement at a great pace. Bülow makes the shake to consist of demi-semiquavers. You will find of great assistance a suggestion of Bülow's for simplifying the passage beginning bar 62. It is this: Play the two last semiquavers of the second and fourth triplets with the left hand, bringing over the second or third finger, as is most convenient in each particular case; this affords great relief to the right hand. The whole *A minor* episode which follows is taken a little faster, but shortly before the entry of the leading theme you gradually resume the original *tempo*. The next episode, preceded by a change of signature, is quicker still than the other, and more difficult. Then, again, we have part of the subject, this time in plain chords, and the figure of the first three notes is reiterated in the bass, while a series of *arpeggios* goes on above, till, after being worked up to an ecstasy of suspense, we are at last permitted to hear the subject again in full, now *ff*. One of the most difficult points in the *presto* is the octave passage descending in the treble and ascending in the bass. Bülow alters the passage, playing only single notes in the bass and giving the lower notes of the treble octaves to the left hand. There is once again an increase in time for the last 29 bars, and it requires great control over your fingers to play the occasional soft passages well in the midst of the excitement of the wind up.

27. *Op.* 57, *in F minor* (*Appassionata*).—This magnificent work, known as the "Sonata Appassionata," is, perhaps, the grandest of the whole set. There is something weird about the opening subject which at once rivets the attention. Play it smoothly, and give the semiquavers their full time. All is soft till the three last quavers of bar 13, the bravura passage following being very brilliant. In bar 17 there is a modified form of the subject with syncopation; if you count twelve you will find the fourth and tenth beats fall with right-hand crotchets, the seventh with one in the left. These particular beats (and, of course, the first) must be accented, to prevent confusion. The first chord of bars 20 and 22 is best played by the left hand. The second subject (bar 35) may be taken a trifle slower. Here, again, be careful not to clip the semiquavers, and to play *legato*, which I know is not easy, especially when the melody is so low as to make the position of the hand awkward. The three shakes can all be played by the right hand, or you may take the second with the left hand, or you may play the two first notes both of the second and third with the left, finishing each with the right. Resume the original *tempo* at bar 51, where a new melody is heard, which must stand out well. In the third and fourth bars of this look to your left hand, and see that the quavers are *staccato*, but heavy. There is in this case no repeat. Nine bars after the double bar finger the semiquavers in the treble 31 and 3 + alternately, and where you have those groups of five, slightly accent the first note of each group, but, of course, make the theme itself the most prominent part. A charming little bit of new melody (bar 105) immediately precedes the return of the second subject, which, after being presented in various keys, is followed by some *arpeggios ff*, all of which must be played with great brilliancy. The leading theme is introduced in the right hand, while those mysterious *Cs* are still going on in the bass, and this commences the usual repetition of the first part. Twenty-one bars before the direction, *piu allegro*, you will find a passage, of which the time is at first sight puzzling, but it is really simple enough, there being exactly two notes to each of the twelve beats. The end of the next bar is in slightly different time, there being only one note for the tenth, and one for the twelfth beat. The whole of this wants great fire and energy, and the fingers are apt to slip off the black keys, which must be guarded against, especially where the left hand has those skips of ninths. The best division between the hands of the *arpeggios* immediately following the passage of which I have been speaking is as follows:—1st bar: all with the right hand except the three first notes; 2nd bar: first four notes with the left, the rest with the right. 3rd bar: all with the right except the first three notes; 4th bar: first six with the right, next four with the left, and the remainder with the right; 5th bar: all with the right; 6th bar: first two with the right, next six with the left, and the remainder with the right. The last three of the 7th and the first four of the 8th bar with the left.

The impetuous *piu allegro* is formed of a modification of the subject, and must have all possible vigour and force. There is, however, at the end a *dim.*, and the movement concludes with a whisper.

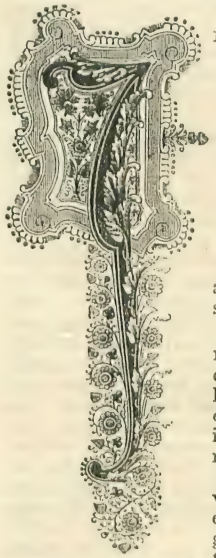
For second movement we have an *andante con moto* with variations, which is fairly straightforward and needs little comment. Keep it all quiet; the audience and the performer both need something restful before attacking another exciting movement.

It is of the *finale* that a story is told by the celebrated Ferdinand Ries. It appears that on one occasion, when he and Beethoven were rambling in the country, the latter did nothing the whole time but issue the most extraordinary groans and grunts, up and down the scale, without any apparent meaning. It was a very dull walk for poor Ries, but he was more than repaid when, on returning home, Beethoven made his meaning clear by playing this magnificent *finale*, the subject of which had occurred to him while out.

Please observe that it is *allegro ma non troppo*, the latter part of which injunction is seldom attended to, the consequence being a muddled performance. It wants almost endless practice to play it, even at the right speed, and the frequent crossing of the hands is likely to put you out at first. There are nineteen bars of Introduction before we hear the subject proper, which resembles the sighing of the wind through trees. Bar 64, and the following, are exceedingly trying and fatiguing for the left arm, especially in the case of hands with a small span. Rather than alter the time, which would destroy the effect, take the lower *Fs* singly, instead of octaves. The second subject begins bar 76, and after that we have again part of the first, the bass taking it up half a bar later than the treble. After the double bar there is more tiring work for the left hand. When you come to the next *arpeggios* you will see that Beethoven lengthens the notes towards the end, making them at last minims. It would, therefore, be in very bad taste to add a *rall.* where the effect of one is already so admirably obtained. I wish I could make the rest easy for you, but there is no means to do so. The *presto* is the hardest of all. Do not, in spite of the increased *tempo*, begin it *too* quickly, as there are semiquavers to come.

And now, having finished this sonata, we have passed in review all those included in what are called Beethoven's first and second periods. The remainder, which are said to belong to his third period, are more difficult both to understand and to execute, and are quite unattainable, except by the most advanced pianists.

HOW TO MAKE JELLY.



In all the talks we have had together about cookery we have never said anything about making jelly. Yet this is very interesting work, and very easy when we once know how to do it. I think, therefore, it will be well for us to give our attention to-day to this subject.

Jelly is usually made now a days either from calves' feet or from gelatine. The process is easier when the latter is used, but it is generally believed that the jelly is more nourishing when calves' feet are employed. There is a good deal of doubt at the present time as to the value of gelatine as food. I daresay you have noticed that people think and speak very differently about food now to what they did a few years ago. Formerly they used to eat what was set before them, and satisfy their hunger and be done with it. But now they take everything to pieces as it were. They calculate what proportion of the food will make flesh, what will make bone, and what will give warmth or force. They cannot eat a mutton chop comfortably without thinking what effect it will have on their constitution, and wondering whether they would not have done better to have had a rump steak instead.

This is quite a step in the right direction, and I am not going to say a word against it. I think it is most necessary that those who have to prepare food should understand its nature and value, so that they may procure what is wholesome and nourishing. At the same time take what pains we may, we are obliged to confess our ignorance every now and again. The wisest man in the world knows comparatively little of what there is to be known. When wise men are in doubt on a subject, ordinary folks will not err very greatly if they trust a little to instinct and custom. In the case of food we may call instinct healthy appetite. Healthy appetite led people to take bread with butter, and beans with bacon, long before science confirmed the custom and said that those were just the things which ought to go together. People who have a healthy appetite enjoy a little jelly now and then; and therefore, though we cannot say that it is valuable from a nourishing point of view, there cannot be much harm in our making it and serving them with it occasionally. We will not value it too highly, we will not give it and nothing else to invalids and trust to it to restore their strength and power, but we will take it in moderation and believe that as we enjoy it, it will do us good, even though we cannot say to what extent it will benefit us.

Jelly made from calves' feet, though more nourishing is more expensive, and takes longer to make than when gelatine is used, because the calves' feet stock has to be made the day before the jelly. Gelatine, on the contrary, only needs to be dissolved before the jelly is made; and as the after process is the same in both cases, I will first describe how calves' feet stock should be made, and then say what should be done to make the jelly clear and bright.

We will suppose that we wish to make a quart of stock. We take two calves' feet, the price of which is uncertain. They will be cheap when veal is cheap, that is about Easter to the middle of August, when, I dare say, you would be able to get them for 4d. or 6d. each, while at other times you would have to pay perhaps 1s. each for them, perhaps more. They are sold scalded and prepared by the butcher, but we must not suppose that they are quite ready for use when they leave his hands. They may look very white and delicate, but they must be blanched before being used, for you must remember that the more impurity you can get rid of in these early stages the easier your after task will be.

Let your first business be, therefore, to divide each foot into four pieces, cutting first through the joint, then between the hoofs, and sawing though the bone. Put all these pieces into a stewpan with sufficient cold water to cover them, and let them come to the boil. This is blanching them. Take them out, wash them in fresh cold water, pour away the water they were boiled in, rinse out the pan, and put the pieces in again with five pints of fresh cold water. Put this on to boil, skim it well (the clearness of the jelly depends very much upon this being done), and let it simmer gently for about six hours, or until the liquor is reduced to a little less than one quart. When this point is reached put a hair sieve over a basin, strain the stock into it, put it aside, and let it get quite cold. Next day skim off the fat with an iron spoon which has been dipped into boiling water, and afterwards dab it lightly with a cloth dipped in hot water, in order to get perfect freedom from grease.

When the stock has been taken up, without either fat or the sediment which has settled

at the bottom, it is ready to be flavoured and cleared. To do this we put it in a stewpan. We wipe two lemons quite clean, and pare off the rind very thinly, being careful to take none of the white part with the yellow, for, as every one knows, the white part is bitter, and would spoil the taste of our jelly. The rind we put with the stock, and also the strained juice of three lemons, three ounces of sugar, an inch of stick cinnamon, and three cloves. We break two eggs (one egg for each pint of jelly of this consistency), and throw the whites, with the crushed shells, which have been wiped clean, into the pan. We then whisk all briskly over the fire till the jelly boils up to the top. We draw the pan back, put on the lid half-way, and, without touching the crust which will have formed on the surface, we let the jelly stand for twenty minutes. By that time it may be run through the strainer. A wineglassful of sherry and half a wineglassful of brandy may be added after the jelly has run through. Their value would be lost if they were to be boiled with the other ingredients.

Now we will suppose that we wish to make the same kind of jelly with gelatine. And first we must remember that it needs a little judgment to determine how much gelatine will be required for a given quantity of jelly. For one thing, the weather has to be considered, a smaller proportion of stiffening being needed in cold than in hot weather, The size of the moulds, too, has to be taken into consideration, for jelly will set more easily in small moulds than in large ones. The quality of the gelatine, too, is a point to be thought of, although the gelatine of respectable dealers may be relied upon with tolerable security. It is a mistake to make jelly too stiff, because it quite destroys its delicacy. A jelly ought to keep its shape, and yet tremble in the dish when touched with a spoon, and it ought to dissolve instantly when put into the mouth. I once saw some jelly which was so stiff that it could have been tossed across the table from one glass dish to another without fear of being broken. The cook who made it was exceedingly proud of it. She said, "You don't break my jellies in a hurry." I thought to myself, "No, and you would not eat them in a hurry either," for I knew the jelly would taste like glue. I did not think it was good jelly, though it might be firm.

There is still another point to be considered. The more gelatine we use, the more eggs we shall require for clearing. I dare say you remember that when we were talking about clarifying soup, we said that the quantity of raw meat needed depended not upon the quantity of stock, but upon the meat used in making the stock. It is the same here; the stiffer the jelly the more difficult it will be to clear, and the more eggs will be required for the purpose. At the same time, our jelly must be stiff enough, or it will break in the dish, and that will constitute it a failure.

Altogether, I think we may say, that with average gelatine, one ounce may be taken for a pint and a half of liquid, exclusive of a wineglassful of sherry, and half a wineglassful of brandy, while in hot weather, when ice cannot be obtained, an ounce of gelatine should be taken for a pint of liquid.

As to the method of preparing jelly with gelatine, we first measure the quantity of water we think it wise to use; we then soak the gelatine in as much water as will cover it, for about an hour; dissolve it in a little more water, add the remainder with the sugar, lemon, and flavouring ingredients. Put the saucepan on the fire, and proceed as for calves' feet jelly; that is, we whisk it till it rises in the pan, draw it back and let it stand for twenty minutes, strain it, add the wine, and put it into the mould.

All sorts of jelly may be made by varying the flavour and following the directions here given. Orange jelly is made by using oranges instead of lemons. In maraschino jelly maraschino is used instead of wine; ditto noyeau; ditto various liqueurs. In various fruit jellies the juice of fruit is mixed with water to make up the quantity of liquid, and wine may then be omitted. In every case there must be more lemon-juice than lemon rind, for acid helps to clear the jelly as well as to flavour it.

One word must be said about straining the jelly. Many cooks recommend the use of the close flannel bags ordinarily used for the purpose. For my part I do not like these bags. The scum which forms at the top of the jelly is the real filter for the liquid, and we want to keep this as unbroken as possible. If we pour the contents of our pan from a height, as we must do if we use the jelly-bag, we can scarcely help disturbing our filter. A very convenient strainer for jelly may be made by putting a kitchen chair (which is without rails on the inside) upside down on a table, and tying the four corners of a perfectly clean tea-cloth to the four legs of the chair which stand upright. We must be quite sure that neither soap nor soda has been used in washing the cloth, and also that it has been rinsed through very hot water just before it is used. This will supply all that is wanted in the way of a jelly-bag, and all we have to do is to put a dish underneath the cloth to receive the liquid jelly, and to pour the latter in gradually with a cup, and not to break the scum. If we have followed the directions given, our jelly will be pure and clear; it will taste excellent, and look inviting. If, notwithstanding the care we have taken, we find the jelly is not quite clear, we may strain it a second or even a third time. It is not likely, however, that this will be required. If there has been a mistake or omission, we may boil it again with another egg. If, however, we have been successful, and our jelly is all that we want it to be, we may add the wine and brandy and prepare to mould it.

Even at this late stage of the proceedings there is something to remember. It is that the jelly must be almost cold before it is put into the mould. If too hot, it will become cloudy when brought in contact with the tin. Moulds for jelly are made of tin and copper, and also of earthenware. The metal ones are the best, because the jelly is more easily turned out of them than it is out of earthenware ones. When jelly is very stiff, the mould must be dipped quickly in and out of hot water, shaken well, then placed upside down on a dish. In all probability the jelly will leave the mould, which can then be lifted from it.

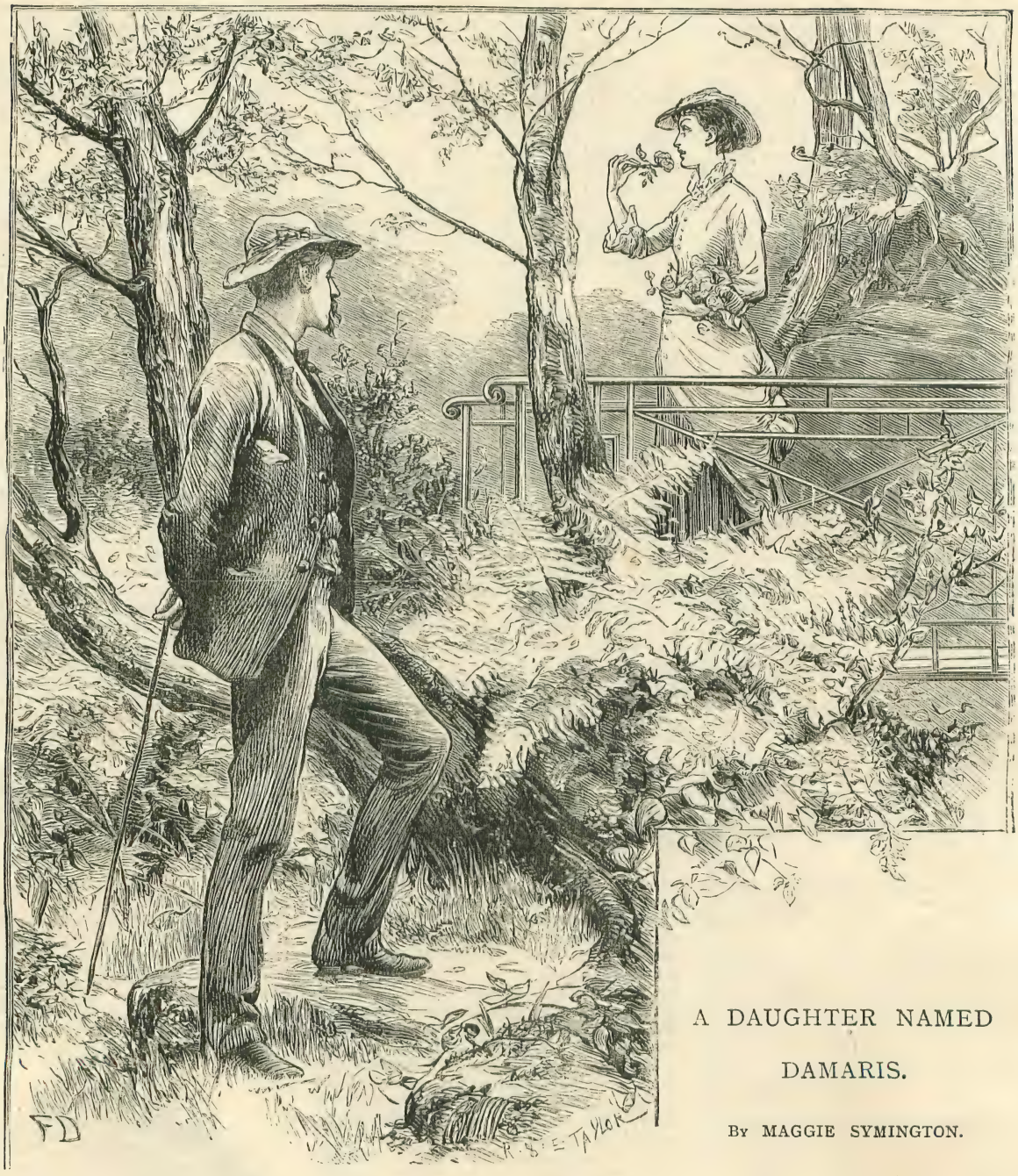
The appearance of our jelly depends very much upon the way in which it is moulded, and at this point we may vary it to any extent. It is very usual to introduce fruits, cherries, grapes, sections of oranges, pistachio kernels, or any bright decoration which is suitable, into the jelly. When doing this we must be careful first to put a layer of jelly, enough to cover the bottom of the mould, and let this become almost stiff, then arrange the fruit on it and pour a little cold jelly on it, gently, to fix the decoration. Let this also set lightly, and repeat. It requires a little practice to know exactly when to put in the ornamentation. If the jelly is not stiff enough, the fruit will sink through it; if too stiff, the layers may separate. Sometimes jelly of different colours is thus moulded together, or blancmange and jelly are arranged in alternate layers, and preparations of this kind are exceedingly effective.

Meats, fowl, fish, game, and salads are frequently decorated with savoury or aspic jelly. This is made just like sweet jelly, excepting only that savoury flavourers are used instead of sweet ones. For a quart of stock we should need a small piece of clean leek, a turnip, a carrot, a shalot, a clove of garlic, a piece of celery, a blade of mace, either the juice of two lemons and one tablespoonful of vinegar, or *vice versâ* (the first is the best), and a little salt. Clear the jelly in the usual way with the white and crushed shells of two eggs. The yolk may be added if liked. It makes the jelly darker. If they can be had, a few leaves of fresh tarragon and chervil may be dropped in to set with the jelly, and they will make it look very pretty. It is a good plan to boil the vegetables in water to extract their flavour, to make the jelly of the savoury liquid, and to introduce the other ingredients when clearing the stock. Garlic, mace, tarragon, &c., are exceedingly strong, and if not careful we may get more of their taste than is agreeable.

I hope to speak of creams, blancmanges, and preparations of that kind at our next lesson. Before closing now, however, I am strongly tempted to describe a very easy inexpensive way of making jelly for every-day use which is exceedingly convenient for people who have not time to give to the more lengthy process, and who still like to have a dish of jelly occasionally to set off the table. I am quite aware that this is by no means an orthodox method, but the jelly made from it tastes well, and may serve a purpose. Procure 1½ oz. of Nelson's gelatine, a packet of Nelson's citric acid for jelly, and a pennyworth of saffron. Soak the gelatine in half a pint of cold water for three hours. Place it in a basin with as much lump sugar as will sweeten it pleasantly. It is not possible to say how much sugar should be used, because people's ideas differ so much about sweetness. Usually we allow a heaped tablespoonful of sugar for each lemon used; therefore, the cook may try three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and then taste it to ascertain if it is sweet enough. Pour on 1¼ pints of boiling water, and stir till dissolved. Dissolve the saffron in very little water, and add as much as will colour the jelly deeply. Add a wineglassful and a half of sherry to make up a quart of liquid. Stir in a little of the citric acid till the jelly tastes agreeably. As this is put in the jelly will become clear. Mould when almost cold.

I should imagine that jelly thus made has no nutritive value. It is simply convenient and agreeable. It must not be supposed that it will be as clear as properly made jelly; but it will be fairly clear, and, apart from the soaking of the gelatine, it will be made in five minutes.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

BETTER THAN ST. AUBIN.

"We are in a garden, not extensive, but exquisitely laid out in terraces; and we pass down *allées* of roses, where buds and blossoms of every hue and variety cluster thickly. Amidst all this abundance it never occurs to Monsieur St. Just to offer me a single flower, so, seeing his preoccupation, I help myself furtively, and fasten scented roses at my neck and in my belt. The roses I used to buy in the streets of Paris never had the wild sweetness of these. Like me, they pined and drooped for their native habitats.

"After the garden a wild hill-side basking in red-gold sunlight, and a wide deep valley clothed with green.

"Monsieur answers my mute question with a smile.

"'Not yet,' he says; 'are you ready for a climb?'

"'For as steep and as long a one as you like.'

"We turn up the hill-side, and wind along a faintly-trodden path, he in advance of me, through brambles and briars and thorny tangled underwood, with wild weeds clinging about our feet, and low drooping branches beating our faces and shoulders. Now and then he turns to direct me where to place my feet, or to hold back a branch for me to pass underneath. The higher we get the rougher grows the path, until, as far as I am concerned, the ascent becomes somewhat of a scramble. Monsieur St. Just springs lightly from one projection to another; he is as agile as a mountain goat; sometimes he stretches down his hand to me if the step be longer than usual. So we reach a little shelving platform, and, perceiving that I am

panting and breathless from my exertions, he suggests our resting awhile.

"'You are tired. I ought not to have brought you so far on this first evening. See here,' indicating a little heathery knoll, 'Nature has been kind enough to provide you with a seat both soft and restful.'

"I sink down upon the heather, and begin to fan myself with my hat.

"'I am not a bit tired, but it is so long since I had an opportunity of exerting myself in this way; it is a greater relief than I can tell you to be able to do it.'

"'*Pauvre* Mademoiselle Petite! Did you, then, chafe so greatly against the bars of your Parisian cage?'

"The extremely matter-of-fact tone in which the words are uttered take from them every suggestion of familiarity. They are spoken just as he would speak them to a child who claimed his commiseration. In the same commonplace way I express the feeling uppermost in my own mind.

"'It is good to be here!'

"The scene before us is an extraordinary one. The green valley at our feet is shaped like a basin scooped out of the bosom of the hills by which it is surrounded. Monsieur St. Just begins to tell me that the vast circle of hills is of volcanic origin, and to point out to me the most notable summits, green to the very mouths of what were formerly craters. Some have outlines spherical as balloons, others are sharply notched and jagged, while the valley itself is deeply hollowed.

"'One might easily imagine,' continues Monsieur St. Just, 'that all the volcanoes which once were in activity here had used this valley as a common crater.'

"'What an awful time it must have been when Nature was moulding this lovely scene! Beyond the nearer hills I see others shaped similarly. There must have been hundreds of outlets for the liquid fire.'

"'And if you could see farther, beyond those others you would find still more, range upon range. The whole country for some distance has this character. When you come to the district of Haute Loire, near to Puy, for instance——'

"'Near to Puy, monsieur?'

"'Yes; do you know that part?'

"'I? O no. Until now I have never seen anything of France but Paris. As a general rule, I think, Paris comprises a foreigner's idea of France.'

"'As London does England.

"'With a difference, for to some extent London is England.'

"'You spoke of Le Puy as though the name were familiar through association of some kind.'

"'It was my mother's native place, monsieur.'

"'Indeed!'

"'But I have never been there myself. I heard of it often from our French nurse in our childhood.'

"'Well, about Puy the plains are vaster, the heights greater, the whole aspect of the country much grander and wilder than it is here.'

"'You are well acquainted with it?'

"'Tolerably. I have had occasion to go there more than once.'

"'Tell me something of Le Puy.'

"'Of what shall I tell you? Of its situation? its people? its customs?'

"'Of all three.'

"'No easy task, mademoiselle.'

"'Then the greater merit will be yours, monsieur, if you succeed in transferring to my mind the impression already made upon yours.'

"Standing close beside me, he looks down amusedly for an instant, then off to the distant scene.

"'Imagine, then, a region which must once upon a time have been subjected to convulsions, similar, but much more violent, than those which took place here. Range after range of volcanic mountains poke their jagged heads up into the clouds, standing about what, for convenience sake, one might call a plain, but which is only so by comparison. In other words, it is simply a portion of the natural soil which has not been thrown up, torn and twisted by these geological convulsions. Through this plain roll the rapid waters of three separate streams, which, there can be no doubt, had their birth amidst those gigantic throes of Nature which stamped this district with its striking and individual character. During the ages which have elapsed since these streams first leapt forth, the waters have worn deep channels for themselves, which increase the apparent height of the various mountain ridges. These mountains are not verdant as you see the hills here, only their lower slopes can boast of vegetation; the middle and upper portions are composed of stone of a reddish-black colour, which may almost be said to be still incandescent, so fiery is its appearance, especially when its flame-like hues are brought out by the dying sunlight.'

"'What magnificent oriflammes!'

"'Yes, indeed. I have hardly ever seen scenery more to my taste, more marvellous in colouring, more picturesque in grouping, than that about Puy. I have seen Nature on a much grander scale, that I will admit, but I am seldom deeply affected by scenes or objects consecrated by general admiration. With the many magnitude is everything; to be vast is to be wonderful So there is an established fashion with regard to scenery, as with regard to most things, and to deviate from it is, so it is said, to violate the rules of good taste. So be it. I am, perhaps, too much inclined to think my own thoughts in these matters, and to be guided by no settled rules. My mother would tell you that such is the case.'

"'To possess too much individuality of character is not a happy thing, monsieur. It is apt to make one reserved, often morose.'

"'Is this what you find me?'

"He asks this with a smile so winning, like one of those sudden sunglearns which in one second change the whole appearance of a landscape, that I am at a loss for words. It seems, someway, to contradict the impression he has already made upon me, and to suggest the possibility of higher lights in his character than any I have yet seen. I rally my forces.

"'Monsieur, it is said by someone, by whom I forget, "If you would be miserable, look within; if you would be distracted, look around; if you would be happy, look up." I think you are too much addicted to the first of these extremes.'

"'You are right, and wrong,' he says, after a short silence, 'but it is not given to any man to mould his own destiny. We are, pretty much, what circumstances make us.'

"'I had rather *believe* that our characters are formed from within than from without. I do not like to think of any person as being a mere shuttlecock in the hands of fate.'

"'Nor I. My firm belief is that we are but malleable clay in the hands of a Divine Providence.'

"A quotation from Tennyson rushes to my lips, but I recall the pin and needle discussion of the afternoon, and refrain from entering upon another useless argument.

"'You were describing Le Puy to me, monsieur.'

"'*Eh bien*, mademoiselle, *revenons aux moutons;* but tell me first whether I am mistaken? I thought by the set of your lips you were about to repeat your asseveration that it *was* a needle with which I pricked myself this afternoon, and I most solemnly assure you it was a pin.'

"'So be it, monsieur,' laughing. 'Will you have the goodness to continue your description?'

"'When I have expressed my satisfaction at finding in you more than the amount of *sagesse* one usually expects from your sex.'

"'Because I have had the policy and the magnanimity to pass by without dispute an assertion which is as manifestly wrong as any assertion can be?'

"'Because you can bear to be contradicted.'

"'A rare proof of *sagesse*, monsieur.'

"'Yes, rare indeed.'

"'But the mountains of Puy—shall we never get back to them?'

"'We are there already, on one of the vast plateaux amongst those monstrous peaks which cheat us with their resemblance to towers and bastions. Do you not see Le Puy, nestling at the back of one of those gigantic rocks? "Le rocher Corneille" it is called, one of the hardest and most monumental of these homogeneous masses. Its summit was once consecrated to the Gallic gods, then to those of Rome. Look closely, and you will see the ruins of a citadel of the middle ages towering above the Romish cupolas of the stately cathedral. One might almost fancy the chiselled outlines of this cathedral to be a portion of Nature's own decorative handiwork, which here she has carried on upon so grand a scale. See how they stand out dark and strong from the airy distance with its mystic blue haze. The effect is almost magical. It is a mirage—it will vanish if you approach too closely, mademoiselle.'

"'I see it with my telescopic vision, monsieur. I will not dare to come near it.'

"'It is the isolation of Rome, with its boundless horizon, that makes it so difficult for the pilgrim who approaches it to realise the true grandeur of its monuments. But here, this single rock, standing forth in its gigantic proportions from the near and distant heights, reveals its magnitude at once by comparison. What a position for Rome itself to have occupied would this have been! From this giant pedestal Michael Angelo should have launched the mighty dome of St. Peter into the air.'

"'You do, then, after all, go so far with the popular taste as to worship mentally at the shrines of Rome and St. Peter's, monsieur?'

"'What was there in my words to warrant you in catching me up so quickly?'

"'Nothing—oh, nothing,' with a little suppressed laughter.

"'Mademoiselle, you are wicked, and it is only because I believe it will not gratify you that I give you my real opinion of Rome, a hideous city covering great ruins. As to that marvellous *chef d'œuvre* of architectural science, St. Peter's, I have heard it said that its especial merit lies in this, that no one can form any idea of its magnitude without the aid of reason and comparison. But I cannot understand that. To me, true art consists in making much with small means, and grandeur which is absolute does not seem to me to lie so much in the material employed as in the effect attained. Temples, like mountains, are only rendered imposing by their relative proportions, and the harmony of their bearings with the requirements of our imagination. In Nature's compositions, as in those of man, there are choice works which bear the stamp of a great inspiration, others which only testify to her profusion, her weakness, or her caprice. For this reason I only like to see the sea across many trees, or with its surface broken by intervening rocks. I find it disproportionate when it engrosses too much of the picture, just as the heavens are disproportionate where the country is too open. Many people, I know, feel greater delight in the contemplation of what seems to them to be infinite. But, for my part, I need things to be definite. I like whatever is grand and terrible in Nature: precipices, cascades, ravines; but so long as their aspect satisfies me it does not matter whether they occupy much or little space. Is it your pleasure, mademoiselle, that we should sit here conversing until the night falls? or shall we climb yet higher for the glimpse I promised you of that which is better than St. Aubin?'

"Carried away by the charm of listening to such converse, I have forgotten altogether the proposed purpose of our ramble. It comes back to me now as a necessary interruption, with a shadow of regret. Nevertheless, I rise to my feet and prepare to follow Monsieur as best I can.

"Another breathless scramble, then, hot and palpitating, I stand by his side on a lofty ridge, and all he does is to direct my glance far off in the opposite direction, and all he says is—

"'There is the sight I promised you.'

"Through a break in the green walls across the hollow valley I see something, I know not what. It is like a glimpse of heaven, of far-away shining heights, touched with a wonderful white radiance by the long level rays of the sun. Their very splendour is unearthly. I turn my dazzled vision back upon my companion's face, where seems to be almost a reflection of that divine glow.

"'What are they? Where are they, monsieur?' I ask, with the timidity of a trembling awe in my voice.

"'Snow-mountains. Distant summits of some of the Alps of Savoy.'

"I think of Christian and the Delectable Mountains, for they seem to shine with more than earthly radiance.

"Even while we watch the light fades, and the sun dips beyond the farthest hills.

"'Now, mademoiselle, we must hasten, unless you are indifferent to being overtaken by the darkness.'

"Down amongst the shadows we plunge, in silence save for the few necessary words concerning the path. But, although we make the utmost speed, the purple sky is star-spangled when we come in sight of St. Aubin, standing gaunt and grim amidst its chorus of waters."

(*To be continued*).

VARIETIES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COURTESY. — Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant for us, and that friendly and lovingly. We owe no thanks to rivers that they carry our boats, or winds that they be favouring and fill our sails, or meats that they be nourishing, for these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us; trees shade us; but they know it not.—*Ben Jonson.*

IN EXTREME PERIL. — Helplessness and innocence have a strange power sometimes over the most ferocious human hearts. During the French Revolution an aristocratic lady, Madame de Custine, was once leaving the Courts of Justice in Paris, and no sooner had she appeared on the stair than a savage cry arose from the mob. The vociferations of the people and their gestures showed that they were preparing to murder her on the spot. If she had sunk down she would have been instantly torn in pieces; even the appearance of faltering would have been fatal. Uncertain whether to advance or recede, she hesitated a moment, and the people were just springing forward to seize her when an unknown woman in the crowd secretly pressed her hand, and taking the child which she carried in her arms from her breast, gave it to her with the words, "Return it at the bottom of the stair." Protected by the infant citizen, Madame de Custine escaped unhurt, and gave back the child, but she never saw her deliverer more.

LAYING PLANS FOR EVERY DAY.—She who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide her through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of her time is like a ray of light which darts itself through all her occupations. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos which admits neither of distribution nor review.—*Blair.*

LONGER HAIR THAN USUAL.—A lady is mentioned by Sir Erasmus Wilson whose longest hairs measured seventy-five inches, she standing five feet five inches in height. Her hair was thus nearly a foot longer than her height.

MUCH IN LITTLE.—Church tradition reports of Saint John, that being grown very aged (well-nigh a hundred years old), wanting strength and voice to make a long sermon, he was wont often to repeat these words:—"Little children, keep yourselves from idols; brethren, love one another."

OUR OWN FAULTS AND OUR NEIGHBOURS'.—Every girl carries two wallets—one before and one behind—and both *full of faults*. But the one before is full of her neighbours' faults; the one behind of her own. Thus it happens that girls are blind to their own faults, but never lose sight of their neighbours'.

LOOKING ON THE SUNNY SIDE.—For every bad there might be a worse; and even if a girl should break her arm, let her be thankful that it is not her neck. When Fénelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man." This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see the world on its sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

VERBAL HAILSTONES.—Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

NASAL LIKES AND DISLIKES.—The odours that are generally disliked are probably just as numerous as those that are generally enjoyed. Between the two, however, there is a wide debatable ground, in regard to which the utmost diversity of opinion prevails. What is fragrance to one person is sometimes abomination to another. Plutarch tells us that a Spartan lady paid a visit to Berenice, the wife of Dejotarus, but that one of them smelled so much of sweet ointment and the other of butter, that neither of them could endure the other; and it is so still, even among the most cultivated and refined.

WORKING BETTER THAN FRETTING.—Two gardeners who were neighbours had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate! Do you know, neighbour, that I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up. What are these?" "Why, these are what I sowed immediately after the frost." "What! coming up already?" said the neighbour. "Yes," replied the other, "while you were fretting I was working."

RIDDLE.

WHO comes to our door as a friend and a foe;
Who comes in the rain, the storm, and the snow;
Who comes in our midst to strike many a blow;
Who brings tears and smiles, sad sorrow and woe;
Who comes not as a stranger, but as one we all know;
Who comes very often many times in the day.
It may seem unkind not to ask him to stay,
But however that is, he goes ever away.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

VIOLET.—Have the cashmere washed carefully, and retrimmed with a darker colour in velveteen, satin, or watered silk, or a figured woollen brocaded material.

INK-BOTTLE.—Many thanks for the pretty card. See "Crochet for Little Workers," vol. i., pages 442, 506, 596. The 21st September, 1881, was Wednesday.

DAMARIS.—For an "Alum Basket" see vol. i., page 023.

CONNIE.—See "Wool Crochet," vol. ii., page 275, for instructions and patterns. What a carelessly written letter!

YORKSHIRE LASS.—A gathered bodice would be a very suitable way to make up a white llama dress. Gather the material, and then lay it on your pattern and cut it out.

A WOULD-BE BOY.—1. We do not think anything could be easier than our plain needlework knitting and crochet competitions, as they are carefully arranged to suit all ages, and unless you are a very young ignorant child you ought to find some branch you could compete in. Two of the prize winners in the Crochet Shawl Competition, if we remember right, were young girls of seven and eight, and their work compared very well with that of girls of double their age. 2. When you have written the stories select a magazine and forward them to the editor.

COOKERY.

PERSEVERANCE.—The recipe for bakewell pudding will be found in vol. i., page 463. Your writing is very neat. Why do you not cross your "t's"?

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.—For chocolate cream see page 399, vol. i., THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We are glad that our recipe for a cake turned out so well. We thank you for your nice letter, but advise you to pay a little more attention to your spelling.

A YOUNG MATRON is thanked for the following recipe for "a cheap sponge cake":—Take one breakfastcupful of flour, one breakfast ditto of sugar, and four eggs. Beat up the latter, and gradually add the sugar and flour. Then beat up the whole mixture with a fork for half an hour. Any flavouring may be used. Put in a quart mould, but be careful to half fill it only, or it will run over. Bake for an hour and a quarter in a moderately hot oven.

CORALINE.—We transcribe your recipe, with our best thanks for the same. Some of your letters are quite out of proportion to the size of others. For instance, the small "d's" are Brobdingnags, and some of the terminal "o's" "e's" and "s's" are quite Liliputians. Curried Lentils.—One teacupful of lentils, half teaspoonful of salt, half teaspoonful of curry-powder, three thin slices of onion, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Place all in a stewpan, and cover with water, and cook until the stew be tender, taking care not to stir it very hard, as this would make it too pulpy. Make ready in a small saucepan a dessertspoonful of butter, put in four cloves, and let it brown well; then pour it quickly into the mixture first made, stir it for a couple of minutes over the fire, and serve with a dish of boiled rice.

MUSIC.

A SAXON DAME.—We recommend you to buy Bonavia Hunt's "History of Music," published by George Bell and Sons. Practice is the only way to acquire a ready reading of music at first sight, and also to commit certain pieces to memory. We answer two questions only.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.—If only thirteen you need not be in a hurry to increase your stock of music. Out of your fifty pieces, practise a few till you can play them well. You have need also to practise writing and to improve your spelling.

ART.

LAURA MANICO.—We are sorry to hear of your mishap, but we must confess we fear it was your own fault, as you must have left the spirits of wine on for an inconsiderably long time to have spoilt a picture, or else the washing off must have been very imperfect indeed.

PYRETHRUM.—Lay the drawing in a flat dish, and pour the milk and water over it; then hang over the back of a chair till dry enough for pressing. Many thanks for the crochet-pattern.

DOT and SPOT.—We do not give addresses. Any good frame-maker would answer your question, and give you the prices to select from. The best cure for blushing is to forget yourself completely in the wish to give pleasure to other people.

DIDO.—There are two methods of colouring photos—what is called "tinting," and painting them. The photo you speak of had evidently been "tinted" only. There is no special preparation except that which we have directed.

MISS MARJORIBANKS.—We do not give the addresses of tradesmen, which would be the same as an advertisement. Any artists' colourman who sells colours for china-painting would inform you where the fault lies. We think the spirits of lavender is not good, perhaps.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS QUEENIE and ALLEGRO.—Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London. Candidates at a distance from town may be examined (primarily) by one of the twenty-four examiners who reside in different parts of England—in Edinburgh, Dublin, and the Channel Islands. There are three terms, thirteen weeks of vacation; hours, nine to four in the winter, and two to five in the summer. Admission by examination—fee one guinea, which is remitted on the admission of the candidate. The entrance fee is £5. Those for instruction are £10 per term, and classes for languages and deportment are extras. For the names of all the places for local examinations, and all other particulars, apply to the secretary at the head office above-named.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Lessons such as you name are usually charged at 1s 6d. an hour. But, of course, a pupil who can neither read nor write must belong to a class from which the usual charge of a teacher could not be expected. You write with too hard and pointed a pen, and your hand is not formed. You should write round-hand copies daily.

HARVOT NOLLY.—Apply for general information on Kindergarten work and training to Mrs. Berry, Hon. Sec. of the Froebel Society, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C., London. Eat buttered toast with a knife and fork, if possible, but you must be guided by the customs of the house.

"FOURTEEN YEARS OLD."—We believe it is some time before the results of these examinations are known. You write with a bad pen.

ROSE BRUCE.—"P.S." means "Post Scriptum," "written afterwards." Read "How to Improve One's Education," vol. ii., page 794.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROSELEAF.—Go to a respectable chemist for your marking-ink. We cannot give advertisements. Why do you not mark your handkerchiefs in white embroidery cotton?

HADDIE.—Your hand promises well, though rather large. If you wish to be "quiet in manner, and graceful," take someone as a pattern; if you "desire to be good," pray for God's grace, and strive daily to be dutiful and obedient, diligent in your studies, and kind and attentive to all around you.

BERNE.—Write for the advice of one of the English chaplains in Paris, or for that of Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris

MINNA.—We recommend your visiting one of the educational blind asylums where all requisite appliances are known; as, for instance, to the Secretary, Office of the Home-teaching Society for the Blind, 34, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, E.C.; or to the London Society for Teaching the Blind, Upper Avenue-road, Regent's-park, N.W. Perhaps the use of a solution of Chinese white paint might serve the purpose desired.

SWEET MIGNONETTE.—1. Your letter belies the "sweetness" of your adopted name. Is it "a shame" that we take the trouble of answering so many letters free of extra cost to you? Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. He will give you all the information you require, and supply any order given. 2. Your quotation is incorrectly quoted. It should be given thus—

> "He that complies against his will
> Is of his own opinion still."
>
> SAMUEL BUTLER.

PANSIE.—*Piu* means "more" and *subito* "quickly." You write a good hand, but your grammar is a little incorrect, as in the use of the subjunctive mood. "Whether" and "was" cannot be used together, and "could not" with "appl es. I will not quote your letter. Writing to a "teacher" a hint will suffice

EUNICE GREY.—Your strange statement that you "believe you are yourself a Christian," but that you "have *no* Christian companion," is as sad as it is strange. The more "ashamed you feel" in "going back to God after having neglected Him" the better. But do not let your repentance stop short in mere humiliation. "Cease to do evil—learn to do well," and "bring forth fruits meet for repentance."

AN ORPHAN GIRL.—Merely talking to your brother will not suffice to keep him at home at night if he be a pleasure-seeker. Perhaps if you could invite some pleasant and suitable companions to the house to tea, from time to time; had music, and practised glee or chorus singing; or introduced some small games, and made home bright and cheerful, he might find it more agreeable than his haunts outside. Do not grumble and look doleful, but let him see that you try to make home more attractive.

JOSEPHINE.—Amongst the oldest and best of the original copies of the Holy Scriptures in MS. there are four of great value. 1. The "Sinaiitic," discovered by Dr. Tischendorf in the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, 1814. It is supposed that this was one of the fifty copies of the Scriptures which the Emperor Constantine directed to be made for Byzantium, under Eusebius of Cæsarea, A.D. 331. It was published by command of the Emperor of Russia, 1862, and the New Testament portion issued in 1863-5. The second in importance and value is the "Codex Vaticanus," preserved in the Library of the Vatican. It is an incomplete copy. It is believed to date from the middle of the fourth century. Its publication did not take place until the year 1857. The third in antiquity is the "Codex Alexandrinus," which dates from about the middle of the fifth century. It was presented to King Charles I. by Cyril Lucas, Patriarch of Constantinople, and it is stated to have been penned by Thecla, the martyr. This copy (not a perfect one) is preserved in the British Museum. For all further information we refer you to the "New Companion to the Bible" (56, Paternoster-row).

A SAD ONE.—If your affianced husband persist in telling you that "he is not justified in marrying on account of his state of health," and you really believe that it is not a mere excuse for breaking off the engagement, tell your father or brother what he says, and let them have a private interview with him, and be guided by their advice. Perhaps he is in a decline, or has some mortal complaint which he may not name to you, and you ought to release him. Or else he may only be overworked and rather delicate, in which case you need not to give him up.

JOSEPHINE CLARKE.—In using the article "the" before the words "unity" and "One in Three" pronounce it fully, without clipping—that is, sounding the final 'e' distinctly.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM.—Apply to some librarian. We do not give addresses that serve as advertisements.

JUPITER.—The nearest convalescent home at the seaside is at Seaford, Sussex. Charge, 5s. Address, W. Green, Esq., 36, Southampton-street, Strand. It stands high, and the place is healthy, and the Southdown hills within reach for walking. At Broadstairs there is St. Peter's Convalescent Home. Charge, 7s. a week. Address, Miss Tait, Lambeth Palace. At Brighton there is the Female Convalescent Home. Apply, before 12 noon (daily), to Mrs. Marshman, 2, Ladbroke-square, W.

LEISURE HOUR.—The trouble in the eyes, with you as with so many people, arises from weakness of the general health. Try tonics and change of air, and, if your doctor consider it right, electricity.

LEG OF MUTTON.—Use copal varnish. Most chemists sell cement for mending glass and china. We do not understand your last query.

LIEBLING.—Both the names you quote from Mr. Lewis Carroll's book are of his own composing, and mean nothing, so far as we know

WATER-LILY.—Anyone can change their surname if they please. A certain number of advertisements in the leading papers are advisable to make the fact known, and required where property is concerned. Pray use better ink when next you write, and a less scratchy pen.

CARRIE FEAST.—Order the paper direct from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

MARGARET CAMERON.—Your handwriting is very good, and quite suitable for the position you desire, if you know enough of book-keeping. Your mother seems to be suffering from a severe form of indigestion.

THE TWO DROMIOS.—"The mills of God grind slowly" is Longfellow's translation of Von Logan's "Retribution," from the *Sinngedichte*.

EDMEE.—"Stone walls do not a prison make" is part of a verse in "To Althea from Prison," by Richard Lovelace. You can have the circular wooden plate made at a carpenter's, and cover it yourself with velvet or plush.

EMILIE, BERTIE, and GYPSY.—Butterflies are caught in a net. You had better send for the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 4s

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—To clean kid gloves see page 734, vol. ii.

IONA.—Clergymen do not need to wear dress coats. Leave your husband's card on the hall table if he do not accompany you.

RUBY.—Inquire of a bookseller or binder. You use too fine a pen and too little ink.

A DEVONSHIRE GIRL.—We prefer the essay writing, as more difficult and improving.

MISS B. (Oak Lea).—We regret tha we cannot help you in any way.

A HOME BIRD.—Wash your face with a mild transparent soap, which is recommended by "Medicus."

JULIA ANNA.—The gentleman provides the house linen, blankets, curtains, and counterpanes.

ANNIE (Hull).—We must decline to accede to your wishes, with many thanks for your kind letter, and grateful acknowledgments.

ZYLTHA.—We should feel much obliged if you would kindly send us the name of the institution in London which "requires the collection of a million of stamps before admitting a blind child" We shall be glad to made inquiries into the subject, as we think you have been misinformed. We advise you to write to the East London Home for Blind Children, 163, Antill-road, Bow, E., or to the Home for Blind Children, 8, Springfield-villas, Goldsmith's-place, Kilburn, N.W. Both of these

are institutions for training children to useful employment, and the secretary will give every information.

ROSE WARREN.—1. The first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be obtained of any bookseller, price 6s. 2. Twice a year. We are glad to hear you are getting better.

IVY BELL.—Many thanks for your kind note. You would improve your writing by copying some hand which you think pretty.

CARRIE SHAW.—We regret we cannot help you, as we do not remember to have seen the advertisement, nor heard of the watch. We sympathise with you in your trouble, and are glad to find you preserve so kind a heart, and so much feeling for those around you. Our own troubles too much absorb our thoughts and often make us selfish.

PHILIPPA PEDLAR.—We think you have quoted the whole of the poem.

OLD LADY.—We are glad to hear of your good work, and we will bear your request in mind.

ONE ALMOST DESPAIRING.—The statements in your letter seem to point to the conclusion that your general health is much disordered. Read the article by Medicus on "The Eyes and the Eyesight," page 805, vol. ii., and consult your family doctor before taking other steps.

DOVE.—The recipe you are quoting appears to be that for "Pot-pourri" which was quite correct, and does not require any water to be added to it. It is kept in a jar.

H. S. S. B.—The set of pictures, title, and contents, which have been given with the monthly parts, cost 9d., at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

E. S. H. B.—We give the current prices of coins from a printed list, but we cannot be responsible for selling them.

PENELOPE.—We have said all that is possible on the subject of the hair in the articles by Medicus, and in the ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARGUERITA.—Find the address in a London Directory, and write an application to the company.

LINDEN LEAVES.—The first number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was published on January 3rd, 1880.

A. Y. Z.—A solution of gum arabic is the best varnish for autumn leaves.

A NOVICE IN AUTHORCRAFT.—We thank you for your letter, and we agree with its sentiments in many ways.

A CONSTANT READER.—Paint Audrey in *As You Like It*) in a blue stuff gown, showing the edge of a scarlet petticoat. Touchstone may be represented in a clown's costume of that period.

LITTLE THIRTEEN.—Write to Mr. Tarn, Manager, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

C. LECKIE.—We do not give addresses. Did you never read our rules? Advertisements are given in the *Times*. If you have carried on your education during the last two years, under good direction as your course of study, you may be as well advanced under home tuition, and probably even better, as any girl of your age and abilities at school.

CONSTANTIA.—There is the Society of Watchers and Workers for Invalids.—Secretary, Miss Jacob, Crawley Rectory, Winchester. Also the Invalids' Prayer Union, 44, Upper Rutland-street, Dublin; and the Society of St. Katharine for Invalids—Secretary, Miss C. Lewin, Abingdon, Berkshire. These, we think, will suffice. Write to them for some copies of their rules for distribution.

BARKIS.—1. The prince of whom you speak as being an oculist is a brother of the reigning King of Bavaria. 2. As early as the time of Alfred candles were made, the king using them for marking the time, for which purpose they had printed rings of different colours and breadths. The Anglo-Saxons employed candles in their processions, probably having wicks of rushes, and of a poor description, as tallow candles were regarded as a luxury in the time of Henry III. The Romans used candles made of strings of papyrus, or rushes dipped in pitch and surrounded with wax. In the twelfth century wax candles were generally seen here in churches.

POLLY X.—1. Procure a bottle of liquid gold for frame-gilding at any artists' colourman's, and a brush, and paint the frame with it. 2. To polish slate use a smooth, flat piece of pumice-stone, and then polish with rotten-stone. Washing with soap and water will do after the old stains have been removed.

M. W.—We should recommend the *Times* for your advertisement. Why not try your own county papers also?

EDITH.—Some people's hair is not naturally long, though it may be very thick and curly. The general health should be attended to, and a doctor consulted.

BASSIE.—We do not know enough of the circumstances to give an opinion, but as a general rule gratitude is both proper and becoming. Curled hair lying on the forehead is so much worn that there is nothing peculiar or remarkable in wearing it at present.

POYNZ.—See page 99. vol. ii., on the "Uses of Shells and Seaweed." The rough exterior can be burnt off immediately with muriatic acid, applied with a camel's hair brush; but great care must be used in opening the bottle containing the acid, to hold the bottle away from the face. Thank you for your kind and cordial letter.

ADA.—Use grass seed; to be obtained from any seedsman or florist.

ELSA.—Longfellow's poems are published in one volume, containing all his longer poems. It can be obtained from any bookseller.

M. A.—Press the ivy leaves as you would do others, and discharge all the moisture slowly; when dry varnish with a solution of gum arabic. We do not consider it well-bred to write to anyone on scraps of paper, but certainly it should be avoided when you address a stranger for the first time.

NELLA CUNLIFFE.—Write to the secretary. See instructions for cleaning gold lace at page 407, vol ii.

VIVA.—The *Girl's Own Annual* is the name by which the yearly volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is called. It is composed of the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER bound up together.

LADY SALLIE.—Both are worn, but you must be guided by the general usage of the parish in which you live.

THE SLIGHTED TRIO.—Elaine is the heroine of one of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

DUSCHKA.—See "Hints for Christmas Decorations," page 169, vol. ii.

BLANCHISSEUSE.—The Royal Exchange was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and opened by Queen Elizabeth on the 23rd January, 1570. The materials of the building and the architect came from Flanders, and the "Burse" at Antwerp is said to have suggested the model.

MERRY-THOUGHT.—The "Thirty years' war" consisted of a series of conflicts between the Roman Catholics and Protestants of Germany, which were carried on in the seventeenth century. It commenced in Bohemia in 1618, and it terminated in 1648, with the "Peace of Westphalia."

FRANCIE B.—We cannot give you the information you require.

E. P. M. L.—Any of the hospitals are glad of papers. You had better pay a visit yourself and inquire. The doctor or chaplain would be good people to send them to, we hear.

VIOLA.—The author of "Baron Munchausen" is Rudolf Erich Raspe. It is a satire on Bruce, whose "Travels in Abyssinia" were considered mythical at the time, or on the Baron de Tott, a German traveller.

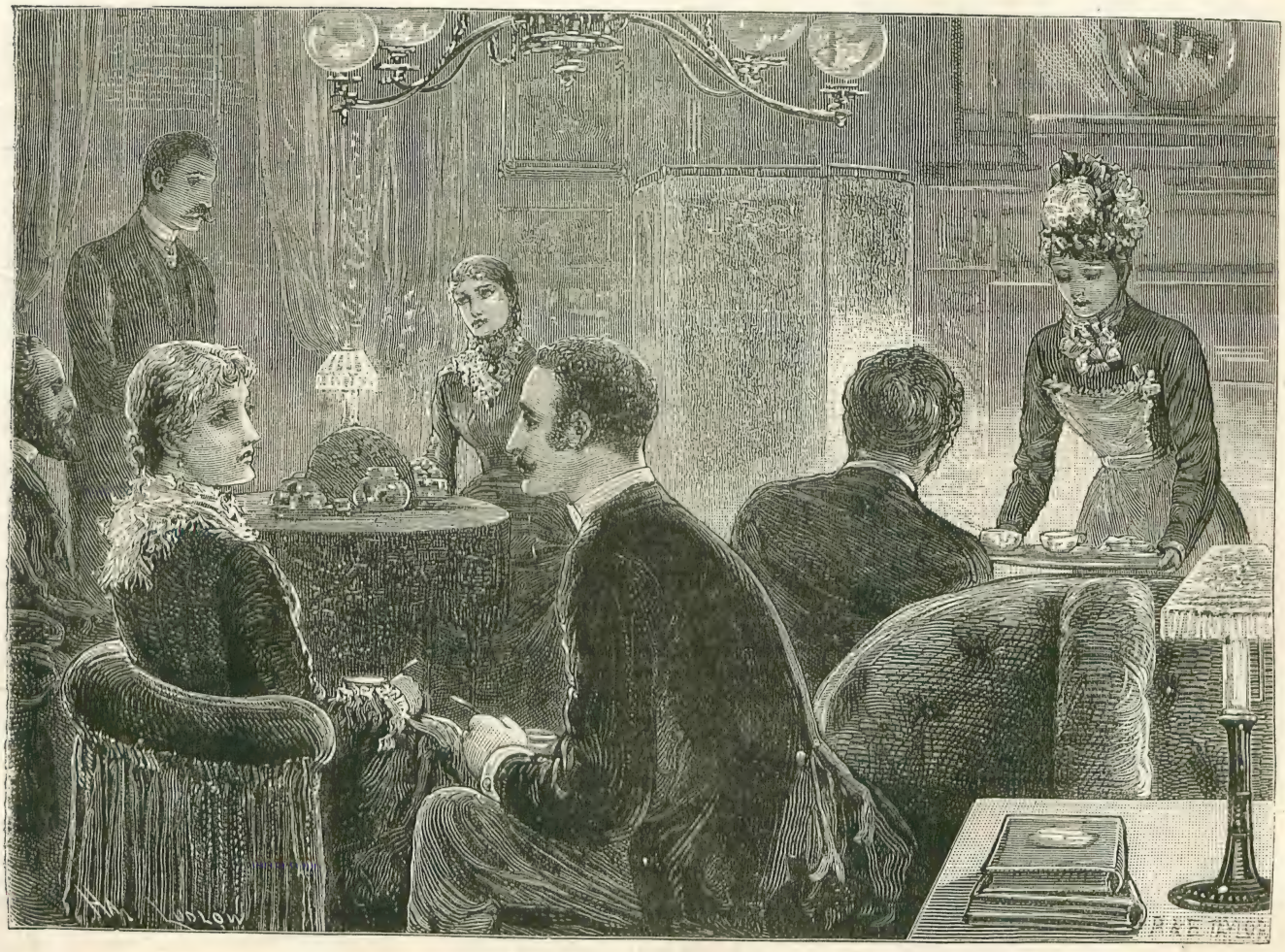
TIBBY.—You are indeed much too young to be engaged to any man. You are not out of the schoolroom, and could not possibly know how your taste will change at mature age. The lad of nineteen should be thinking of his lessons, or his trade. He might prefer you to every other little girl now, and when grown up might laugh at his boyish fancy. His engagement would not be binding in law, because he is a minor. We are shocked at your inquiring whether you may be (what you call) "engaged" and walk with him "without the consent of your parents!" They should send you to a boarding-school, with a hint to the mistress to watch you. Have you no principle, even if you have no common sense?

LOVER OF ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL.—Such a thing as a "Platonic friendship" may exist between persons of different sexes; but excepting in cases of great disparity of age, single individuals should be gifted with more than ordinary circumspection and tact. Human nature is weak, and an attachment of a different character might unconsciously spring up on one side—if not on both—and be of full growth before recognised. "Abstain from all appearance of evil" to the eyes of others. We must not trust anything so "deceitful" as our own hearts too implicitly. We could not counsel you in any individual case without knowing every circumstance connected with it.

VOL. III.—NO. 107. JANUARY 14, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

BY DORA HOPE.



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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"THERE it is again, Anne; don't you hear it?" ejaculated Margaret, under her breath, with a horror-stricken expression. She had been sitting sewing in the little work-room upstairs one morning, when a curious noise in the box-room end of the apartment had startled her, and she had called Anne from her sweeping in the next room.

"Oh, that's a mouse, clear enough, 'm," replied Anne, boldly parting the curtains, and moving about amongst the boxes, when, of course, the noise ceased.

Margaret was relieved to find the noise arose from so slight a cause, for the attempted burglary had increased her natural nervousness.

"The house is regular overrun with them, 'm, and I do think it is time something were done; even my boots was gnawed dreadful last night, and as for our old cat, he ain't no more use than a stuffed one, for if you'll believe me, 'm, I saw a mouse run right across under his very nose, as you may say, and him sitting there blinking and purring and never so much as trying to catch him. He's what you may call *too* affectionate, he is."

"Oh, why did you not tell me before? I had no idea we had so many," said Margaret, rather severely, as her courage returned. "As to the cat, it is clear you give it too much to eat; you must give it less, and not pet it, and then I am sure it will at least try to catch the mice. If it does not, we will get rid of it, and try to find one with a little more spirit, for a good cat is the very best preventive of mice. And then you must be particularly careful not to leave any crusts about, or candle-ends, or bones on the shelves or in any uncovered place; it is usually some carelessness of that sort which first entices them."

Anne did not approve of the personal turn the conversation had taken, so began herself to make suggestions.

"Yes, 'm," she said, "and it happened that Mrs. Newman—Betsy as was—and me was naming the very same subject last night when she called round to bring you them cauliflowers and things she'd had sent her from the country, and was telling me they'd been served dreadful with mice at their shop, but they've cleared them all out now, for her husband he took and filled up every hole he could find with plaster, and then they set traps and kept changing the bait, and the traps too sometimes, or else they cleaned them out well, for mice they are that cunning they can smell if one or two have been caught, and they won't go in the trap if you tempt them ever so."

"Well, the best thing we can do is to follow Betsy's example, and I hope we shall be as successful."

The work in which Margaret was engaged that morning was the manufacture of a warm skirt, to be given to a poor old flower woman, whose post she and Wilfred passed every morning in their usual walk together towards the City. A few weeks before Margaret had given her old *protégée* one or two strong under-garments, and these the recipient constantly declared to be, "Oh, so warm and comfortable, just like a piece of board," which, but for the rapture of the old woman's face, might have been considered a doubtful compliment.

The way Margaret managed her charities was this. She and Wilfred had agreed before they were married that they would begin from the very first to lay by regularly a tenth of their income for charity, and this, after the amount was deducted which they gave in regular subscriptions, was kept in a special cash-box, so that when any appeal was made to them for help they could go to this box and judge by the state of its contents whether they could spare anything, though it must be confessed that the amount was occasionally supplemented from other sources. Wilfred had very decided ideas about money spent in charity, considering that it should not be given indiscriminately simply because it was asked for, but should be spent as carefully as any other investment, after considering, in a business-like light, whether it would produce the desired results. The carrying out of this principle occupied Margaret's leisure moments a good deal, as it involved visiting and inquiring amongst charitable societies and the individual poor who came for help, but she was glad to feel she was of some use, and did it willingly.

The January weather during that year was unusually severe, and there were several heavy snowstorms. Margaret was careful to have the steps swept frequently to prevent them becoming slippery with clogged snow, and also to avoid having it trodden into the house, to the damage of the carpets. But any further precaution did not occur to her, and it was a very unpleasant surprise one morning to discover the ceiling in one of the bedrooms covered with moisture, which was running down the walls in some places and dripping from the ceiling in others. The snow had choked up the gutters, and now that a thaw had set in the water could not escape in the proper direction, so had made for itself a passage through a weak point in the roof. There was nothing to be done but to move the furniture and put pails to catch the drops, and send for a man as quickly as possible to clear the pipes and stop the hole in the roof. When he had finished all he could do at the time, he advised Margaret for the future to have the snow swept from the roof always after a very heavy snowstorm, as soon as it had ceased falling, particularly as theirs was a flat roof, for after the thaw had set in little could be done to stop the mischief.

Margaret mentally vowed to follow his advice as she looked sadly round the disfigured room, but her meditations were disturbed by Wilfred's voice calling to her that it was nearly time to start, and he had forgotten to mention that he had asked two friends in to dinner that evening.

As Elsie and Will Colville were already coming, the usual small repast would require a little expansion, and she had to make her arrangements quickly, to avoid hindering Wilfred.

There was some fish left from the previous day's dinner, so Margaret decided to have fish soup. Anne had made it before, and Margaret simply read the directions over to her to ensure getting all the necessary ingredients.

"Three ounces of butter, put into a stew-pan, with two carrots, an onion, and a shalot cut in thin slices, a clove, and a little thyme and parsley. When they are browned, put in three pints of cold water, and as soon as it boils put in a small haddock, cut up (I think we can do without the haddock this time, Anne, as there is such a large piece of cod left), and the heads and bones of two whiting. Simmer it slowly for an hour and a half or more, and when it is strained cut up the fillets of whiting which were taken off the bones, put them in the stock, and boil it up again for a few minutes, adding a little salt and pepper. As I want it to be rather better than usual to-night, I will get half-a-dozen oysters to put in as well."

Then Margaret thought one of Betsy's cauliflowers would come in very well as a simple *entrée*, prepared *au gratin*. This Anne usually managed very well by cutting the vegetable into pieces after it was well boiled, and laying about half of it on a buttered dish. Then she sprinkled it with pepper, nutmeg, salt, and a little Parmesan cheese, then laid the rest of the cauliflower on it, sprinkled it in the same way, and covered the top with baked breadcrumbs, with a little warm melted butter poured over all. It was baked in the oven for twenty minutes, and was then ready to serve.

Finally, Margaret resolved to add to the sweets an inexpensive blancmange, which she made herself after the following recipe. An ounce of gelatine, or isinglass, is soaked in a pint of cold milk; when it is melted add another pint, with two fresh young laurel-leaves, or a few drops of essence of almond, and five ounces of loaf-sugar in it. Let it boil a minute or two, then take it off and pour a cup of cold water into the boiling jelly, and let it stand aside, covered, for a quarter of an hour where it will keep quite hot, but not even simmer; then it is ready to strain into the mould. The adding of cold water makes it nice and clear.

"How did that sample of cheap soap answer, Anne, that I told you to try the other day?" she asked, as she was leaving the kitchen.

"Oh, it didn't go no way at all, 'm; 'twas all lather and no substance, as you may say."

"Well, I think we have proved now that the best soap is the cheapest in the end; indeed, I am told that the laundresses always use the best soap to be had, as being really the most economical."

"Yes, 'm, I have always heard so too. My mother, she always buys the best, and has it in the house for weeks before using it, for keeping offices, as she do, she knows how to make it go the furthest, and the longer you keep it in a dry place the harder it gets, and goes twice as far as if you use it all soft, like it is most ways when you buy it."

"Your mother certainly ought to be a good judge with all the scrubbing she has to do."

"Yes, 'm, and she says, for the rough work, there's nothing like some of them cold-water soaps: it takes the dirt out wonderful, and not half the work, and don't take the paint off like using soda."

Margaret had long ago given up the cheap or highly-scented soaps for toilet use, having been so repeatedly warned of their injurious effect on the skin, but she thought cheaper soaps would do for household use. She found now, however, as the result of her experiments, that economy and cheapness were in this case two very different things.

As the party sat chatting after dinner that evening Margaret told her guests about the calamity of the morning in a manner which enlisted all their sympathies.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, Mrs. Trent," said one of Wilfred's friends. "I was very nearly having the same thing happen last winter in my rooms. You must know that like the love-sick individual immortalised in song, who lived in Leather-lane, 'My parlour is next the sky; it lets in the wind and lets in the rain'—at least, it did on one occasion; but my man—a very sharp fellow he is too—noticed the first small patch of moisture on the ceiling, so with a gimlet he bored a small hole right in the middle of the wet patch, and in a few minutes the water began to drip through the hole straight into a bucket he had placed ready under it, so the wet was confined to one place instead of spreading all over the ceiling, and perhaps the walls too."

"That was clever! I shall remember that

for future occasions. Oh, Wilfred, wait a minute," she exclaimed, as she saw her husband rise to put some coal on the rapidly expiring fire; "I was so absorbed in the conversation that I did not notice how low the fire was, but I think you will finally extinguish it if you put coal on now."

So saying, she went to the bookcase, and opening a small cupboard, took out a paper-bag of dried orange peel. A few pieces of this placed carefully amongst the coals soon burst into a blaze, and a bright little fire was quickly obtained.

"Please excuse my playing the part of stoker for the moment," she said, as, with heightened colour, she returned to the table. "It is so pleasant to coax back a fire to life, and there is nothing so good for the purpose as orange peel, so I always keep a few pieces at hand on purpose."

"But where do you get it from, and how do you prepare it?" inquired Elsie.

"I get it from the greengrocer's, and I do not prepare it at all. There is not the slightest mystery about it, Elsie; you need not look so perplexed. The whole secret of it is that I keep a large paper-bag hung up in a warm corner of the kitchen, and whenever we have oranges the skins are put in the bag and left there to dry till they are wanted. Sometimes, if we have a good many, we put them into the oven for a few minutes, and they are most useful for either lighting or reviving a fire. I am told they are useful, too, in cases of sickness, if the fire gets low whilst the patient is asleep, as they will blaze up without making a loud crackling noise like wood does."

When the tea was brought into the drawing-room, Anne handed with it slices of bread and butter and gingerbread cake, for which latter Margaret made many apologies, confessing that her agitation about the leaking roof had made her entirely forget to provide any suitable cake or biscuits.

"It was a wonder you happened to have any in the house at all," said Elsie. "If I ever forget anything like that the fates are sure to be against me, and I find, when it is too late, that there is nothing at all that will do."

"Oh, I always have cake in the house. I am blessed with a very good appetite; and invariably get hungry at the wrong times; besides, it is not wise if children come in not to have anything to offer them, so I have a plain cake made every Saturday, generally plum or seed cakes, varied by occasional soda or gingerbread ones, and I am never at a loss for something either for myself or any children who happen to call."

The recipe from which this particular cake was made was a very simple one. A quarter of a pound of butter was melted in a pound of treacle, and the two stirred into a pound of flour, and mixed well together with a quarter of a pound of coarse brown sugar, half an ounce of ginger, a little candied peel, and a *very* little cayenne pepper, and baked in a shallow tin in a very slow oven.

"Have you heard from Tom lately, Madge?" asked Elsie, whilst the gentlemen still tarried in the dining-room.

"Oh, yes, I heard this morning; he wrote to ask for father's address, who, you know, expects to remain abroad some months longer. Tom writes such bright cheery letters. But had you any reason for asking?" returned Margaret, noticing that Elsie looked rather grave.

"Oh, I hardly like to tell you, Madge dear, and yet mamma thought you ought to know that she has heard from our aunt in Edinburgh, with whom Tom lives, and that they are feeling a little anxious about him, because of some rather wild companions of *his*. *There is one* young fellow particularly, who is not at all a desirable acquaintance, aunt thinks, and yet Tom and he are inseparable."

"But Tom, himself, does not cause aunt anxiety?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Oh no, he is so good and hard-working, so kind and affectionate to aunt and all of them, that it seems all the more strange for him to care to mix with these doubtful acquaintances."

"I cannot think that he would ever do anything *wrong*," said Margaret, after a few moments' silence, "and yet it *is* wrong to have bad companions. Perhaps aunt is mistaken in her opinion of these friends of Tom's. At any rate, we must hope and pray that he may be kept right. I will write to him more frequently, and get Wilfred to do so too, and I am sure that he will soon be himself again. However, here are the gentlemen, so we must banish the subject. But you will pray for poor Tom, Elsie?"

(*To be continued.*)

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHETHER TO TELL?

DECIMA sat in her room alone, gazing out of the window, and wearing still the same bewildered air that she had worn at first. A tap at the door, twice repeated, failed to attract her attention, and Mrs. Fitzroy entered, without more ado.

"My dear, I have brought back your letters," she said. "Thank you for letting me see them. It is very sad about the poor little child."

Dessie gave one look into her aunt's face, and then gazed resolutely out of the window.

"You were very fond of him, were you not?" said Mrs. Fitzroy, doubting the exact meaning of this mood.

Dessie shook her shoulders impatiently. "Yes. O you don't know. Nobody *can* know——"

"I think we all know enough to feel for you, Dessie."

"Feel! I tell you, you don't know—you *can't*," said Dessie, in a tone that Mrs. Fitzroy would have thought rude, but for the evidences of suppressed excitement accompanying. She saw that Dessie was not mistress of herself.

"We do not know the poor little fellow personally," she said gently. "That makes it so much worse for you."

Dessie writhed, and shook herself again.

"Worse! O it is horrible—dreadful!" she said passionately. "Don't talk about it. Don't say anything."

Mrs. Fitzroy obeyed, standing silently by the window. She wondered whether she had in any degree misjudged Dessie—whether stronger affections than she had suspected lay under the surface. She had counted Dessie rather wanting in heart.

Dessie sat upright suddenly, and tried to laugh.

"It's of no use to mind—not the *least* use. Nothing can change it; Edith says so. I *won't* be wretched. Just look at those students beating their dogs. They are always doing it—isn't it horrid?"

"Dessie, when God sends us sorrow, I don't think He means us to pretend that it is not sorrow."

Dessie's face worked violently. "It's no use," she said again. "Nothing can do him any good now. Don't they say so? Let me see the letters." She read them through to herself, and then flung them down. "Edith doesn't try to make the best of it, at any rate. I suppose she thinks I shan't care. Well, let them think so. It doesn't matter. You see what she means, aunt Laura. Hugh is to be an idiot all his life. They don't say the word, but they mean it. And he *was*—so——."

Dessie sobbed in spite of herself. "O go away—don't stay," she gasped, "please don't stay. I hate to be comforted. Talking does no good. I only want to forget. And nobody understands—O *do* please leave me."

The entreaty was not obeyed. Dessie found herself, somehow, with her face hidden in her aunt's dress. She held it in a tight clutch, sobbing and choking in an unwilling fashion of yielding to grief. Mrs. Fitzroy said no comforting words, and only stood quite still with one arm round Dessie, not even pressing her affectionately. Once she laid a hand gently against Dessie's cheek, but the sobs broke out again, and Dessie said, "Don't," in a short harsh tone.

"Aunt Laura, I *won't* be made to cry," she said at length, raising her face. "It isn't my way, and I won't be made."

"No, my dear child."

Mrs. Fitzroy spoke quite calmly and coolly, as Dessie wished, and Dessie sat more upright, biting her lips vehemently.

"I hate to cry, and I hate to be unhappy," she said. "It does no good. One may just as well not think. Being wretched will not make him better. Besides, it may be all a mistake. He may get all right by-and-bye."

"The doctor gives some hope of improvement," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Yes, and most likely there is more hope than he says. Why shouldn't there be? Why *should* Hugh keep on like that? I shall write and tell them not to be down-hearted, for he is sure to get well soon. I believe Edith wanted to frighten me. But I won't believe her. I won't believe them. I don't mean to make myself dismal about nothing."

Mrs. Fitzroy did not think this mood desirable. "Nothing, Dessie?" she said softly, and Dessie burst into a fresh fit of sobs.

"You needn't be so cruel," she said pettishly. "But you are like Edith: I do believe you *like* me to be unhappy. Just when I was trying to think he would come all right—and if you make me think of Ella—how can I help minding? Oh, it is so horrid, so dreadful. Please, please don't talk about it any more. I don't want to speak, and I do wish I might be alone. *Please* leave me."

This time Mrs. Fitzroy obeyed the request, though unwillingly. She thought it might be best.

Dessie immediately locked her door, and returned to the window-seat, to indulge in bitter musings. The struggle to appear indifferent vanished with the presence of a spectator; and she looked as she felt—utterly miserable.

In truth the news affected her to an extent which none around could even guess. Not only was she moved by pity for the poor child; not only was she stirred by sympathy for Ella.

"There is an hour when vain remorse
First wakes in her eternal force,"

and to such an hour Dessie had now come. The remembrance of her carelessness and of her guilty promise had almost faded out of her mind, together with the dread of ill consequences. Now that those consequences suddenly burst upon her, the realisation of her own responsibility in the matter burst upon her also. Now, indeed, she knew that throughout a lifetime she would probably have cause to rue her recklessness—recklessness shown alike in her defective attention to the child, and in the hastily-uttered promise after the accident. Now, indeed, the burden, unfelt before, pressed upon her heavily.

True, the injury to the child had been more directly Anne's doing than hers. True, also, even it she *had* made known the fall, he might have suffered from it precisely to the same extent.

Still, she could not but remember that Hugh had been left in her charge as well as in Anne's, and that her sudden call to Anne had been the immediate cause of the accident. Moreover, had the full truth been told from the first, she would at least have had the after-comfort of knowing that all had been done which could be done to avert the evil consequences. She would not then have had the weight of this fearful secret pressing upon her.

But to tell *now*—that would indeed be terrible. Dessie shuddered at the very thought. One moment, indeed, in her distress, she had an impulse of longing to confess the whole, but the next moment her feeling was that such a confession would be utterly impossible.

And why must she—why should she tell? The deed was done, and could not be undone. The consequences had come about—consequences which cast a deep shadow over a once joyous home; and no words of hers could lighten that shadow. Nay, to be made acquainted with the true cause of the child's condition would rather add to the parents' pain. To stand up and confess her share in the trouble would be but to alienate the love of those nearest to her, would be but to estrange Ella from her for ever. O no! she could not; the thing was utterly impossible, utterly needless. So reasoned Dessie. She could not, could not do it.

But was it needless? There was another side to the matter. How about God's forgiveness?

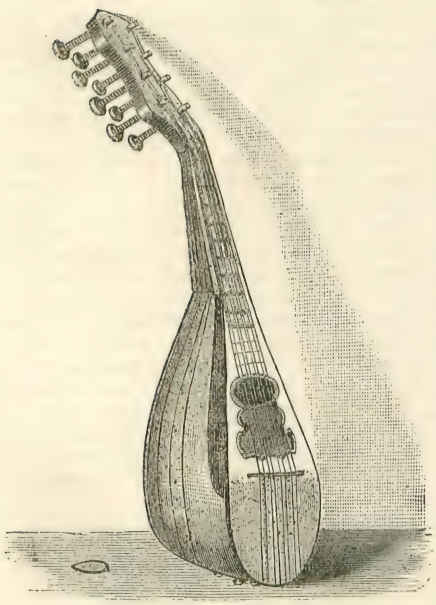
Dessie knew at length that she needed forgiveness. She knew at length that her heedlessness had been *sin—not the* heedlessness of that one moment only, but the thoughtlessness of years, which had been permitted to bud and blossom unchecked, and which in that moment had borne such bitter fruit. Could she draw nigh to God, could she kneel down and confess the wrong to her Father in heaven, could she plead in Christ's name for pardon, and believe that it was hers, all the while with this sad secret of heavy wrong to fellow-man lying, an unconfessed burden, upon her conscience?

Dessie knew now, as she had known before, that it was not possible. Her heart seemed chained, her lips seemed frozen, and she could not pray.

"But I can't help it. I cannot, *cannot* tell," she reiterated hopelessly.

(To be continued.)

THE MANDOLIN.



At present, when the art of music is so much studied and cultivated amongst us, it is to me a matter of no little surprise that the simple and beautiful instrument which I purpose describing should be almost unknown in this country. The mandolin, like the lute, which it resembles in form, is of very ancient origin, and, like it, was a great favourite with the troubadours. In our own day the art of playing the mandolin is almost entirely confined to the East and the Southern countries of Europe. I shall now give a short account of the mandolins and mandolin playing of the Italians. In Italy there are two kinds of mandolins—the Neapolitan and Milanese; they are both very graceful in shape, but the latter has the sweeter tone, and is easier to play. The manner of playing the mandolin is rather peculiar. The neck is held in the left hand like the guitar but instead of the strings being struck by the fingers of the right, a small triangular piece of tortoiseshell for the Neapolitan and cherry bark for the Milanese mandolin (which partly accounts for the superior softness of the latter) is used. It is held between the forefinger and thumb, and to produce the notes a tremulous motion of the wrist is required, each string being struck very rapidly backwards and forwards, each note thus consisting of a multitude of shorter notes or vibrations. The result is peculiar and pleasing, and there is this great advantage, that each note can be prolonged to its exact value, and the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* can be rendered in a single note with the utmost precision and exactness. The production of these tremulous notes is the great difficulty for beginners in learning to play this instrument, but, with a little patience and practice, the wrist becomes flexible, and the vibrations are produced with ease. The mandolin and guitar harmonise most exquisitely—the former playing the air, the latter the accompaniment. These two instruments seem, in fact, to be made for one another, and when some of the beautiful and appropriate Italian airs are heard on a still, moonlight night in a Venetian gondola or at Naples on the Chiaia or Santa Lucia, a most enchanting effect is produced. Those who have not heard the mandolin played really well can have no idea what perfection can be attained by a skilful performer, and how an Italian audience can be completely carried away by its expression and sweetness. One of the best players of Italy, residing in Genoa, may often be heard in the evenings at the *Caffè di Napoli*, which is crowded to suffocation when it is known that he is to perform there. This musician has been frequently urged to go to London or Paris, where he would assuredly be successful, but he appears to have no ambition to achieve fame or fortune, and has never been further from his native city than Nice, which he sometimes visits during the season.

Another excellent mandolinist is a blind gentleman who plays at concerts very difficult operatic selections, accompanied by the pianoforte. The Queen of Italy, to her numerous other accomplishments, adds that of playing the mandolin.

I shall conclude by advising any girl having a taste for music to procure one of these instruments, and, with a little practice and perseverance, and the assistance of a book of instructions, she will acquire an accomplishment, novel, graceful, and delightful.

X. X.

THE HASTY MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER II.

CIRCUMSTANCES prevented me from seeing any more of Laura until a full year had passed away. It was one day early in spring that I met her mother; a cold cheerless day towards the end of February. I inquired how her daughter was getting on, and then I heard a most miserable story. She had been very ill three months before, and was even now in quite broken health. Joe was behaving very badly. He had deceived her from the first. He was not a mason at all—merely a labourer; his wages even in full work would be small, but on half-time, as he seemed always to be, it was just starvation. They had begun the world without a single sixpence in hand; even the furniture was borrowed, and had to be paid for. Laura's severe illness and the birth of her little boy had brought them down to the lowest depths. Joe's beautiful behaviour had long since departed; his temper, never very good, had soon displayed itself. Laura, poor bright lively Laura, had retaliated with saucy words; there were drunkenness and poverty, angry words and recrimination. "You would hardly know her," said the poor woman, in tears, "she is that thin, and her cough is awful, and she has hardly a gown to her back." I listened in silence, but my heart sank within me. How little can be done to help in a case like this! My thoughts went back to the wedding cake, with its iced sugar and ornaments, and Laura's grand bonnet that I saw on my first visit! Were these things paid for? It was altogether a history of folly, and sin, and suffering, that grieved me to the very heart! "You will go and see her, won't you?" said Mrs. Heywood, anxiously. And I went the very next day.

In Laura's home things were almost worse than I expected. She was sitting by a small poor fire; her baby, a very fine child, in her arms, but the wan weary face, the bright colour that flew into her cheeks when she saw me, and the hollow cough, all told a tale of suffering and privation painful to think of. Ah, and there was worse behind! Upon her forehead there was the mark of a heavy blow, about which I could not ask, but I guessed too truly that it was inflicted by the hand of her surly and ill-tempered husband!

I sat for a long time with the unhappy young mother, and heard from her own lips the recital of all her disappointments and distresses, but sad as it all was, the disposition of mind that Laura showed distressed me more than anything else in her position. She had blame to bestow upon everyone, but none for herself. Her mistress was to blame for dismissing her harshly and abruptly; her mother was to blame for not giving her a more kindly welcome when she did go home; Joe was deeply to blame for deceiving her as to his trade and wages; but there was no blame for Laura Heywood, who, knowing quite well what she was doing, had wilfully united herself to a man about whom she knew almost nothing, except that he was unsteady in his habits. This impenitent resentful spirit added to her sufferings; there was no softening of spirit, no gracious influence from heaven, no cry to Jesus for pity and pardon. In her case it was truly to be seen that never until we can say from the heart, like David of old, "I have sinned against the Lord;" never until then comes the gracious healing answer, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin." She had sinned and suffered, but her heart was unsubdued.

The downward path that led poor Laura to the miserable position in which we now find her is one trod by so many all around us, that we are in danger of looking upon it with a certain amount of apathy and indifference.

And yet to anyone with a feeling heart what sight more saddening than the wife of the drunkard! The utter hopelessness of the position is the saddest part of it all; for how seldom is the drunkard reclaimed when once he has begun to taste the fatal cup, and, besides that, how rapidly does the character deteriorate under the baneful influence of drink! The man who, in other circumstances, might have been a kind husband and tender father, becomes worse and more degraded than the brute creation. His children may be in rags, they may be dying before his eyes; his home may be a wreck, everything that is sweet and lovely may have perished out of it, he is indifferent to all, if only he is allowed to drain the fatal glass that has caused all this misery. And yet young women, seeing all this, and being quite familiar with the misery of it in many homes all around them, will, in the most reckless manner, enter into marriage with men of doubtful character in this respect! Truly, until we can arouse in young women such a sense of self-respect and womanly dignity, that they will scorn the companionship of the intemperate man, and turn with loathing from the very thought of marriage with one of this character, it seems vain to speak!

THE MANDOLIN.

Laura's sad condition was so much upon my mind that it was not long before I repeated my visit to her cheerless home. This time I knocked at the door in vain. All was cold and silent. After waiting a little and knocking again, a door at the other end of the passage abruptly opened, and an old woman demanded crossly what I wanted.

I told her that I wanted to speak to Mrs. Bennet, but she seemed to be out. "Out," repeated the old woman. "Yes, she's out, and if you wait for her you will wait long enough. She and her man cleared out a week ago, and took all they had with them, and there's everybody to pay. A blessed half-crown she borrowed from me, bad luck to them both," and so saying she shut her door with a bang.

I went at once to Mrs. Heywood, and heard that it was all true; they were deep in debt all round, and could pay nothing, so they stole away one night after dark, and she knew no more than anyone else where they had gone to.

I doubted this very much. I believe Mrs. Heywood knew very well where they were, but I could not press a mother to tell upon her child, or in any way to bring trouble upon her, and so I had to give them up, feeling almost sure that I should never again see poor Laura. But in this I was mistaken.

Rather more than three years had passed away, and, amidst the varying occupations and interests of life, I had almost quite forgotten the young couple whose ill-assorted marriage had at one time been such a trouble to me.

Mrs. Heywood had removed to another part of the town. I did not know her address, and had therefore no opportunity of hearing anything about Laura, even if her mother had been able to give me any information, which she always denied. But I was once more to see my poor unhappy scholar. One afternoon in winter I was on my way homewards, laden with sundry small parcels, and trying to hold up an umbrella, as a slight shower of snow had begun to fall.

Not looking very particularly where I was going, I came into collision with a woman going in the opposite direction, and, instinctively, I looked up to apologise. It was Laura. I knew her at once; but so changed, so haggard, so miserably clothed. She led a little boy by the hand. One glance at the child showed me that he was lame and sickly. Poor little fellow! His large soft eyes had the wistful pleading look that we often see in the child whose delicate bodily frame and unhappy circumstances seem to mark out for a life of suffering. The change in Laura's appearance since I had seen her last was most distressing. All look of youthfulness was gone; and yet at this time she could not be more than twenty-five years of age. It was evident that she had never recovered her health. She might have done so, perhaps, in more favourable circumstances, but a life such as she had led—a life of privation and bodily discomfort, anxiety, and agitation of mind—had acted fatally upon a constitution never at any time robust.

As I looked at her I felt that her days were numbered. There was also a strange alteration in her manner. She seemed dull and indifferent, and showed little pleasure in meeting me again.

I inquired where she was living, and she replied, with her mother. Her father, she said, was dead; her young brother living in Glasgow with her other sister. "And is Joe with you?" I asked, almost trembling for the reply; but Laura answered without any emotion—"He left me long ago—more than a year ago. I don't know where he is; I never wish to see him again." "Oh, Laura!" I said, "he is your husband!" A curious expression flitted over her face; the colour came into her thin cheeks. "I could have forgiven everything," she said. "All my own misery and starvation and ill-usage—but—this child." Here she pointed to the little boy. "You remember him as a baby, such a beauty as he was—the only one I ever had. Look at him now—a cripple for life, and all done by his own father's hand. In a drunken fury one day he threw my darling across the room; for weeks I thought he would die, but no, he struggled through it all, when, God knows, I sometimes had not bread to give him. And now he is a cripple for life! Can I forgive that? Would you forgive that?" . . . Her increasing agitation alarmed the little boy, whose wistful eyes were turned first upon me and then fixed upon his mother's face. She saw the look and the heightened colour of the child, and, picking him up in her arms, she kissed him fondly and whispered a word in his ear. It was the one trait of womanly feeling she had shown. Every other emotion seemed to have died out of her, but the mother's heart was there yet.

Very little now remains to be told of poor Laura's history. I said that I had thought her days were numbered, but I little imagined how very quickly the sands of her life were running out.

I saw her several times after this, and she was also visited by a faithful City missionary, who earnestly endeavoured to lead her to repentance, submission, and faith in the tender Saviour, whose own promise is that none who come to Him will ever be turned away. Laura listened, and was sometimes moved to tears, but she said very little in reply. Sometimes it almost seemed as though her troubles had seared her heart. And all this time the end was very near.

One day while she was engaged in her usual work of turning the mangle, which was her mother's only means of support, she suddenly stopped, and, with a slight cry, fell to the ground. Medical assistance was close at hand, and everything was done for her that was necessary, but all was in vain. She had burst a blood-vessel on the lungs, and never spoke again.

And so passed away the once bright and happy Laura, who, five short years before, seemed to have all the world before her, and whose life might have been so different. Ah those words—"might have been!" Will any young girl, who may read this story, take warning by the sad fate of Laura Heywood? Oh, young people, life is a serious thing. See that your life is begun with Jesus. Commit yourselves to Him; seek His guidance and blessing; and, as you value your happiness here, and it may be your eternal welfare also, turn away from the companionship of any one—man or woman—who has entered upon any downward path. Don't imagine, in the pride of your inexperienced heart, that you could never behave as poor Laura did, but remember the words of the great apostle, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

D. B. McKEAN.

GIRLS' WORK AND WORKSHOPS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIAN WORK AMONGST THE WORKERS.

OUR Lancashire mill girls greatly resemble the material amongst which they work. They are somewhat like the cotton in the rough, very valuable even then, but needing to pass through many refining processes before the higher qualities are brought into play. But the means used should differ very widely. The cotton necessarily experiences very rough usage, but the young workers improve most under the gentle influences of refined, loving-hearted Christian women and girls.

I have had an opportunity of observing the effect of Christian work amongst these young people for the last twelve years, and though teachers have had patience sorely tried by some amongst their scholars, they have also been permitted to see much precious fruit in return for the seed sown and the labour bestowed.

It is, I believe, about thirteen years since some of these classes had their beginning in the part of Manchester chiefly occupied by factory operatives. It had been ascertained that a very large proportion of the mill girls could neither read, write, nor sew—that the fingers so skilful in the manipulation of the thread were wholly unaccustomed to handling the needle or the pen; so the young folk were invited to assemble and devote one evening in the week to learning these very useful employments.

At first sight it might seem that the teachers who undertook the task of operating upon this raw material would make the greater sacrifice. But after all it required some self-denial on the part of the scholars also. After being up so early in the morning, and spending so many hours in the heated rooms, it was not easy to give up the stroll in the open air, even though it could only be breathed in the streets of the city.

When the attention has been, perforce, incessantly exercised in order to keep pace with the ever-whirling machinery, it is not easy to begin to plod over the alphabet, or to exercise patience in shaping the letters at a first writing lesson, or learning to direct the needle when working hours are supposed to be at an end for the day. To make another beginning when every instinct and longing of the young creatures must have been pleading for rest and freedom out of doors, needed no ordinary effort.

But a beginning was made, teachers volunteered, numbers increased, tens grew into hundreds, and there was no lack of scholars. But our young mill hands require peculiar management, and not a little tact is also needed in those who teach. Past the age of mere children, with a sense of independence which is a natural result of the ability to earn their own livelihood; outspoken alike to companions and teachers; shrewd and quick-witted, from beginning the battle of life so early; all these things in combination called for special qualifications in those who were to deal with the human material in the rough.

Then, again, our young mill girls have a great idea of reciprocity. If they confide their private affairs to the teacher, they consider that she should be perfectly open with them also. This was amusingly illustrated on one occasion when a very warm-hearted Christian girl, who had been a regular and devoted teacher, was engaged to be married.

There was great consternation at the idea of losing Miss Annie, as well as a strong feeling of interest in the approaching wedding. But beyond and above all was a sense of the injury inflicted on her pupils by her want of confidence, and she was roundly reproached for not having even told them that *she was keeping company*.

There is little doubt that when the girls first began to attend the classes they considered they were rather conferring a favour by coming, and that when there they ought to do pretty much as they liked. I well remember hearing a girl complain to the lady superintendent that she "*had been sauced by her teacher*," because the latter had objected to loud talking when she was reading to her class on the sewing evening.

As punctual attendance was absolutely necessary if progress were to be made, prizes were offered for this and for good conduct. Some extra ones were also given by the lady superintendent for Bible knowledge. These gifts were greatly valued, and some of the girls would soon make almost any sacrifice rather than be late. I remember on a winter's evening seeing one of the younger scholars sitting in her place nearly an hour before the usual time for assembling.

"It is only just past six," I said. "You will have a long time to wait. Did you think it was seven?"

"No, teacher, I always come soon. I come straight from the mill, after I've washed my hands."

"Have you not been home, then?"

"No, teacher. I live too far off, I couldn't get home and back before school, and I should lose my mark for being early if I went to my tea first."

It turned out that the girl habitually came straight from the mill to the class-room, in order to get her mark for punctual attendance, and having had her dinner between one and two, went without food until she reached home at night, which, as the scholars were dismissed at nine, would be at least half an hour later still. She looked upon this quite as a matter of course, and would not have mentioned why she was present so early had she not been questioned.

It is, however, usual for the hands to take an early tea, which is carried to them whilst they are at work by persons who receive a small weekly payment for doing this and supplying the boiling water.

As a matter of necessity, classes for factory operatives must be held in the heart of the mill district, and hence arises a difficulty as regards young teachers.

Educated Christian girls, daughters of well-to-do people, generally have their homes as far as possible from the factory chimneys. The little working lassie is used to trudge the streets in the darkness of a winter morning, piercing the dense fog as best she can, at hours when the girl teacher is sleeping on her comfortable bed, with no care or anxiety as to the wants of the growing day. In the evening, when some girls of like age are carefully escorted home under trusty guardianship, the mill-hands troop through the streets—their own caretakers. Some go steadily on, some with loud voices and careless laugh, ready to exchange jests with any passer-by, or, perhaps, attracted by the sound of street music, they will begin to turn round in pairs on the wet pavement. As you glance at them, you wonder at the graceful movements and almost noiseless touch of the feet on the flags, even when they are cased in clogs. And you wish that each of these dear, hard-working young

girls—the ages, perhaps, of yourself and your sisters at home—could be brought under the sweet influences of loving teachers such as you have had, or that you could help in the good work yourself.

But you live so far away, and there is the going and coming at nights which you feel sure your mother would never permit. Then the weather might be wet, and there are, in short, so many hindrances that you are afraid to offer even whilst you would like to help.

So classes are often without teachers, and the plenteous harvest cannot be gathered for want of labourers who, perhaps, hardly know how to pass the time at home.

The young mill girl, however, does not at all understand why, if *she* can be out in the streets at night, another girl, older than herself, better shod and protected from the weather, and, withal, able to pay for a seat in a tramcar, cannot turn out too.

I remember one fearfully foggy night, two hundred and fifteen girls were in their places, and scarcely a third of the teachers made their appearance.

A scholar came to the superintendent to complain of the absence of hers, and told her tale with an aggrieved face.

"I am very sorry, dear," said the lady. "I suppose it is the fog which has prevented her."

"But you've come, and I've come, so she *might ha' been here if she'd wanted to.* It's no good coming if there isn't a teacher." And she went disconsolately off to form an item in three classes joined into one.

On another night, when a pouring rain kept most of the teachers away, a scholar made a similar appeal.

"Hadn't I better go home?" she asked. "My feet are *just sopping*, and the room's full of steam with the wet shawls hung on the form-backs to dry. I wouldn't care if only teacher was here, but she hasn't come out because it rains, I expect."

"I daresay her mother was afraid she might get cold. Sometimes when teachers would come their mothers prevent them, because of the distance, you know," replied the superintendent.

"She said she would be here to-night," persisted the girl. "If *she* could get cold, so could I. And I've walked to the mill and back to-day, beside being on my feet when I was at work. And I live as far off here as teacher does, every bit; and she rides mostly, while I have always to walk."

"But you see, dear," said the superintendent, "you are more used to being a great deal out than your teacher is, and that makes some difference. Still, there is no doubt you ought to get your wet clothes off, so you must run home as quickly as possible."

A teacher of the right sort is sure to become interested in her work and to like it too well to absent herself, except in a case of absolute necessity. Many of those who take classes at the Mill Girls' School consider the evening on which it is held as dedicated to God's service in a special manner. No invitation, no prospect of an evening's amusement will entice them to leave the work undone which they have undertaken. This is as it should be; for how can we exact punctual attendance from our scholars unless we set the example? All work should be thorough, but especially such work as this.

When the Mill Girls' classes were commenced, many who were almost young women could not read. But the last seven years' work of education amongst the masses has produced fruit, and nearly all the younger scholars who ask admission are fairly taught, whilst the older pupils still need the instruction. At recent examinations plenty of juveniles—half-timers—have taken excellent places, and doubtless mere book-learning will be acquired elsewhere.

I t the reading, writing, and sewing have not en the most valuable things taught. Twelve years ago a tea-party was given to all the girls attending the classes.

The school was then in its infancy, and those who were present will not soon forget that gathering. The girls showed such a taste for tawdry finery, adorning the hair with white camellias and streaming ribbons, and putting necklaces of mock pearl or coral on dingy stuff frocks, held together at the backs by large pins. At tea the uproar was almost deafening. The girls pocketed the provisions, shouted for more, and declined to listen to anybody who attempted to address them. So someone started a hymn. Then the clamour ceased, and the young voices, instead of making discord, joined harmoniously in the well-known words.

Under cover of this the tables were cleared, and when the first speaker rose the girls listened quietly and attentively, though during the evening they showed a determination not to accord the same attention to all.

A year later and a marked improvement was visible, and even at that first riotous tea-party there were samples of conduct well worthy of imitation by the majority of the girls.

A dear friend of my own superintended these classes for eight succeeding years, continuing her loving labours almost to the end of her life. She appealed to the girls in a way which went to their hearts. She told them that the girl who worked the hardest for her daily bread might still be a true lady in her conduct and manners, both at table and in all her occupations.

That meekness, kindness, modesty, and thought for the feelings of others—in short, all those qualities in which Jesus set such a perfect example—were the best ornaments for young and old in every station of life. The beautiful Bible lessons which, with a hymn and short concluding prayer, occupied the last half hour in each evening made a deep impression on many of the young people, and produced abiding results. The gentle silvery voice, the refined manners, the earnest teaching were not lost. Look in now at one of the annual tea-parties. You will see nearly 300 girls and young women, distinguished for neat, quiet, and tasteful dress, modest manners, orderly behaviour. If there are any untidy or noisy ones, you may be sure that they are comparatively new scholars, and that in a little time they, too, will be influenced by the examples around them.

Though a dozen years have passed away, and other Christian workers superintend and teach in the place of some who are gone, there are yet left both teachers and scholars who began with the classes. Some dear, good girls are wives and mothers now, and carrying into practice in their modest homes the lessons they have learned, and setting a bright example to others.

Some have in turn become Christian workers as Sunday-school teachers, and some have gone to their eternal rest, rejoicing in the finished work of Jesus.

The dear lady superintendent to whom I have alluded shortly before her death addressed a touching letter to her "Dear Mill Girls," as she used to call them. It was circulated throughout the classes only, and was specially intended to guide the young people in the choice of life-partners, and to a course of conduct which would commend them to those who would be likely to make them happy in married life.

As I know that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER goes into the hands of tens of thousands of working girls, I will quote the concluding portion of the letter alluded to, in order that the words which have been blessed to many may have a still wider influence for good:—

"Let me give you some advice to guard you. I want you to be steady and quiet in the streets. Some of you who dance and sing in the streets are just those whom foolish and wicked young men would feel are the very kind of girls with whom they might take liberties, *while those who walk quietly and steadily, as ladies do*, are not likely to get into trouble. 'What we sow we reap,' in this, as in everything else.

"Shall I tell you the kind of young man I should like my dear girls to have for a husband?

"He should be a man who fears God, who fears to do wrong, but who does not fear to be laughed at for doing right. I should like him to be afraid of the public-house and of the companions he would meet there; but not to be afraid of saying *no* to these men when they tempt him to join them.

"I should like him to have been a good son to his father and mother, and one who has loved his home. I should like him to have been a steady workman, whose master speaks well of him, and one who is careful of his wages.

"Above all, I should like him to be a man who trusts in Christ for salvation, who reads the Bible and prays to God daily, who keeps holy the Lord's Day, and goes to the 'house of God.' I should like also that husband and wife should pray together and read the Bible together; and then I trust you would be walking in the path of the just, that shineth more and more into the perfect day. Then you will have begun a happy life together on earth, that will be continued by faith in Christ through all eternity.

"I am, my dear girls,
"Your sincere friend,
"SOPHIA BROWNE."

Very lately, a girl whose behaviour at that first noisy party was an example to others, and who has gone on winning prizes from year to year, and ever advancing in the right way, lately made just such a marriage as is described above. In alluding to it she went over the items one by one, saying joyfully, "See, I have just the things that dear Mrs. Browne wished for us girls! Ought I not to be very thankful and happy?"

The spread of education will probably soon render these classes unnecessary as regards mere book-learning.

But I feel sure that the girl workers in spinning-mill or weaving-shed will still need just what refined Christian women and girls can give—the example of unaffected piety, the Bible instruction, the refined manners, the unobtrusive attire. And the young workers who labour in very different spheres may all be workers together with Christ, and showing sisterly sympathy here may look forward to an eternal union where all earthly distinctions are forgotten in the Father's home above.

In my next chapter I shall show you the girls at work in the silk-mills.

(*To be continued.*)

CHIMES OF EVENING.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p sempre molto legato.

poco marcato.

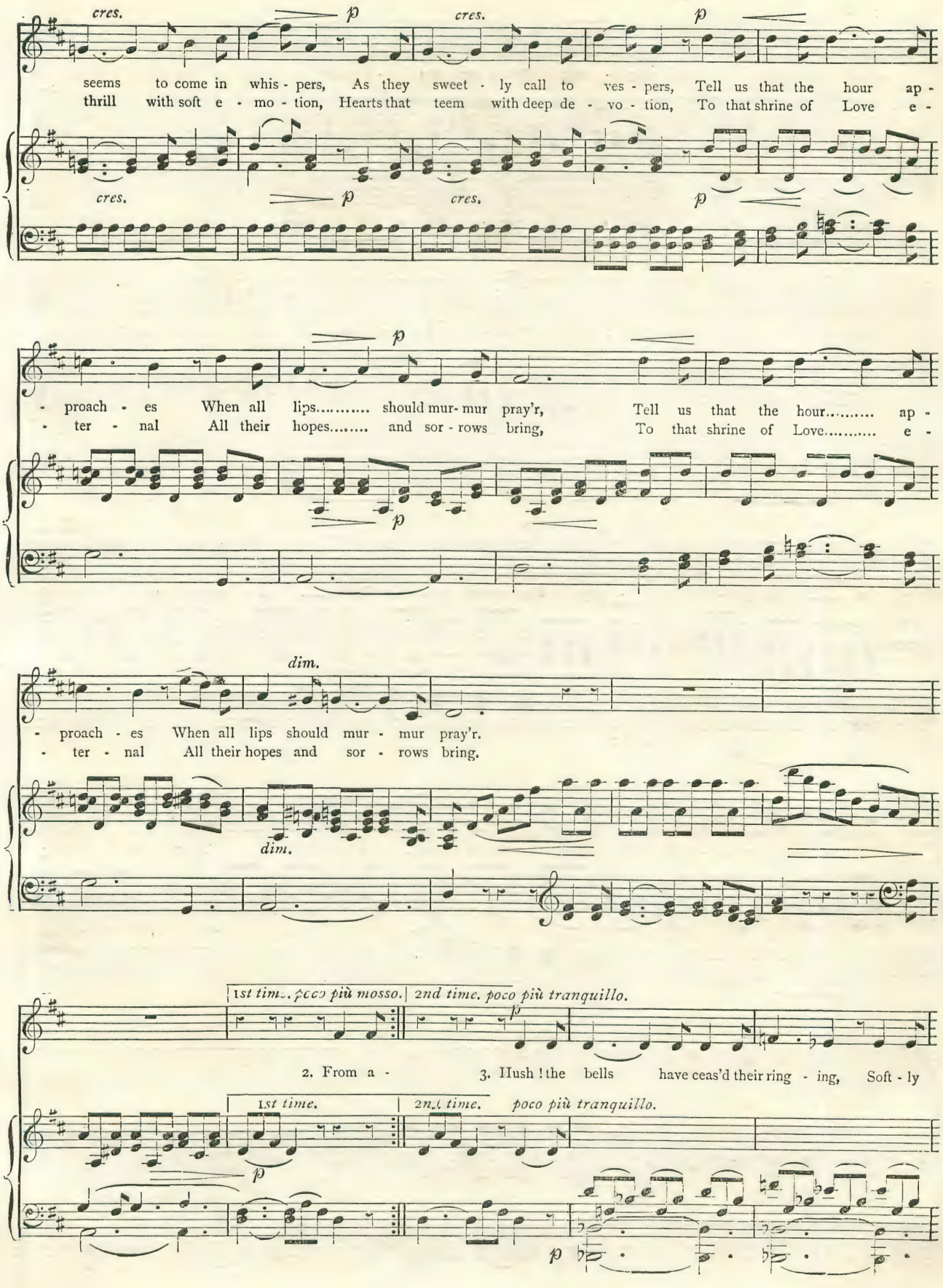
1. Far a - cross..... the ver - dant mea - dows, Where now ga - ther twi - - light sha - dows, Hark! the
- far..... come youth and maid - en, A - ged men with years..... be - la - den, One and

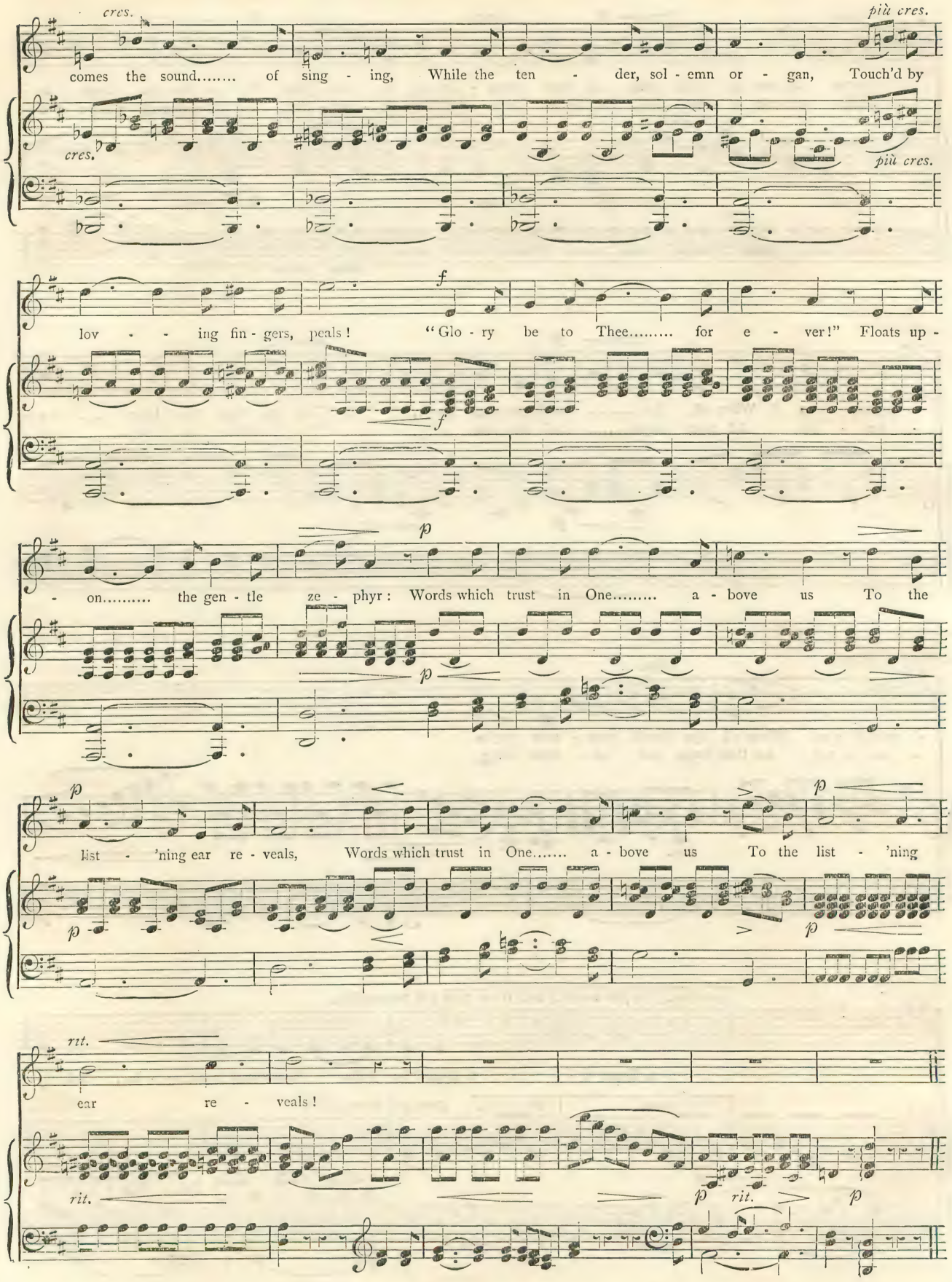
dim.

bells..... of eve are chim - ing Soft - ly on the sum - - mer air; Mu - sic
all..... their steps di - rect - ing Where those chimes of ev - - 'ning ring; Hearts that

p

p


cres.
p
cres.
p
seems to come in whis - pers, As they sweet - ly call to ves - pers, Tell us that the hour ap -
thrill with soft e - mo - tion, Hearts that teem with deep de - vo - tion, To that shrine of Love e -
cres.
p
cres.
p
- proach - es When all lips..... should mur- mur pray'r, Tell us that the hour..... ap -
- ter - nal All their hopes..... and sor - rows bring, To that shrine of Love..... e -
p
p
dim.
- proach - es When all lips should mur - mur pray'r.
- ter - nal All their hopes and sor - rows bring.
dim.
1st time. poco più mosso.
2nd time. poco più tranquillo.
p
2. From a -
3. Hush! the bells have ceas'd their ring - ing, Soft - ly
1st time.
2nd time.
poco più tranquillo.
p
p


cres.
più cres.
comes the sound..... of sing - ing, While the ten - der, sol - emn or - gan, Touch'd by
cres.
più cres.
f
lov - - ing fin - gers, peals! "Glo - ry be to Thee..... for e - ver!" Floats up -
f
p
- on..... the gen - tle ze - phyr: Words which trust in One..... a - bove us To the
p
p
list - 'ning ear re - veals, Words which trust in One..... a - bove us To the list - 'ning
p
p
rit.
ear re - veals!
rit.
p rit.
p

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Second: Characters and Anecdotes of Rook, Raven, and Jackdaw—My Raven "John"—The Nightingale—The Skylark—A Word About Cages.

"Throb, throb, wild voice, through passionate twilight hours;
Love is thy gift from the Eternal Powers."

THAT exceedingly old-fashioned bird the *rook* makes a really nice pet. Nor is it difficult to tame, but it is better to have a young bird from the nest before it is quite fledged. About the month of May is the time to procure one, or even earlier; ask some country boy to get one, and to bring you a male, not a hen bird, or to fetch two if he is not quite certain in his own mind which is which. I myself when a little boy have often sat for half an hour at a time swinging on the topmost branches of a tall fir tree, with my waistcoat pocket filled with garden worms, watching the ways and motions of a nest of young rooks, and probably I would have to repeat my aërial visit more than once before I could quite make up my mind which to choose. I always took the sauciest, noisiest young rascal of the lot, and I was never mistaken in my choice. Is it not cruelty on my part, you may inquire, to counsel the robbery of a rooks' nest? Well, there are the feelings of the parent birds to be considered, I grant you, but when you take two from five you leave three, and I do not think the rooks mourn many minutes for the missing ones. An attempt was made once upon a time to prove that rooks can't count farther than three. Thus: an ambush was erected in the midst of a potato field, where rooks were in the habit of assembling in their dusky thousands. When into this ambush there entered one man, or two men, or three men, the gentlemen in black quietly waited until the last man came forth before commencing to dig for potatoes, but when four men entered and *three* came out, the rooks were satisfied and went to dinner at once. But I feel sure this rule of three does not hold good as far as their young ones are concerned. I know for certain that either cats or dogs will miss an absentee from a litter of even six or more.

Well, when you have procured your rook—and the same treatment holds good with ravens—feed him all day long if you can, as often as he will eat, with worms, insects, table scraps—anything, in fact, that is not salt. He will very soon turn out a fine fellow indeed, and as rooks are of an exceedingly inquiring turn of mind, he will learn more in a week than many birds will in months.

Rooks are very affectionate towards their owners, but tricky and highly amusing. They are great thieves, but they steal in such a funny way that you cannot be angry with them. Our good friend "Medicus," whose monthly contributions I daresay we all read, tells me that laughing is one of the best tonics in the world. Very well, if you want to get strong keep a rook; he is a highly tonic bird, and will save a small fortune in quinine and iron.

Jackdaws, and rooks, and ravens are all three of them tonic birds, and it would take me weeks to tell you all I know about them as pets, and all the fun I've had with them. As to their characters individually, I may tell you that neither of them is honest, that the jackdaw is probably the most amusing of the trio, the raven certainly the most mischievous, while the rook has a serious side in his nature, which is difficult to describe. The rook, in my opinion, looks quite a respectable member of society walking up and down a garden path, or perched on the back of a chair. He is always in evening dress, his wings looking just like a swallow-tailed coat. One that I possessed when a boy—Borlem was his name—I used to adorn with a small white necktie, but sometimes Borlem came home of an evening with the bow all on one side; then he looked highly disreputable. Poor Borlem! My uncle sat down on him one evening and killed him. I know what happened next evening. My uncle sat down on the same chair, and there was a pin in it, and I was whipped and sent to bed. I have on more than one occasion, both in this country and in India, tamed wild rooks *from the flock*. One in Scotland, who used to meet me daily and be fed, at last took up his abode indoors with me, and one in the suburbs of Bombay used to come to me any time I chose to call him out of his banian tree.

But, pardon me, I'm getting gossipy, and yet I must tell you about John. John was a rogue of a raven, who had lost a leg and got a wooden one. It was amusing to see him walking about—he looked like an old sailor who had been in the wars; but I'm sure, from the way he used to sit and eye that "timber toe" of his, with his silly head all on one side, that he was more proud of it than he was of the other. But John, or "Old Dot and Carry One," as the servants called him, was never out of mischief, and when he finally took a fancy to deprive my canine friends and favourites of their eyesight, I thought it was time that John and I should part. So we did.

I never had a chough. It is a kind of crow, about as big as a jackdaw, jet black, with purplish head, vermilion beak, and legs and feet of the same colour. I am told they are highly entertaining. N.B.—The name is not pronounced "cow" nor "cough," but "tshuff."

Jays are funny birds, and pretty, too. They are excellent mimics, but seldom talk. They want either their entire liberty or a large and roomy cage.

From birds like the above to the different species of hawks and owls the transition is or would be easy. They are, however, no more suited for girls' pets than is the bulldog.

Wagtails I have kept, and cuckoos, but never found them satisfactory as pets, so I will not recommend them.

Kingfishers—those bright starry-winged birds with superfluity of bill and apology for tail—I mean to try to rear some day. But apart from their great beauty and bright colours there is little to recommend them as pets. Besides, I would far rather see them in their native wilds with the sunshine glinting from their bonnie backs as they dart across the ponds or pools in search of their natural food—fish.

But much more likely pets for girls are nightingales. It may be generally but not universally known that these sweetest of all bird songsters can not only be kept in confinement, but that they sing delightfully when well treated.

I daresay many of my readers have never seen a nightingale, and very likely would be somewhat disappointed in its appearance. Not that its shape is not elegance personified, its bill straight and pretty, and eyes large, earnest, and speaking; but its colour is humble russet-brown, grey beneath, and as it darts from bough to bough it exhibits a glimpse of orange under the wings that is taking enough. Nightingales come to my orchard and shady lawn in April, generally early in the month. The males come a few days before the females, and from the time of the arrival of the former till nearly the end of May their wild melodious throbbing never ceases through all the livelong night. There is no bird-music equal to it, and, indeed, I should think that fortune was dealing hard with me if I were compelled to live in a spot where I should miss their charming song in May. I have convinced myself over and over again that these birds sing by day as well as by night, though their voices are not so easily heard. I have noticed, too, that our wild thrushes learn to mimic a few notes of the nightingale shortly after that bird's arrival, but soon forget them again when the music ceases.

The nightingale's nest is difficult to find. They do not build with me, owing to the cats, perhaps, but in an adjoining and larger, more shrubby orchard. I have found their nests in a bank, a rough-looking little heap of rubbish, last year's leaves, hay, twigs, and lichens.

Is it cruel to take the young out of the nest for the sake of rearing? There, you have cornered me again, and I feel I will not get so easily out of it this time as I did in the matter of the rooks. But if you take the young nestlings when only half-fledged, they will not be aware of the change, and the mother will speedily console herself with her husband's song, and immediately set about building another nest, to hatch another brood. But not in the same place—oh, no!

Nightingales are insect-eaters, and I believe they feed their young on the softer kinds. The young birds, when taken from the nest, should have a variety of food given them, such as ants' eggs, mealworms, scraped beef mixed with a little pea-flour and yolk of egg, and made into a paste. By-and-by add soaked hempseed, rubbed up with the paste, but not in any great quantity. At first, make a kind of nest for them with hay, &c., in an old band-box, and when they are more fully fledged you can transfer them to the cage.

About the feeding of the older birds I have a few words to say. Never make more than will do for a day in summer, or two days in winter. Change the food often, keep their dishes always sweetly clean, and give them pure fresh filtered rainwater every day. As to the kind of food best for them, let the staple of the diet be German paste—several good recipes for which I promise you in my next—raw meat scraped, and mixed with a little hard-boiled egg-yolk and finely-ground lunch biscuit. But, in addition to this, give maggots and mealworms, ants' eggs, beetles, &c. But mind that everything is fresh, and that food and water is placed handy to the perch, without the possibility of being soiled. A piece of brown paper scattered over with sand should be put in the bottom of the cage.

Do not give the paste too thick, nor should it be sloppy, but a happy medium. During moulting-time be very careful the cage is not hung in a draught, and give rather more egg and bread-crumb. It is a good plan to have a little green blind in the front of the cage, to pull down at night or when you want to let your favourite enjoy privacy.

I may mention that old nightingales are often captured early on their arrival to this country, crammed with meat food to keep them alive, and gradually tamed. I but mention the practice to condemn it. People who treat the poor birds thus ought to be made to remember that the Wild Birds Act is in force between the 1st of March until August, and that the fines for molesting birds during the season are sweetly heavy.

Few bird-songs are more charmingly beautiful than that of the skylark. The melody is certainly most agreeable when the pretty songster is warbling, dimly seen in the blue vault of heaven, while soft spring winds are blowing, and down beneath him in that field of wheat of tender green his mate sits cosily on her nest of grass; but, nevertheless, the bird retains his song, even in the obscure captivity of a cage. Yet I never could deprive a lark of its young, and neither, I think, could you; but there are skylarks innumerable for sale in the markets, and if you would possess yourself of a really charming bird pet, why, you could hardly do better than purchase one. Only be quite sure it is a songster before you part with your money. A good singing bird of this kind should either be one that has been captured in winter and is of age, or one that, having been taken young, has been brought up under the tutelage of an old bird, and not permitted to learn the notes of birds of other than his own species. Hear him sing, then, before you buy; and, even after this, do not keep him in a room with canaries, else he will desert his own wild melody and try to learn theirs.

Cages for larks should be as large and roomy as possible; think of the freedom the bird has in its natural state. They ought, too, to have liberty to fly about through the room occasionally. If you grant them this, they will become far more tame and affectionate. They require a green clovery turf placed in the cage every morning, if you can manage it; if not, every second day. They are far from delicate birds naturally, and, therefore, in the domestic state, they must not be coddled and kept in too warm rooms, while all the summer, when the weather is not boisterous, the cage should be hung out of doors.

While discoursing on cages, I may as well mention one or two of the kinds used for other birds. I copy the following from "Cassell's Domestic Dictionary," and as I am the author of the article from which it is transcribed, I can hardly be accused of plagiarism.

"For thrushes, mavises, and blackbirds," I say, "cages are usually built of little rails, square in shape, with a wooden back and a slanting wooden roof like that of a village church. Little boxes for food and for the water-glass project from each side, and the bottom draws out. The skylark's cage has also the same kind of roof and back;" the sides may also be wood. "It is, however, perchless, and has the front side projecting in the form of a bow. This 'bay window' of the lark's is kept carpetted with nice fresh turf, and here the bird delights to sit and trill his song. The bars of this cage are made of wire."

The starling's cage is almost too well known to need description. It is usually made of wickerwork, round, and supplied with plenty of perches. The starling of all birds likes plenty of room and plenty to do; the bottom of the cage should be covered with hay or straw, and he likes a turf as well. The nightingale's cage is somewhat peculiar: it is the same shape as the blackbird's, only three sides are made of wood as well as the roof. The door opens in the back, and there is a little shelf inside with two holes in it for the reception of the utensils for food and water. The inside of the roof must be padded, and the perches covered with green baize or flannel, so that the bird may not hurt himself in his attempts to fly. The perches are placed from one side of the cage to the other, and not from back to front.

If instead of rearing the nightingale young from the nest, you make up your mind to purchase an adult bird, take care that it is a male one. If you cannot get the advice of an experienced bird fancier, hear the bird sing if possible, and choose a shapely bold bird with a big bright eye.

The food of the skylark may be as a staple German paste, with crushed hempseed, and powdered lunch biscuit in a paste, with minced egg, morsels of potato, bread-crumbs, mawseed, and morsels of old mitey cheese now and then. But if you want to have them particularly happy and healthy, give mealworms now and then, or spiders, ants' eggs, &c., or even tiny bits of scraped beef.

Gravel in the cage should not be forgotten, nor a daily supply of fresh clean water. And be very careful of the bird in moulting time.

The skylark in Scotland is called by a very pretty name—the laverock, as in that charming song:

"Sweet's the laverock's note and loud
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye, to me, he sings ae sang
Will ye no come back again."

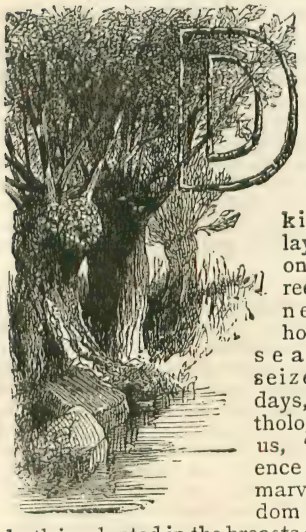
I hope, my gentle girls, to come back again next month, and tell you all about the merle, the mavis, and the linnet—the shy wee "lintie," that builds its nest and sings so sweet in early summer among the "gowden" gorse.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE BROODS THE HALCYON.



DURING the calm which precedes the winter solstice a little species of kingfisher lays her eggs on rocks or reeds in the neighbourhood of the sea. "She seizeth these days," old ornithologists tell us, "in obedience to that marvellous wisdom which God hath implanted in the breasts of birds and beasts, because she knoweth that the winds are holden and the storms at rest." Hence we can find no better name to bestow on days of deep uninterrupted sunshine and calm than the name which this little bird bears. Days which one is apt not to note especially while they are passing, but upon which one looks back from some clouded after-time, wondering that one could have been so insensible to their tranquil depth of happiness while they lasted. For does not the past always more or less win

"A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not when we moved therein."

Halcyon days indeed were those which followed the arrival of La Marquise and Damaris at the *château*. There was sunshine without and sunshine within its ancient walls. Damaris' glad heart brightened up the dingy old rooms into such cheerfulness as they had not known for many a year. She was under no restraint whatever. Full liberty was accorded her to do just as she liked in all things, and with the assurance made doubly sure that in her gladness everyone else rejoiced, she gave full rein to the joy that possessed her.

She wished for flowers to fill the rooms, and *carte blanche* was given her to cut where and what she liked from the gardens. Only to see her coming across the bridge singing, and with her arms full of roses, as Monsieur St. Just once saw her, went so far towards dissipating his gloomy fancies for a while that a mine of gratitude was sprung in his heart. She wished for fruit and wines to carry to some of the sick poor in the hamlet below, and the key of the wine-cellar and the contents of all the greenhouses were placed at her disposal, and orders were given that Mademoiselle should have whatever she pleased to demand.

During the long leisure mornings Damaris executed her intention of visiting and becoming acquainted with the peasantry of St. Aubin. She found much to delight, to pain, and to absorb her interest. The people, especially the women, were very hard-working, and the simplicity and severity of their lives gave a tragic touch to their commonest details. It grieved her to find how little the people actually knew of their seigneur, although he had resided amongst them for years. They spoke of him with reverence, as of someone altogether too great and good to be interested in their common affairs. They were proud of him, but of attachment such as he was worthy to inspire, and they capable

of bestowing, there was none in their hearts.

Damaris wondered at this.

To her, Monsieur St. Just seemed fitted to excite the most tender devotion on their part. What was it, then, which withheld their grateful dependence from passing those bounds beyond which it would have deepened into a warmer feeling? That he was reserved with his equals she knew, but could not think that he would place the same barrier of pride which held him aloof from them between himself and these humble tillers of the soil, nor could she think the estrangement due to want of interest. She had heard him speak with feeling and understanding of the national traits of character, and with some pride also in their talents and virtues. How was it then that although *château* and hamlet had the common ground of united interests, a wide gulf appeared to exist between them? Each did its duty by the other, and in doing it their intercourse began and ended.

Was Monsieur St. Just conscious of this want in the seigneurial ties which bound him to his people? That she could not tell. That the people felt and deplored it she did not take long to discover.

It grieved her the more because she felt that in elevating the condition, physically, mentally, and spiritually, of the people on his estate lay the very sphere of active and practical utilitarianism that he needed to correct the morbid tendency of his own fancies.

Here, as in many another secluded valley of the Cevennes, the art of making a kind of fine and beautiful lace had been handed down from mother to daughter. As soon as ever a little girl-child could syllable the words of her native tongue, a pillow was placed on her knees, and bobbins between her fingers. By the time she reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years she had become an expert in all the intricacies of this exquisite manufacture. It was not uncommon to find girls of this age whose minds had been so utterly neglected that they bore the repute of idiots, and were pronounced to be unworthy even of the bread they ate, and yet whose fingers were gifted with a marvellous dexterity, and seemed to be guided by instinct almost in weaving the delicate lace threads.

When Damaris understood how this art was cultivated at the expense of gifts so much more precious, and how small was the pittance their incessant toil gained, she was greatly shocked. She plied the old Marquise with questions as to the why and wherefore of its slavish exercise.

"The children are stunted in their minds and bodies, and seem to be no better than machines for the production of lace," said she. "Surely something must be wrong! Toil like theirs ought to be better remunerated."

But La Marquise was unable to help her to a solution of the problem. All she knew was, that the lace made at St. Aubin was not the kind that she cared to wear; she preferred some much more costly and rare.

"But, madame——"

"*Chère petite*, don't take on to your own little shoulders the cares of others. Each back is fitted for the burden placed upon it, and these lacemakers do not feel their hardships as you would feel them."

Had anyone but the old Marquise given utterance to such comfortable philosophy, Damaris would have answered indignantly. As it was, out of respect to the Marquise she covered her sense of wrong with silence.

"Etienne can tell you all about the lacemakers and their trade. Ask him, *petite*."

Damaris comforted herself with the thought that he, when appealed to, would show more sympathy with the subject than his mother had done.

She watched her opportunity, and had not long to wait.

In those bright summer days it so constantly happened that she and Monsieur St. Just were thrown upon each other's companionship. The Marquise made fewer claims upon Damaris' time than she had done in Paris. Damaris had all along supposed that in the country more would be required of her, but it never occurred to her to ask herself why it was not.

The Marquise prided herself upon her penetration, which, she innocently believed, never was at fault. The truth of the matter, however, was this. Being of a very hopeful nature, her desires outran her perception, and showed possibilities to her which never had existed. She was apt to be equally blind also to things which she did not wish to come to pass.

It occurred to her one day that since their coming to the *château* Monsieur St. Just had secluded himself less than he ever had done in any of her former visits. He seemed both to seek and enjoy her society. While admitting the pleasant fact, she said to herself—

"*Petite* amuses him, just as she has always amused me," and the thought gratified her.

She began to reserve the brightest charms and accomplishments of her *protégée* for such times as her son could join them; to call upon her to sing or play when he came to sit with them in the *salon*, and to provoke her to those playful little wars of words only when he was there to take part in them.

All this the Marquise did as innocently as possible, and had anyone forewarned her of the probable consequences, she would indignantly have repudiated them.

Another of the Marquise's weaknesses was to disbelieve in the infirmities of advancing age, and, though year after year she was obliged to succumb to them more and more, they stole upon her so imperceptibly that she would not admit the difference. Now, if she stole a little nap while Etienne good-naturedly engaged the attention of *petite*, why no one was any the wiser, and she was much the better of the quiet indulgence.

So the even flow of these days recommended itself to La Marquise no less than to the two who were venturing with delicate steps into the solitary region which surrounded the other's soul, and learning by inquiry and comparison how much there was in the double world about them of common interest.

"Monsieur," began Damaris, when the opportunity came for which she had waited, "Madame la Marquise tells me that you know all about the poor lacemakers of St. Aubin, and that you can give me all such information as I am anxious to obtain."

"Are you proposing to write their history?"

"Don't laugh at me, please! I am interested to know all about them."

"So you shall, if you wish it. I flattered myself that mine was the graver face of the two."

"Outwardly, monsieur. But you mocked my solicitude, none the less."

"I had no reason to laugh; your request is not the light matter it seems."

"I did not mean to trouble you. I thought you could tell me in a few words."

"'All about' means a great deal, and that was what you said, mademoiselle."

"But I hoped——"

"Never mind; let me reply to your demand in full, unless, indeed, you get wearied and fall asleep over the facts I will put before you."

"I shall not be likely to do that."

"I must trouble you to come with me to the library, for the books I shall have to consult are too big and too numerous to bring here."

"Books!" cried Damaris in dismay.

"Do you object to receive information from them?"

"No, certainly, but I did not know what my question involved, monsieur."

"You have changed your mind then?"

"Not as to my desire for information, but I ought not to put you to so much trouble."

"I do not mind it in the least; I shall be glad to refresh my memory upon the subject, which is one of historical as well as of local interest."

"Go, *petite*," said La Marquise; "I will meditate."

Damaris looked up with a twinkle in her eyes, and encountered those of Monsieur, in which there also sparkled a sense of humour. Both knew well how the meditations of the old Marquise always ended.

Damaris had not entered the library since that first day at the *château* when she had passed through it under the guidance of Monsieur. As she stood in its mellow atmosphere once more, she looked curiously around to discover the door through which they had passed from the subterranean stair.

Monsieur St. Just, interpreting her questioning glance, pointed out to her a false volume in one of the bookcases with *Dante's Inferno* on the back. He pressed his thumb on the moulding under the lettering, which moved a spring, and the bookcase swung backwards, revealing the yawning black chasm. Damaris involuntarily recoiled; he closed the door, laughing.

"You do not care to make use of this private means of exit then, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Not by choice; I prefer the easier and more open ways."

"If you ever need it, it is there. You need never be afraid. With your hand on the rope you would descend in safety."

"And *find myself* a prisoner at the bottom. You forget the door in the rock, monsieur, of which I have not the key."

"You shall have a duplicate one if you wish. But, anyway, mine always hangs here. It is never absent from this nail unless I have made use of the stair to descend."

"*Merci*, monsieur! I should be in sore straits indeed before I had the courage voluntarily to descend into that thick darkness."

"I can hardly imagine you doing it of your own free will."

"Then your offer of the key was an idle one, for it is not in the least likely that circumstances will ever occur to compel me to use it."

"You speak very positively, mademoiselle; and yet, how can even the wisest of us say what may happen? If you ever should feel obliged to act the heroine, don't forget that here are the means ready to your hand, only be careful not to make the event too tragic by losing your footing and descending more rapidly than is advisable."

"Surely that would only add to the excitement and interest, monsieur, and give to the probable hero of your prospective romance also an opportunity of displaying his prowess and agility."

"Let the hero make his own opportunities," he returned, with a smile; "I would not advise you to sacrifice yourself in order to provide him with a field of action."

While he had been speaking Monsieur St. Just had taken out several large volumes from one of the shelves, and spread them open upon the reading-desk, from which he had swept aside a number of loose papers. Some of these fluttered to the floor. Damaris stooped and gathered them together, perceiving as she did so that they were numbered slips of MS. written with lawyer-like neatness and precision. He took them from her hand with an absent expression of thanks, and laid them inside the desk.

Damaris had frequently noticed that when his mind was given to any especial train of thought he pursued it with so much intentness as to become oblivious of those small civilities which in an ordinary way he was so careful to observe. It had not occurred to him to offer her a seat, but when he began to read to her from the various volumes selected, and to make comments, and she understood that the lecture she had brought upon herself was likely to be long and copious, she sat down in one of the deep window seats.

But for those comments, which localised the interest, it would have been a very dry-as-dust chronicle to which she listened, and not at all what she wanted. It was a history of kings, and grants, caprices of fashion, whims of great ladies, oppressions of burghers, and the toils, sorrows, and indignities of the poor. She had had no idea that the deft stitches, the nimble fingers, the intricacies of the cobweb lace she had watched and admired in the hamlet below were the inheritance of long generations. Monsieur St. Just carried her so far back for the birth of this dainty manufacture that they found it at last half lost amidst the myths of obscurity. From these he disentangled a little golden legend, which lingered in her mind when all the hard facts and statistics had been forgotten.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A YANKEE DEMOCRAT.—We were much gratified by your own and your sister's appreciation of our paper. Write to the Secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. This college holds half-yearly "Pupils' Examinations," the certificates of which are recognised as guarantees of a good and general education. The fee amounts to ten shillings.

C. STEPHENS.—Write for the general catalogue of the publications of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., London, in which you will find all the books you need, and their prices. Dr. Edersheim's books we may especially recommend.

A READER OF THE G. O. P. (Kingston).—"Elijah the Tishbite," by Krummacher, price 3s. cloth, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

B. E.—The Children's Hospital, Nottingham, is nursed by ladies entirely—age of admission from eighteen to thirty years. Write to the Lady Superintendent for particulars, enclosing a stamp for reply.

AN IMPECUNIOUS SCHOLAR.—For information respecting the Junior Local Examination of the University of Cambridge write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. For information respecting the Oxford ditto write to the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxon. For the University of Durham ditto write to the Secretary, A. Beanlands, Esq., University of Durham. The fee for the examinations at all three is £1 each. At the University of St. Andrew's the fee is only 10s. Address Professor Knight, University of St. Andrew's, N.B.

WORK.

QUI VIVE.—Try a little piece of the stuff first with ammonia and water. If you find it to be grease, however, there is nothing better than the "benzine colas," to be found in most chemists' shops. We should unpick the shoulders of the dress before beginning to clean the soiled part. The pattern of brown you send us is quite fashionable, and with a little plush, satin, or velvet to relieve it would look well.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.—You are very wise in your decision to have a seal brown velveteen, or a velveteen and cashmere dress to wear with your set of furs. It will be both useful and stylish.

PUSSIE.—The coloured cardboard may be procured at an artists' colourman. You must soak the cloves until quite soft, which takes some time.

VIOLANTE.—Consult a "London Directory." You will find all the addresses in it. If your visitor does not know the house, precede her upstairs, saying, "I will show you the way." But if she has been upstairs before allow her to go first.

HANNOVRA.—It is very difficult to sell fancy-work, and, if possible, it is best to get a shopkeeper to undertake it, offering a small commission.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—The holes in the shells are drilled with the sharp point of a pair of scissors or a red-hot bodkin.

COOKERY.

MATTIE.—For a cup-cake, mix one cup of butter stirred to cream, with two cups of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful essence of lemon, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, put into a cup of sweet milk. Then add three cups of flour, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and lastly mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in two cups of flour and add it in by degrees. Bake in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour.

GEORGIE.—If you desire a pudding equally good, whether baked or unbaked, we suggest the following:—Procure a stale light cake, or some small sponge cakes; cut them into slices, cover each with some kind of jam and lay them in a pie-dish. Pour some sherry and custard over them, and then bake the pudding.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JUDICES.—We think that your idea for an album very good. We can only further advise you to keep it very neat indeed.

HENRIETTA L. F.—The poet Longfellow is still living. Many thanks for your kind and neatly written letter.

MONA FITZGERALD.—Ordinary ink and a fine steel pen will do, or else a little Indian ink. We are much obliged for your kind proposal and regret that it is impossible to do what you require.

JAY.—We fear you will be disappointed, but we cannot praise your "lines." The first thing lacking is originality.

COPSIE.—The legend is that St. Swithin, who was Bishop of Winchester, desired to be buried in the churchyard of the minster, "that the sweet rain of heaven might fall on his grave." When he was canonised the monks thought to do him honour by removing his body to the choir, and fixed the 15th of July for the ceremony. But it rained day after day for forty days (as it does sometimes at that time of year); so the monks were led to believe that the saint was averse to the plan, and so abandoned it.

N. M. W.—There is no "class" attached to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for instruction by means of correspondence; at least, beyond that of which, by your entering the long list of correspondents, you make yourself one of those whom we endeavour to instruct and advise as opportunity may offer.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your sketch gives too vague an idea of any constellation with which we are acquainted for us to know which you mean. We do not recognise it, but think it looks most like a feeble attempt at representing the "Great Bear"—certainly not the "Pleiades."

ALLIE ALDRIDGE.—We should consider it right to have false teeth at any age, as a matter of health, to say nothing of appearance.

H. E. G.—We know of no reason for the difference of colour in your silkworms' eggs, except that there may be a difference of breed.

KATHLEEN PAINE.—We cannot answer questions connected with other magazines. You had better write to the publishers.

TOPSY.—We should advise you to remain as you are and continue your duties as teacher. You will not improve your situation by changing your position.

P. P. C.—The meaning of these letters is *pour prendre congé*—"to take leave."

ROSA LAMBINET.—Of course it would have been more polite to raise the hat when speaking to a lady, but you must remember that every nation has its own habits, both bad and good. Perhaps if you look round you, you *may find some things* to admire in England, even though some outward signs of politeness may be lacking which you would have found in France.

"MY MOTHER."—Three months' notice is needful. If you can afford to live at home and take care of your mother, we think your place is there.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—The work reviewed under the title "Food for Invalids," at page 611, vol. i., GIRL'S OWN PAPER, is only a shilling manual if unbound. "Sick Nursing at Home" can be had on application to the publisher. See foot-note at the page above named. Any good recipes will be welcome, and we thank you for the kind offer.

ERIN GO BRAGH.—To "accept the Chiltern Hundreds" is to resign your seat in Parliament. The origin of the expression and the act described is this. The steward of the Chiltern Hundreds is an officer of the Crown, whose duty it is, or was, to guard the people of Buckinghamshire from the robbers of the Chiltern Hills. The office being now a sinecure, the Member accepts it to enable him to resign his seat. But he immediately afterwards gives it up, and leaves the office for the benefit of others. There are three other similar offices, viz., East Hendred, Hempholme, and Northshead.

J. F. E.—The valuation given by us of coins is derived from a reliable work published on the subject. We must again remind our readers that, according to our printed rules, we are unable to oblige them by giving addresses, with the exception of charitable or educational institutions, nor by acting as salesmen, nor assisting in the disposal of an article whatsoever.

AN OLD GIRL.—1. Apply to the Secretary (Miss Gill) of the Phœnix Home for Blind Women, 10, Alma-square, Hill-road, St. John's Wood, N.W. There are a great many institutions for the benefit of the blind, adults as well as children, granting pensions to those residing in their own homes. 2. Your general health should be strengthened, and a suitable tonic prescribed for you by some doctor.

MANSFIELD.—Dry the apples well, and lay them on fresh, dry straw, leaving a space between each, in a dry loft or room. Cover them well, and examine them weekly, employing all that seem bruised and likely to last the shortest time.

LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The nature of sore throats is various. Some are inflamed, some relaxed, others swelled. For a relaxed throat gargling with alum and water, borax and honey, and a little vinegar may be of service; and whatever medicine may suit the constitution should be taken at the same time. We cannot prescribe for strangers and unseen maladies.

LA BELLE GAULOISE.—Your vanity seems to bring

you under some delusion. This is much more likely than that a clergyman of middle age should act as you describe. You scarcely can be of any use as a Sunday-school teacher except your heart is in the work. Ask your father's advice.

In a Fix.—Keep your £1 2s. 6d. The pictures are probably not worth that, far less £7. These are often traps for the unwary.

An Anxious One.—Anxiety about the health of the soul is a sign of some life. The great majority of people show no thought about such things, and in the figurative language of Scripture are dead, or without spiritual life. It is true now as it was when our Saviour spoke the words, "Ye will not come to *Me* that ye may have life."

A New Correspondent. — The answer to "An Anxious One" applies to you also. Read the words and think of the life and death of the Saviour. The more you know of Him, the more you will love Him, and love will show itself by glad service.

Xerxes.—Read poetry if you like it, but write only prose.

A Young Matron.—The letters I. H. S. represent the initials of the Latin words, *Jesus hominum salvator*, "Jesus the Saviour of men." The other sign represents the name in Greek. Write to Mr. Blackwood, publisher, Edinburgh, for information as to the authorship of the story.

Nemo. — The "Young Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, will tell you how to preserve birds. The *Leisure Hour* volume for 1881 is the best present you could give to the person you name.

Teardrop.—It is a pity that the "Book-club" is broken up, but this will not be likely to terminate your intercourse with any member who wishes to continue it as much as you seem to do.

Eliza.—We do not know who wrote the comic piece to which you refer, but if you have seen it in print ask the publisher.

Evelyn.—We think Evelyn writes an excellent letter for her age. We are constantly giving new recipes in "Useful Hints," but if you need more we should advise you to purchase a cookery book.

Ein Madchen.—Use a kind of shallow drawer, and find the smooth side of the stones, and with strong gum fix on the labels. Place a piece of thick brown paper between the sole of your shoes and the leather lining; this will sometimes stop the creaking.

Pussy-cat.—"Music hath charms," &c., is from Congreve's "Mourning Bride."

Anxious One.—We sympathise with you on your great loss and sorrow; but where the suffering is great the release is usually almost a comfort to those who are obliged to witness it, and should be quite a comfort when the sufferer is "ready to depart to be with Christ." Shall we quote Keble's words to you?

> "'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
> Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
> How grows in Paradise our store!"

Morea.—Your quotation is from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. The 12th of Feb., 1863, was Thursday.

Josephine K.—Speak first to the host and hostess, and to your other friends as the occasion arises when you are near them.

Nellie Edith.—Notice can be given on either side on any day. It is not needful to wait till the month be up.

A Constant Reader.—The audiphone looks like a fan, and is held between the teeth. We believe it is kept usually by instrument makers or opticians.

Deceam.—We are much obliged by your offer, but do not think it would suit us to accept it.

Essex Calf.—We are obliged by the offer of your "few verses," but must decline them as unsuitable.

Hope.—Strengthen the general health, and it is probable that both your troubles will depart.

Net.—Avoid milk, which is extremely fattening, and take toast instead of bread. Do not on any account starve yourself, as that would be both unwise and wrong.

Stone.—Not at all impolite if you can work and talk too. Your writing is irregular and a little careless.

C. G. L.—See "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

Frances.—Many thanks for your note and the enclosed circular.

Ida St. John.—If the chip hat be in good condition it is worth reblocking. Pronounce mosquito as if spelt "moskeeto." Thank you for your kind little note.

Primrose.—Wash in cold soft water and very little soap; wring through a machine if possible. Your letter is beautifully neat and well written.

Ivy Leaf.—The address of the Sea-shell Mission is 24, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road, Kennington, S.W.

Alice.—The copper twopenny-piece of George III. is worth from 1s. to 2s. 6d., according to condition. March 24th, 1865, was Friday.

Lizzie E. (Cheshire).—The index and pictures may be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 9d.

Annie M. J.—Procure the salt at any chemist's. We think the recipe you send us depends on the sun's presence too much to be used in England.

Lily Moore.—Cover with a handkerchief or cap. Except it were the door of a bedroom or private study, the servant should not knock.

Whitebait.—We should send the apron to a cleaner's to avoid disappointment; but if you cannot do so, use the recipes for washing crewel work at pages 96, 431, vol. ii.

Lancashire Rose.—There is no method of restoring the colour to velvet, except by redying it. We know of no other way to use the salamander than the way you mention.

Ada Catherine.—The 6th of Oct., 1865, was Friday. The bound volume for last year can be obtained.

Thoughtful.—We are much obliged by your letter, but the suggestion is not at all suitable to our work.

Rita.—We think you probably mean Queen Margaret of Anjou. The Watteau, flower-girl, or fishwife's dresses are all easy and inexpensive to make.

Desdemona.—We think we have answered your letter, at any rate, we have the question about "Sintram" a dozen times. Consult a good encyclopædia.

Tod and Dot.—The leather work of the shoulder straps cannot be purchased ready prepared. But the small buckles and the webbing can both be obtained, and perhaps you could make a set for yourself by the exercise of a little invention.

La Carita.—We have heard from a French gentleman that during the last war he estimated the damage and loss to his property at £700; the amount paid to him as compensation was under £100. He treated the matter as one of patriotism, and so we suppose must everyone on whom such losses fall. The "scourge of war" falls usually heaviest on the industrious and the innocent.

Chess Player.—No, we believe not. We do not admire either of the specimens of writing submitted to us.

Margaretta Geraldina. — The address of the Flower Mission is Miss A. L. Bayle, 10, Cravenhill-gardens, W. The Bible F. M., 60, Commercial-road, E.

Bex. — The fragment quoted is believed to be Körner's; it would be found in his poems.

Ayacanora.—Speak of him to your own family by his Christian name, to strangers as "Mr. So-and-So." The first bridesmaid holds the bride's bouquet and assists her in taking off her gloves. The groomsman enters the church with the bridegroom, hands the license and ring to the clergyman, pays the fees, and witnesses the register.

S. Trejago.—The address of the "Sea-shell Mission" is The Secretary, 24, Richmond-terrace, Clapham-road, Kennington, S.W. 1,600 boxes have been distributed, and the secretary is anxious to obtain funds to procure suitable boxes for the shells supplied.

Kathleen.—If our magazine comforts and encourages you, such letters as yours are full of encouragement to us, and we thank you cordially both for the prayers you offer and the sympathy you feel. You might use another name entirely if you wished.

A Girl in Trouble.—We sympathise much with you in your anxiety and trouble. Would it not be better to try and let your house? which would add to your income considerably, or else perhaps you could obtain some lady boarders to live with you and your mother. Advertising in either case is the only method of obtaining what you need, unless you could manage it through friends.

Mary S.—The passage you quote means exactly what it says. Read in connection with it what "the spirit said to the churches."—Revelation ii., 4, 5; and iii. 11.

Glady's Dare.—You might just appear to receive your prize—if you have obtained one—but your brother having been only two months dead, you should bear any part in the Christmas school entertainment. Silver ornaments are unsuitable to wear with such deep mourning.

Queen Mab.—The nervous affection from which you suffer so seriously might very probably be removed by electric baths and careful treatment by a good medical electrician. Your nervous system is evidently much out of order. Perhaps you could have the "dry treatment," which would be less expensive than the baths; but this should be applied by the electrician himself.

Auntlatie.—The "Antecedent" is "the mountain tongue," in the passage which you quote.

Muriel.—Apply some "tripoli"—to be obtained from any chemist—diluted with a little water, to the injured part of the sideboard. It will take out any white mark in the varnish produced by soda-water, or other liquid.

Amethyst.—Wash the tie in tepid water and white soap. See "Ink Spots," page 439, vol. ii.

Delicate Primrose.—"Calabash" is the fruit of the calabash tree, which, when cleansed from the pulp and dried, becomes a vessel for holding liquids. It is a kind of gruel. Your writing would be much prettier if you crossed your "t's" properly, and did not finish them with that odd "squiggle."

Marie Touchet.—See page 821, vol. ii., for a pattern suitable for your velveteen dress. Both muff and "toque" hat may be made of the same. Purchase the shape for the latter and cover it.

M. E. H.—We do not give such addresses. The information may be found in the advertising sheets of the newspapers. See page 736, vol. ii., for "A Nursery Ball."

Cherry Ripe.—See page 460, vol. ii., for a pattern of a bead cape.

L. Brooks.—The sampler is of single linen; the letters may be worked in any character. For "Hemstitching," see page 155, vol. i.

Penelope.—See pages 223 and 319, vol. ii., for the directions you require.

E. Stratford.—We advise you sending the ulster to a cleaner's, if a little ammonia will not clean it.

Adelaide.—Such letters as yours are indeed a great reward to us for our exertions, and we thank you for the encouragement you afford. If you can make dresses a quiet place as lady's maid might suit you.

A Yorkshire Harebell.—We read your letter with great interest, and are glad we have mentioned the subject in our dress article, but you must remember that all kinds of materials are made in England as well as "lustre" goods, homespun, and cashmeres; indeed, every kind of woollen, and each obtains patronage in its day.

A Subscriber.—If there be a will the property must be divided according to its provisions.

Nora.—We fear we cannot help you further, but we see the article so constantly advertised that we imagine you will soon hear of some other means of procuring it.

Glen.—It is stated on Mr. Browning's own authority that there is no historic ground for the poem, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix." It is purely imaginary.

A Daughter of Eve.—We can only advise you to empty the kettle each day, and occasionally to boil a lump of washing soda in it, which loosens the lime a little. Keep a marble in the kettle after having removed the incrustation.

Northern Friend.—Send for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Schoolgirl and Paire's questions will be answered shortly in an article on the subject.

A Mountain Belle.—The alteration in the course of the Lower Hoang-Ho is an indirect physical consequence of the political agitation, caused by the great Tai-ping rebellion; which, beginning in 1849, was not finally quelled until 1866. During this time the financial embarrassments of the Chinese government required a reduction of the expenditure on public works, and the embankments of the river being neglected the stream broke through its borders, and after causing great devastation finally subsided into the new channel leading to the Northern Gulf.

Moonlight.—The post of the lady guest would be at the right hand of the master of the house, that of the gentleman at the right hand of the mistress. Pronounced "Pepeeta."

A. B. G.—We believe it has been proved that a man may be his own grandson by making some extraordinary marriages, but we think in your case it is sufficient that the parties are first cousins. Soak the photographs in water in a shallow dish.

Miss Greenhorn.—Do not meddle with your arms at all; wear long mittens or gloves, or else sleeves long enough to hide them. Black slippers may be worn with crimson stockings and mittens. Black gloves may still be worn in the evening, but light colours are more usual.

Pearl. — The address of the Young Women's Christian Association" in the City, is 31, Finsbury-square, E.C., but a full list can be obtained at the central office, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W.

Ruby.—The plant had probably been kept in a greenhouse before you got it, hence your disappointment.

Miriam May Dacre.—We think your general health is greatly in need of attention. See vol. i., page 390, for advice.

Seagull. It is quite unnecessary to put the father's name on the envelope.

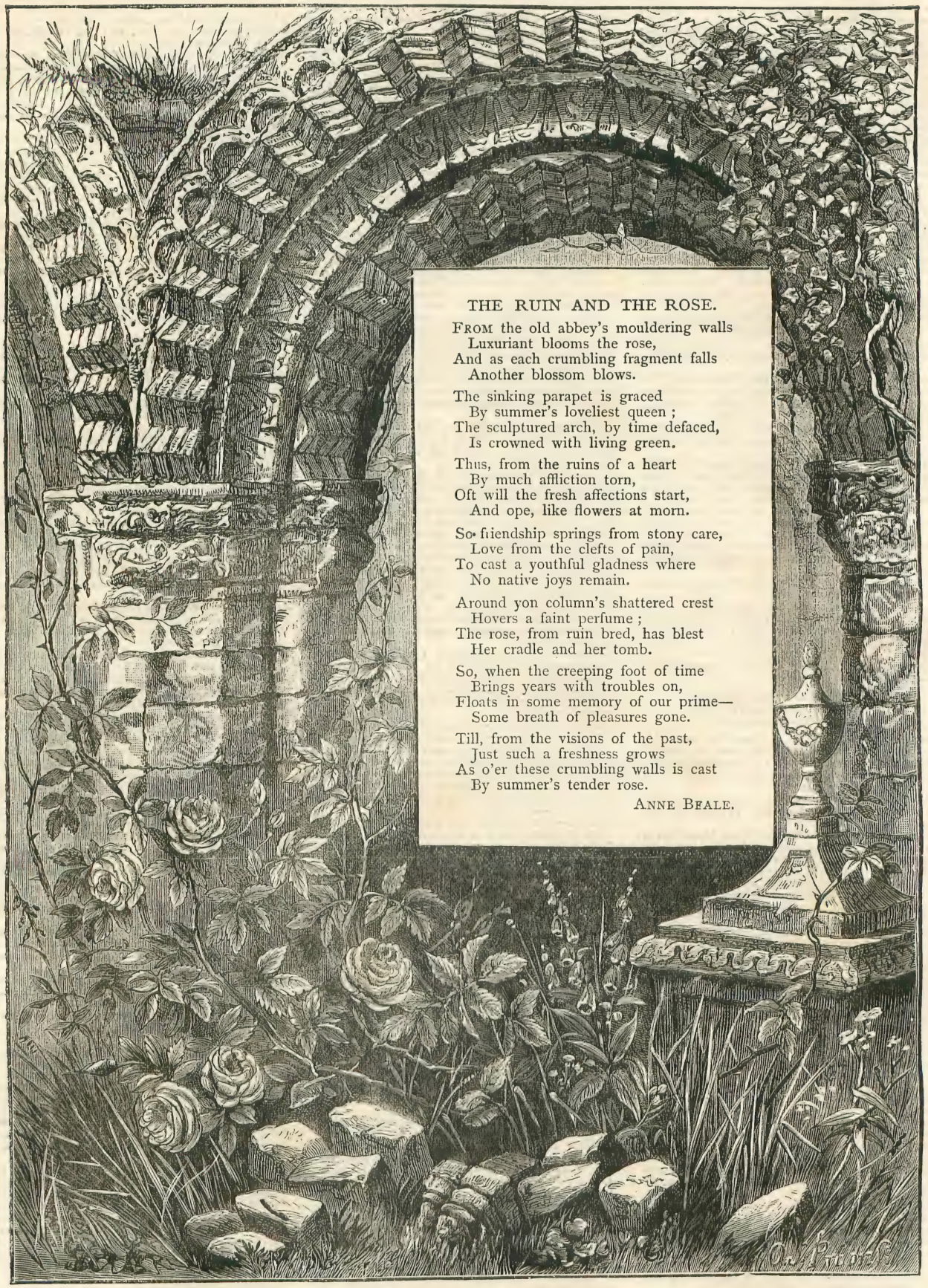
Forget-me-not.—Vol. ii. commenced on Oct. 2nd, 1880. You have consequently seven numbers to get to make your volume complete. Order from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

The Countess Tiny Whinney.—Fruit is a necessary part of our diet. The rage for old china has somewhat abated.

Fanny H.—We think your symptoms may be due to imperfect digestion and weakness.

Mildred Morrell, Renee Howland, Not Lonely Now, A. W. (of Jamaica, West Indies, who sends a beautiful card of her own making, composed of various botanical specimens), Cherry Ripe, One of Our New Zealand Readers, A Troublesome Girl, Mary Manly, Golden Hair, Alice M. Read (an Australian girl), Lizzie Lee, and Edith Wheelwright are thanked very heartily for their kindness in sending beautiful Christmas Cards to the Editor.

The Editor's attention having been drawn to the fact that the poem entitled "Little Birdie," published in *Christmas Roses*, was previously printed in the October Number of *Little Folks*, he begs, in justice to the proprietors, to publicly acknowledge that the said poem is the copyright property of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co. At the same time the Editor wishes it to be understood that its subsequent appearance in the Christmas Number of The Girl's Own Paper arose from the fact that the Author offered the same poem to the Editors of the two magazines.



THE RUIN AND THE ROSE.

FROM the old abbey's mouldering walls
Luxuriant blooms the rose,
And as each crumbling fragment falls
Another blossom blows.

The sinking parapet is graced
By summer's loveliest queen;
The sculptured arch, by time defaced,
Is crowned with living green.

Thus, from the ruins of a heart
By much affliction torn,
Oft will the fresh affections start,
And ope, like flowers at morn.

So friendship springs from stony care,
Love from the clefts of pain,
To cast a youthful gladness where
No native joys remain.

Around yon column's shattered crest
Hovers a faint perfume;
The rose, from ruin bred, has blest
Her cradle and her tomb.

So, when the creeping foot of time
Brings years with troubles on,
Floats in some memory of our prime—
Some breath of pleasures gone.

Till, from the visions of the past,
Just such a freshness grows
As o'er these crumbling walls is cast
By summer's tender rose.

ANNE BEALE.

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

PART II.

How the two girls got through their railway journey they never quite remembered. Poor Annie Steele sat wide awake, dreamily looking at the landscape they were flying past, and vaguely thinking over the dull, monotonous details of her life, over whose dreariness there now gleamed a pale ray of that tender sunshine which always illumines the past. She did not speak to Bell, whose dry, glazed eyes and clenched, burning lips told their own tale. Only once, when between station and station they chanced to be alone, she put out her hand

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A PLEASANT CHAT.

to clasp Bell's, but Bell's was hastily withdrawn. Only for a moment. The next instant it was outstretched and folded about Annie's. Bell was of too generous a nature to repel sympathy, even when her heart was so sore that its soft touch wrung it.

But when the girls alighted from the train at Plymouth they felt as if they had awakened from a troubled slumber. There lay the little, wild, scrambling seaport town, full of hearts which knew all about the pains of parting and the aching longing of absence. And there stretched the wide, sunny sea, and there was the soft summer sky bending over it. Bell stood still and drew a long breath.

"When one is out in the open air," said she, "it seems always as if there was time for everything. I think God's days are long, so that we can spare to lose sight of each other for a little space, while we do our business and His."

They took a cab and drove straight to the emigrant depôt. Annie Steele winced a little as Bell gave that address to the cabman, but he received it with so matter-of-fact an air that she felt her shrinking had been quite unnecessary.

"He must have driven others not so very unlike us there before," pronounced Bell.

The depôt was a huge building, situated in a corner of the harbour, and enclosed by gates. The girls' hearts sank a little when they found that, having once entered it, they would not be permitted to leave it till they embarked on the tender which would convey them to the emigrant ship.

This they found would not take place till Thursday, and this was Monday. One or two of the lady emigrants had obtained this information beforehand, and had stayed with friends in lodgings in the town; but others of their party who, like themselves, had come from a distance, like them also had taken up their abode in the depôt.

There was nothing to be done but to make the best of things, and the utter novelty of all surroundings made some matters endurable which might have otherwise been hard enough. Despite the medical certificates already obtained, they underwent another medical scrutiny, and were then free of the establishment, and at liberty to introduce themselves to the community of which, for the next three months, they would form a part.

A handsome, dark-eyed young woman, neat in attire and pleasant in manner, looking something like the daughter of a respectable farmer or shopkeeper, came forward to meet them, and saying that she fancied they "must belong to our party," offered to introduce them to the others, to show them the place, and to "explain things."

"My name is Miss Gunn," she said; "I come from Shropshire. I arrived here this morning. Everything seems very queer at first, but I suppose we shall soon get used to it. And our party will keep together. It's not the tin pannikins and the cleaning-up which signify much—it's the company. I'm afraid that some of it, not of our party, will not be too select."

"I suppose not," said Bell. "You know the secretary never said there would not be hardships, but only that we should encounter nothing that a good woman need shrink from."

"These are our beds," announced Miss Gunn, leading the way to a long room with great windows overlooking the beautiful harbour. Annie Steele gave an involuntary grip to Bell's arm. How queer and dreadful these beds looked!—like nothing so much as tiny "four-posters" all stuck together, with nothing but the posts and a narrow ledge to separate them.

"You are lucky in being two friends," said Miss Gunn, with a comical grimace. "For we sleep two in a bed, and you two will keep together. My bed-fellow to be has not arrived yet."

"Why! there are two rows of beds, one beneath the other!" exclaimed Annie Steele.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Gunn, "and I have not yet made up my mind which is the greater drawback: to have to mount on high when one goes to one's rest, or to creep into the lower shelf and feel as if a mattress was coming down to extinguish one. But hark, there's the bell for supper! We must go down at once, though I hope you are not hungry, for we have always to sit waiting nearly half-an-hour before the meal is served. We 'mess' ten at a table, but on board, they say, the mess consists of only eight. One of each ten is called the 'captain,' and she appoints two 'butlers' each day. I am one to-day. Of course, we wash up and sweep the floors ourselves; that is the duty of the 'butlers' for the time being, and oh! the knives were dirty to-day—dirty with ancient dirt—but we shall have fresh ones when we go on board."

"Is the matron here yet?" asked Annie Steele.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Gunn.

"And of course she is kind and nice," observed Bell Aubrey.

"She is like a little cackling hen," was Miss Gunn's rejoinder.

"I don't think our new acquaintance looks on the sunny side of things or people," whispered Bell to Annie, for she felt by the tightening grasp of Annie's little hand that her companion's heart was sinking.

But Annie's spirits were somewhat revived by the sight of three or four nice girls who came to their mess, and who, belonging to their party, would remain their nearest companions through their long journey. Of course, even names, still less histories, could scarcely be learned at first sight, but shrewd Bell was not long in forming certain opinions about these more interesting fellow-travellers. There was the sensible, worn, rather weary-looking spinster, Miss Wylde, who had probably trodden other people's staircases, and sat at other people's tables, till she found the competition for even such humble dependency waxing too strong for her, and who was not so much going out to a new country as being driven forth from the old one. And there was Miss Thorpe, strong and countrified, physically fit for the roughest farm service, and yet with something of breeding and mind that might well make her prefer the harder life and higher chances of a young community to the pampered menialism and rigidly limited range of an old civilisation. And there was Miss Gunn herself, energetic and wiry, with a suspicion of acidity and unrest, which might have mitigated her friends' regret in parting from her. And there was the pale, picturesque-looking person who called herself "Agnes Perceval" without prefix of Miss or Mrs., whose voice was so low and sad, and whose dark eyes seemed ever fixed upon some vanished scene.

"Now, Annie," said Bell, softly, as the two walked up and down the little bit of the quay which belonged to the depôt, "there is hardly anything in our new life just now which has not a pathetic and a comic side. We may think of the pathetic one, but I think we'll speak of the comic one. Is it not funny to find that our food is suddenly become 'rations'? I mean to send home all particulars about these rations, and then the dear folks will be certainly convinced that we are not starved. We cannot say we have a very limited dietary either, Annie. It contains everything necessary and wholesome, and some decided luxuries. You see it includes beef, pork, preserved meats, suet, butter, biscuits, flour, oatmeal, peas, rice, potatoes, carrots, onions, raisins, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, mustard, salt, pepper, water, and actually mixed pickles, and lime juice twice a week! Do you suppose Christopher Columbus had such fare? Why, Annie, I begin to think that by-and-by everything will be made so easy and comfortable for everybody everywhere that there will be no chance for heroism. I declare I am cheated out of my dream of adventure. The molasses and the mixed pickles detract from the glory of a pioneer."

And then there was silence, for Annie could not altogether respond to Bell's high-hearted appeal. Rather too much of the glory of hardship and adventure still remained for her. Amid the constant shock of strange discomfort she could not help building new hopes that things would be better on the ship.

But after the day of embarkation had come and passed, and they were all fairly on board, when Annie ventured to resume a diary-letter which she had promised Bell's invalid sister should be kept and forwarded home on the first opportunity, and in which she had already described the depôt, the first line she added was:

"I have told you all about the depôt—now for the ship. It is very much like it—the same four posters, with hardly room to move down the one side that is not joined to other beds. And we eat in the same room, cook in the same room—one room common to a hundred girls, or rather some of them are uncouth, rough Irishwomen. There are few among our 'mess' who can take things as bravely as Bell does, or even as I do, for having her with me keeps me up. We are now recovering from what was only to be expected. Some of us are not well yet. Bell was very ill at first, only I was not *sea*-sick; only directly I went below deck the first night the smell of the room turned me faint. But the 'rolling' of the ship has no such effect. At last we have got the place into something like order. I have been down on my hands and knees this morning, doing some honest scouring—such a floor as I have never seen anywhere but in an Irish cabin. I am thankful to say that 'our mess' are all once more on their feet. We are a pattern of order. You never see waste in our quarter, and our tin things are always clean. We have a farmer's daughter among us—Miss Thorpe; she is our cook; and we had a very good tart to-day. So you see we make ourselves comfortable in spite of circumstances; in fact, after a little sea air, we are rather oblivious of our surroundings during meals. But this happier state of things is only just beginning. The coarse habits of some of the people during the first few days were simply abominable. I think many of us would have turned back if we could, but it only seemed to rouse Bell's courage."

A few days later Bell took up Annie's pen and continued her narrative—

"Things are looking brighter and brighter. For about a week we 'tipped it up lively,' as some of the Irish girls sang, but to-day we are becalmed. There are one or two vessels in sight, all like 'painted ships on painted oceans.' Oh, it is warm—and yet we have been only one week on the water. Our party are getting more sociable as they get better, and we all feel we are having a regular holiday. I bought a chair at the depôt, and to-day have been sitting with a book in my hand, but did not read much. I am all bruised from the knocks I got through the rolling of the ship, and as we do not sleep much at night, we cannot resist it during the hot day. Though this is the matron's sixth or seventh voyage, she suffers from sea-sickness, and is keeping her cabin still, though we are all better. There are two sub-matrons, one an Irish girl, the other one of 'our mess'—both very nice girls. Our party are in very good

favour; when we send our dishes to be baked the ship's cook improves them, and the officers are all most polite to us; but the Irish have a sort of league among themselves, and are very jealous of everybody. They have threatened to murder one of the sub-matrons when we land. I must tell you something about our doctor, who is always a very important personage on an emigrant ship. Ours is a jovial, amusing fellow, who calls us his "seven and sixpences," and tells us the funniest little anecdotes, which we only half believe. We all bother him to let us have our boxes up, and he says the word "box" will be found written on his heart, and tells us of a man who came on board a vessel at Glasgow, bound for Sydney, and whose box got lost and could not be found during the voyage. Whenever anything went wrong, or any accident happened, that man always shook his head and hinted that if he could only have got at his box he could have repaired the damage, or done whatever service was required. On arriving at Sydney the famous box turned up among the cargo—a box, says the doctor, 6 feet 4 by 3, and anxious to see what a box so large and so light (for it was light) could contain, he stood by while its owner opened it, and there he saw—a hat, an old pair of shoes, and four red herrings! This story is told to insinuate what he thinks of our declarations that we could be quite happy if we got our boxes. We are about the line now, and have only seen land once, and that was the Cape Verde Islands. I am to be 'watch' to-night; the duties are to sit up half the night, to give alarm in case of fire breaking out or water coming in, to shut the ports, if stormy, and keep the lights burning. I have been 'watch' once already. Next week I shall be 'on duty,' which means that I shall have scrubbing to do, the washing of our mess utensils, &c. I had rather my turn had come in a cooler part, but I shall be glad when it is over. Annie has had her turn already, and got through it very cheerfully. I think she is contented now. I am really enjoying myself. There is a very decent library of fiction on board, but the supply of fancy work to occupy us, of which we were told, is a delusion and a snare. I am glad we brought work of our own, but we might have brought a great deal more. Ours is the only 'mess' that has not quarrelled; we set quite an example of sisterly love and community. The captain reads service to us on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon fathers and brothers visit their respective relations. We have a dog, a canary, and two cats on board."

Later on, Annie Steele resumed the task of reporter.

"On Friday last we saw a meteor. It was like a flame of fire proceeding from a star. The flame disappeared as the meteor shot across the sky. It fell into the sea with a tremendous thundering noise, that I thought would never cease. The heat in the cabin keeps one in a continual bath. As soon as we are down there for the evening we put on our nightdresses, and find them more than sufficient clothing. I must tell you about the cleaning. Before breakfast we take out the boards from the underneath beds, and scrub the boards with dry sand and a heavy stone, then sweep the floor. After breakfast, we wash up, scrub forms, tables, cupboards, and painted walls with soap and water; then take a kind of hoe and scrape the floor, sandstone, and sweep, during which time you require to take a towel half a dozen times to dry *yourself!* We have had a little rain during the last week; very heavy showers—so refreshing. The phosphorus at night is very pretty, and the fish in a calm look like emeralds. Such quaint groups of people as we see around us it would take volumes to describe. We both look at all your photographs every night, and——"

Here the letter broke off abruptly, and in a rapid, large hand was added—

"Ship is just starting!"

There seemed to have been no time for any last message, or for even a signature. Some sudden opportunity had evidently been suddenly seized. When the letter reached the Aubreys it looked travel-stained, bore no postage stamp, but was charged only regular postal rates, being marked "ship's letter."

(*To be concluded.*)

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

A VISITOR.

DECIMA was something of an enigma, during the days following, to her Heidelberg relatives. She would permit no allusion to her trouble, and did her utmost to hide that trouble from the eyes of all about her. But Dessie was not practised in the art of concealing her feelings.

She would, indeed, rattle at mealtimes after her usual fashion, tell tales, talk nonsense, and convulse Allie with laughter. These seeming fits of high spirits were, however, transient. Emmeline detected her, more than once, making believe to read, with uplifted book intended to hide the tears which trickled down her cheeks; and heard her, more than once, sobbing at night in the next room to her own; and Dessie's face, when not forced into a merry set, wore an expression of unhappiness.

Nothing could be offered in the way of comfort, for Dessie rejected comfort, and would not allow any allusions to the cause of her distress. If Emmie ventured on a word of sympathy, she was met by a curt, "My dear Em, pray don't be sentimental"; and if Mrs. Fitzroy spoke of little Hugh, Dessie's hasty answer was, "I can't talk about him, please, aunt Laura."

"I do not want to go against your wishes, my dear," Mrs. Fitzroy said, one day; "but I must ask one question. Have you written to Ella?"

"No," said Dessie, almost fiercely.

"Not a line?"

"No."

"You ought, Dessie."

"I can't."

"My dear child, you really must. She will expect a few kind words, to say the least. You would not wish to give her pain, at such a time, by seeming neglect."

"I—*can't*," said Dessie.

"You need not say much. A few loving words are all that are necessary. Think of poor Ella, not of yourself, and don't put off any longer."

"I can't write," Dessie repeated, half-choked.

"Would you like me to write for you, and give a message, to say how sorry you are——"

"No—not a word. I can't, aunt Laura. If you write, you mustn't speak of me.

Dessie rushed away, slamming the door behind her, and leaving her aunt in some doubt as to whether this were grief or only temper.

Mrs. Fitzroy, wrote, however, and disregarded Dessie's injunction, which Dessie certainly had no right to give. The letter did its best to soften any pain that might be caused by Dessie's silence, speaking of her as a singular character, but describing the apparent distress under which she lived. Mrs. Fitzroy asked Ella not to notice what she had said, if writing to Dessie, and Dessie, therefore, remained in ignorance of it.

Dessie's mood varied frequently. When not gay she was often silent and constrained, and at times she displayed a new and unwonted irritability. Out of lesson-hours, gloom alternated with reckless chatter; in school-hours, idleness proved inveterate, and lessons were systematically neglected. Miss Bruce reasoned and remonstrated in vain. Once Dessie spoke out and said, "I *can't*, Miss Bruce. One can't work when one is wretched." But she would not hear any answer, and ordinarily Miss Bruce's reasonings and remonstrances were met either by a sullen silence or by pettish responses, equally difficult to manage, and equally bordering on impertinence. But that Miss Bruce ascribed all this to genuine unhappiness, and that she was really sorry for Dessie, she must have gone to Mr. Fitzroy with serious complaints of his niece. As it was, she determined to wait for a while, and to try what kindness would do.

There had been some talk about a

visit from Harry, and about a month after the Rhine excursion he rather suddenly announced himself. Three days later he came.

"Dessie looked blooming," was his verdict when he first entered, rather to the surprise of Mrs. Fitzroy, who did not think so. Though not otherwise than well on the whole, Dessie had at times a somewhat haggard look not natural to her. Harry evidently noticed nothing unusual, possibly because he did not expect it. He was in good health and high spirits himself, and on this first evening of his visit Dessie was seemingly one of the gayest of the party. Mrs. Fitzroy and Miss Bruce alike watched her in some wonder, yet each could see that the gaiety was not happiness. Emmie saw the same still more plainly, not because she had keener sight than mother or governess, but because she possessed a clue, which they possessed not, to Dessie's real state of mind. Only two hours before she had surprised her cousin in a fit of violent crying. But Dessie had flung back all attempts at comfort, and had pretended to make nothing of her own distress. Tears never left traces long on Dessie's face. This evening her melancholy seemed to have left her and descended upon Emmie, who looked sad and was silent.

"What do you all say to my project of going to Neckarsteinach to-morrow?" asked Mr. Fitzroy. "What! hasn't mamma told? Is it a secret, my dear?"

"Not if we are to count it settled," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "I meant to consult with Miss Bruce."

"As to the state of the juvenile intellects? A day among castles may freshen them up—wake a little historical enthusiasm — eh, Miss Bruce?" suggested Mr. Fitzroy.

"O papa! may we really go?" cried Allie.

"Miss Bruce has the casting vote—eh, Miss Bruce? Have the lessons lately been so diligently done, that we may count our young folks worthy of another holiday?"

"I don't quite know what to say about the lessons," hesitated Miss Bruce. "Still, a day's holiday would do no harm, and perhaps the work will go on better afterwards."

"Emmie is not the guilty party. She looks too sublimely unconscious."

"Did you speak to me, papa?" asked

IN TROUBLE.

Emmie. And she had to bear the laughter which followed upon the discovery that she had not heard a word of the proposal.

"Imagine Emmie's ear not being caught by the word 'castles,'" said Dessie. "She must have been enveloped in a tremendously thick fog. I should have expected it to act on her brain like an electric shock."

"Has Emmie a passion for ruins?" asked Harry.

"More than I have," said Dessie. "Castles are all very well in moderation, but really in Germany they are as plentiful as blackberries—and anybody would get tired of too many blackberries."

"That is a splendid specimen of Decima Fitzroy's logical powers," said Mr. Fitzroy. "You might just as well say that too much plum-cake would make Allie ill, and therefore we must be careful how much bread-and-butter she eats."

"Then is the Neckar—what do you call it—a castle?" asked Harry.

"Three castles, not one," said Dessie. "No, four, I mean. But one is said to be inaccessible. I suppose that means that it has a moat round it, and that the Germans have never taken the trouble to throw a plank across. Perhaps they are frightened—imagine it to be inhabited by ghosts and ghostesses. I should like immensely to explore an inaccessible castle."

"You must be an Irishman before you can do that," laughed Harry. "I see you are not much older than you were, Dessie. How do you like German life and manners?"

"The life is well enough," said Dessie; "in fact, we really are just living an English life in Germany. The manners—well, I think I like them too. I always *did* object to the constraint of having to put my knife and fork demurely side by side, and it is quite delicious to be able to stick them out, like the spokes of a wheel, towards the middle of the table—only aunt Laura objects."

"Dessie not being a German by birth," said Mrs. Fitzroy.

"Possibly, if she were, she would object to the constraint of fashion lying in the German direction," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"And you talk German now like a native, of course, Dessie?"

"Yes, just exactly. No, I don't; I'm afraid of wearing out my brains, so I make it a point not to get on too fast. I am rather in the condition of the Englishman—no, I am forgetting; he was a German. But he was in London, and he went into a pastrycook's, and ordered some soup. It was a long while coming, and presently—you know, I suppose, that 'bekommen' means to *have* or to *possess* a thing—well, presently the poor man grew impatient. He remembered the word 'bekommen,' and supposing it to mean the same in English as in German, he exclaimed, 'When *shall* I become a bowl of soup?' The waiter answered, 'Never, sir, I hope.'"

"Your story reminds me of another," said Harry. "A certain gentleman went abroad for a short tour—or it may have been on business—having two or three young men with him, one of whom professed to be a German scholar, equal to the difficulties of the way. At one of their first halting-places they wished to wash their hands, and as the means for so doing were not visbile, the young gentleman was called upon to make known their need. He said something in German, and long delay followed. The waiter at length reappeared carrying two bowls of soup."

"There was an English lady abroad," said Mrs. Fitzroy, "who at the custom-house, when her boxes were being examined, and a small medicine-chest appeared, exclaimed, '*O ce n'est qu'un petit médecin!*'"

"O mamma—a little doctor; how ridiculous!" laughed Allie.

Other stories followed, and presently Mr. Fitzroy broke in upon them with, "Well, is it to be Neckarsteinach?"

"O please, yes," cried several voices.

"Then I will order the carriages this evening. No fear about weather, I think. Better to take the more distant excursion while we can, and Harry must see the town and castle another day. If this heat continues we shall soon have some heavy thunderstorms."

"There is lightning every evening," said Dessie. "I saw it last night like little bright needles running all over a great black cloud near the horizon, and blue sky over our heads."

"That must have been more than thirty miles away," pronounced Allie sententiously. "I know it, because papa told me we could hear thunder up to thirty miles away, and we could see lightning up to—wasn't it?—three hundred miles. And last night we didn't hear a bit of thunder."

"I wonder what a *bit* of thunder may be like?" said Mr. Fitzroy. "By the bye I bargain for one thing, and that is that Miss Bruce accompanies us to-morrow."

"I thought I might perhaps remain at home and study," said Miss Bruce.

"No, I think not this time. You are a little too fond of books. Study of the castles may prove quite as beneficial to you as to the girls."

"The 'girls' don't look greatly in need of relaxation," Harry remarked; and a few minutes later, Dessie having vanished with Allie, Mrs. Fitzroy asked him—

"How do you think Dessie seems?"

"How?" repeated Harry. "Physically or morally, aunt Laura? Both I suppose. She looks well. Just a trifle more tame than at home; yes, certainly, she has the air of being under control, which she never used to have. Perhaps I ought not to say this before Emmie."

"Em is safe," said Mrs. Fitzroy, smiling, but Emmie rose quickly, with an answering smile, and went out of the room.

"I must beg Emmie's pardon; I had no intention of driving her away," said Harry, finding himself too late to stop her. "Some girls repeat things to one another, but Emmie looks discreet."

"Emmie is discreet," said her mother. "Yes, I think Dessie is on the whole improved. She is much more under control than when she first came. Also she is just now very unhappy."

"Dessie unhappy?"

"You seem to think it impossible. She is very much distressed about poor little Hugh."

"Ah, poor child!" said Harry, with feeling; "I am afraid that is a bad business. But—Dessie—I should certainly have expected it to make some impression on her,—but what am I to think? Look at her high spirits this evening—and Edith writes me word that Ella has never received from Dessie a single line, since she has been told of the child's state."

"I don't think you must quite judge Dessie by ordinary rules. It is a curious nature, but she has a heart, though it is smothered under a good deal of rubbish, and she seems to have a great objection to letting it be seen."

"If you have managed to dig through the rubbish, you have accomplished a feat," said Harry. "But—Dessie unhappy!" and he smiled incredulously.

"Wait!" said Mrs. Fitzroy.

(*To be continued.*)

LEATHER WORK.

By Dora Hope.

AMONGST the thousand-and-one varieties of so-called fancy work, few are prettier or more useful than the subject of these remarks.

It is a pity that leather work is not more commonly practised at the present day, by "our girls" especially, for it requires a very dainty touch and a pretty taste and fancy, and every girl knows that these qualities are common enough amongst them. But, for some reason or another, the making of this style of ornament seems to have almost lost favour during the last few years, and it is hoped that the following simple directions may do something towards the revival of a beautiful art.

It is somewhat difficult to describe in words all the processes of the work to those entirely ignorant on the subject; one practical lesson is worth any amount of written instructions, but still by carefully following them, practice and perseverance will ensure success.

A skin of basil leather is required, and in choosing it a soft, supple one should be selected, as free from flaws as possible. Some pieces of a very thin variety of leather, called skiver, will also be wanted, and an old drawing board, or a similar piece of wood, to work upon. Then a bowl of cold water, one or two soft cloths, gum or glue, and wire must be ready.

The requisite tools with moulds and patterns may be bought at some fancy repositories, but with a sharp pair of scissors, a stiletto, a thimble and a knitting needle, one need not be dependent on the bought moulds, though the latter are more convenient and pleasant in the use.

As to patterns, none are so good as those taken direct from Nature herself. It is a good plan to cut out the exact paper pattern of any pretty leaf one meets with; the name should

be written upon it, and the veins marked in pencil.

The beginner is advised to confine herself to leaves of a simple formation. Amongst the easiest are the ivy, oak, and common polypody fern. When everything is ready, place the

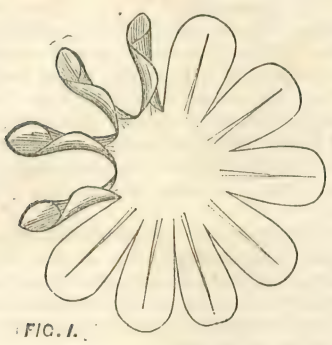


FIG. 1.

paper pattern flat upon the smooth side of the leather, hold it firmly in place with the left hand, and scratch lightly round the outline with the stiletto. Remove the pattern and cut out the traced outline leaf. The scissors must be sharp and sure, for any jags will be very unsightly. Put the leaf into cold water till thoroughly moist, but not too wet. Take it out, and dry it a little in a cloth; lay it flat upon the board, the smooth side of the leather being, of course, always upwards. Now mark the veins upon it with the veiner, or, failing the proper tool, the blunt side of the scissors' point, or a knitting needle.

Next comes the part in which a practical demonstration would be more specially desirable, namely, the moulding. The veins are to be pinched up at the back, with the left finger and thumb, whilst the right hand is smoothing and arranging the right side of the leaf into its natural life-like shape The midribs are usually better done first, and the smaller veins afterwards. The stalk is rolled tightly together between the finger and thumb till it is tolerably stiff. In moulding, the aim is to get the required effect at once, as too much working injures the face of the leather.

In the polypody fern the midrib is first treated; it runs, of course, the whole length of the leaf. Afterwards, each little pinnæ must be done separately. Care must be taken, in process of moulding, that no little filaments of the rough side of the leather should project from the edge, but rather that the right side of the leather should slightly curl over towards the back. Otherwise the edges will have an untidy, ragged appearance.

When the last touches are given the leaf must be put aside, and not touched again till it is perfectly dry. This will not take longer than an hour or so, and, meanwhile, size, or other stiffening, may be prepared. A coating of some sort is necessary, as it preserves, and very much improves, the appearance of the leather. Some persons employ a solution of orange shellac and spirits of wine (in the proportion of half an ounce of the former to a quarter of a pint of the latter, shaken together in a bottle till the gum is melted). This, however, *slightly* darkens the colour of the leather, so that if the natural colour be desired the size is better. This is prepared for the purpose by adding warm water to it till it has the consistency of thin gum. Whichever is used, it must be brushed well over the surface and edges of the foliage or flowers and into all interstices.

When the beginner has acquired some expertness in the method of working, she will find no lack of more advanced subjects. Every walk in the garden or lanes will suggest fresh designs and ideas to the observant eye. In making a trail of ivy or bramble, the better plan is to cut it out in one piece—leaves, stalks, and stem. This, of course, requires some skill in the moulding, but when successfully carried out the effect is much better than the same thing done in detachments. To make a branch separately, take a strip of leather, one-third of an inch wide; brush the inside thickly with gum, and roll it over and over on the board with the palms of the hands till it has the form of the rounded stem. The irregularities and excrescences are obtained by pressing and indenting with one of the tools. Tendrils are made of very narrow strips of skiver, wet, and twisted round a knitting needle. This may be dried at the fire, and when pushed off the pin a little tightly-curled tendril will be the result.

Flowers are made usually in several parts, but this of course depends upon the nature of the subject. A dahlia, for example, requires a series of eight or ten circles, of graduated sizes, like fig. 1. These are afterwards moulded as shown in four petals of the same figure, and threaded on a narrow stalk, knotted at the end to prevent their sliping off. The knot is hidden by the full petals of the flower; at the back a calyx, as in Nature, must be added. For stamens and pistils the skiver should be used, cut till it resembles very fine fringe in some cases, but Nature is the best guide in this as so many other branches of the work. Hop flowers, which are exceedingly pretty, are made of a series of five pieces (fig. 2) of graduated sizes, the largest being nearly an inch in diameter. These are moulded with the rounded top of the stiletto, failing the proper tool. They are then strung on a narrow knotted stem, the smallest coming first. If the upper portions are inclined to slip down over the lower, a touch of gum will keep them in their proper place on the stem.

Acorns and nuts are best made by covering small natural specimens with skiver. It must be moistened, pressed over the nut or acorn, and tied tightly round at the base. The bract of the nut is made in the same way as other leaves; and for the acorn cup, press a piece of thin leather over the top of a thimble, tying it over tightly in all directions with thread. When dry, the top edge of the cup will probably require a little trimming with sharp scissors, and the acorns are fixed in with a drop of gum.

There are various moulds for flowers and fruit to be purchased; amongst the former the convolvulus mould is useful and easily managed. For grapes, a leather-covered acorn answers the purpose, but the little point at the top of the acorn must be removed first. The leather is to be tied tightly at the *side* of the grape; when it is dry the surplus must be cut off quite close up, and the gathering of leather covered with a tiny patch, gummed on. The stalks are of wire, covered with skiver wound round it, and inserted at the base of the grape with a touch of gum. In arranging the bunch of grapes, care must be taken that the patched side of each grape be turned inwards out of sight.

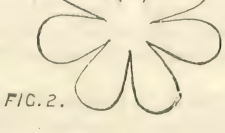


FIG. 2.

It is possible to make fruit moulds for one's own use by taking a hard unripe, but fully formed specimen, and pressing over half of it a piece of gutta-percha which has been immersed in hot water till soft, and then smeared with oil. When it has become hardened again it may be removed, again oiled, and it is ready for use. A piece of rather thin leather is cut to approximately the right size, moistened and pressed gradually into the mould with the tool for the purpose, or, failing that, with the fingers. When dry, and the edges cut off, it should be filled with glue and scraps of leather till it is solid. Then remove it from the mould, prepare the other half in the same way, and join the two halves with glue, carefully rubbing off any irregularities with the end of a tool. Apples, pears, and so on would require two moulds, divided horizontally.

Perhaps the prettiest thing in a small way that can be made of leather work is a bracket, but it is often used for the frames of pictures or mirrors, or, stitched on velvet, for the border of occasional tables. Any carpenter will make one for a foundation of whatever size and shape is preferred, and as a common wood will do, it is very inexpensive. The top and back of the bracket should be covered with velvet or plush, against which the foliage shows up charmingly. For the edges of a bracket or any other article where it would be suitable, a sort of bordering of leather is often useful and always pretty. A great variety of designs

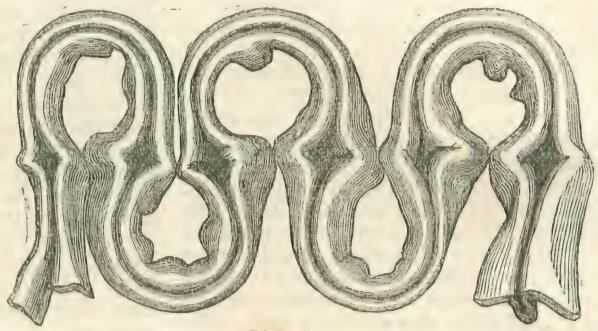


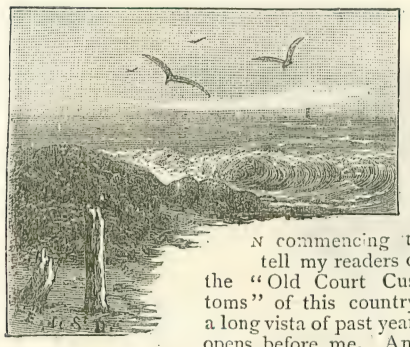
FIG. 3.

may be chosen from for this purpose, but one will serve as a suggestion for the others. This one consists of a strip of leather, as long as the skin will allow, and an inch and a quarter wide. This is moistened thoroughly, and folded together twice, lengthwise; it is then bent into shape and secured upon the board or table with strong pins, the little projections being made by pinching up the leather between the finger and thumb. It must be left pinned in position till perfectly dry, and after being sized it will be ready for use (fig. 3).

In mounting the work, it is well to temporarily secure each leaf in its place with a pin until the grouping is quite satisfactory. Then the pins are removed one by one, and replaced by the tiny headless tacks, which may be bought of a sort of buff colour resembling the leather. In some cases it will be found better to use glue instead of tacks, so both should be at hand. It is necessary, sometimes, to stitch a leaf in place here and there which is stubborn in not taking the right direction on the bracket or other article. For this purpose fine silk of a buff shade should be used.

OLD COURT CUSTOMS.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.



In commencing to tell my readers of the "Old Court Customs" of this country, a long vista of past years opens before me. And amid so much that is interesting in days gone by, and of which traces may still be found in some lingering remains of quaint Court ceremonial, it is difficult to know how much or how little to recall. From the cradle to the grave all royal personages are surrounded by etiquette and ceremonies which have been hereditary in various countries with all the individualities of their different nationalities. From the earliest ages of the first recognised sovereigns certain emblems were always associated with their position. We have been familiar from our childhood with the stories of kings and rulers related in Holy Scripture. The coronation of a king with the service of anointing with oil recalls to one's thoughts the first king given by God Himself to the chosen race who demand of Him that such an one should rule over them, and, therefore, this part of the coronation ceremony has a Divine authority. The sceptre, too, as mark of rule, is a familiar word in our mouths as we repeat the Psalms.

What pomp and state surrounded the ancient monarchs of Egypt, and how strict the etiquette of their royal households, where each servant had his appointed office! The cupbearer, the body-guard of the king, all may be traced even in reading the Old Testament history, and no doubt the Court of King Solomon must have far exceeded our modern ideas of magnificence and grandeur, when we know that his great visitor, the Queen of Sheba, was overwhelmed at its glory. In the rude ages of our own land, which preceded the introduction of Christianity and the firm establishment of a royal dynasty, there were many customs attending the election of one to reign over them; but the enthronement, the anointing, and the crowning have been the ever-abiding rule. In our own country, to which I must chiefly confine my notices, there have been many changes as years have passed on, and in the Court of this 19th century the quaint ceremonies and old customs are not so numerous as they were in the time of our grandfathers and grandmothers. But much remains which may be interesting to my readers, and even the obsolete customs may be named before my articles are completed.

Some of us may remember as eye-witnesses the coronation of our beloved Queen, and all the gorgeous ceremonies of that day. One or two may have stood among the vast multitude who, in the summer of 1837, waited the proclamation of Queen Victoria, "Vivat Regina," with the flourish of heralds' trumpets, and may have seen the graceful maiden sovereign step out upon the balcony of St. James's Palace and bow her acknowledgments to the vociferous greetings of her faithful subjects, noticing the pale young face and the scarce-restrained tears, as she thought of the kind uncle whose position she was called on to assume, and not unmindful of the awful responsibilities then laid upon her, which we old people can rejoice to think have been so nobly fulfilled.

It took a year to complete the preparations for the great event in Westminster Abbey, on June 28th, 1838, and London was transformed indeed as balcony after balcony rose on every spot where a glance of the passing procession could be seen, and from the break of the day till the illuminations which closed the day's excitement were paling under the dawning of a second morning the streets were thronged by a dense multitude, who had assembled from all parts of England. This, too, was when railroads were but just beginning to be made, so that there were not the thousand opportunities which now exist for reaching the metropolis from all sides with speed and small expense; but yet they came, though now one feels puzzled to think how it could have been!

The royal marriages are no longer surrounded by the peculiar customs of which we read up to the reigns of the Georges. The Queen's marriage at St. James's Palace, and that of her eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, are the only royal unions of the reigning family which have taken place in the metropolis, St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, having witnessed the gorgeous ceremonial of the nuptials of the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. But it is not essentially of these grand occasions of which I would write, but would trace out some of the minor customs which still exist, and have their origin in days of chivalry, perhaps. The hereditary offices held by the Dukes of Norfolk, of St. Albans, the Earl of Denbigh, and many others, will afford some interest in their history. The rules and etiquettes of state receptions, and the every-day regulations of a royal household, may be beyond our province, added to which the life of Queen Victoria, as disclosed by her own pen in the volumes lately completed, have shown how much of the rigid stiffness of Court life has merged in the sacred rules of home and love, and the simplicity of the sovereign's taste is known to all.

The Chapel Royal, St. James's, is perhaps the scene of one of the most interesting of all old Court customs on the annual return of the Feast of Epiphany, and, I think, may fairly come first in the list.

This custom is the presentation of the Queen's offertory of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. It needs no words of mine to recall to my young readers the sacred origin of these gifts. The kings of the East brought the like and offered them on bended knee to the King of kings in His lowly guise, the reputed son of Joseph the carpenter. For centuries past the monarchs of England have commemorated the act, and in person were used to attend the service at the Chapel Royal, and approaching the chancel at the time of the offertory in the Holy Communion Service presented an offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. The quaintly dressed beefeaters, or Henry VIII.'s guard, are, and always have been, in attendance on these occasions. Some six or eight of them line the approach to the chancel as the procession passes by.

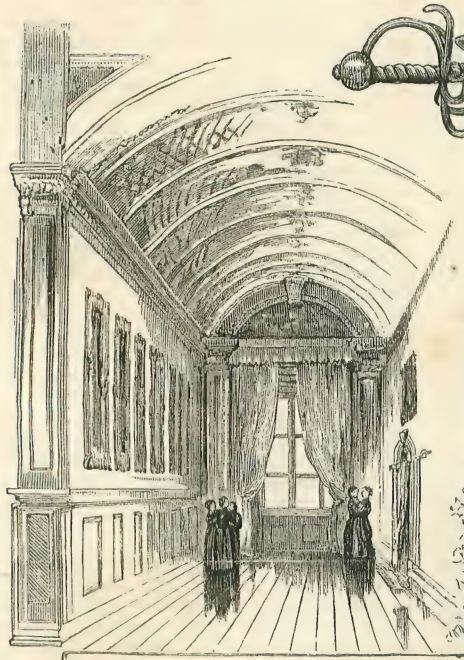
The ceremony was religiously performed by the sovereign in person until the reign of George III., that king being the last to do so, and the first time he neglected to appear upon the feast of the Epiphany was after the death of one of his favourite daughters, and upon that occasion the king's Lord High Chamberlain was sent as the representative of his royal master. But by degrees the honour has fallen to one of the subordinates in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, and a deputy's deputy now represents the sovereign upon the day on which is commemorated the homage done by the kings of the earth to the King of kings.

At the morning service on the Feast of Epiphany, when the offertory sentences are being read from the Holy Table, two officers of the Lord Chamberlain bring up three purses and lay them in the alms dish which is held by the Chief Clergyman. Up to within a few years these purses contained gold in leaf, frankincense, and myrrh. They were placed inside a round box covered with crimson silk; the box about six inches round; in the centre of the box was embroidered in golden beads a rich Epiphany star to complete the symbol of the day. I think some of these boxes may still be extant, as they were the perquisite of the dean and preserved as interesting relics. For now the offerings are only made in the bags, and the gold-leaf has been superseded by the offering of thirty golden sovereigns for the benefit of the poor. The incense and myrrh are still continued, and it would be a matter of regret if ever discontinued, though the ceremony itself passes almost unnoticed even by those who may have the privilege of being present on the day.

Another old custom takes place on Maundy Thursday at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, which, by the way, is the old banqueting hall in front of which King Charles I. was beheaded. Of course, the tradition of the old customs of this anniversary are easily traced back to the earliest ages, when, in memory of the Saviour of the world leaving to His disciples the great example of humility in washing their feet on the eve of the first Good Friday, for many centuries, and in many countries, the custom was religiously performed by kings and queens. There is an account of Charles II. and his queen performing this duty in all solemnity, but by degrees it was discontinued. The Archbishop of Canterbury at one period acted as the sovereign's deputy in the act, but now the ceremony is shorn of any pomp, save that the Queen's Lord High Almoner and the officials connected with this royal chapel attend a special service on Maundy Thursday, and a certain number of aged poor chosen from London parishes are commanded to attend, and each receives the Royal Bounty. In lieu of cloth, beer, and bread, each recipient is now given thirty shillings in money, and as many silver pennies as the sovereign's age are distributed. The Lord High Almoner's office is very different from what it was in the middle ages. One of his privileges was to take the first dish from the royal dinner-table and bestow it upon any poor person whom he chose. It was also his duty to relieve twenty-four poor men, who at the hour of seven in the morning should appear before him and, having repeated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, then received a twopenny loaf, fourpence, a gallon of beer, or threepence in money—an equivalent which suggests that the beer must have been very "small" indeed, or else its price ridiculously low in those days; but such are the entries in old registers, which may be seen in the British Museum.

An office which may be mistaken for this Lord High Almoner is that of Hereditary Grand Almoner, an office which now rests in the Marquis of Exeter. The duties of his office are only in requisition at the Coronation, when upon him devolves the honour of scattering the royal pieces of money which are thrown about during the homage of the peers to the newly-crowned sovereign—his perquisite on the occasion being all the blue cloth used as a carpet in the Abbey on that day.

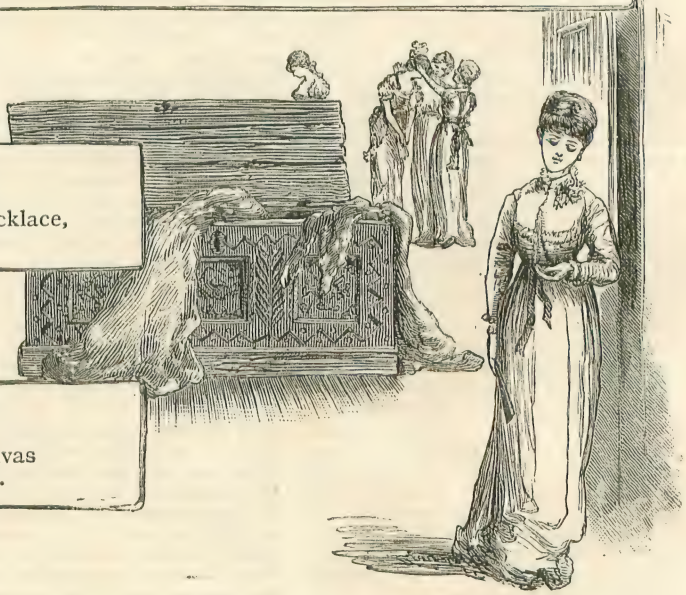
OLD COURT DRESSES



AN ancient corridor—where buckled courtier
And jewelled beauty through the twilight loom
From glowing canvas, starting into being
Where firelight flashes through the pictured gloom.

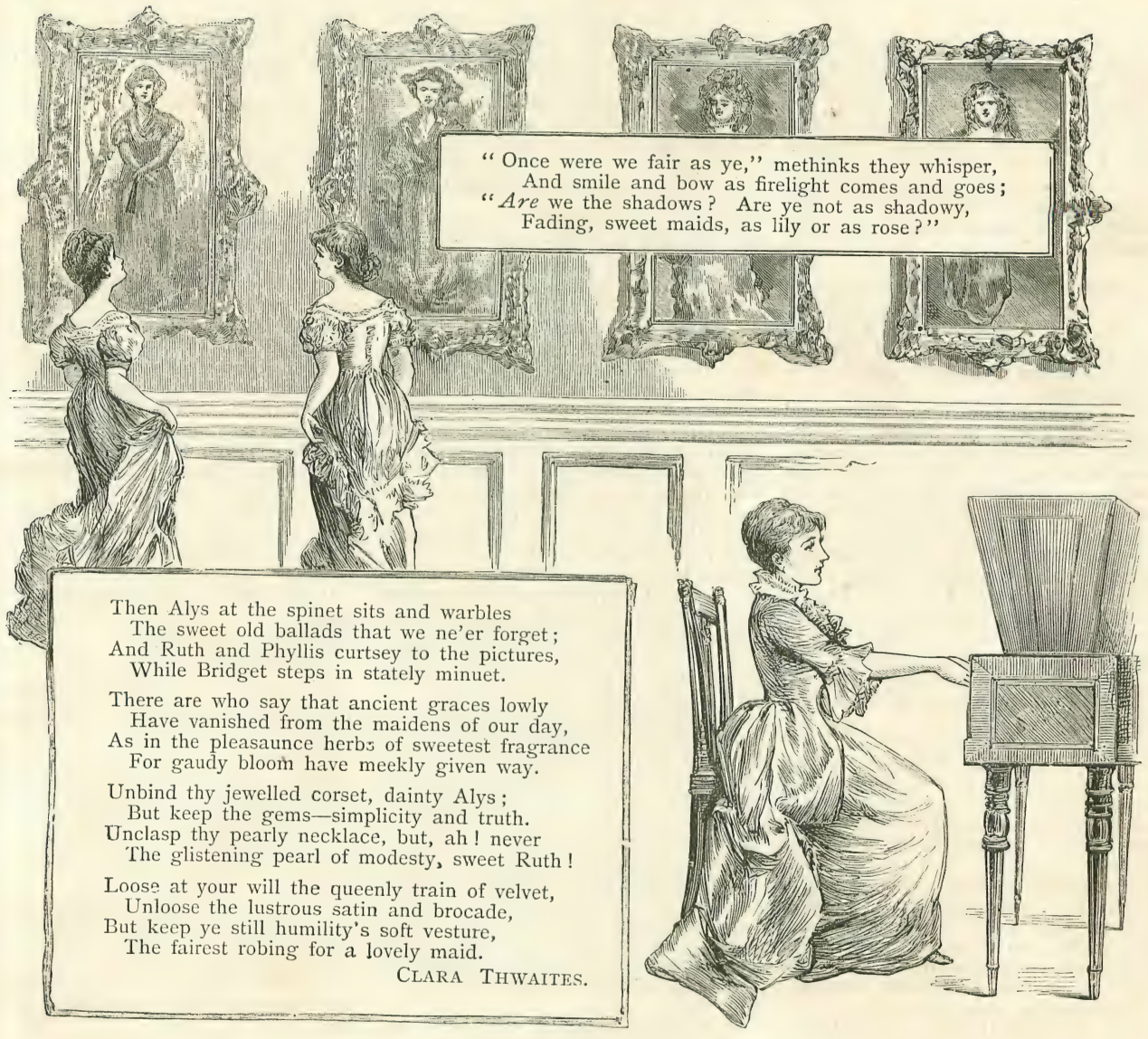
Up from the pleasaunce comes a troop of maidens,
Laughing and singing up the old oak stair,
Waking the echoes of the dim recesses,
Chasing the shadows with their presence fair.

Intent on frolic, they, with rippling laughter,
Rifle an antique wardrobe of its store.
Who shall be fairest? Pictured dame and damsel,
Or breathing maidens in the corridor?



Now queenly Bridget and our slender Alys
Array them in the thick brocades of old,
In lace and gem and jewelled clasp and necklace,
With antique broiderie of tarnished gold.

Tall Millicent is decking Ruth and Phyllis
In ruffled laces and in courtly train,
While many an ancestress on glowing canvas
Lives in their youthful beauty o'er again.



"Once were we fair as ye," methinks they whisper,
And smile and bow as firelight comes and goes;
"*Are* we the shadows? Are ye not as shadowy,
Fading, sweet maids, as lily or as rose?"

Then Alys at the spinet sits and warbles
The sweet old ballads that we ne'er forget;
And Ruth and Phyllis curtsey to the pictures,
While Bridget steps in stately minuet.

There are who say that ancient graces lowly
Have vanished from the maidens of our day,
As in the pleasaunce herbs of sweetest fragrance
For gaudy bloom have meekly given way.

Unbind thy jewelled corset, dainty Alys;
But keep the gems—simplicity and truth.
Unclasp thy pearly necklace, but, ah! never
The glistening pearl of modesty, sweet Ruth!

Loose at your will the queenly train of velvet,
Unloose the lustrous satin and brocade,
But keep ye still humility's soft vesture,
The fairest robing for a lovely maid.

CLARA THWAITES.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LEGEND OF THE LACE-MAKERS.

"LONG ago in this valley of St. Aubin there dwelt a poverty-stricken but very devout-minded young girl, who was dying of love for a young man who was far above her in station. One night, when she sat in her lowly cottage weeping over her sad fate, a beautiful lady entered through the open door, who, without speaking, placed a green velvet cushion upon the knees of the girl, and a number of slender bobbins between her fingers. These bobbins were filled with the filmy threads which float in the air on autumn evenings.

"The lady, who was very lovely, and whose dress, made of white gossamer lace, floated gracefully about her slender form, sat down on a chair by the girl's side, and taught her then and there to weave the fairy-like texture in which she was clothed.

"They passed the whole night in silent, busy toil. When the morning came, the girl had learnt how to make all sorts of patterns and complicated stitches.

"With the first rays of daylight the mysterious lady departed. The girl worked hopefully at her pillow and bobbins through many days. She sold the lace produced, and soon became rich. She married the man of her choice, and became the greatest lady in the valley, but she never imparted the art which had been instrumental in bringing about her good fortune to anyone, even though there were many portionless maidens and overburdened mothers in the valley to whom it would have been a priceless boon.

"One evening, when she and her husband sat in the great hall of their mansion watching the gambols of their numerous and beautiful children, the lady suddenly appeared upon the scene, but her friendly manner had given place to one cold and distant. Her beautiful face was sad and stern, as she addressed her former *protégée*.

"'Here you sit enjoying yourself in peace and plenty without one thought for those who have been less favoured than you. I helped you, but you have totally disregarded the needs of others. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces.'

"Having spoken thus, she covered her face and vanished.

"The next day the woman, ashamed of her own selfish happiness, arose and went forth. Carrying her green velvet cushion and bobbins in her hand, she went from cottage to cottage. The women and the maidens thronged around her to be instructed in the art she herself had so miraculously learned. So they also became rich, and the valley of St. Aubin famous for this manufacture."

Damaris' thoughts and fancies clung to this little legend long after Monsieur St. Just had done with it and wandered off again to his chronicles of toil and barter, and her mind busied itself with comparisons.

The talent bestowed so divinely and mysteriously upon the peasantry of the valley as a boon, and a precious means of maintaining their independence, what had it become? As she saw it in its working to-day, it seemed to have become a curse and a degradation. Who was to blame? Where lay the wrong? For wrong and blame there must be to have turned this gift of God, this skill of handicraft, into the heavy yoke which lay upon the people now, crushing out all finer sympathies, all aspirations after improvement, leaving nothing but animal instincts for the guidance of these poor human machines.

"The art has degenerated," continued Monsieur, and he began to trace its decadence, and to account for it in the purely artistic sense in which he was considering the subject. His highest conception of it seemed to be an æsthetic one; he ignored, or failed to perceive, the moral principle which linked it with the divine. The workers themselves were no more to him in connection with the art than are the conglomerations of wheels and springs so largely used now in the production of the finest textures.

For the first time Damaris was conscious of a want in him; but she buried the disappointment deeply in her own heart. Even to admit it to herself seemed to be disloyal towards him whom she so cordially admired and so truly liked.

Nevertheless, to sit quietly and listen to this misjudgment of those who were not able to put in a disclaimer for themselves, was more than she was capable of doing. She started to her feet under the excitement of a rare impulse which carried her for the time being entirely out of herself, her cheeks burning, her eyes shining with indignation.

"Monsieur, *ce n'est pas juste—ce n'est pas juste!*" she repeated, as though to give force to her words.

Monsieur Etienne shut his book with a snap and a quick glance of astonishment.

"The real cause why this art no longer flourishes as it did a few centuries ago lies much deeper than you seem to be able to penetrate. It consists of a cruel, crushing wrong, the wherefore of which I hoped you would have been able to explain to me. But you seem to have no notion of its existence even, although it is breaking the spirits of the people dependent upon you. Circumstances have made you lord over them, but you live over their heads in this lofty tower, pursuing your own thoughts, dreaming your own visionary dreams, while in the valley below the people lead degraded, animal lives, given to incessant toil without the chance of learning how its dignity should uplift them."

She paused to take breath, this angry Nemesis, this little defiant Daniel come to judgment.

"*Mais*, mademoiselle," he began, but Damaris did not hear him. This was no question of scholarly learning, nor of æsthetic taste, and she was more at home in it than he; it lay in the domain of active human sympathies, and of those eternal laws which link together the creatures of a living God in one vast bond of interest.

"If you would only meet them," she continued, her voice breaking a little with its fervour and its earnestness—"I don't mean place yourself in physical contact with them—but if you would only look into some of the stolid, almost inhuman faces that bend above the flying fingers, and inquire into the cause which is reducing them to the level of brute beasts—if you would let your heart speak instead of your head, you would soon learn more than all your books can teach you."

Monsieur St. Just was pale to the lips. He felt her words as only a proud and sensitive man could feel them.

"Mademoiselle, this is no light accusation that you have brought against me."

Damaris turned paler than he, and for one moment the enormity of her daring stood before her. Then her spirit rose within her; she would not be frightened from the stand she had taken.

"You believe that, like a faithless sentry, I have fallen asleep at my post and allowed the foe to pass," he said.

"No, monsieur. You have been looking for the coming of the foe in the clouds, and your eyes have been fixed on them, so that he has slipped by at your feet."

"Without metaphor, where do you consider my duty lies?"

"I would not dare to dictate it to you."

"Dare! You were daring enough in all conscience just now."

"I was daring for those who can dare nothing for themselves."

There was silence, and Damaris, as she furtively watched Monsieur's pained and averted face, began to feel something of compunction, and to marvel at her own temerity. Would her hasty words put a check upon their pleasant intercourse? Did he think she had taken an unjustifiable liberty, and overstepped the bounds of her position as his mother's *protégée* and companion? If so, he was not free from blame, for had he not, ever since that first evening in his mother's *salon*, treated her as his equal, socially and intellectually? Damaris had certainly been in danger of forgetting those limits of which the world would quickly enough remind her. But just now the worldly spirit had no representative at St. Aubin.

The fear that she had estranged this kind and gifted friend came to her with a sharp pang. Alas! the poor peasantry whose cause she had so warmly and injudiciously espoused were quite forgotten while this fear lasted.

She tendered the first olive leaf that occurred to her.

"Monsieur Etienne," she began, timidly.

He started, but quickly veiled the flash that leapt to his eyes. His voice was cold and constrained.

"*Eh bien*, mademoiselle, what is your good pleasure?"

"My pleasure is to be friends, monsieur."

"Do you suppose, then, that the utterance of one little home truth by your daring lips has turned me into your enemy?"

The ice was breaking. Damaris felt the change of temperature, and smiled.

"There are many degrees between friendship and enmity, monsieur."

"How many will satisfy you?"

"How many removed from friendship? Not one, monsieur."

"But how are we to get back to the point from which we have drifted?"

"I suppose I ought to beg your pardon," she answered, dubiously.

"And the thought of so humiliating yourself is fiercely antagonistic to your pride, mademoiselle."

Damaris bit her lips and her colour rose.

"I would not mind if I could feel that I had been guilty of an unjustifiable offence."

"Suppose we dispense with the apology, then," he said, no longer making an attempt to hide the laughter that was in his eyes. "You make but a sorry penitent, *mademoiselle*; the *rôle* is not one you should assume too often."

The tone of his voice conveyed even more to her sensitive ear than his words did, and she knew that they had not only returned to the old ground, but that this little recoil and rebound had made them more closely friends than they had been.

(*To be continued.*)

"OF ALL FLOURIS THE FLOURE."

"Of all flouris the floure," so Chaucer called the daisy, or "day's eye," as he writes it. "The poet's darling," Wordsworth calls it, and truly the modest, crimson-tipped flower has been that since the days when "herb Margaret" was sung and honoured for the sake of Margaret of Anjou, in the time of her prosperity. The daisy was the flower of another noble lady, Margaret of Valois, the friend of Erasmus and Calvin, and her brother, Francis I., called her his "Marguerite of Marguerites."

We are touched by the sight of the little innocent white face that looks up so modestly and bravely from the wintry ground, and poets and history weave a romance around it; but for its own sake it is worth more than a passing glance, and will pay us with interest for our notice.

Let us pick the first daisy we see this month, and bring it home and carefully examine it. Perhaps you do not know what a world of beauty, of skill, of *mechanism* is contained in a single daisy blossom! To begin

with, the daisy is not a single flower, but many; it belongs to the composite flowers—that is, its head, or blossom, is composed of numerous florets inclosed in one green envelope, or, as it is called, *involucre*, which resembles the calyx or green cup of single flowers, but yet is not a true calyx. The double flowers of cultivation, such as the rose, are not compound flowers like the daisy; they are not masses of florets, but of leaves, or, as we call them, petals, and their green cup is a true calyx. Look at the daisy blossom attentively, and you will see in the centre an assemblage of perhaps as many as a hundred very small and elegantly-shaped yellow cups, surrounded by a border of white spreading flower leaves, or petals. Now, everyone of these florets, both yellow and white, is a distinct flower of itself, not certainly very large, or growing on a long stem, like most other flowers, but still a distinct flower. And there is a most wise reason for this arrangement of cups in the centre, guarded by a ring of flat flowers. The more you study the hidden things of flowers, the more you will learn of the great and loving design that orders all. The yellow cups are shaped like bells, and are quite open, so that without some means to prevent such an occurrence, every shower of rain would fill them with water. Now, most bell-shaped flowers, as the bluebell, and different kinds of campanula, hang down their heads, and therefore, however much it may rain, they are kept as dry as if they were sheltered by a thatched roof; but the cups of the daisy are turned upwards, and, as they cannot shelter themselves, require to be protected by some other means, and here the fringe of white florets lends its aid. They are so constituted that when either rain or dew is about to fall, they slowly rise from their horizontal position and close over the yellow flowers, forming for them a covering like a tent. Should the weather be still they remain in their erect position, and the rain that falls runs down the outside of the white guardians; but if it blows hard they yield to the wind and present the base of the flower to the driving rain. In either case the yellow flowers are equally protected from the wet. If you search a meadow on a rainy day, or in the evening after sunset, you will not find a daisy open. Here and there you may perhaps discover one which seems to depart from this rule, but you will be sure to find, on examination, that all the central flowers are either dead or withering, and consequently stand in no need of protection.

But do we tell you this only because it is one of Nature's endless little bits of interest, which so many never open their eyes to? Partly that, but still more because it is one of Nature's beautiful lessons that we must open the eyes of our soul also.

It is Schiller who says, "If thou wouldst attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower; what that does willessly, that do thou willingly." "There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and no kind is without signification." Let us listen to this little silent flower teacher; perhaps the Master of us all may have sent her with a message.

First of all, we think of the composite flowers, with their individual florets, each complete in itself, each leading its own life, and yet each members one of another, suffering with each other, helping each other, making one perfect whole. The composite human flower is the family, the "involucre" that holds all together is the home. In the centre of the daisy are the little golden cups, upturned to heaven, open-mouthed to receive either good or ill. In the central spot of home are our little ones, with innocent faces, that are not ashamed or afraid to be ever looking up, and these little ones are too young and helpless to shelter themselves. Around the golden cup in the daisy blossom is the white living palisade, that slowly rises from its horizontal position and forms a tent over the little ones to protect them when danger threatens. In the home is the band of elder brothers and elder sisters, who stand around their little ones to guard them from harm, and take care that nothing but the rays of the sun of God's love shall fall upon them.

Think of this, brothers and sisters! Think of the little golden cups, that come empty from the hand of God, and that He gives you to watch and guard. Will they be still golden and pure when the Beloved goes down into His garden to gather lilies; or will they be choked and stained, because the watchers He appointed have forgotten or neglected the work He gave them to do; or, worse than all, have helped to defile those little ones themselves? The daisy guards are white—pure white. Be ye pure white, too; pure in example, pure in word, pure in kindly, tender deeds, and *always* be one! A single white petal could do nothing, but "union is strength." Brothers and sisters, learn to bear and forbear, to take the rubs and worries of daily life and of each other gently, so that ye be never hindered from forming the band that shall guard your little ones from all that may do them hurt.

DOROTHEA'S DREAM.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

"The prayers of the saints, ascending up before God."—*Rev. viii.* 4.

"The patience of the saints."—*Rev. xiv.* 12.

DOROTHEA and Alethea were twin sisters who lived together in the populous little town of Hamborough.

Alethea's health was very delicate, the result of a fall in infancy; but few women were stronger or more vigorous than Dorothea.

Alethea lay on her sofa from day to day—whether the glory of autumn lay upon forest and field, or the grey of winter shrouded the landscape in mysterious sadness, or the gladsomeness of spring woke all things to new life, or the summer sunshine glowed on the perfect loveliness of Nature.

Yes! from day to day, without change from the monotony, almost without respite from the pain. She bore it all, for the most part, bravely; but there were times when the sense of what she called her uselessness swept like an avalanche over her soul, crushing her to the very earth, and stilling every voice within but that of a bitter murmuring at the hardness of her lot.

To this "uselessness" the life of her sister Dorothea offered a striking contrast.

She (Dorothea) led indeed a life of literally restless activity. No work of love or mercy in the parish but had her for one of its most energetic labourers; no scheme of philanthropy or social improvement but had her for one of its most enthusiastic promoters. Early and late she toiled, teaching in the schools, visiting the poor, ministering to the sick. If the clergy wanted a woman's help in their work it was to Dorothea they turned; if trouble fell unexpectedly in some cottage home, it was to Dorothea that the inmates hastened for assistance and sympathy.

No wonder that the contrast between the lives of the two sisters often painfully affected the invalid; the one all zeal and loving labour, the other too weak and pain-stricken to take the smallest share in the never-ending toil.

The enemy of souls is, we know, never idle; the "roaring lion" never relaxes in his search for "whom he may devour;" and just as he whispered into the ear of Alethea that she was but a useless toy, a barren fig-tree cumbering the ground, that it would be better that she should curse God and die; so he whispered to Dorothea that she might well rejoice in her work, might will be proud of it and trust in it.

It is ever so. The old dragon is ever on the watch, the enemy penetrates into every wheat-field to sow tares.

And, indeed, Dorothea began to listen to his whispers, began to be very pleasantly conscious of the estimation in which she was held, and to reflect at times that certainly no one she knew was as indefatigable as she was.

But if Satan is always on the alert, we know of One who in His watch and ward of His redeemed slumbers not nor sleeps. "And I myself caring for your souls," He has Himself assured us; and whilst Dorothea was lending a too willing ear to the suggestions of the evil one, the "Lover of souls" was offering to draw the wanderer back to Himself.

One night Dorothea was unusually tired. There was an epidemic sickness in the town which was taxing all the energies of the charitable. A thick drizzling rain had been falling all day, but Dorothea, undaunted by it, had been on her feet since early morning, going from cottage to cottage on her errands of mercy.

"I shall sleep soundly to-night," she said to herself, as she laid her weary head upon her pillow. Nevertheless, she did not sleep too soundly to dream a dream.

She was in a place that she knew not, and as she wondered where it might be a shining figure stood before her. His raiment gleamed with the whiteness of Tabor, and "the light that is not on sea nor shore" played like a glory round Him. In His hands He carried a crown.

Dorothea was dazzled at "the brightness of His presence," and sank abashed before His searching gaze.

Then a voice like the music of the spheres spoke to her.

"My child, for whom do I bring this crown?"

Dorothea bethinking her of the work she valued so much, made answer in hesitating tones:—

"For me, perchance, dear Lord?"

A sad smile flitted for a moment over the sweet, grave countenance of the shining One.

"It is for her," He replied, "who of all women in Hamborough has the greatest faith in my past sacrifice, and who does most work for Me."

Then Dorothea felt sure, and she stretched out her hands to receive the glittering crown.

But the bright Being made no response to this gesture.

"Do you *now* know whom it is for?" He asked.

And the peculiar stress He laid on the "*now*" prevented Dorothea from giving utterance to the words that were trembling on her tongue.

"For me, perchance, dear Master?"

He saw her hesitation, and, understanding all things, understood it.

"It is for Alethea," He said, speaking again. "Her patience and her unceasing prayers prevail exceedingly at the throne of grace for my dear people in Hamborough."

Then He vanished, and Dorothea knew that activity was not everything—that, indeed, prayer was more availing. And when, in the morning, she related the story of her vision to Alethea, the languid sufferer understood that she had been wrong ever to repine at the uselessness of her lot, for that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Thus two souls, faltering and stumbling on their heavenward way, were helped onward; one learnt resignation to apparent uselessness, the other something more of the might of prayer.

X.

MY WORK BASKET.

Embroidered Corner for Cushion.

This corner can be applied as a band to curtains, or any purpose where a firm edge is required.

The material on which the embroidery is done is plush in any dark colour. Bronze or dark olive is mostly preferred. The flowers are embroidered in woollen arrasene with an admixture of silk.

The corner flowers are in shaded blues, with deep red centres. The rest of the flowers are in shaded pinks and deep red; the arabesques of golden brown and the foliage pale green. The large dots are orange-coloured, and the bars of gold-coloured coarse-twisted silk.

The heading to the pattern is worked in long stitch of shaded wools, between lines of a fine cord, which is also used to edge the whole of the embroidery.

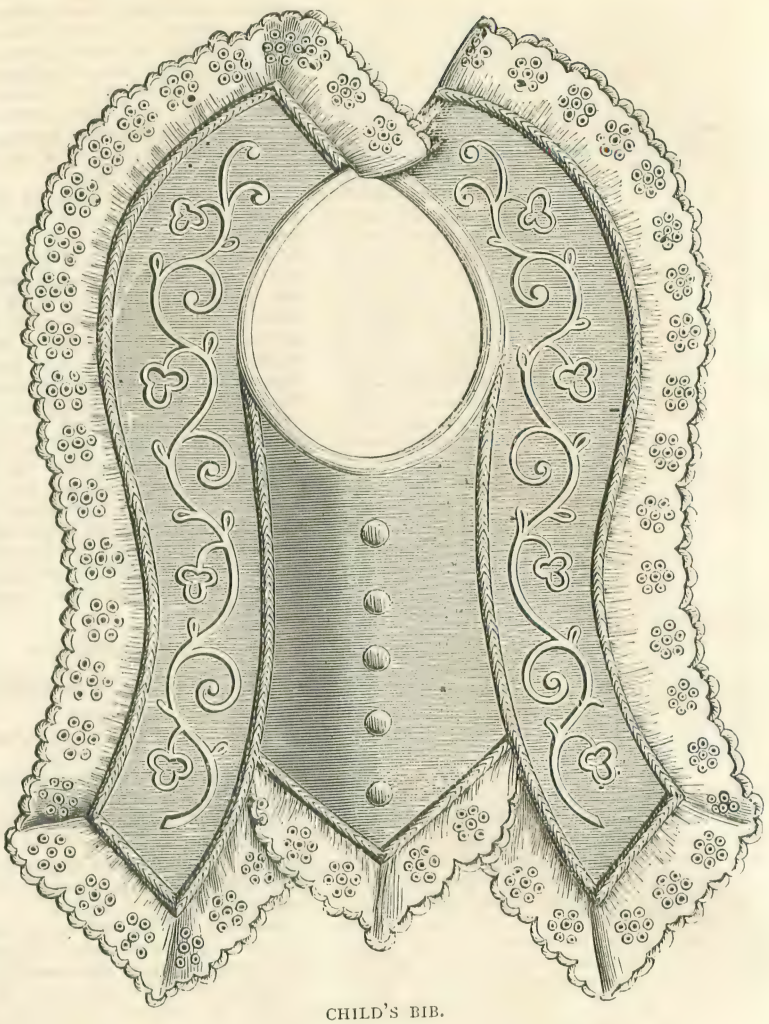
Child's Bib.

The bib is made of fine *piqué* in three separate pieces, according to the size required, to fit the neck of the infant.

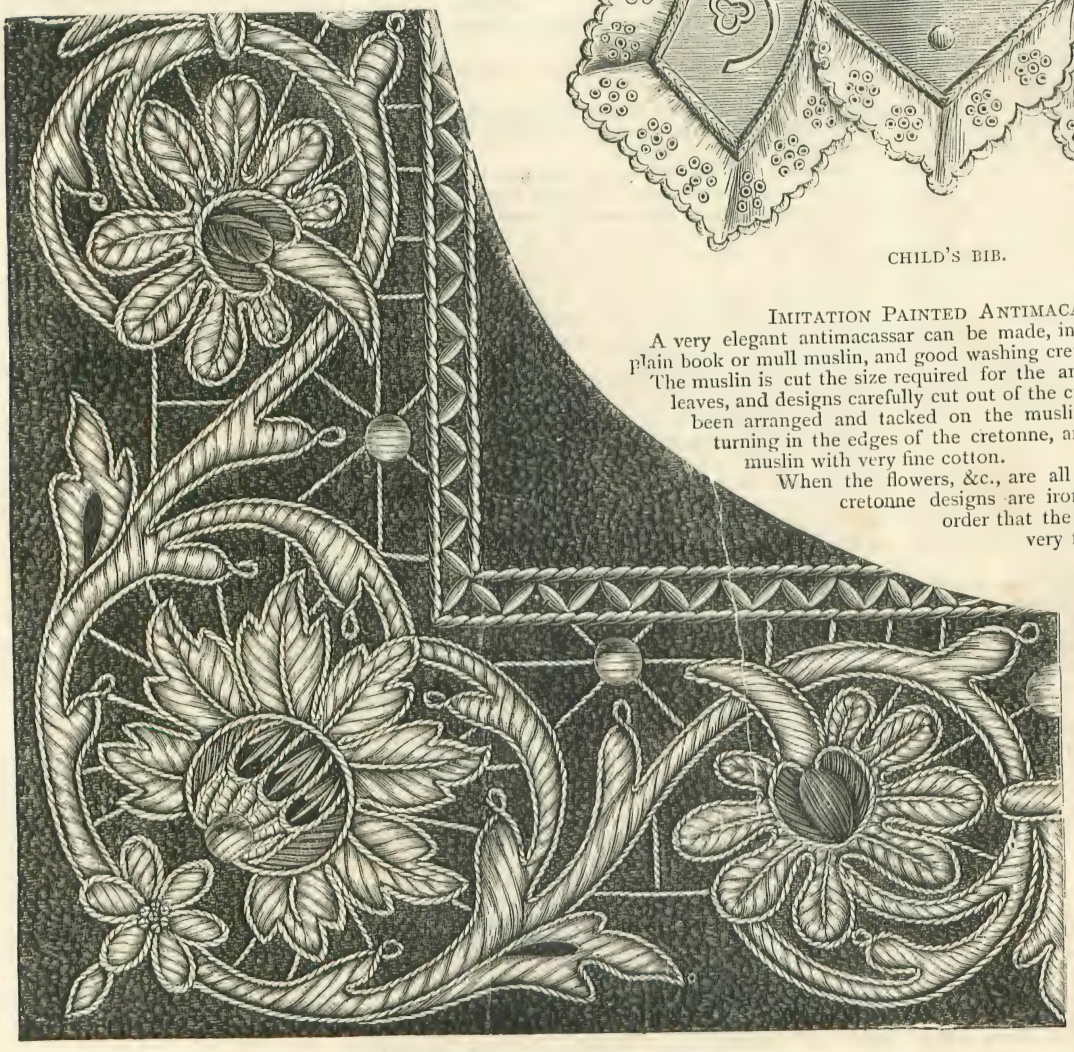
The centre piece has a row of washing buttons down the front, the lower part being trimmed with a flat frill of embroidered muslin joined under a narrow fancy braid. The sides are shaped and braided, or embroidered in coarse French cotton, and also trimmed with muslin embroidery and narrow braid.

The bib is fastened behind by two buttons and loops of narrow braid.

Bibs made of fine white flannel, worked with flourishing cotton, the edges scolloped and embroidered, are very comfortable and warm for outdoor wear. They should be lined with flannel, and the neck neatly bound with white ribbon.



CHILD'S BIB.



EMBROIDERED CORNER FOR CUSHION.

Imitation Painted Antimacassar.

A very elegant antimacassar can be made, inexpensive and durable, with plain book or mull muslin, and good washing cretonne.

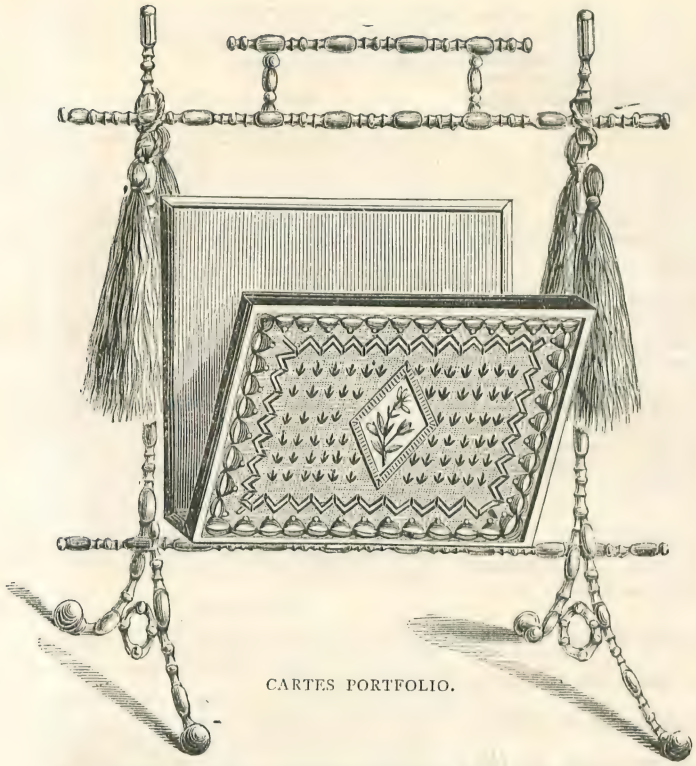
The muslin is cut the size required for the antimacassar, and the flowers, leaves, and designs carefully cut out of the cretonne. The design having been arranged and tacked on the muslin, the work commences by turning in the edges of the cretonne, and felling the pattern on the muslin with very fine cotton.

When the flowers, &c., are all fastened on the muslin, the cretonne designs are ironed on the wrong side, in order that the felled edges should be made very flat.

The finishing touch to this work can now be done, and for this purpose some sorted, fine washing crewels or flourishing cotton is used. A few unequal stitches over the edges of the leaves and veinings greatly add to the effect, which, when nicely worked, looks like painting or embroidery.

The antimacassar is trimmed with a guipure lace. A bright-coloured bird on a branch of a suitable tree makes a good centre, with a border of corresponding foliage mixed with flowers.

The antimacassar is very quickly made and is durable, as only careful washing and getting up are necessary to keep a fresh and pretty ornament ready for any room.



CARTES PORTFOLIO.

An afternoon tea-cloth may be made in the same manner, with crush or oatmeal-cloth for the foundation.

Cartes Portfolio.

The design for the sides of the portfolio are worked on Brazil canvas in a light colour. The bouquet is worked with doubled silk in a diamond formed with lines of brown wool taken from each point and crossed with yellow floss silk.

The rosebuds are pale pink; the upper flower is blue, and leaves a natural green.

The small pattern groundwork is alternate blue and pale rose-coloured flowers.

The border of vandykes is worked with needlefuls of pink, blue, and brown wool used together, with straight long stitches of yellow silk at each inner point.

Crochet Border.

This deep lace corner will serve either to border a silk eider down quilt, large pillow, or table cover, &c.

The cotton is of medium quality, and a rather fine needle should be used in order to make the crochet beady and firm.

The work is done backwards and forwards in square crochet, or one long three chain, with the long stitch always over the long stitch in preceding row.

This pattern will require to be done by an experienced crochet-worker, who, by copying carefully the design given, will be able to produce an elegant and durable lace.

Should the forming of the corner be found too intricate, the lace can be worked in a straight piece, and fitted to any article by slightly gathering it at the corners, and neatly matching and joining the pattern with fine cotton.

Tea and Egg Cosies.

The breakfast table is much improved by these pretty and useful additions. The crimson plush for the outside is cut the shape and size needed for the style of teapot for which the cosy is intended. They are generally made higher and narrower than formerly. A bouquet of good artificial flowers is fastened on one side, the points of the leaves being tacked invisibly to the plush to keep them in place.

On the opposite side a monogram or crest, in fine variegated cord or gold thread, is worked. The lining should be of silk, the same shade as the plush, and well wadded and quilted. A very unique and beautiful edge is formed of pheasants' feathers, tacked on a narrow ribbon the colour of the plush.

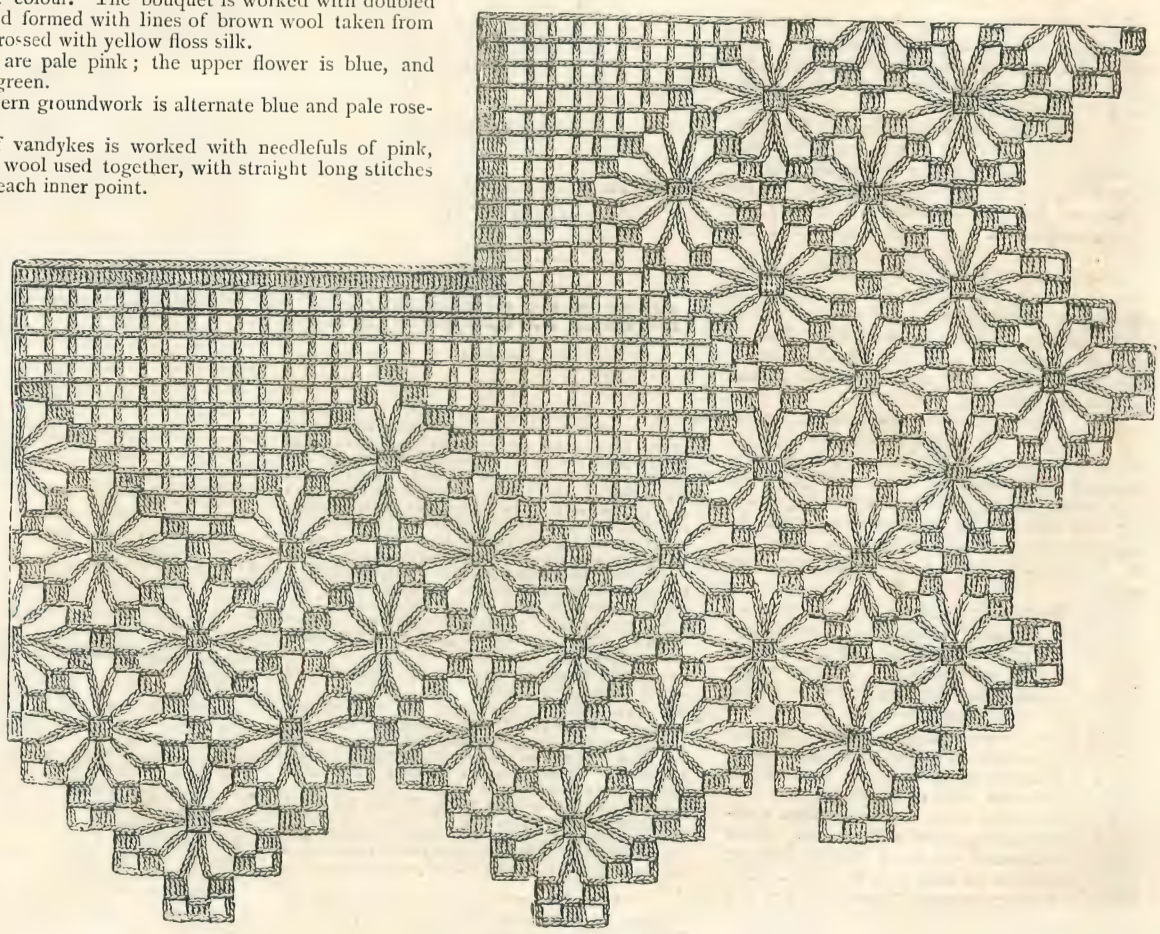
It is better to choose a tint for the cosy that will harmonise with the breakfast service. The feathers would suit almost any colour. If this trimming is found to be too troublesome, a good cord can be substituted. The top of the cosy is ornamented with a small fancy gilt or ivory ring, by which it can be lifted off without interfering with the feather band.

The egg cosy is made of the coloured plush, and sufficiently large to cover a small hot-water dish, to hold four or more eggs in their cups. One side of this cosy may have a bird's nest with eggs in it, or a hen and chickens in embroidery. The other side has the crest or monogram. A cover or mat for the hot-water dish is made of a piece of green baize, covered with an imitation of moss, made of knitted wools (as described in a former number). This cosy is finished in the same manner as the teapot cosy.

A small holder is almost indispensable, as the handle of the teapot becomes exceedingly hot when covered up by a good cosy.

In order that all should correspond, this, too, may be made of plush, with a quilted satin lining interlined with folds of flannel. The crest or monogram will suit for the centre, and the edges should be covered with a variegated cord.

These three articles are very suitable for a wedding present.



CROCHET BORDER.

VARIETIES.

A DELICATE TOUCH.—There is no sense which is so capable of improvement as that of touch. Of the power of improving the delicacy of touch Dr. Carpenter says, "We have examples in the case of certain artisans, whose employments require them to cultivate their tactile discrimination; thus the female silk throwsters of Bengal are said to be able to distinguish by the touch alone twenty different degrees of fineness in the unwound cocoons, which are sorted accordingly; and the Indian muslin-weaver contrives by the delicacy of his touch to make the finest cambric in a loom of such simple construction that European fingers could at best propose to make a piece of canvas at it."

IN TOO GREAT HASTE TO BE LEARNED.

"I apply myself with diligence to every kind of study," said the son of Confucius to the great Chinese philosopher, "and neglect nothing that can render me clever and ingenious, but still I do not advance."

"Omit some of your pursuits," replied Confucius, "and you will get on better. Among those who travel constantly on foot, have you ever observed any who run? It is essential to do everything in order, and only grasp that which is within reach of your arm, for otherwise you give yourself useless trouble. Those who, like yourself, desire to do everything in one day, do nothing to the end of their lives; while others, who steadily adhere to one pursuit, find they have accomplished their purpose."

HOW TO COMPOSE AN OVERTURE.

An exceedingly curious letter written by Rossini in reply to a young artist, who consulted him as to the best manner of composing an overture, has been published. We quote the first three recipes:—

1st. Wait till the evening before the first performance. Nothing excites inspiration like necessity, the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy all the managers in my time were bald at thirty.

2nd. I composed the overture to *Othello* in a small room in the Barbaja Palace, where the baldest and most ferocious of managers had shut me up by force with nothing but a dish of macaroni and the threat that I should not leave the place alive till I had written the last note.

3rd. I wrote the overture to *Gazza Ladra* on the day of the first performance in the upper loft of La Scala, where I had been confined by the manager under the guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out of the window bit by bit to copyists who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music I was to be thrown out myself.

THE INFLUENCE OF KIND WORDS.—Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can; give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or the little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "stablished their feet."

NOBLE INDEPENDENCE.—It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the noble woman is she who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of her character.

WITHIN OUR OWN HEARTS.—We can even here be with God so long as we bear God within us. We should be able to see without sadness our most holy wishes fade like sunflowers, because the sun above us still for ever beams, eternally makes new, and cares for all; and we must not so much prepare ourselves for eternity as plant eternity in our own hearts—eternity serene, pure, full of depth, full of light, and of all else.—*Richter.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A poem of a noble lord. 2. An Italian poet. 3. The father of Prince Arthur. 4. A West Indian island.

Put down the first letters and last of each word,
Put them down in due order, and when this is done,
Two characters, of which you often have heard,
Will appear—they are drawn by our Tennyson.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC (page 143):—

VICTORY
INDIA
CORTEZ
THORWALSDEN
OTHELLO
ROLLO
IRENE
AURORA LEIGH

W. C.

ANSWER TO A RIDDLE (page 238):—

THE POSTMAN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

GENEVIEVE.—The number of chain-stitches for the crochet gaiter should be fifty, working nineteen or twenty rows for the upper part of leg, then the next twelve rows are to be diminished by making one less at beginning and end of each row; this will leave twenty-six. Fasten off, and work eight rows over the twelve centre stitches, then five more rows, diminish one at each end; this forms the toe. The seven stitches left at the sides are to be worked by increasing one stitch at the end of every row for the right-hand side of the front of the foot, and making one at the commencement of each row on the left side. "The number of stitches for a gaiter?" A gaiter must depend on the size required. "Geneviève's" other request shall gladly be attended to some future time, if possible.

VIOLET and DAISY.—See page 627, vol. ii., for hints on the subject of bazaars.

JACK TAR.—Perhaps you would like to adopt the idea of a "Fairy Pool," with a fisherman and a rod to fish out the presents, which are fastened on to the hook by a hidden confederate, behind a curtain or screen. Many girls of thirteen write much better than you do.

HARRIETTE.—The articles were, "How the Girls Arranged their Sitting-room," "The Girl's Own Bedroom," and "The Girl's Own Entrance-hall and Staircase." They began in January and ended in September. You had better purchase the first vol.

JOAN OF ARC.—You will find what you require in "Hints for Christmas Decorations," page 169, vol ii.

ACTIVITY.—The stars should be sewn together with either cotton or wool, to match in colour. We do not quite understand what difficulty you find, as the description is clearness itself.

EDUCATIONAL.

SEMPER FIDELIS. — Judging from the list given describing your course of studies, you have made some serious omissions, viz., Ecclesiastical history, natural history, archæological researches (relating to foreign lands as well as our own country), physical geography, and Paley's Evidences of Christianity. Some of your studies—such as "French literature"—might well be substituted by these on certain days. We also observe that all questions of domestic economy are likewise overlooked in your list.

VIOLET.—We should say that for the amount and description of tuition you are to give in English and music to your two pupils—aged respectively 7½ and 9½—for three hours daily, five days in the week, you may fairly expect from £45 to £50 per annum.

VICKY.—The Exams. you name are much alike in point of severity. Write for the "Cambridge Examiner," published by Claybrooke Lutterworth, post free 7d. This will give you the information you desire. In letter-writing, as in MSS., always commence a new subject in a fresh paragraph. You had better procure "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), and see page 328 on the subject of punctuation. Some people are rather improved in appearance by wearing spectacles than otherwise.

COOKERY.

VIOLETTE.—To make chocolate cream see page 399, vol. i. See also "Useful Hints."

MARIAN.—For "Cheese Cakes," see pages 559, 319, 95, and 494, vol. i.

MIDSHIPMITE.—We should advise your purchasing the waters, as they are so moderate in price, and being stamped by machinery you could not produce anything like them in shape without a mould. Read the instructions of "Medicus" on the morning bath, at page 8, vol. iii., and also on your other question.

INQUISITIVE. — Boil the sweetbreads in milk and water for at least twenty minutes, simmering very gently. Then cut them in two, lengthwise, and fry them with egg and breadcrumbs. They require careful washing and trimming before cooking. Your writing would be improved by using round-hand copies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ZENNA.—A light pressure of the foot in the stirrup as a necessary aid when trotting was certainly insisted upon in the articles on riding; but this is very different from bearing heavily upon it, which would indeed be apt to make a lady lean over too much to the left side, and to tire the horse. So far from differing from the authority "Zenna" quotes, she will find, if she turns to the first article, that practising without a stirrup is there recommended; which practice of course includes trotting. But it is only intended to form the habit of keeping the balance correctly, and cannot be continued for any length of time, owing to the peculiarity of a lady's seat on horseback. Let "Zenna" trot ten or fifteen miles without her stirrup, and perhaps she will agree with us.

AGNES MAY.—"Cecil" is used for both girls and boys, the form for girls being properly Cecilia, but it is frequently a surname. So "Cecil" is not wrong.

LIZ.—We prefer our own explanation and think yours is too far-fetched.

ZETA.—It is not needful to lend your horse unless you choose. If horses can be hired, procure one in that way.

FLORENCE WALTERS.—"The flower-s and needs, or wants repair," and "The grass needs cutting," are both correct.

E. M. V.—Wash with borax and water.

MARY HERBERT.—We regret that we cannot help you in any way; your query is much too vague.

POLLIE T.—Inquire at any good chemist's. They usually keep the tonic made up.

NORAH H.—Your coin is called a "token," and is of no particular value, except to collectors of such things.

K. M. N.—We are much obliged by the two enclosures, but fear we cannot regard them as "poetry;" "neither the rhyme nor reason" are very excellent.

M. F. B.—Use a mild transparent soap, and take plenty of exercise and nourishing food.

CHUTTERMUNZIL.—There is a guide to the English public schools published. Send for the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, in which you will find the books you need.

MARY T. G.—We thank you for your letter, and shall remember your request. We think swimming a very valuable accomplishment for girls.

ELAINE.—It is usual to write "P. P. C." on a visiting card when leaving a place where you have lived.

NELLIE.—We think the gold is dull by nature, and you cannot brighten it.

A. J. T.—Wash with a sponge and cold water, and dry with a clean cloth.

SOBERSIDES.—The quotation resembles some lines of Longfellow's, but we think you have not given it correctly.

LA BELLE LURETTE will find the recipe for making "pot-pourri" on page 335, vol. i.

GERTRUDE.—Your verses show good feeling and taste, but are wanting in originality and in knowledge of versification.

BLUE BELL.—Hold the velvet on the wrong side over some boiling water, and the steam will take the marks out.

ANTICRUSTICUS.—The secret of preserving flowers with success is to change the blotting-paper in which they are kept frequently, and to be careful that the pressure be not so great as to force the moisture out suddenly.

ELDER SISTER.—There is nothing to be done except to keep the plants from the frost, and to give them as little water as possible during the winter.

TILLY.—There were three "Palatine Counties" in England :—Chester, Durham, and Lancaster.

C. A. N.—Your specimen of copper-plate writing is excellent. In your own ordinary writing the capitals require to be improved, as they are very carelessly formed and ugly.

MARION GREY.—Your "poetry" shows a feeling heart, but is lacking in everything else, even in originality and charity.

CLOVER.—1. The royal title "Czar" is derived from Cæsar, and the eldest son and heir of the Emperor of Russia is the czarewitch and tzarewitch. The "t" should be pronounced whether it be written or not, and the "w" sounded as a "v." 2. The stipend of a curate of the Established Church depends on no fixed rule.

D. S. VERNON.—We should think that San Remo, on the Riviera, might prove very suitable.

A LEARNER.—Believed to have been through the instrumentality of Joseph of Arimathea.

SOUVENIR.—We fear your "salary as a morning governess" would not amount to much if you sent your intended employers such a specimen of your French as—"J'aimerais le beaucoup," or such English as —"will you kindly further the information," or an example of your ear for rhythm as—

"It's always the same, and where'er we may roam,
That no place is thought so much of as dear old home."

We regret that we cannot give, as you desire, insertion of the whole "poem" in this magazine. The samplers for competition are not to be worked in any foreign language. See Acts of the Apostles, xxii. 3.

PSYCHE.—We thank you for your little poem, which expresses very good feeling, and for your still nicer and more acceptable little note, which gratified us much.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—1. Do nothing which you feel assured will prove "contrary to your spiritual interests." They must ever take precedence of our earthly ones. All changes in your "calling in life" must be made with a view to holding fast "the one thing needful." 2. Low spirits may arise from a purely physical cause—a low state of health, bilious derangement, privations, and family troubles. By no means regard such a condition as significant of a "withdrawal of the Divine favour," unless clearly to be traced to some wilful indulgence of sin, or neglect of a recognised duty.

MARY'S MOTHER.—Write for information to the maker. We imagine that you have not employed a sufficiently hot iron.

EDITH A.—First of all you must be prepared to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child, that is, accepting as true all that is divinely revealed (whether your reason can master the mysteries or not); secondly, accepting as consistent with infinite justice, and mercy combined, all that you (in your ignorance, and with warped ideas of right and wrong) may fail to reconcile with that justice and mercy. This childlike faith is the very first principle of Christianity. If not prepared at the outset to believe, with unquestioning assurance, in the love, wisdom, truth, and justice of God, nothing remains but to become a heathen or an infidel. Of course, Judas "the traitor," Pontius Pilate, and the Jews who cried, "Away with him," were absolutely "responsible for what they did." The "origin and permission of evil" is one of those mysteries for which the humble and loving disciple of Christ must await a solution, when they who "now see in a glass darkly" "shall see, face to face"—"they who know in part shall know, even as also they are known." We are all too fond of prying into, and sitting in judgment upon, God's government of the world. "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!"

FLORENCE.—Certainly, take advantage of the kind offer that Providence has placed in the way of improving you in that branch of your education. More especially as you will thereby please your father, and be able the better to assist in the service at your own place of worship. Your writing is fairly good. Your composition and spelling defective. You should not, for instance, leave out your personal pronouns, nor spell thus, "privilidge."

JUDIE HERMCLIFFE.—Ferns would be very pretty to replace your lichens. The breadth of the forehead is supposed to denote intellectuality.

PATIENCE.—The dampness on the outside of a water-bottle of terra-cotta is the result of no defect, but quite the contrary. The porous character of the ware enables that evaporation to take place which renders the water cold. Stand the bottle in a saucer to match it.

CHRYSOCOMA.—Probably the paper has been torn, and the cat plays with the loose fragments. Paste on a new piece, and set a chair against that part of the wall, and give the cat something else to play with. The animal cannot be blamed as "mischievous." It is simply playful. You judge it as if it had intellect, and knew why the wall should be papered! Remember that it is only endowed with instinct.

EGLANTINE OR SWEETBRIAR.—The poem you enclose is very superior. It is beautiful. Let us know whether you be the "Amateur" who composed it? We thank you for it. We see no harm in sending such a poem, but in all such matters consult your mother. Your birthday was a Saturday. Your writing is tolerably good.

THE PIGMIE is thanked for her two sets of verses, but of which we regret we cannot make use. They fall short altogether of "poetry." Try not to write so large and coarse a hand, and feel assured that we fully appreciate the sentiments of the verses which we are unable to insert.

VERITAS (Chatham) and JOSEPHINE (Preston).—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. He will give all the information you need, and forward what you lack.

EMILY PECHELL.—We could have supplied the quotation you send us had it suited our purpose so to do. The edition you name is not out of print. But our replies are framed so as to be intelligible to the majority of our readers, and the individual, more especially, who asks a question. Still, we are glad you are so well acquainted with the book from which you quote, although it is a pity when little schoolgirls show themselves so desirous of correcting their teachers. It is clear that that one lesson you have yet to learn. A little modesty is worth more than much Euclid.

IVY.—Write a separate note to the publisher under such circumstances, and inform him of your name and address, and the assumed name under which you write for him. Leave out the final "e" in the word "true" when you transform it into an adverb.

DARBY AND JOAN.—There is no bar to the marriage of second cousins. We are not acquainted with the verses from which you quote two lines.

BAA-LAMB.—There is a history of the College of Heralds, and every particular and practical information concerning it, in an article supplied in the *Leisure Hour*, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

GRANDE GUDULE.—It appears as if our Lord's words had reference to the resurrection of the dead, He Himself being the first so to rise from the grave and ascend into Heaven.

MILLICENT GUY.—Your error lies in thinking too much about yourself. Set your thoughts resolutely on others—how you may please and serve them. Think of yourself only as a medium to be employed by Divine Providence for their comfort, and ask God's grace to aid you in the good work. Touchy people are a nuisance to everyone. Forget yourself and your personal vanity, and devote your life to others. This will soon dissipate your morbid gloom.

PHILOS.—Inquire at the post-office, and get one of the numbers weighed. Your writing is sloped the wrong way.

WAH-TA-WAH.—You inquire "why Dante is considered such a great poet?" You might as well ask why Shakespeare and Milton are considered such. Simply because their writings are not merely pieces of elegant versification, but are works full of original thought, such as genius alone could have produced.

LITTLE MOTHER GAMP.—You will find a history of "Little Jane" in a small book by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, called "The Young Cottager." She was of the peasant class, and the rector made her the subject of a story.

DILIGENT READER.—1. To take in the monthly numbers and read them before they are bound would be the wisest plan. 2. How could we advise your mother "as to the best occupation for your brother on leaving school," when we have no idea of the circumstances of your family, of the chances of employment amongst his relatives, of the interest they may possess, of the nature of the education he has had, of his abilities, character, or health and age? Has the lad made any choice himself?

MAY BLOSSOM.—There are three planets now visible—Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars. The cluster of exceedingly distant stars near Jupiter is known as "the Pleiades." Why did you not consult an almanack for such information?

BRUNETTE.—We are sorry for you, and the more so as your writing, spelling, and composition are so defective. How can you think that you could write for publication?

GERMAN ASTER.—You must take it to a jeweller, or let it take its own time to wear off.

EOS HONDDU.—1. Your own writing is the best, though the small "e" should not be such a crabbed-looking, ungraceful affair. 2. A cashmere and velveteen, or cashmere and satin combined, would be suitable for the purpose named. We thank you for your nice letter, and we feel no inclination whatever for "withering you" with any "scorching comments." Your friend, "Scrubby Sarah," uses a quill pen which has been very badly mended, one side of the nib being shorter than the other.

LAONE.—1. If you were to place the strings of your Æolian harp inside the box, how do you think the wind could blow upon them? 2. The strings should be of wire, graduated in their respective length. There should also be a hole in the sounding-board (the top of the box), and the window should be nearly closed so as to produce a draught. 3. Powder the stand of the mount for the stuffed bird with sand, and add some ornamental stones. The moss may be artificial and the grasses real, if well dried.

B. E.—Write to the Secretary of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, London. Lady pupils are boarded and lodged, as well as trained, at from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age, for one guinea a week; and nurses from seventeen to thirty-five years, at 7s. 6d. a week, for a term of not less than six months.

CHEERFUL ELSIE.—We are very sorry for you, but advise you to direct your attention to the fact that the local and external complaint may arise from acidity or poorness of blood; and in correcting this unseen evil, the disfigurement that is seen on the skin may be removed. For your very kind letter accept our sincere thanks.

HANNAH MARIA.—"Caroline" and "Charlotte" are derived from the name "Charles." "Carolus" is the Latin—"Carlos," the Spanish—and in French it is spelt like the English, only pronounced according to the rules of the language, as if spelt "Sharl." In German the name is "Karl"—or "Carl"—and it is from the old German that the name is derived, and means "strong," "manly," and "noble-spirited." In this last sense the name "Caroline," which you selected, was a happy choice.

EUTERPE.—See our answer to "Cheerful Elsie." Put a piece of wadding, or soft substance, on the part of your violin pressed by your chin, or else alter the position of the former, and learn to play it when held downwards, reversing the pose of the instrument.

IGNORAMUS.—There are few rules that can be regarded as without an exception; and in the particular case of a friend leaving England to return to his native land, and proposing to send you a national song of that country, you need feel no scruple in keeping it when it comes. Of course, it must be quite understood that your parents or guardians feel no objection to your accepting it. If you thanked him for the kind attention when proposed, you need not write. But if you acknowledge the receipt of the song, send a foreign post-card and say, "The pretty song arrived safely; accept my thanks," and add your address and initials, showing the song and the card to your mother. Your writing is objectionably small. Write roundhand copies.

E. C.—You appear to have greatly overstrained your sight, and need rest, and probably the use of spectacles. The eyes seem to be much congested, including the optic-nerve at the back. Cease reading and working until you have consulted a good oculist, and do nothing by candle or gaslight; but go to bed very early and rise as late as may be convenient; at least, till you perceive a marked improvement. Your eyes need careful treatment; and the spectacles also must be selected by an oculist, or you may lose your sight. Congestion sometimes precedes and leads to cataract.

BENEDICT'S BEATRICE.—It is not the education and the valuable store of knowledge which the four clever and useful maiden-ladies possess that render them "far from happy women." Some other cause must be found—such as disappointment, or ill-health, or other trouble—not a good education. As to your "fearfully ignorant" acquaintances amongst married women, who appear "so happy," be assured that, not to this deplorable ignorance, but to the comfort of their husbands' affection, this happiness is to be attributed. At the same time, we incline to agree with you in your opinion that young men of the ordinary type rather prefer women of good personal appearance—though silly and ignorant—to the well-educated, good, and useful; which is a very sad consideration. The admiration of such men, however, should not be an object of ambition to any sensible woman See Proverbs xxxi. 30.

BLUE BELL.—Your writing is fairly good. Were that of "Hyacinth" sloped properly it would be very much so. "L'Eclair's" a well-formed copper-plate style, excellent for manuscript-writing; "Topsy Turvy's" legible but not so regular; "Ivy-leaf's" the best of all—very pretty and free.

AN IOWA SCHOOLGIRL.—Thank you for your kind little note. We are glad to hear that in your far-off home you derived such pleasure from our paper.

THE Editor begs to acknowledge with warmest thanks the receipt of Christmas cards from the following kind friends:—Dolcie, Evelyn V., Three Readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, Gipsy Countess, Hilda Winifred E——, Anonymous (Southport), Rose, One of the Editor's Girls, Veronica, Flossie, E. F. A., Une Amie, Minnie, Mop, Martha M. Hoe, A Scotch Lassie, A Reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (Canterbury), One of the Girls (Crosshill), Maud Dewar, Marisha Cresswell, Rosy Dewar, Clara Nest, E. Lamrie, One of the Editor's Girls (Dundee), F. H. Mather, Snowball, Mary Covey, Damaris, Æsthetical Puss, Aurora, Christina K. Lillie, An Irish Girl, Mary M. Hadath, L. Henderson, Caroline L. Jonas, Kate, Lillie, Clara Vivian Dunstan, and Edith A. Spencer.

A MAIDEN'S POWER.

I.

KNOW'ST thou what power lies hid in thee,
O maiden fair and young?
A power that erst has oft subdued
The strongest of the strong!

II.

When manly hearts are bowed with grief
By earth's wild fever'd blast—
Know'st thou that then a word from thee
Will light the sad dark past?

III.

When desolation and distress
Obscure Hope's flick'ring light—
Know'st thou that then a look from thee
Will nerve one for the fight?

IV.

Wield, then, this power, O maiden fair,
Which God to thee has given;
A gentle word from thee may waft
Some weary soul to Heaven!

V.

But, O, take care! for if this power
Be wrongly used by thee—
What wouldst thou say before thy God,
And what would be thy plea?

VI.

"This *talent* of such priceless worth
To thee I gave for *use;*
Why hast thou then in fickle mood
Made such a sad *abuse?*"

VII.

The love of God will guide thee home,
But use this power aright—
That thou mayst on that glorious day
Be blameless in His sight!

A. C. D.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

IN THE LIBRARY.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LACEMAKERS.

A FEW days later Damaris, lingering on the terrace where she had been reading to the old Marquise, saw Monsieur St. Just coming up the zigzag path below.

Not another word had passed between them with reference to their conversation in the library, but Damaris had not forgotten the cause she espoused, nor did she despair, even yet, of interesting him

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to some purpose in the poor lacemakers. She was waiting for an opportunity that might be pursued without fear of again disturbing their amity.

"Don't go, mademoiselle; I want to speak to you," he called, before reaching the top of the path.

She leaned over the balustrade to watch his ascent, and as he lifted his straw hat from his sun-heated brow, something struck her in the expression of his face that she had never before seen there. It seemed suddenly to have gained the bright, purposeful energy whose want she had always lamented. Before she had time to do more than perceive this, he was below the balustrade looking up to speak to her.

"Have you been down amongst your lacemakers this morning?"

Your lacemakers conveyed to her a curious little acknowledgment of her identification with their interests.

"No, monsieur."

"And why not?"

She hesitated to tell him that she had refrained from visiting the hamlet since that morning in the library, for fear such confession should tell him more than she cared for him to know.

"It was the morning for replenishing the vases. I lingered in the gardens; then Madame la Marquise wished me to read to her, and then——but you are laughing, monsieur."

"*Laisse! laisse!* is not one excuse enough, mademoiselle? Your partisanship, then, was but assumed, after all, in order to afford you a pretext for lecturing me."

Damaris was somewhat disconcerted by this allusion to words which had escaped her lips under the influence of strong excitement. She repudiated his accusation.

"If I thought I could do any good, I am as ready now as I was three days ago to interest myself on behalf of the lacemakers. But, monsieur, it is hard to be an idle spectator of sufferings one is powerless to relieve."

"You avoid them, then, as you contradict me—on principle?"

"You have a good memory, monsieur, and you let no opportunity pass of reminding me of my idle sayings," she returned, laughing and colouring brightly.

He continued, more gravely.

"Since you despised such information concerning the lacemakers as my books furnished, I set myself to discover what it was you really wished to know."

"From the lacemakers themselves, monsieur?" she exclaimed, with a little glow of delight.

"Yes, in part. From facts in the first instance, and conclusions in the second. I have to thank you for having drawn my attention to a system of things of which I could not have formed the smallest conception. I am not sure that I fully understand the matter even now, nor do I see my way clearly to the amelioration of the condition of things, but I firmly believe that they ought not, and need not be, as they are."

"I am so glad to hear you say so. I was so sure there must be wrong somewhere, that these poor creatures ought not to be obliged to toil so incessantly for so scanty a pittance."

"No; they are being ground down by the yoke of commercial speculators, into whose pockets the profits of their art fall."

"Can you do anything to help them?"

"I do not know; I will try. Does that satisfy you?"

"It more than satisfies me, monsieur. I felt so certain that if you only knew of the existing state of things, you would make an effort to alter it. And I believe just as firmly that whatever you undertake you will accomplish."

"Thank you for your confidence," he said, gravely, "but do not be too sanguine; and, if you go down to the valley to-morrow, do not excite too great hopes amongst the people."

He passed on then, leaving Damaris in a little dream of joy, but perfectly innocent of the fact that its deepest spring lay in his ready response to the touch of her influence. No true woman ever cares for more than this reflected sense of power, to feel that she is the motive of effort in another. Her highest destiny is that of the inspirer.

"If you go down into the valley to-morrow" was to Damaris a controlling suggestion, which led her steps that way as a natural consequence.

Everywhere that she went she was greeted with the astonishing news—

"Depuis la visite de Mademoiselle, nous avons eu le seigneur!"

That the seigneur should come down from his lofty residence, enter their poor cottages, and inquire into the particulars of their daily toil, seemed to be an event which marked the day as a red-letter one in the monotonous calendar of their lives. Damaris was touched, because in their joy at his condescension it never occurred to any one of these simple creatures to blame him for his former neglect. Hitherto, they had been brought no nearer to him than as recipients of his kind but distant courtesy as he passed by their dwellings *en voiture* or *en cheval*. It had been a small matter to them that the great and distant world acknowledged him to be a cultivated student and thinker. When faint whispers of his attainments had floated down to them on the air from the heights, sometimes a thrill of pride had stirred their hearts that it was their seigneur of whom such things were spoken; but this had not lifted the oppression that ground them down, had not rebuilt their crumbling cottages, nor educated their ignorant children, nor removed any one of their burdens. And yet so simple of heart were these poor people of the valley that they were hardly conscious of their wrongs, as wrongs. This was to Damaris the most pathetic part of their sufferings.

Now the words, "The seigneur has been!" were passed from lip to lip as prophetic of a new day dawn.

"He sat here," said one poor woman to Damaris, indicating a chair with a seat of plaited rushes, "and he talked to Lisbeth as though she had been my lady herself."

And Lisbeth from her bed, with frail fingers tossing the flying bobbins, and fever-bright eyes gleaming, filled out the picture, marvelling evidently that the seigneur's presence had not worked a miracle in her behalf, and restored to her useless limbs the power they had lost some years ago.

The little brown boys about the doorways lisped the seigneur's name in their play, and the men at work in the fields and vineyards passed on the words: "The seigneur has been to the valley inquiring into things; there must be a better time coming for us and our little ones."

And Damaris listened, but carefully refrained from enlarging upon the promise of this visit in obedience to the wish of Monsieur St. Just, although she knew full well that it was a promise which would be richly fulfilled.

As she was returning by the zigzag to the *château*, she met Monsieur St. Just descending. Deeply affected by all she had heard and seen, Damaris sprang gladly to meet him.

"They have a talisman in the valley," she said, "which is to transform every grievance as if by magic. It is only the words—'le seigneur!' Ah! monsieur, could all your books ever win for you one half the gratitude your few little visits have obtained already?"

He looked into her excited face, giving back smile for smile, and answering her stirred emotion in more subtle fashion than that of words.

"My mother is waiting for you," he said. "She is beginning to be jealous of the hamlet, for she says it is absorbing us both."

Damaris went on her way singing, and her voice preceded her to the ears of the old Marquise, who was seated upon the terrace with Angelique fanning her. The Marquise dismissed her more ancient attendant when Damaris arrived.

"*Petite*," began La Marquise, when they were alone, "what have you done with Etienne?"

This abrupt question startled Damaris. She looked up to answer, but found herself stupidly repeating it under the keen gaze of La Marquise.

"Done—with—Monsieur Etienne?"

To her confusion and dismay she felt the warm colour creeping up to her very brow, and herself incapable of staying its course.

"Nothing, madame. He passed me just now."

"You foolish child, I say you have. Do you think the change in him escapes my penetration? He is not a bit like the same man that he was a month ago. Do you think I do not see how he looks for your society, as a sick man loves the sunshine?"

Damaris's perturbation subsided. *As a sick man loves the sunshine!* Was it only as a contrast to his own darker moods that he cared for her enlivening presence? This was such a natural conclusion, she wondered she had never thought of it before. But, had she not been taking each day's happiness as it came without ever thinking of seeking its source? Why should the Marquise's words cast a chill upon her spirit like the shadow of a cloud?

"I am convinced that it is so, *petite*,

although, to tell you the truth, it much surprises me. I confess that at one time I had my fears for Jerome, who seemed to find something amusing in your prattle, but that it should interest a mind like Etienne's is astonishing."

"But, madame," said Damaris, desperately, "you are pleased to be diverted by it sometimes yourself."

"That is a different matter altogether, *petite*. You would not compare Etienne with an old woman?"

"Certainly not," said Damaris, between laughter and some deeper feeling, which trenched upon her too quickly excited pride.

"Don't let us depart from the fact with which we started, *petite*. For some inexplicable reason your society affords Etienne such light diversion as I have never before been able to induce him to enjoy. I acknowledge it, and rejoice. I may confide to you that his life has been sadly overclouded by domestic trouble, and that he has sought the consolation most men would have found elsewhere in plunging himself more deeply than ever into his studies—a proceeding that has filled me with anxiety and fear. That anything should draw his attention from his books is an infinite relief to me, and a source of deep gratitute. If it were some costly toy that had this effect I would even confiscate my property to purchase it for him. You understand this, *petite?* I am quite ready, therefore, to make the comparatively easy sacrifice of sparing you to him now and then."

Damaris listened amidst a tumult of emotions that were by no means clear nor comprehensible to herself.

"But, madame, if Monsieur Etienne desire my society, surely he can enjoy it in common with you?"

"Ah! have I not explained what it is he asks? You are so impatient, *petite*, you always jump at conclusions. Etienne sat with me for more than an hour this morning before you came, and talked to me about his work. He is writing a book, *petite*, think of that! He would never have thought of putting his wide researches and his clever thoughts into practical form but for a need which has arisen, so he is trying to turn his studies to account. He believes in this way he can repair a breach he has been compelled to make in his fortunes. I am sure I hope he will be successful; he deserves all the encouragement I can give, and some self-sacrifice on my part also."

"But how, and in what way, can you give it, *chère* madame?"

"Don't be in a hurry, *petite*. You shall know if you will only give me time."

"My time is your own, madame, to dispose of as you will."

"That is precisely what I told Etienne, but he expressed scruples which I cannot quite understand, and said you must have a voice in the matter, and that I must not promise what you might not like to fulfil. I said that you would certainly feel yourself bound by any arrangements I chose to make, but he said, 'Nevertheless, I prefer that Mademoiselle should be a free agent.'"

"But what is it he requires of me?" asked Damaris, bewildered.

La Marquise took no heed of the interruption.

"At first I thought it was only because he found himself amused by your drolleries, but he assured me that you could give him most valuable assistance, that he has often wished for a secretary and amanuensis, but been deterred from engaging one by the fear of finding clumsy fingers and a brain incapable of entering into the purpose of his book. You ought to be much flattered, *petite*, that he should fancy you possess the very qualifications he requires. It is doing you a great honour, for Etienne's is no ordinary mind."

Proud Damaris was far from feeling it an honour at that moment. To herself she repeated, "Amused by your drolleries"—"As a sick man loves the sunshine!" and a scornful fire lit up her eyes.

Aloud she said:

"Does Monsieur St. Just wish to engage my services as secretary and amanuensis?"

"Not altogether. He came to ask me if I could spare you to him for a few hours every morning."

"And what did you say, madame?" asked Damaris, in dismay.

"That, as I require so little from you in the morning, and as Angelique can very well do that little, I can very well spare you."

"But, madame——" began Damaris, indignantly.

"Well, *petite*, have you any objection to make to the arrangement?"

"None, madame."

"But you do not like it. I had an idea that it would please you to be of some use to Etienne, and I meant to ask you as a great favour to myself, *petite*, to do all that you can to help and to please him. But you do him good anyway, child. Your light-heartedness, your merry flow of spirits have a much greater influence over him than I could have believed possible; they provoke him to respond in like manner; they draw him away from his own dark thoughts and gloomy absorption. Have you not noticed how very much less he has shut himself up in the library since we have been here this time?"

"Madame, I was never at St. Aubin before."

"True; my memory is treacherous. But this shows all the more that it is you who please him so well, *petite*, as to make his solitude distasteful."

Damaris drooped her face to her hands to hide the joy this assurance gave through all the pain caused by so summary a disposal of her services.

"And now I come to think of it," continued La Marquise, "I was not to have mentioned this request of Etienne's to you; he preferred, so he said, to ask this great favour of you himself."

"Dear madame!" cried Damaris, lifting her face quickly. There were tears hanging on her eyelashes, but she twinkled them away with laughter that was almost hysterical.

"But you see," said La Marquise, quite unconscious of the revulsion worked by her last words in the mind of her listener, "a little diplomacy was necessary, and I am far more capable than Etienne is of carrying so delicate a negotiation to a successful issue. Therefore I took the matter entirely into my own hands. Here comes Etienne to speak for himself."

"*Petite*——!"

But *petite*, quicker even than was the old Marquise to recognise his voice and step, slipped hastily away, very unwilling for him to see the effect of La Marquise's "delicate negotiations" in her burning cheeks and tear-bright eyes.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

How to Understand History.—If you would understand history you must first try to understand men and women. For history is the history of men and women, nothing else; and she who knows men and women thoroughly will best understand the past work of the world, and be best able to take a share in its work now. . . . If, therefore, any of you ask me how to study history, I should answer, "Take, by all means, biographies; whereso-ever possible, autobiographies; and study them. Fill your mind with live human figures, people of like passions with yourselves; see how they lived and worked in the time and place in which God put them. Believe me, that when you have thus made a friend of the dead, and brought them to life again, and let them teach you to see with their eyes and feel with their hearts, you will begin to understand more of their generation and their circumstances than all the mere history-books of the period would teach you.—*Kingsley.*

The Beauty of Youth.—The inhabitants of Eastern countries have always been intense admirers of the beauty of youth—the kind of beauty certainly that most appeals to a pure heart. Even in the streets of Cairo one may see a mother, or other relative, take up a little child and exclaim, "O thy youth! O thy youth!"

The Albert Medal.—The *Gazette* contains the following: "The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the Albert medal of the second class on Miss Hannah Rosbotham, twenty-three years of age, assistant schoolmistress, Sutton National Schools. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration is recommended: During a violent gale of wind on Oct. 14 last the stone belfry of the Sutton National Schools was blown down and fell through the roof into the infants' schoolroom, where nearly 200 children were assembled, causing the death of one and injuring many others, and filling the room and its gallery with stones, slates, and timber. Whilst others fled for safety, Miss Rosbotham—who at the time of the accident was teaching elsewhere—deliberately entered among the falling mass and cloud of dust, and, while fully conscious of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, remained on the spot until every child had been placed in safety. At the imminent risk of her own life, Miss Rosbotham removed four infants who were partially covered with the *débris*, and rescued therefrom a little girl who was completely buried, and who must inevitably have been suffocated had not such gallantry been displayed."

"Time *past* is gone, thou canst not it recall;
Time *is* thou hast, improve the portion small;
Time *future* is not, and may never be;
Time present is the *only time* for thee."

"'O, I WAS ONLY THINKING,' SAID DESSIE."

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SWALLOWS' NEST.

"EMMIE! Are you ready?"

"Yes, papa," came in distressed tones through a closed door. "I'm nearly—almost—quite ready—just—I'll come in two minutes——"

"Make haste; for we have no time to lose. You should have dressed earlier."

"I'm coming, papa. I've only—got—three things to do."

Mr. Fitzroy went downstairs, and Dessie rushed into the room.

"What *are* you after, Em? Everybody is ready—all waiting for you. Why, you're not half-dressed!"

"I've got my boots on. It's only just my jacket—and my hat—and my necktie—and I can't find my gloves," said the bewildered Emmeline. "I had them yesterday. I only just began to read—and I thought I was sure to be in time—but somehow—it was only just——"

"Only just somehow that you never are in time! Where do you keep your gloves? Left-hand top drawer? Here's a pair."

"Those are my best. I wanted the others. I must look——"

"Nonsense! you can't keep all the world waiting while you are looking. Just put on these, and take them off when you want to pick flowers. Pop on your hat. Never mind about a veil. Now, you are all right. Come along!"

And Dessie dragged the unwilling Emmeline down three flights of stairs, nearly landing her prostrate at the bottom.

"O Dessie, don't, please. I am so uncomfortable—all in a mess."

"You should go to your looking-glass two hours earlier, if you want such an amount of titivating. Come along. Here she is, aunt."

"My dear Emmie, you really should manage not to delay us all like this."

"I am very sorry, mamma."

"Emmie's unfailing answer," said Bertie.

"Jump in," said Mr. Fitzroy, giving her his hand. "We must be off. In with you, Dessie."

Emmeline was in the first carriage, with her parents and Harry. Dessie had had the choice given to her, by Emmie's particular wish, but had chosen to be in the second carriage, with Miss Bruce, Allie, and Bertie. It would be "more fun," she said.

But Bertie and Allie were disappointed, for she seemed to have little fun at command. She left that part of the matter to Bertie, and only laughed absently at his jokes, spending most of her time in gazing at the water.

The greater part of their drive lay close beside the Neckar, along the bank on the further side away from the town. The river flowed softly, close to the right hand, as they went; and on either side, farther back, lay a range of graceful wood-clothed mountain-heights.

The little village of Neckarsteinach was at a distance of about nine miles from Heidelberg, and the carriages had to be there left at the inn, as the ascent to the Schwalbennest, or Swallows' Nest, could be only accomplished on foot.

"What are the names of the other castles?" Emmie asked, as they proceeded thither—Mr. Fitzroy giving an arm to his wife, Harry between the two elder girls, and Miss Bruce making futile efforts to exercise supervision over the younger and wandering members of the party.

Emmeline's remark was addressed generally, and Mr. Fitzroy answered her from behind—

"Mittelberg—and—something else, my dear. Harry has the guide-book, and can inform you. But Swallows' Nest is the prime object of excursionists. They say it was once the stronghold of a gang of robbers—high-born robbers probably—and that an underground passage beneath the river gave the robbers easy access to the village on the other side."

"The village of Dilsburg," said Harry, examining his book, and dropping into a slower pace for the purpose. "Mittelberg, Vorderberg, and Heuterberg are the other three castles. I hope you will remember them. I see we shall have to be content with the Schwalbennest—Shadeck they call it also—as two of the others are inhabited and one is inaccessible, except to Dessie. Ha! here is a flowery description of the Swallows' Nest, evidently written by a Frenchman of strong imagination or feeble nerves. He tells us that it is 'suspendu à une pente de rocher épouvantable. Vous êtes saisi d'horreur en regardant en haut, vous croyez que les pierres y viennent tomber sur vous, et en regardant d'en haut en bas vous tremblez d'angoisse, et vous craignez de tomber dans le Neckar.'"

"Well done, Mr. Frenchman," exclaimed Dessie. "The idea of being in a state of anguish and horror about an old castle."

A small adventure broke the monotony of the ascent—if monotony could exist in so fair a place—announced by a shriek from Allie, as she trod upon a snake. There was a moment's violent wriggle, and then Mr. Fitzroy's stick had made short work of the creature. It was hardly more than a foot in length, and of a greenish colour. Mr. Fitzroy examined the fangs, and pronounced it "probably poisonous." After which, they proceeded somewhat gingerly up the narrow path, with trees closing thickly in on either side.

Snakes were forgotten on the top, where the wide expanse of country, with wooded heights and winding river, lay before them. Emmie found a quiet corner wherein to sit alone and revel in the scene. She soon lost herself in a pleasant dream of olden days, when noble (?) robbers had inhabited this castle, and had made predatory excursions, through their mysterious underground passage, into the unoffending village beyond the river; and had swooped down, like creatures fiercer than swallows, upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the surrounding country. It was a charming picture, being mixed up in her mind with visions of knights and ladies fair, lances and pennons, and deeds of chivalry. Somehow, she thought, these "noble" robbers of the past must have been very unlike commonplace thieves of the nineteenth century, and so, no doubt, they were. But she failed to realise that, had she lived in those days, it would have been small consolation to her, when her goods and chattels were carried off by lawless fingers, to know that in those fingers flowed, perchance, high-born blood. Nay, the knowledge must rather have made the matter worse. For in these days a "gentleman" commonly *is* a gentleman, and may be appealed to as such; but in those days "gentle" folks were too often thieves.

A movement near made Emmie turn her head, to see Dessie approaching, and Bertie perched on a bit of rock to take a survey.

"Hallo, Em. Weeping salt tears over the memories of former generations."

"Not she," said Dessie. "She is only trembling with anguish at the thought of tumbling into the Neckar."

"Hold on tight, and don't pray make a descent, for I couldn't possibly leap over after you." Bertie sprang away, whistling, and Dessie threw herself down on the grass beside Emmie. There was a silence of some minutes, and then Emmie heard a low but very distinct sigh.

"Are you tired, Dessie?" she asked, wondering whether she might venture to put the question.

"Tired!—no, I suppose not. No, not in the way most people are. I am only tired—of——"

"Of what, dear?"

"Everything," said Dessie. "Places and people, and lessons and amusements, and myself most of all."

"I can't fancy being tired of oneself," said Emmie, half laughing.

"I am. I hate myself. People are said to love themselves. *I* don't."

"I suppose if one did not love oneself one would not care to have oneself happy," said Emmie slowly, with more keenness than she knew.

"O well, I like myself well enough to wish that, of course. But I don't admire myself. I used to do so, but I don't now. I wish I could be somebody else—even you, Emmie."

The "even" was not flattering, but Emmie's meekness proved strong enough for the test. She showed no vexation, and only looked silent sympathy. Dessie plucked two blades of grass, and twisted them together. There was a long pause.

"Em——"

"Yes, Dessie."

"I want your views on an abstract question. Is it ever right, under any sort of conditions, deliberately to break one's word?"

Emmie came out of a dream, into which she had been sinking, with something of a start.

"Why, Dessie, what makes you ask?"

"O, I was only thinking," said Dessie, laying herself flat back on the grass, with her arms above her head. "I was just thinking, and I thought I would find out your opinion. One likes to look into abstract questions occasionally. What do you think about it?"

"Right ever to break one's word? O no," said Emmie earnestly, "no, indeed, Dessie. Anything would be better—anything, even torture or death—rather than to tell a lie. That is partly why there were so many martyrs—at least, it seems so to me. Sometimes it was a question of just a word said, or a sign made, and the life might have been saved, but the word or sign would have been untruth, and the true servants of God *could* not say or do a lie."

"Yes, but I wasn't thinking of martyrs or of centuries ago. You always fly off at a tangent to something poetical."

"I don't think martyrdom was poetical. I think it was a great terrible reality. But, Dessie, things are just the same now as to truth and untruth. Better now to suffer anything rather than to say what is not truth."

"Yes, I know all that. It is clear enough in a general way. But how if a bad promise has been given, a promise which never ought to have been made at all—what then? Ought it to be kept or broken?"

Emmeline looked very much at a loss.

"I really don't know," she said; "I don't know really, Dessie. I am sure it can never be right to break one's word. A promise is such a solemn thing. And yet—yet—if it were a promise to do anything wrong, it *could* not be kept. I don't know exactly what to say. You see, it never could be right to break one's word, but then it might be even *more* wrong to do the thing promised. But why ask me, Dessie? You know as well as I do."

"No, I don't. I don't know half so much as you do about such things. Even if I did, I should like to hear what you thought. I always like to hear other people's opinions—for the sake of arguing, mamma would say."

"I don't wish to argue about it, Dessie."

"I don't either, but I have the puzzle in my head, and I want to have it put straight. Suppose, for instance, that one had made a promise not to tell of something wrong which somebody else had done, and that the promise ought not to have been made, for the thing ought to be known. What then? Should the promise be kept or not?"

"I can't tell," said Emmie, after a pause. "It depends on so many matters."

"Well," said Dessie carelessly, "here is another point. Suppose keeping the promise might do a great deal

of harm, and breaking it might prevent the harm?"

"Harm to oneself?"

"Why, no, I didn't mean that. Harm to another—a helpless person, for instance, knowing nothing about all this."

"I wish you would ask somebody else," said Emmie. "I cannot think what has put the idea into your head. It looks as if someone had told you a story of something real of the kind."

"Perhaps somebody has. O it does not matter, Em. I was merely curious to know how the question would strike you."

"Deep in metaphysics?" asked Harry's voice from behind, and he came close. "What a pair of grave faces!"

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD BREEDING IN DAILY CONVERSE.

RESPONDING to the wishes of many of those to whom we might very justly apply the honourable title of "Nature's Nobility," yet who, from the force of various circumstances, have not had the opportunity of learning the more or less arbitrary and conventional usages of the highest classes of society, I have entered into the question of many minor rules of "etiquette" in former articles. It is now my desire to supplement these by a few friendly hints to my youthful readers in reference to that good feeling and ever-present desire to please others, without which none of these usages could possibly suffice to render them essentially well-bred. The rules with which I have endeavoured to supply them—albeit, as I remarked, resting on the best foundation, and owing their origin to the most courteous and amiable of feelings—must ever be regarded as part and parcel of the beautiful garments only that should clothe a living figure. I have known persons whose politeness of manner and elegance, or dignity, of bearing were patent to the least appreciative, and who had so well learnt all the little *convenances* of high society that they were carried out to the letter instinctively, yet who had never sought to look into the origin or needs-be of any one of them. They repeated their lessons as mere parrots, lacking the sympathetic feeling that should have originated such little acts of courtesy. So far, they might be likened to those "whited sepulchres" which "appeared beautiful outward, but within" there was no corresponding loveliness.

And now I come to that feeling which, as the heart and soul, should be found the motive principle—guiding the hands and the feet, inspiring the tongue and expression of the countenance, influencing even the style of the dress, and leading to the study and cultivation of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." The poor girl plying her fingers hour after hour in a dressmaker's or seamstress's work-room, the shop-assistant, the domestic servant, or the young clerk at a desk for the best part of the day, have little opportunity for the demonstration of any knowledge of the rules of "Polite Society." Afternoon visiting and "Dinners in Society" make no demands on their consideration; although neatness, cleanliness, and unselfishness may be marked features in their conduct, when snatching a hasty meal alone, or with a companion in private, in the short intervals of rest from their daily toil. After a somewhat different fashion—necessitated by the circumstances of their position in life—these young people may nevertheless show themselves well bred in the higher sense of the term—that sense to which I now desire to draw their attention.

In the first place, let us consider the use of that "little member" which St. Peter likens to a fire in its tremendous power for evil, if not for good, and to the helm of a great ship, which, small as it is comparatively, can move about so large a body, and direct for safety or destruction all the souls that sail therein. This wonderful instrument is employed by millions of the human race who have never reflected on the responsibility confided to them with it. Indeed, amongst the carefully-instructed in all the branches of a superior education how little attention is paid to the necessity laid on all to watch over this unruly member! Even amongst those who are not only educated but God-fearing, far too little conscience is made of the obligation to pray continually, "Lord, set a watch upon my words and keep the door of my lips."

How often we have heard people boasting that they "always speak their mind." Believe me, this is no "feather in your cap;" under certain circumstances a "fool's cap" would suit you better, for not knowing when to hold your tongue, and when, by comparison, if "speech be silver," "silence is gold." To be truthful it is not incumbent on you to be unkindly, unforbearing, unrestrained, injudicious, and sometimes even brutal. There are many truths best left untold, as even the law-courts will inform you if the "law of kindness" and the obligations of Christianity suffice not to teach you. For the laws of your country on this point inform you that even truths spoken "against thy neighbour" are libels, because detracting from that

> "———— good name
> . . . . which not enriches you,
> And leaves him poor indeed!"

There are those who are guilty of telling untruths when it serves their purpose, who are numbered amongst these boastful yet reckless "speakers of their mind," and it is no criterion of sincerity nor of truthfulness of character to intrude your opinion upon others unasked. The old copybook adage tells you that, "If you have nothing agreeable to say, say nothing." Time enough to do so when, by the Divine command, your tongue may be set loose, or "the very stones would cry out," and that is when the authority of the Holy Scriptures is called in question, sacred things are spoken of lightly, the Divinity of your Incarnate God and Saviour is denied, or evil-speaking of others is indulged in. Even in this latter case, silence on your part would tell its own tale with sufficient significance were the defamers too old for your spoken reproofs.

The duty of speaking gently, and that in a double sense—saying gracious and kindly things, studying to make the "soft answer that turneth away wrath," thinking first before making unguarded remarks to persons before whom so to speak would be a want of tact. And "gently" also in another sense—moderating the voice, not bawling like a crier of huxter's wares in the streets, but speaking quietly and distinctly; more than this, never speaking across anyone. Change your place if you desire to converse with a person divided from you by a third party. The reason for this is obvious—because you would either prevent that third party from attempting to converse with anyone else, or from hearing a word they said, if they did. Besides which, it would bring your face in too close proximity to theirs, and your breath would be blown into their face—a possibility always to be carefully avoided. It is equally ill-bred to hand anything across them, or to pass in front of them, between them and any one else with whom they were conversing. If obliged so to do, always ask to be excused, and pass behind them if possible another time.

The practice of saying, "I beg your pardon" is no evidence of good breeding, nor any compensation for the annoyance of requiring a person to repeat what has been said, just because you have not been attending, and have allowed your thoughts to stray away, and then did not use your brains to guess what you lost from the few words you may have heard, and their context to what had passed before. Young people are much in the habit of using this phrase, and seem to imagine that all the requirements of good breeding are thus satisfied. They are mistaken. Nothing could excuse inattention; and that perpetually recurring and hurriedly spoken "Beg your pardon" becomes exceeding tiresome to everyone who hears it. Some allowance is made for little schoolgirls who have not yet learnt better manners, but it would stamp persons of mature age as vulgar people.

I think that I have already spoken on the subject of what is called "slang." By many this term is not understood in a sufficiently comprehensive sense. It does not merely convey the idea of low and coarse expressions, but any unmeaning and un-English ones: words employed in a perfectly wrong sense, and intended to mean what a reference to a dictionary would show that they did not mean. For example, the slang use of the words "awful," "jolly," "thundering," and "a oner."

I confess to be but little familiar with the lingo made up of misapplied words, and must only leave those better acquainted with it to distinguish these silly departures from genuine English for themselves.

Still, on the subject of the use of the tongue, I must draw attention to the intrusive manner in which a certain impetuosity of character—if not of vanity and self-sufficiency—leads people to talk-down others who may have been trying to edge in, so to say, some little remark for a considerable time. Quite taken up with their own ideas, and delighting in hearing their own voice, they go on persistently with their own bow-wow, until the patient third party subsides into the background in despair. It is thoroughly ill-bred so to do. Keep your ears open for the first word uttered, and if you have commenced to speak, stop-short at once. If asked to continue what you were going to say, make a little bow and smile, and say, "After you"; but if pressed to speak first, at once comply. It is a matter of politeness to do what you are desired, and not to give people the trouble of repeating their request. Then, so soon as you have made your remark and the answer given (if any were needed), remember that you inquire about your neighbour's observation, so politely held back to give yours precedence.

Supposing that you do not agree with the speaker, at least never contradict. You may say, "Do you think so? I thought so and so, because," &c. In this way a free interchange of thought may be exchanged, and at the conclusion, if still of differing opinions, you might say, "It may be so; perhaps you know best; but I do not see it myself," or some such observation. In suggesting such a winding-up, I do not include a difference of

opinion on the main doctrines of Christianity, such as might be disputed by a "Freethinker," when you would be almost denying your faith in making such a reply. Short of this, always bear in mind any disparity of years between you and your companion, any distinction of class, or of your relative positions in life. It is quite odious to hear little "green girls"—to borrow an epithet from Shakespeare—volunteering their opinions and laying down the law with most intrusive audacity in the presence of persons who have learnt very much more than they, if not in a high school or female college, at least in that very efficient school of a longer life's experience and far greater knowledge of the world. One is reminded of the squeeky crow of some little half-fledged bantling when we hear the crude opinions of some little girl, scarcely out of her teens, pronounced with the emphasis and assurance of a Solomon. When such remarks as these meet no reply, they may be sure that it is no sign that they have refuted the dissentient opinion, but they are deemed unworthy of the trouble that a refutation would cost the listener. "Apt to hear, slow to speak," is an admonition but little regarded. Lay it to heart, my dear young friends, if you have not done so before. It is a joke amongst men that an assemblage of women (of course, not of the highest society) is distinguished by the fact that they all talk together, not one of them listening to any one else! Endeavour to wipe out such a stigma. What is called "maiden modesty" is a beautiful feature in a girl's character, and this modesty is exhibited in a very prominent manner in reference to the use made of this same little member—the tongue. I do not wish it to be inferred that girls are to say nothing; far from it; but that their way of speaking, the language employed, the style of manner, and the readiness evinced to defer to the opinion of others—while suspending their own judgment and restraining all hasty ebullitions of feeling—these are matters of great importance, and I earnestly commend them to your consideration.

The article entitled "The Art of Conversing Agreeably" has given many hints in reference to the use of the tongue, and I must refer the reader to it, rather than repeat myself, to the wearying of others.

The guiding of the hands and feet has already been a subject of consideration in one or more of the articles I have written (with reference to good manners), but I have not yet alluded to the influence upon the countenance of kindly feeling, sweet temper, and openness of disposition. As you can distinguish one flower from another respectively by their external appearance, and know their individual properties, scents, and uses uninvestigated, by their forms and the hues, so the expression of the eyes and the mouth should be a truthful index of the mind and heart by which they are animated. I do not recommend the practice of frequently looking at, and thinking much of, your own face; but I do say that a good lesson worth the learning might often be taught to our girls were a glass held for one moment before a cross, ill-tempered, sulky countenance, and that the owner could realise the destructive effect of an evil nature upon what, it may be, had been created attractive by the Divine Hand of Him "who hath made everything beautiful in His time."

And here, perhaps, some slight digression may be excused from the primary subject of good breeding in our converse with each other, because touching on the point of expression of countenance tempts me to enlarge a little on the influences for good or evil of the whole of our external appearance and condition. Some of God's works, once "very good," suffer from a heritage of disease, which sin alone has entailed upon our race, and over and above this a personal indulgence in sin by ourselves may have marred His work in our own appearance. We have no right to spoil it, and we sin in so doing. The mere habit of stooping, for instance, injures the spine, and future usefulness is thereby lessened. The practice of reading by a bad light, or straining the eyes by small print or very fine work, is just as reprehensible, or studying too soon after meals, thus impairing the digestive powers, over-walking, remaining in damp clothing and in damp shoes, and so inviting an attack of almost any description of fever and other disease—all this is simply wicked, and if you became a helpless cripple, distorted in form with rheumatism, or seamed with unsightly scars, with a permanent redness in the nose, or bleared and useless eyes, it would be a heritage of sin to you, because you did all that lay in your own power to mar God's work and hinder your future usefulness.

From speaking of the expression of the countenance—as coming within the jurisdiction of the rules of good breeding—I have so far a little exceeded the limits of my subject, but I trust not beyond those of my readers' kind indulgence. Their attention ought to be directed to the fact that carelessness of the well-being of the body, and of its seemly appearance too, is a sin. It shows base ingratitude to the Great Maker of so wonderful a piece of animate mechanism, by which we may carry out all our wishes, filling our own lives and those of others with happiness, and enabling us to perform all those works of duty and benevolence which are essential evidences of a living faith.

Think nothing you say or do, nor your personal habits, nor even the expression of your countenance, a matter of trifling importance. Never make light of those apparently trivial things that enhance the value or multiply the number of those "talents" committed to your care, or placed within the limits of your acquirement, thereby augmenting your influence amongst those around you by the attractiveness of your manners and the seemliness of your whole appearance. Think for a moment. What influence for good would an awkward, slouching, shambling girl, with an expression like an ox or a pug-dog—glum and morose—a loud voice, a short manner, blurting out any crude thought that suggested itself in language embellished with "slang" expressions — what influence do you think such a girl would be likely to have amongst others—refined or unrefined? Ever remember that "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." When you make use of anything which is merely a loan, you take especial care of it; for it would be a robbery of the lender to render it less valuable than it was when borrowed. Think of yourself thus. Your voice, tongue, eyes, and ears; all your organs, limbs, and general appearance (apart from your intellectual powers), all are "talents" lent to you, to be traded with in the service of the lender. And, believe me, "good breeding"—which demands the careful management of all these "talents," as essential in a merely worldly point of view—that "good breeding" is to be regarded as a very powerful medium, obtaining for you an amount of influence amongst your own immediate surroundings, and that circle of society into which you may be introduced, of the strength and extent of which you are probably little aware.

And now a word or two on the subject of the style of address suitable in speaking to your parents. Of late years there has been a sad falling off in this respect. The "rendering to all their due"—bearing in mind that "the powers that be are ordained of God"—appears to be strangely overlooked. For instance, short answers in monosyllables to your parents are most unseemly. "Yes," "no," and so forth, are rude styles of speech, and doubly so addressed to those who are over or above you in social position. "Yes, father," or "Yes, papa," is the style suitable to your relative positions; and so also in reference to your mother. See, in my article on "The Art of Letter Writing," what I said respecting the unseemliness of signing yourself "Yours affectionately," instead of "Your affectionate daughter."

To you, my young friends, who are domestic servants I must also give a word of advice. Never speak to, or of, your mistress as "Mrs. ——." It is a great piece of familiarity and impertinence. It is an assumption of equality with her own family, friends, and equals, and so far from exalting yourself by so doing, you are only showing yourself ignorant of good manners, and that you were, to all appearance, "dragged up," as I have heard the idea expressed. Say "Ma'am" and "Sir," and do not think that you have lowered yourself in so doing; quite the contrary. They will respect you the more when they see that you are not ashamed of that honourable position in life, called domestic labour, which God's wise providenee has assigned you. Again, in addressing single ladies, never say "Miss"; say "Ma'am" (if you be in the situation of a domestic servant). You would not say "Yes, Mr.," if addressing a gentleman, young or old; you would say "Sir." Thus, on occasions when you should say "Sir," you should say "Ma'am." To children yet in the schoolroom, you may say "Master ——," or "Miss" and "Miss ——," but never after a young lady is out in society. In shops they very properly say "Madam."

Lastly, I am aware that an idea prevails amongst some young people that to be well-bred in speech and manner is often to be insincere. I acknowledge that such a fancy took possession of my own mind at one time. In the fulness of my heart, I once had begun to give an account of the illness of one dear to me, in answer to an inquiry made by a friend met in the street. At the first pause I perceived that to not one word I had said had this friend listened, and without a single expression of sympathy I received a smiling shake of the hand, and the interview was over. My feelings were wounded; I denounced the polite inquiries as false-hearted, and the smiles as an odious varnish, and I determined nevermore to inquire for any one myself, lest I should be suspected of insincerity and hollow-heartedness, unless, indeed, my anxiety were very great and could not be concealed. But I now see that if we be kindly to all, "tender-hearted," ready to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," if we be "pitiful and courteous"—which are duties included amongst all other Christian obligations—we shall inquire after the welfare of those absent who are dear to the friends we meet, and this in all sincerity, and with more or less feeling of sympathy. Assuredly these little acts of kindliness and respectful consideration for others are amongst those items included in "Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report."

SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

NEW CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By a LADY DRESSMAKER.

As our days become shorter and the winter becomes more dark and dreary, the aspect of our dresses brightens, and most people of good taste and sense fancy the dark warm reds, clarets, and prunes, which seem to cast a warmer gleam on the chilly days. The browns, too, in all their pleasant variety of seal, russet, and yellow brown, and the wide family of green, are all of them pleasant colours, and ally themselves well with the hue of our furs and the prevailing black of our mantles. The winter uses which allow us to wear coloured bonnets are a great comfort, for they take off the dingy appearance of our dress as nothing else can. Many of the prettiest bonnets and hats of the season are made of feathers of all shades, from brown to the blue-green of the peacock, and even the steely blue of the cocks' feathers are represented. We have already mentioned how simple these are in their mode of manufacture, and how easily our girls may buy a cheap foundation, and then the wreaths of feathers all ready to sew over it, after carefully covering it with black, or silk of the same hue.

A SLEEVE.

The next in order of simplicity are the charming jetted bonnets in beads of red, blue, or green crystal. These are easily made, as the materials can be purchased at the drapers' shops, the crowns and lace embroidered and ready to put on any foundation that the wearer chooses. The shape principally liked for them is the "princess," made with rather a higher front, on which the lace is laid in two rows, turning over the face. The strings match the beads in colour, and are tied in a large bow beneath the chin.

The so-called "tailor-made costumes" are the most popular of the winter, and from the number of "all wool," "Bradford," and "English" goods, of all colours and textures, it is easy to make a selection of something strong, soft, and pretty, at a very moderate price. It should be made up quite plainly, with no trimmings except itself, and should fit very neatly and perfectly; in short, be a stylish, useful dress, in which the wearer may be presentable at any and every moment of the day. The skirts are far less trimmed, and hang straighter and less bunched up, and the trimmings are put on flatter and more perpendicularly.

Three box-plaited flounces and a back drapery are a very usual style of making-up a skirt, and two wing-like draperies are added at the sides, which are stitched down for about four or five inches in folds, and then are left loose, being drawn, curtain-like, toward the back breadths. Some of these all-wool dresses are made with fur borders, in anticipation of a skating season; but, as a rule, the feather borderings are more popular. These dresses have long jackets, such as those we illustrated at page 137, vol. ii., of our November number. The last figure, with the caped mantle, in that illustration shows what has become one of the most popular shapes of the winter. The under paletôt of plain cloth or all-wool material, which may or may not have a feather or fur bordering, and the cape made of brocaded plush, stamped velvet, moire, or thick satin. Those of our girls who have old and shabby cloth jackets, which they are perhaps mourning over as old-fashioned and ugly, may turn them into a garment of the latest style by the adoption of this idea. The mixing of two materials for out-of-door mantles and jackets, which is usual this winter, affords many opportunities to the clever and economical manager.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Moire is, of course, the favourite material, but plush is not far behind, and is made so very cheaply now that no one need fear to apply it to old garments.

We illustrated one of the "Maynard" muffs, as they are called, in October, at page 51, vol. ii., and so our readers have had ample opportunity of copying that. It may amuse them to know that these tiny muffs are called by first-class dressmakers "deportment muffs," as they are a needful accessory to the present mode of walking and carriage, which is trim and rather stiff, with the elbows well held in to the sides. There is not much warmth in them, but quite enough for many girls, who are apt to find that the fur muff overheats their hands and spoils their gloves. Many of these little muffs are made of moire, and lined with plush, coloured and striped; others are of brocaded silk, or of velvet, with a bunch of shaded chrysanthemums on the front. They are just large enough for the hands, and are suspended from the neck by a silk cord, generally furnished with silk tassels or a bow of handsome ribbon. Muffs made of feathers are also much used, both with and without a feather cap, and these can also be easily made at home, when the small foundation is once accomplished. Grebe and the front feathers of the peacock are most in vogue for this purpose. Fur muffs are also much worn, and are perhaps the best and most useful for the ordinary use of every day.

Hats are quite as large as ever, and imitate the shape of the first Gainsborough that we remember. The crowns are of fine felt, and square-edged instead of domed, and the brim is of either smooth or rough beaver fur or feathers, or even of velvet or plush. The Spanish hat is one of the new introductions, and is a revival of the original hat that preceded the famous "pork pie" of twenty years ago. It has a low, square crown, and the brim, which is rather wide, is turned up and covered with velvet all round. This brim is sometimes covered with jet knobs. The outside trimming is extremely simple, and consists of a rather narrow black velvet ribbon round the base of the crown, and on the right side of the front two very full rosettes, or pompons, of straight, short ostrich feathers, either coloured or black. This hat is worn rather off the face.

It seems rather probable that we shall ultimately come back to the pelisses of our grandmothers as garments for out-of-door use, for that is really what many of the winter mantles should be called, as their whole effect is that of an upper dress. Of course, to wear with them very plain and simple costumes will be needed, so on the score of economy we shall gain considerably. The front of some of them is long and closed up tightly, and the back is opened and flounced with satin up to the waist, or nearly so. The principal immediate benefit of these large cover-alls has been to save us much expenditure in the way of walking dresses, which has in a great measure repaid us for the first expense of buying them.

In view of the early adoption of crinoline, we have been entreated by many of our readers to try and form an anti-crinoline society within the measureless circle of our girls. But we do not think this would be desirable, neither for ourselves nor for them; we prefer to hold up for their example the fair and holy beauty of Christian womanhood and girlhood, which, while in the body, will care for it and make it as fair as may be, respecting it as the "temple of the Holy Ghost," and desiring to do "all to the glory of God." We know that we may leave the question of crinoline to their discretion, if they be guided by such desires and thoughts as these.

"THE NEWEST DRESSES."

Amongst the *etceteras* of evening dress must be mentioned the large collarettes of lace, which are mounted on coloured plush and edged with chenille fringe. Gathered capes of pale-hued foulard are also new, and much worn by young girls; and one of the novelties which may be prepared by clever fingers at home is one of the square sailor-like collars in blue silk, which is powdered all over with white daisies or some other tiny flower. Round this may be placed a border of white silk or cashmere, also embroidered, and cuffs may be made to match. Plush fichus, and deep mousquetaire cuffs to match, are also useful aids to the dress of the evening, and turn a dingy old dress into something brighter and more suitable. It should not be forgotten that the tired eyes of husbands, fathers, and brothers may be soothed and pleased by a little change of dress, and an appearance of pleasant and homelike welcome.

Our large illustration shows most accurately the newest dresses. The first figure on the left wears a dress of brown vigogne and a striped material, which is introduced between the box-plaitings of the deep kilting, and forms the scarf round the top. The bodice is a plain one. The centre figure shows a pretty evening dress for a young girl. The skirt may have a foundation of any colour; the flounces are of Spanish lace, or of embroidered cashmere; the bodice is of moire, and may be of black, white, or of any colour selected. The cloak worn by the third figure is of cloth, with a thick chenille fringe and a bow of moire at the back.

The three smaller illustrations are a sleeve, with a shaped flounce and a feather ruching; and two children's dresses—a house dress and an out-of-door paletôt. The latter is of cloth, with trimmings of moire; and the former of cashmere or French merino, and trimmings of silk, moire, or the same material.

USEFUL HINTS.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—Take 1lb. of flour, ½lb. of lump sugar, ½lb. butter, an egg, and ½oz. of carraway seeds. Mix into a paste, roll out, and cut into round cakes with the top of a glass. Bake in a hot oven.

TO REMOVE HAIRS AND THREADS FROM A CARPET.—A washleather dipped in cold water and wrung out, rubbed over the surface, will remove hairs, threads, and dust, and will brighten up the carpet.

PEARLS.—The colour of pearls may be improved and preserved by keeping a bit of the root of an ash tree in the box where they are kept.

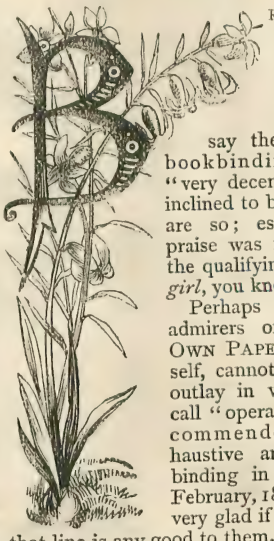
A NEGRO COOK'S RECIPE FOR BOILING RICE.—"Wash him well; much wash in cold water, the rice flour; make him stick. Water boil all ready very fast. Throw him in—rice can't burn water—shake him too much. Boil a quarter of an hour or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger; if all rub away, him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away; pour cup of cold water on him; put back rice in saucepan: keep him covered near the fire; then rice all ready. Then eat him up!"

JACK, THE RAILWAY DOG.

TRAVELLED DOG.—Few people who travel on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway know what a distinguished character has a free pass on every branch of the line, of which for several years he has taken daily advantage. It is between two and three years ago that a fox-terrier, big in bone, and not over well-bred, jumped into a train that was leaving Brighton for Horsham, and settled himself in the guard's carriage. Little notice was taken of him at first, but after a time he began to be a person of great interest. No one knew where he came from or to whom he belonged; but every day he was ready for an early start in an early train. Sometimes he went to Portsmouth, sometimes to Horsham, sometimes only to nearer stations; but the most remarkable part of his arrangements was that he always got to Brighton in time to go by the last train to Lewes, where he always slept, leaving again by the first train in the morning. When the friend from whom I first heard this story (and who vouches for the truth of it) last heard of Jack he still continued this practice, and always spent the night at Lewes Station. About a year and a half ago the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company began to look upon him as one of their regular servants, and presented him with a collar bearing this inscription, "Jack—London, B. and S. Coast Railway Company." My friend told me that on one occasion, some months ago, he traced Jack's movements on one especial day, and probably it was a good sample of many another. He arrived from Brighton by a train reaching Steyning at 10.50; there he got out for a minute, but went on by the same train to Henfield. Here he left the train and went to a public house not far from the station, where a biscuit was given him; and after a little walk, took a later train to West Grinstead, where he spent the afternoon, returning to Brighton in time for the last train to Lewes. He was rather fond of the Portsmouth line, but never, I believe, has come so far as London. He generally takes his place on or by the guard's wheel, and sits looking out of the window. It would be very interesting to know in what the fascination of this perpetual railway travelling consists. It certainly shows an immense amount of instinct and observation, and the regularity and punctuality of Jack's daily life are a lesson to many a two-legged traveller. Whether he considers himself subguard, or director, or general overseer, no one can tell, but there is, it seems, an idea of *duty* in his movements; what he has to do (or thinks he has to do) he does faithfully, and so far is a telling example to his fellow travellers on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. The last piece of information received about Jack is that a lady has presented him with a silver-mounted collar, with which he seems much pleased. On it is inscribed:—

"I am Jack, the L. B. and S. C. Railway Dog. Please give me a drink, and I will then go home to Lewes. This collar was presented by Mrs. J. P. Knight, Brockley." On the day Jack sat for his portrait he left Lewes by the first train for Brighton, and then found that he had business in Portsmouth, whither he travelled. Leaving that town by the 1.30 p.m. train, which arrives at Ford Junction at 2.25, he proceeded to Littlehampton. He and the guard then determined to take a run in the town, and Mr. White, the photographer, of 32, High-street, kindly invited Jack to stop and have his photograph taken. Jack found that he had no engagement before 5.5, when he wanted to leave for Horsham, and we give an engraving of the result of his visit to Mr. White. Jack's head-quarters are at Lewes, but he does not always go home, and frequently passes his nights in the waste-paper baskets at different booking offices.—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

A SIMPLE WAY TO BIND A BOOK.



BROTHERS are not, as a rule, given to compliments, so that I think, when I tell you that my brothers say the results of my bookbinding efforts are "very decent," you will be inclined to believe that they are so; especially as the praise was not followed by the qualifying clause, "for a *girl*, you know!"

Perhaps there are some admirers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who, like myself, cannot afford such an outlay in what fen people call "operators" as that recommended in the exhaustive article on bookbinding in the number for February, 1881, and I shall be very glad if my experience in that line is any good to them.

I took to bookbinding, in the first instance, because I am very fond of collecting all kinds of cuttings from newspapers and pasting them into old copybooks, and then binding them, sometimes two or three together, at other times, which is easier, only one. They make quite an amusing book, and you can't think how handy they sometimes are. I have all sorts of accounts of attainments—athletic (1) and intellectual (2)—for "the boys," both at school and at the 'Varsities; then, there are accounts of new books and new inventions, which one finds only in newspapers. I know I was very proud of being able to supply from my collection of cuttings an account of the photophone, which a scientific girl I know wanted to help her to write an essay on the subject, and which she naturally could not find at the time in a book, on account of its recent invention.

As I have bound more of these newspaper cutting books than any other, I will tell you exactly how I did it, and you will find the same plan do equally well for binding music or mending a torn book, with a little judicious variation, to suit the different constitutions of different kinds of books. My binding was done after all the extracts were pasted in, thereby avoiding that stuffed and puffy look which I notice all books bought for the same purpose get after a certain period of use.

Take your book, supposing it to be an ordinary-sized copybook or exercise-book; paste down the back of it, *over* the cover, a stout strip of unbleached calico or holland; when dry open it at the centre page, make three holes right through the leaves and the calico—one in the middle, the other two about

1½ inches on either side—stitch through these holes two or three times with strong thread or fine twine, fastening it securely on the outside. It is, perhaps, best to do this *before* you paste in your extracts; you will find it holds the book strongly together while you are at work upon it.

When your book is ready to bind, take another strip of stout calico or holland, about four or five inches wide, and an inch shorter than your book at either end. Fold this strip evenly over the back of the book, and with strong cotton sew it firmly to the other bit of calico already there.

You ought now to have on each side of the volume two loose flaps of calico, the use of which you will soon see.

The cover of the book must now be cut; stout millboard is the best to use; two old blotting-pads, if you can beg—but don't borrow or steal—them, do very well, and you will then be helping to use up "waste substances."

Cut them so that they project a little over the edges of the book, on every side but the back, where they should lie evenly.

Next make some strong glue, using vinegar in preference to water for dissolving it.

Be careful that the outer edges of your calico flaps are straight; and rule a line down your pieces of millboard at the point where the calico ends when the millboard is laid flat on the book.

When you have neatly glued the calico flaps, glue also the millboard up to the pencil line, then lay the one upon the other, placing newspaper between the boards and book to prevent a mess. When this process is complete on both sides, place it under a heavy weight, or, better still, in a press.

I always watched a favourable opportunity, and, wrapping my work in paper (a necessary precaution, to prevent any particles of glue "messing their table-cloths"), persuaded "the maids" to put it into the linen-press and screw it down tight.

If you look inside any book you will see distinctly a ridge under the lining of the cover which is caused by some such calico contrivance as the one I have been describing.

The next day you must proceed to the back, which may be leather, kid, or even calf or morocco; and to the boards, which may be covered to taste, either with leather, paper, or cloth.

Take the leather, or whatever you have decided to make the back of your book of, cut it very precisely to the length of your book, leaving about an inch or more on each side in width, so that it wraps over well.

Rule a pencil line where the leather ends on the millboard, and on the leather where the millboard first touches it; brush these two spaces with glue and press them together. Be very careful only to glue as far as the ruled line in each case, because when your book is done you ought to be able to look through it from end to end between the outside leather and the calico arrangements, just as you can in a real shop-bound book.

Let this leather be pressed till it is perfectly dry. Then cut your cloth or paper for the cover.

This should be two inches larger than the book on every side except the back, where it must either join or wrap over the leather, as you like. If you are using calico, you will find a selvedge very handy for this side.

Paste it very evenly. I always rub paste on a large surface with my flat open hand. The *hand* will wash, and this process smooths out the lumps better than any other that I know of. Brushes bend, and give way to the lumps, which get the *best* of it, and your pasted surface the *worst*, for it can't lie smoothly. When the cover is pasted, fold it neatly over the millboard, taking care to turn in the corners. You will soon find out by practice how to do this best, and how much it is safe to cut off, if they feel too bulky.

Press your book till this part is dry; it is as well always to wrap it in a clean cloth, and place paper between the boards, as, if you have pasted it thoroughly, it will be sticky and damp.

The last proceeding is to line the inside with white or, if you prefer it, coloured paper. Cut enough paper to cover both the inside of the millboard and to go right across the old copybook cover, which will make a nice stiff "fly-leaf" to your book. Its inner side, if dirty, can be covered too. If you find the dark calico or cloth cover shows through your paper lining, paste over it first a strip of paper cut to the required size.

I think we have done the whole book now except *lettering*.

This is not an absolute necessity to hold things together, but with a little artistic talent it could easily be managed.

Perhaps there is a small amateur printing-press in the house which would be handy; or some of those carved letter blocks for printing with Indian ink and gold, which the natives cut out in India and sailor brothers sometimes bring home with them.

In writing this I have included many details which may seem unnecessary; but on the other hand there are ideas which, though simple enough, are only suggested by long practice at the work.

Your first attempt at this trade may not be very grand, but in time I expect you will be able, as I am, to hold up a decently bound book. And though you would not perhaps care to advertise it "in this style 10s. 6d.," you will have saved your money to buy something which you could not make.

ALPHABET JINGLE.

A is for Alice, with glossy brown curls,
The pet of the schoolroom, a jewel of girls.

B is for Beatrix, stately and tall,
In work or in play she is first of us all.

C is for Catharine, name famed of old,
And still of our Catharines much may be told.

D is for Daisy, sweet flower of the home,
Contented and happy, she seeks not to roam.

E is for Edith, the sprightly and fair;
Where'er there is frolic gay Edith is there.

F is for Fanny, with rose-tinted cheek,
A bright little fairy, though some think her meek.

G is for Grizel—you don't like the name?—
In song and in history Grizel has fame.

H is for Helen, the home-circle's joy,
Though her name is mixed up with old legends of Troy.

I for Irene, with thoughtful dark eyes;
Some call her studious—most think her wise.

J is Jemima, oft honoured in ditty,
A lively young lass, though her name is not pretty.

K is for Kitty, the bonnie, the dear!
Away flies all discord when Kitty is near.

L—who shall L be? We call on Lenore,
Despite all the ravens that croak "nevermore."

M is for Marianna, doleful and strange,
Who lingers for aye in an old "moated grange."

N is for Nellie, whose eyes kind and bright
Now sparkle with mirth, now glow with delight.

O is for Olive, how blooming is she!
As fair as the roses that blush on the tree.

P is for Patience, but "what's in a name"?
Unless she has qualities matching the same.

Q is for Queenie, name fitted for song;
To the loved and the petted it needs must belong.

R is for Ruth, and now as of yore
Her friendship and loyalty all must adore.

S is for Sarah, an old-fashioned name,
But we like it and honour it always the same.

T is for Topsy, and over the sea
Shine black faces saying, "Your sisters are we."

U is for Una, let us like her be strong,
To subdue all the "lions" of folly and wrong.

V is for Violet, "tender and true,"
With hair like a sunbeam, eyes loving and blue.

W for Wilfred—a name of romance;
What hearts she would conquer if she had the chance!

X is for Xenophon—boy's name 'tis true;
Can we not change it, my lasses, for you?

Y is for Yakko—a pet name, alas!
But as there's no other we may let it pass.

Z is for Zephyra; puts one in mind
Of girls that are changeable, just like the wind.

And now with the wish that the fickle prove true,
Sweet bevy of fair ones, I bid you adieu.

M. M. POLLARD.

SMOKE PICTURES.

By Edward Baker.

The question which very frequently arises in the minds of young ladies when requested to contribute articles for a bazaar is, "What *can* I make?" I propose to give an answer to this query by suggesting an art which is but little known, though very useful and interesting to those possessing ordinary artistic talent.

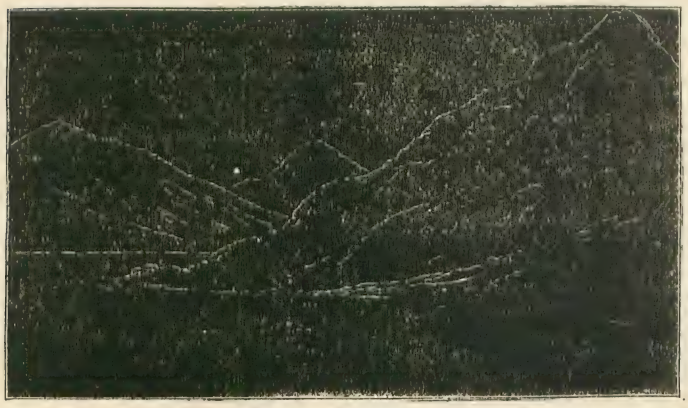


FIG. 1.

The materials required are of a very simple and inexpensive character, viz., cards, two "Needle-points" (say needles No. 10 and 7)—these are made by pushing a needle eye-foremost into the end of the wooden part of a pen holder by the aid of a pair of tweezers—two camel's hair brushes, one size known as crow quill, and one with longer hair, size large duck.

In the following instructions I have taken it for granted that very few of the readers of this magazine are unable to draw, or copy, or who cannot appreciate an "effect" of light and shade. In drawing in Indian ink it is often extremely difficult to obtain a lasting effect quickly in consequence of the Indian ink drying of a lighter tint than it appeared to be when wet. I venture to think that Sketching in Smoke will meet a want which is constantly being felt by those wishing to commit to paper an "effect" which they have just witnessed. A very realistic sketch may be made, by smoke, of a sunset, the moon breaking through the clouds, waves meeting or breaking on the rocks or shore, &c.; but, of course, various subjects will naturally occur to those of my readers who attempt this most interesting art.

I will begin by explaining the *modus operandi* of a smoke picture. Take a card—say, 6 inches by 3½—then, holding it in a horizontal position over the flame of a composite candle, quickly moving it longitudinally backwards and forwards, endeavour to obtain a smooth brown surface of smoke on the card. Be very careful not to hold it too near the flame, so as to scorch the card, nor so as to make it black; it should be slightly smoked, and then, if properly done, you will have a nice dark brown surface to work upon. I will presume that we select to have a mountainous scene. Commence by sketching the outline of the design on the smoked card with the fine needle-point. As we wish to produce a strong and full effect, we place a moon slightly to the left of the centre of the proposed picture; this is best done by drawing the outline of the moon with the needle-point, and then removing the smoke by the aid of a sharp-pointed knife, being careful to keep the edge of the moon clean. Take care you do not cut the card. We have now a complete outline of the proposed picture (see fig. 1); we now want to work up the "effect."

With the very small camel's hair brush (dry, of course), and with the slightest possible touch, remove some of the smoke from the sides of the mountains which would naturally receive the light from the moon; this should, of course, be done with some artistic feeling, care being taken to express the natural inequalities on the mountain's surface.

Now it will be advisable, perhaps, to put in a few clouds round or near the moon. These can be done also with the small brush. Experience will quickly teach you that the touch must be of the lightest possible kind. It is a good plan sometimes to take the small brush by the quill, and gently twist round the hair. This, you will find, will make the hairs stick out as if the brush were spoilt for painting purposes, but for smoke pictures it is exactly the thing that is wanted, as with it you can get the finest and softest touches possible for small clouds, &c. The brush can be restored to its original condition by twisting the hairs back again. It will now be necessary to imitate the light of the moon reflected in the water. This is done by the longer-haired brush (still with a very light touch). It may now, perhaps, be necessary to heighten the effect of the moon's reflection by the use of the sharp-pointed knife. Then a few lines drawn horizontally with the long-haired brush on the water should finish the picture (see fig. 2). If you find now that the picture is not satisfactory, or that a good effect is not produced, the reason may be found in the fact that the smoking has been done too uniformly. It may then be necessary to smoke some parts of the picture a little more, so as to concentrate the effect.

FIG. 2.

Of course, these pictures, when completed, should be protected by being framed with a rather deeply-cut mount and glass over them. These pictures are quite permanent.

I have now endeavoured to explain a simple smoke picture. In the next picture, "A Scene on the Thames" (fig. 3), a slightly different process will be necessary. Before "smoking," the tree to the right of the picture must be painted in Indian ink, as also the reeds, &c., in the foreground, with their reflections in the water; then with a very faint tint of Indian ink the little bit of distance with church, &c., must be delineated; now smoke as before, putting in the clouds and the moon's reflection in the same manner as the last picture. Then, with the fine needle-point, draw a broken, trembling line over the tops of the trees, &c., in the distance, so as to imitate the moon's light, and with the larger needle-point do the same to the tree and reeds in the foreground.

FIG. 3.

NEW MUSIC.

Marriott and Williams, Academy House, Oxford-street.

The Song of Hope. Words by R. Henry. Music by Algernon H. Lindo.—A good song, with harp-like accompaniment, ending in a bold, declamatory fashion.

J. B. Cramer.

'Tis so Good to have a Sweetheart! From *La Boulangère.* Written by H. B. Farnie. Composed by Offenbach.—Words and music light and airy; very easily played and sung.

Night of Stars and Night of Love. By Offenbach.—A barcarolle for the voices. No. 1 for soprano and contralto; No. 2, for tenor and baritone; No. 3, solo for mezzo-soprano or baritone. Sung at Her Majesty's State

Concert by Mesdames Patti and Trebelli; also by Mesdames Christine Nilsson and Patey. —The light *appogiatura* chords remind one of the guitar or harp. The theme is very pleasing, and terminates in the gentlest of sighs.

In the Orchard. Music by Henry Parker. Words by Nella. No. 1 in D, compass E to F; No. 2 in F, compass F to G.—A quiet little love story, very prettily written and well arranged.

What Time Shall Bring. By the same authors. No. 1 in D, compass from A to D; No. 2 in E♭, compass B♭ to E♭; No. 3 in F, compass C to F.—Written in common time and ending in 3-4. This is another pleasing song.

J. BROWN, The Library, 336, Kingsland-road:—

The Oriental March. By Conrad Herman. —The time and character of the music are quite military and inspiriting.

One Love Alone. Words by Samuel K. Cowan. Music by Berthold Tours. In two keys, B and D.—A fine song, full of feeling and character. The compass is very moderate, and the accompaniment well harmonised and decided.

I'll Crown Thee Queen. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Berthold Tours.—A friendly rival to Blumenthal's "My Queen." The words show more light-heartedness and, perhaps, less dignity, but the music is uncommon, in good taste, and exceedingly effective.

I Bring no Gems. Words by E. S. G. Bagnold. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—The air is graceful and smooth, whilst the marked bass of the accompaniment is contrasted by the light *staccato* notes in the treble. The style is pure and superior. It is written in two keys: No. 1 in D compass from B to C; No. 2 in F compass, from F to G.

Beneath the Cypress. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Ladislao Zavertal.—A sad wail, called forth by the death of President Garfield, expressive of selfish sorrow rather than the submissive, hopeful feeling that should be entertained at the removal of a good man gone to the "promised rest." The music, in keeping with the sorrow, is in the minor, and funereal in style. The imitation of the rolling waves in the accompaniment has a good effect, and the finale is bold and martial.

Across the Sea. Words by T. M. Watson. Music by Ladislao Zavertal.—Another song by the same writer and composer, breathing of tender melancholy. Full of variety and pathos. The music as well as words require feeling and passionate rendering by an appreciating performer.

In the Dusk of the Twilight. Tyrolienne duet for soprano and contralto. By Offenbach. Words by Nella.—The symphony commences with the well-known refrain of the "Alpine Horn," with its echo. A light, waltz-style duet in the key of G.

ROBERT COCKS.

The Scent of the Limes. Written by Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—An easily written and smooth song in the key of F, of moderate compass, and not difficult for either voice or pianoforte. Both words and music will be heard with real pleasure.

The Lifeboat. Words by J. S. Gabriel. Music by Humphrey J. Stark. Dedicated to Charles Arkcoll, Esq., donor of the lifeboat *Charles Arkcoll*, Hastings, 1881. This song is also written in two keys: No. 1 in C, No. 2 in E♭.—A bold and characteristic song, graphically descriptive of the scene at a time of shipwreck, with the introduction of "Melita," by Dr. Dykes, from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," in good keeping and impressive. The whole is wound up by "Gloria in Excelsis," rending the air as the boat returns with its saved crew.

EVANS AND CO.

The Children's Queen. Written by Cotsford Dick.—The fashion of writing in a sentimental strain about little dying children is not a healthy sign. The words of songs should tend to elevate the mind and educate the taste, instead of pandering to morbid feeling and unrefined ears. "The Children's Queen," however, is an interesting and fairly pleasing specimen of the style so prevalent. The song is in two sharps, of moderate compass, and easily acquired.

W. MORLEY, JUN., AND CO.

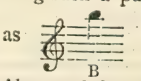
"Morley's Pianoforte Tutor," constructed on an entirely new and simplified principle. By G. B. Allen.

IN this Tutor part of the new principle seems to consist in placing the fingers upon the key-board at an earlier stage than usual, although it appears to us doubtful wisdom to introduce the practical part before a little more knowledge of mere ordinary terms is acquired.

For instance, on p. 2 the student is told that C stands for common time, which is four crotchets in a bar, the explanation of the term crotchet not occurring until p. 3, while the word bar is not really defined at all, and the treatment of "various times" is only dealt with on p. 29.

There is one decided improvement that we are glad to notice—viz., that of placing the music for both hands on one stave, as on pp. 3 and 4, thus obviating the often inevitable confusion occasioned by commencing with two distinct staves.

The word Rosseau on p. 5 must be a misprint for Rousseau. Again, the terms applied to the notes headed ledger lines on p. 9 are surely somewhat confusing. Would it not be better to call the spaces by their right names, instead of making such a puzzling use of the word *above?* as



in the place of *second space above.*

Above 1st ledger line.

The same remark applies to the spaces below the stave.

On p. 22, "Suona la tromba," from *I Puritani* appears under the title of "March from *Norma*," evidently an oversight. Again, on p. 26, a verbal misprint occurs, where a second "t" has found its way into the word "literally."

Touching the scales, which should be considered of paramount importance in pianoforte music, we think the major scales of C, G, D, and F hardly sufficient for a Tutor, no examples of the minor being given at all, and though promised in a later work, they might with advantage have been included in this one.

Speaking generally, the Tutor is clearly printed and capitally brought out; the examples are well chosen, though a little more liberality with them, as well as with the introductory explanations, would, we think, materially facilitate the work for the young student.

W. MORLEY, JUN.

Powder Monkey Joe. Words by Hugh Cummerford. Music by Odoardo Barri. Written in three keys: D, compass A to D; E♭, compass B to E; F, compass C to F.—A regular "sailor's yarn," adding another to our popular seafaring songs. The character of words and music ensure success to the publishers of "Powder Monkey Joe." A small error has occurred in the printing by the omission of a natural before the "A" in the third bar of the accompaniment, which mistake will be found in every corresponding passage throughout. We merely mention this for the benefit of our young, inexperienced accompanists.

Valse Légère. By Ben Tayoux.—An introduction, valse, trio, and coda, short and easily learned, and played from memory, adding to the many pleasing pieces so useful at evening gatherings.

Three pieces for the pianoforte. By Franz Schubert. No. 1, commencing with a bright *allegro assai* movement followed by a well-marked *andante* military march, not only a good practice piece, but well repaying study. No. 2 is easier, but equally pleasing. No. 3 is a brilliant *allegro*, not at all difficult, although the tune is a little catchy. All three pieces will be found both useful as studies and pleasing to the ear.

Gavotte, in G. By Charles Gardner. Cheerful and well-marked.

Une Fleur d'Amour Valse. By George Neville. Good practice both for time and expression.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOUV.—Children are admitted into Christ's Hospital, or Bluecoat School, on the presentation of governors, a list of whom is published annually in March, price 1s., and a general list at 2s. 6d. The ages for admission are from eight to ten years. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., is the president, John D. Allcroft, Esq., the treasurer; M. S. S. Dipnall, Esq., clerk, and the Rev. Richard Lee the head master. The maintenance and education of boys are provided up to fifteen or sixteen years of age. The school, or "hospital," is in Newgate-street, E.C., and there is a preparatory school at Hertford.

CONSTANCE.—Your idea of going to a good boarding-school for a year at your own expense is a good one. It would be best for you to go as what is called a "parlour boarder"; and while allowing the principal to know your age, we should do so in confidence; and keep it from knowledge of the girls. We feel for you in your lonely condition.

MAYFLOWER.—We should advise you to apply to the Secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, E.C. This institution holds half-yearly "pupils' examinations," the certificates of which are recognised as guarantees of a good general education. Fee, 10s. You write a very pretty hand.

DAME TROT.—Send a stamped envelope to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, Devon, for information about correspondence-classes. We think the scale of charges was 10s. per annum for German and French, and 15s. for French compositions and local examination work.

Y. L. E.—Refer to "How to Read the Bible," page 483, vol. i.; also "About Bible Classes," page 338, vol. ii.

ETAK EMM.—Inquire whether there be any key to the book you name at the bookseller's where the latter was obtained.

JUDY.—Read "How to Improve the Education," vol. ii., page 637. Your writing is too straight up and down; it needs grace.

MUSIC.

CYNTHIA.—1. The first song is by Bishop, the second by Virginia Gabriel. 2. The 8th December, 1863, was Tuesday.

ELEANORA M. STUART.—We have never heard of any reason for the names you mention.

CLAITHA.—To form the minor we always commence upon the sixth note of the major scale. Thus the key note of the minor relative to C major will be A. All minor scales have the signatures of their relative majors. Many thanks for your pattern.

MOPS.—You had better obtain a small manual on the science of harmony and study it.

JESSIE.—We advise you to purchase a manual of singing, like that of Signor Randegger's, called the "Singing Primer" (Messrs. Novello and Co.), and study it. Read also "How to Sing a Song," page 54, vol. i. It would not be too late.

BRIDE OF TRIERMAIN.—1. We advise your consulting the rector on the subject of your inefficiency as his assistant in playing the harmonium. Tell him you are anxious to improve, and need some lessons; and let such a suggestion as that of your receiving them from his daughter emanate from him or her, not from you. 2. Do you know anything of natural history, household economy and cookery, nursing of the sick? As regards Biblical research, we should recommend as an excellent Sunday book the "Bible Cyclopædia," by Dr. Eadie (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Try to improve your writing, and use a finer pen.

WORK.

A. L. M.—Knit your twelve Sunday scholars a "comforter" each. With large pins this will be quickly accomplished. Your writing is tolerably good, but your spelling needs attention. For instance, the final "e" in any verb is dropped in its active participle. You forgot this when you wrote the word "makeing."

MICHAELMAS DAISY.—The petals should be white, but you might tip them with pink if you wished. Inquire of any bookseller near you for vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. If he has not got it he will procure it for you.

KITTEN.—See "My Work Basket." We never advise immoderate practice on the piano, because we know what a nuisance you may become to others who may not have the nerve to bear the noise, and also because we consider that half an hour's really good practice is preferable to any amount of indifferent careless work. You will learn to read music quickly by reading a great deal; in this art, especially, "practice makes perfect."

MARGUERITE.—See pages 394 and 489, vol. i., for the patterns you require. Your writing is legible, but large, square, and ugly.

AN OXONIAN.—The memory is much improved and strengthened by learning poetry by heart. A bad memory, however, is sometimes only another name for a habit of inattention to all that is passing around, which is one of the most annoying and rude habits that can be contracted by anyone. For knitting stockings see page 111, vol. i. Your writing is wretched, and the spelling careless.

MIGNONETTE.—Consult our monthly article on dress. There are styles of mantles more fashionable at present than the "Mother Hubbard." Look at our illustrations. We do not admire your writing.

KATE WOODLING.—We should advise you to make an *appliqué* mat, with a groundwork of cloth, and velvet figures fastened on it, and worked round with feather, coral, or herring-bone stitch. An idea of what we mean is given on page 516, vol. ii., in the small tea-table cover.

FIDELIS.—We are glad you have derived so much benefit from our riding lessons on paper. Black satin and black grenadine are the two best evening costumes for people with small allowances. Read our dress articles.

ECONOMIST.—We cannot give answers in "this week's paper" at any time. A cheap velveteen of the same colour, or perhaps darker, would make your dress look quite new again. Bake the feathers enclosed in a paper bag in the oven till dry, but take care that they do not burn.

A LITTLE GIRL.—"Cretonne," not "creton," is best sent to a cleaner's, as it cannot be washed at home with success. You had better add some more satin to your dress, and make new centrepieces to the back, and plastrons in front to enlarge the bodice. A sash of satin would lengthen it.

ART.

OLIVIA.—We do not know more of the process than you describe; it is a patent, and is sold at several of the artists' colourmen's in London.

CRISTOWELL. — The Female School of Art, 43, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, would be suitable to your purpose.

WINIFRED.—The paintings must be original subjects; but if "you do not see how you can make up a painting from your imagination," we fear you must give up the idea of competing for a prize. We smile as we read that "you are beginning to think our correspondents are all shams." Are you one?

AN ENQUIRER.—Mount your photographs with starch, which must be made exactly thick enough to "stick," and not to "run."

SNOWDROP.—There is no harm in copying any picture, but there would be great harm if done for the purpose of a sale as an original.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MINA.—We thank you for the recipe, and have added it to "Useful Hints." You would write nicely if you did not use so scratchy a pen.

TULIP.—Send the dolls to Mrs. Hilton's Infant Infirmary and *Crèche*, 12, Stepney-causeway, E.

A WILD IRISH GIRL.—What we call "hard water" is that which has become impregnated by the soil through which its flows—with phosphate or carbonate of lime, sulphur, &c. "Soft water," or pure rain water, is that which comes straight to us from the clouds.

CHRISTINE.—Harrow is on a hill, with a fine view and a bracing climate. It is considered cold in the winter. We think it would be a delightful place of residence.

HANNAH M. — Many thanks for your kind note. Practical hints are always of value. The "velvet brush" is one covered with velvet, or of very fine soft hairs, to remove dust and fluff from the surface of the velvet. Many people use a piece of crape in preference. We never heard of using a piece of fat bacon to clean velvet before.

SERVANT.—The chief forms of religion professed in India are — Brahminism, the dominant creed; Buddhism; Jainism, a compound of Brahminism and Buddhism; Sikhism, Mohammedanism, and Fire-worship, or the religion of Zoroaster. We are obliged by your offer, but do not require such assistance.

GWENDOLYN L.—We fear no change can be made at present in our arrangements.

ELVIRA.—We hope you will make no more attempts at writing "poetry." The Prince Imperial was allied to our race in a measure, for his grandfather, we believe, was Scotch. Your writing is very irregular.

BIRDIE. — Your manuscript contains good thoughts, but unoriginal and not in any way poetical. We do not imagine from it that you have an atom of ear for rhythm.

M. A. B.—It is not always easy to find purchasers, however fairly you may value what you desire to sell. Offer your coins to a dealer in such valuables, or else endeavour to dispose of them privately. We do not profess to find a sale for all the goods and chattels with which "our girls" are incommoded.

SPONGY.—Graph composition can be purchased ready prepared at any stationer's.

F. E. S.—The sentiments expressed in the MS. sent for criticism are good, but it is only prose in rhyme. Besides this, there is an oversight very apparent in the third verse. Who are "Satan's foemen"? They can only be good spirits, and, as such, most certainly have never

> "In temptation's net
> Our spirits bound."

PERPLEXED ONE.—May the blessings you invoke on our behalf be equally bestowed upon yourself. The word "recipe," when used in reference to medicine, is pronounced as though it were a word of three syllables, and spelt thus—"res-sip-pee." In reference to cookery it is commonly pronounced as if written "receipt," but should be sounded as if written in two syllables—"re-seep."

ONCE A GIRL.—An eider-down quilt may be washed as any other quilt, but well shaken dry. But we should send it to a cleaner.

MAUD MARY.—We advise you to ask your papa to take you to the Natural History department in the British Museum, or if the whole collection be removed to South Kensington, to go there, and see the whale which was thrown up on the coast of the Isle of Wight some years ago, and then you can both judge for yourselves whether you could manage to crawl into the huge mouth or not. A man on horseback could ride under the arch made of the whale's jawbone, raised over the entrance-gate of a garden known to us.

ONE WHO MEANS WELL.—If for correspondence, the address you require is now changed to the following:—Miss Twisaday, 12, Southwick-street, Hyde Park, W. But if for the transmission of parcels, direct thus — The Paddington Flower Mission, Craven-hill Church, Craven-terrace, Lancaster Gate, W.

H. C. J.—We thank you for the information afforded us in your letter of November 9, of which we have availed ourselves.

W. H. A.—Address the Secretary, Female Middle Class Emigration Society, Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.

DOUBLEQUICK.—Bees require feeding if the season be a severe one, or if the hive have been too much denuded of honey. They generally need food towards the spring.

LABURNUM (of Melbourne).—1. On no account take a cold bath in the morning if your heart be weak, and they result in shivering fits. 2. Secure the drawings to the mounting-boards by strong gum brushed over the margin of the drawing, allowing sufficient paper to be able to cut off the border so gummed. Consult our "Useful Hints" for cake recipes.

HUMMING BIRD.—1. Pray daily for God's grace to aid you in your effort to restrain your hasty temper. Count sixty, or, still better, a hundred, before you reply to any observation that has made you angry, and then say, "Grant me Thy grace, O Lord, that I may be meek and lowly in heart," or some such ejaculatory prayer, and then reply as you would consider to be consistent with it. Lastly, always apologise for a rough answer if ever overcome by ill-temper. 2. If likely to soil your torn album by mending it with very strong gum yourself, send it to a bookbinder. Round your letters a little more.

E. F. RACE.—The "dye" of the paper collars which you wear does not "fly to your head," but your enemy may be a weak digestion, or overfatigue.

PENELOPE.—The warm thanks of, at least, the Editor and some of his contributors are returned to this dear little grateful girl; and with their thanks they send her their most hearty good wishes for the happiness of the new year upon which she has entered. She expresses herself well, and her letter is altogether creditable for her age. We shall always welcome them.

EDITH BEAUCHAMP. — We advise you to send the children's clothing which you have made to Mrs. Marie Hilton's Infant Infirmary and Home, 12, Stepney-causeway, Langveld House, Burdett-road, E.

PEGGY.—We advise your making inquiry at the Young Women's Christian Association, 100, Corporation-street. You will obtain good advice from the secretary or matron.

ESPERANCE.—We think that you might consult the rector of the parish or minister of your chapel—or ask your aunt to do so for you—relative to your obtaining a situation in some school as a pupil teacher.

M. G.—We thank you for your grateful letter and the pattern for knitting. It is possible that a piece for the harmonium may be inserted at some future time.

CRIMSON CARMELIA.—Cut a raw potato in two and with the smooth flat inside gently rub the smoke-blackened oil-painting until clean, as gently sponging off the juice and dirt from time to time, to note the progress made in cleansing it; and then give a last sponging. Your writing is unsightly; it looks as if a fly had walked over the paper after a swim in the ink-bottle.

ACROSS THE SEA.—Something must be amiss with the water, or the boiler, we imagine; or else the red tinge in the newly-washed linen must be produced by atmospheric influence. We have seen clothing from the West Indies streaked and otherwise discoloured with a shade of red; but we have no such experience in this country. We thank you very much for your kind letter and shall always be glad to hear from you.

FLORINDA.—The easiest and cheapest way of reaching Malta is to go by sea in one of the "P. and O." steamers, or by the "British India Co.," from London; fares respectively £15 and £12, the passage one of about ten days. The winter months are very pleasant; but both warm and thin clothing are required on account of some cold days, when even a fur jacket might be worn. Trunks for the voyage need not be tin-lined.

CLOVE.—Your question is one which by a reference to any child's grammar you could have found an answer. Use the word "were," of course.

TWO DELIGHTED COUSINS, and QUEEN MAB.—Your very kind letters are acknowledged with our sincere thanks. "Mab" writes well for her age; when older she should reduce the size of her hand.

MONA.—"Articled" means that the pupil is bound to the person who keeps the school—or "apprenticed." You write fairly well.

ARTICHOKE.—The story of "Punch and Judy" is attributed to an Italian comedian, called Silvio Florio, who lived in the 17th century. But many varieties have sprung out of the original drama.

SPRING.—Place the card on which the photograph is secured in a flat dish of water, and leave both immersed until they become detached. As the paper of the photographs is very thin, you will have to be particularly careful how you touch it when soft; and thus your best plan will be to remove the card from under the floating picture, and then pour off the water and leave the latter to dry partially on the flat dish before touching it.

E. MARSHALL is thanked for the key he was so good as to forward, but with which we were already acquainted.

JESSIE C. M.—You should inquire at an artists' colourman's.

ICH DIEN.—Dip the black lace into tea to restore the colour. Why do you turn your "M's" and "N's" upside down.

MORGIANA.—We are all of us, alas! too apt to dwell on second causes, and exclaim in sickness, "If I had done, or not done, this or that!" The only way to consecrate it is, to receive it from God's hands direct, and make it our life's vocation to bear it to His glory. But still, do not neglect the means offered you—the use of proper medical skill, diet, and fresh air; and above all do not be idle, neither with hands nor head, or "Satan will find some mischief" for you to do very quickly.

LENNOX DARE.—Wash well daily with soap and water, and apply something soothing, like camphor cerate, or ice camphor.

F. W. DORNEY.—Can you not rise early enough and get your exercise in the morning?

ENGLISCHES MADCHEN.—"Entbehren" means to be, or do, without—to be in want. The sentence means, "Thou shalt be obliged to do without it," or "to want it."

WINIFRED.—Your happiness at home much depends on your own good temper, thoughtfulness, unselfishness, and tact. Reflect a little, and ascertain whether the blame rest in any degree on your own disposition or conduct. Perhaps you are a dreary companion, or fretful and touchy, ready to see the black side of everything. Nothing could excuse your brother's grossly unbrotherly remark; yet all the same, you may have made yourself a nuisance from exhibitions of jealousy in reference to your mother's preference for him. He is evidently spoilt, but you should not show that you see it. There is too great competition amongst young women—even the certificated—to offer much chance of a situation for you as such; and we should advise you to accept the natural home God has provided for you, and to bear your present cross with patience and wisdom.

CUCKOO.—Any of the large drapery or furniture shops sell the screens ready made. Why not let the carpenter cover your screen also?

GEORGINA R., VIVIENNE DE ROCHEVILLE, and BALANCE WHEEL are thanked for verses enclosed, in none of which, however, do we find more than good prose ideas turned into bad poetry.

"ESTELLE."—1. We advise you to keep the old oak well polished with turpentine and beeswax. 2. The fading of photographs is usually to be attributed to the insufficient bath given them in the first instance. When the fading has begun you cannot arrest it, but you might have a copy taken from it, and so well set that the second copy will, at least, preserve its own condition.

AUNT TOWSER.—When asked how you are by visitors for whom you have answered the door, say, "Thank you, ma'am; I am better than I was" (or otherwise), as the case may be. It is scarcely possible to give a correct idea of how to pronounce a French word by forming English syllables. "Monsieur" is a compound word—"mon," my, and "sieur," master or sir. But the first syllable is somewhat slurred over, and sounded as if written "mus," and the second as the French word for the eyes, preceded by an "s," viz., "syeux." If quite unacquainted with French, to give the sound otherwise on paper would be impossible. If you pronounce it "Monsha" you are quite as much mistaken as your friends with their "Monso."

ELSIE.—Gentle friction night and morning with pumice-stone may be of some service in time. We see no objection to your writing. It is neat and legible. We thank you for your kind letter. Inquire at a music publisher's.

SULLA.—You write a very pretty hand. Remember that you are a minor, and doubly bound to be guided by your parents' wishes. There is an institution called the Women's Emigration Society, which gives both loans and advice to assist the emigration of educated women to the colonies. Address the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Walter Browne, 30, Belgrave-road, S.W. There is also the Female Middle-class Emigration Society. Address the Secretary, Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.

CHARLIE STUART.—1. The tops and tails of your letters are too long. 2. It is of little importance to you to know yourself descended from any race once distinguished in history if your more immediate ancestors did not keep up the prestige of that race, and have left you a legacy of manners and habits contracted, and connections formed, in an obscure position in society, altogether inferior to those of your remote predecessors. We do not infer that this is your case, but this is the correct point of view from which to regard a circumstance of which you profess to feel so "proud." We possess and appreciate many personal friends who are natives of the Channel Islands.

DAMARIS.—Send the gold article injured by quicksilver to a goldsmith.

CIGARETTE.—Concerning the history of "Melchizedek" we can give no further explanation than that which is contained in the verse you quote, Gen. xiv. 18. We are not to be wise above that which is told us in the written Word. It is evident that, before the institution of the Aaronic priesthood, he was "a priest of the Most High God;" and Abraham treated and respected him as such. His priesthood was a type of our Lord's, in being underived and untransferred, and in combining the prerogatives of royalty.

F. W. D. T.—"He either fears his fate too much," is from a poem by the Marquis of Montrose, who died in 1650, called "My dear and only love."

ELLA.—You had better wait for some new biographer; none of the present seem to have done justice to the subject.

LAURA.—Although legal in several of the British Colonies, such a marriage is illegal, and void in Great Britain.

R. N.—We thank you for your kind letter and unquestioning acceptance of our statements. But possibly we did not make one point sufficiently clear. We stated advisedly that etiquette requires a gentleman to take his (fold-up) hat into the drawing-room, at a luncheon, dinner, or evening entertainment, holding it under his arm; and that having taken the lady assigned to him downstairs, he gives it, *en passant*, to one of the footmen, or other attendants. But amongst the aristocracy, as well as the middle classes, strict etiquette is waived on very informal occasions, viz., at a homely gathering of relatives or old friends of a thoroughly unceremonious character. By general consent, all rules of mere politeness may be regulated by circumstances as to persons and places; but waiving such rules is not denying their existence under certain other conditions, and even in those circles where they are best understood, and most strictly enforced, "there is no rule without an exception." One of our writers on etiquette observed that most of the rules of society are founded on some good basis—trifling and arbitrary as they at first sight appear—and in this case it is very obvious. To hang up your hat in another man's hall, to poke his fire, to ring his bell, to give orders to his servants—without first asking express permission—is to make yourself too much "at home," and usurp the privileges of one of the family. And, even to read a letter in the presence of your hostess, without asking to be excused, is equally intrusive, and vulgarly familiar. You should give your umbrella and wraps to the servant who shows you into the reception-room.

NOEL.—All difficulty as regards ivy, or other climbing plant, will be obviated by having some trellis-work set up round the walls of the house, and painted green. We cannot suggest any other ingredient to render water less hard for making tea than carbonate of soda.

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.—If your kitten be really of a long-haired breed, we suppose it is only now casting its coat, and the new hair must be allowed a certain time to attain its full length. Your writing is legible, but not graceful and artistic.

EDETTE.—The German word "Edel" is an adjective, signifying "noble, excellent, precious;" and the word "weiss" means white. The name of the snow-flower of the Alps is a compound of the two, and of a descriptive character; and thus may be understood to signify that it is one of an "excellent whiteness." We regret that our time will not permit of our reading for criticism the vast number of MSS. that are continually sent to us. We thank you for your kind letter, but do not advise you to attempt to "engage in literary pursuits."

E. A. L.—Try holding the velveteen over the steam of boiling water. We are not acquainted with any better method; yet are by no means sure of its success in the case of tea-stains. Your grammar is very bad, and you ought to write copies, and try to improve your hand also. Instead of saying, "Let me no," you should have written, "Let me know."

ONE HOPING FOR AN ANSWER.—The roofed entrance gate of a churchyard is called a "Lich-gate;" because it is a shed, or covered spot, designed to shelter the coffin and its bearers while waiting for the clergyman who is to conduct the procession to the church. The word "Lich" is derived from the Saxon "Lic," a dead body; the German being "Leich." Thus Lichfield, or the field of the dead, was so called after the martyred Christians who perished there. See "How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, 264, vol. i., THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

LOSSHIE.—We gladly accept your apology, and explanation of the name by which you wished to appear in print. It is well to be careful not to touch the borderland of profanity. That you did not do so with any intention of making light of a terrible example held out for our admonition in the Holy Scriptures we are very ready to believe.

"PERPLEXED 22."—You are quite right in being very careful as to trusting your happiness to any man before making yourself well acquainted with his character and habits. What you have been told of your intended husband may, however, be untrue, or possibly he may have been led into this practice by wild companions, whom he would give up when married and in a comfortable home. Tell him candidly what you have heard, and that it has made you very anxious and unhappy; and ask him whether he would be content to give it up, if you made him a happy home, and had pleasant evenings—reading and talking—together. Pray for God's aid, and guidance too.

A PRESBYTERIAN.—The month and year of our Saviour's birth are both uncertain, the present era being certainly four years too late. But as we know the date of Herod's death to be 750 U.C., we may fix the date of the year almost with certainty from the Scriptures and from history. The month was clearly not December, as, from the "shepherds abiding in the field," it could not have been winter, and on the mountains of Judea the shepherds do not camp out until the vernal equinox. The real anniversary is now, we believe, thought to be in March or April. But, from the date of the 4th century, we find either the 6th of January or the 25th of December observed by the various Christian communities, to commemorate the greatest birth of earth, and some of us, too, in these latter days—on whom sin and worldliness, much prevailing unbelief, and evil passions press hard and painfully—must feel the need of casting our weights aside, and on one day more especially to strive after a larger measure of the Spirit of Christ—one day on which we may rejoice, to echo, though faintly, the angels' song of "Peace and goodwill;" and whether we thus observe a day in the winter's cold, or with the springing flowers around us, it will matter little, provided we have on us the "wedding garment" for the festival—the deepest gratitude to our Incarnate God, and the Christmas spirit of peace and love to our fellow men.

A WELL-WISHER.—Has it never occurred to our kind little friend that the style of our answers must be regulated by that of the letters received? Some are very silly; some give us needless trouble, as the writers had only to consult the indexes supplied to find the information required; and others, we regret to say, are of a very impertinent and unseemly character. It is our duty to reply as each case may demand, and we are only happy to say that for one ungrateful and objectionable letter needing rebuke, we receive hundreds full of gracious acknowledgments. The same hand that inscribes many of the severest rebukes inscribes very many more of the tender words of encouragement, sympathy, and praise which you admire. We are sorry that any friend of yours failed in due courtesy, and laid herself open to the strictures received. 2. Keep out of his way altogether. That is what you "can do," and that only, praying for help to banish the subject.

CLOVE-PINK.—Hyperion is the name of a son of Cœlus and Terra, who, according to the Greek Mythology, married Thea, and whose daughter was Aurora. Hyperion signifies "He who moves on high," and the god so named was often taken by the poets to be the sun itself. The term is of precisely the same meaning as *Ikare*, the name employed by the Iroquois Indians to designate the sun. It is a name given to Apollo, and this deity, in common with the latter, was a model of manly beauty. Hence the comparison drawn by Hamlet:—

> "So excellent a king, that was to this
> Hyperion to a Satyr."

Your writing is good.

EOCENE.—The blue-lias cliffs of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, used to prove charming "hunting-grounds" for fossil searchers. The layers of slate-like stone were easily opened by means of a chisel, and some of our finest specimens were discovered there by the famous Miss Anning. Latterly it has become rather more unsafe to walk under the continually falling surface of the cliffs than formerly, and you should be ever on your guard to escape at the first warning given by a few fragments. Climbing rocks in such researches is more dangerous than "unladylike."

WAITING.—Make a practice of looking out every word that you have to write in a dictionary if you feel at all uncertain as to the correct way of spelling them.

HELEN.—"Thaddeus of Warsaw" was the title of a book by Miss Jane Porter. The line you quote is from the "Queen of the May." For hem-stitching see page 155, vol. i.

MIGNON.—1. To wash a Shetland shawl, see page 511, vol. i. Why do you not make use of the Index in each vol. of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER? 2. It is only a fancy amongst girls of a certain class to cut off their hair; not a fashion of the higher ranks of society. You need only to read this paper to know our opinion of writing backwards.

THE Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of New Year's cards from the following girls:—Annie Paulig, A. E. A. M., Portia, Marie, Jennie, J. E. R., M. R., F. M. W. Salmon, Mabel L. O., Lynnette, Luckless One, Netta Rensburg, A Reader of the G.O.P., A Backward One, and many anonymous friends.

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

Allahabad, Nov. 1, 1881.

To the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MY DEAR SIR,—For many months I have longed to send you something interesting for THE GIRL'S OWN, but have been prevented from doing so by the thought that perhaps you would not care to insert in your paper anything written by a girl in India, and then a girl who has never seen England, but has been born and brought up in India, without the advantages that girls in England have as regards education. But though I have these misgivings, I cannot resist the temptation of sending you a description of the Magh Mela, which I would like you to read. Of course, I should not be surprised to hear that it had been thrown into the waste-paper basket, for it is by no means perfect.

I have taken THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the commencement, and have the first vol. neatly and strongly bound upon my shelf, and am getting vol. ii. ready, for it will ere long require binding also.

With numerous good wishes, believe me, dear Sir, yours truly, MARIE DUKOFF-GORDON.

THE MAGH MELA.

IN January there is a grand fair held in Allahabad at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna, called the Magh Mela (January fair). It is attended by thousands of Hindoos from different parts of India, who come to bathe in the holy river, thinking that by so doing they are made holy. Those pilgrims who come from a great distance, and are unable to come and bathe in the river till perhaps the next year at the same season, generally carry on their shoulders a long bamboo, to which is attached two large leather bottles, one at each end, which they fill up with "holy water" to take home, where, should any of them fall ill during the year, a little of this water is poured into his mouth, with the belief that it will cure him. Others, again, carry the water home to sell it at a very high price to those of the villagers who, for various reasons, had to stay back. This fair is attended by both rich and poor. On one side there is a stately rajah, who, seated on a grand old elephant, is throwing to the Brahmins from his elaborate purse rupees, while close to him is another who is doing likewise, each trying to outdo the other by throwing more, and so being considered the richer and holier man. Further is a poorer rajah, who contents himself by throwing pice to poorer Brahmins. Then there are the "fakirs" (beggars), who often wear orange scarves, and besmear their bodies with ashes, and never think of combing their hair, but let it hang down matted, or else they roll it up and tie it up on the top of their heads. Some of these men dig large holes, into which they get, after which, in a most wonderful way, they cover themselves up with the earth again, leaving only a hand out, which keeps moving about to draw people's attention to it, and whoever see it goes and places around it rupees, bits, pice, shells, grain, rice, dhall, &c., just whatever he may have and can spare. Others, instead of the hand, leave a leg or a foot, and a few their heads out. Some have closed their fists, and keep them so till the nails grow through their hands; while now and then you meet some who have kept their hands or legs in one position for many years, till now they have withered and can be held in no other position. There are others who are lepers, without either fingers or toes, the sight of whom makes you feel quite ill. All these "fakirs" go to the "Mela" more for the rupees, annas, and pice than to become better, for not a man returns without giving something to the beggars, for they are made to believe that if they give them grain then they will never die of famine; if an umbrella is given, the giver will never more be scorched by the sun; and should any one have money enough to buy a cow and give it to one of these beggars, why, when he dies he will go right up to heaven, instead of first being born into the world again.

Then there are tents made by planting bamboos in the ground and covering them by cloth. In these the sacred priests sit, surrounded by their idols—some a bright red, others jet black, while many of a horrid colour which is too dirty to be called white, and too light for black; of these idols there are such a variety that one cannot remember the names of half of them by the time you return home. The name of one is Tralee; she is a very black woman with a very red long tongue hanging out of her mouth, standing on the back of a man lying down. This man is said to be her husband, whom she killed. They say that she is very fond of blood, and so they offer the blood of beasts, and before they used to offer their own; but now the English don't allow them to do that. Her husband, Sheeva, whom she killed, is generally represented as sitting on a bull, dressed in a tiger-skin, with a necklace of skulls and snakes. There was Ganashe also, whose father, when he was born, cut his head off; but his (Ganashe's) mother took it to heart so much, that his father commanded one of the servants to go and cut off the first head he saw and bring it to him, and most unfortunately the first head happened to be that of an elephant, which, when it was brought to the father, he took and joined on to the headless body of his child, so that now he is always represented as a human being with an elephant's head. Besides these there are many more, to describe whom is beyond my knowledge. At some distance there is a square portion of ground railed off, where all the pilgrims (both men and women) go and have their heads and faces shaved, and it is a queer sight to see them returning from the haircutters "all shaven and shorn." Then right along the banks of the rivers, on the sands, there are shops set up, where cloths, books, idols, toys, sweets, &c., are sold; while in the rivers are hundreds of men, women, and children all bathing, while on it are boats loaded with people all going to be rowed up the junction, where the greenish waters of the Ganges meet the clear blue Jumna.

Then last, though not least, there are tents, in which both European and native Christian missionaries proclaim the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. As soon as they see a crowd passing by they commence singing, and the pilgrims, many of whom have never seen Europeans before, much less heard them sing, crowd into the tents, where, after singing, the missionaries commence telling them about the other pilgrimage, and about the only true God. Outside of these tents Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and hymn-books are sold, which these pilgrims buy and take home with them to their villages, where no missionary has ever yet been, and where no one has ever told the people about the love of God to poor sinful man.

MARIE DUKOFF-GORDON
(Aged 17 years 4 months).

A LESSON FROM A STORM.

THE birds had hushed their merry lays,
And Nature awed and trembling stood;
While the dread thunder's peals broke forth,
And echoed through the leafy wood.

Dark clouds grew thick around the heavens,
The lightning's fitful lurid glare
Seemed to convey the solemn thought,
The eternal God is everywhere.

But soon the tempest passed away,
And earth, refreshed and gay once more,
Rendered her grateful thanks to Him
Whom heaven's angelic hosts adore.

So man, in trouble's darkest hour,
Must bow beneath His chastening rod;
Leave all things in his Maker's hand,
And trembling own that He is God.

Then shall he from affliction's fire
Come forth all purified and blest;
Acknowledging the Hand unseen,
Ready to say, "He knoweth best."

EMMA BASSIL (aged 22).

A CRADLE SONG.

(SUGGESTED BY AN AIR OF CHOPIN'S.)

INTO slumber will I sing thee,
Close these weary eyes of thine,
And thy mother's songs shall wing thee
Into dreamland, baby mine.
Near thou creep'st now winds are wailing
O'er the moorland bleak and bare,
Soon thy spirit will be sailing
On through dreamland's fairy air.

From thy sleeping to thy waking
Will I watch beside thee, dear;
Watch for smiles unconscious breaking
O'er thy face while I am near.
So, although my songs must wing thee
Far from me, oh! baby mine,
Into slumber will I sing thee,
Close these weary eyes of thine.

MAGGIE MACDONALD.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

PART III.

AFTER the arrival of that most welcome but half-mysterious "ship's letter," the Aubreys had to wait a long while before one came with the pretty Queensland postage stamp and the Brisbane postmark upon it; but it came at last, and was opened and read with eager, trembling interest.

"All my darlings at home," Bell began. "We are here, safe and well, at last, and as there is scarcely anything to add to our budget about the voyage—for one day is very like another at sea—I will tell you about that

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"THE LETTER FELL INTO THE WATER."

budget, which I do hope reached you in safety. I suppose you guess we sent you that letter by a passing ship. We got only three minutes' notice that there would be a chance of sending home letters. None of the other passengers had time to prepare anything, only, you see, we had obeyed your wishes, and written ours by degrees. We had not even time to sign it, only to find an envelope and direct it; there was not even time to seal it, and the captain kindly threw it to the little boat as they pushed off to the other ship. The letter fell into the water, but they fished it out again, and the captain shouted to them to seal it up for us, and further than that I cannot tell its fate, but we hope it reached you.

"And now I will go on to our landing. As we sailed up Moreton Bay towards Brisbane, we found nothing very striking in the scenery, only it was a treat to our sea-eyes to see any scenery at all! It was quite plain we were going to no out-of-the-world corner, but to a very busy place. Steamers and craft of every kind were passing in and out, and when we got into the Brisbane river the shores were covered with wharves and warehouses and works of every kind, while on the wooded heights behind we caught glimpses of stately villas and pretty cottages. A steamer came down the river to take us off the ship, and on that steamer was the lady (Mrs. F——) who had undertaken to meet 'our party' on behalf of the Women's Emigration Society. We were all allowed to stand with her on the bridge of the boat. When we reached the pier, we watched for our boxes to be passed out, and then drove straight away from the depôt. Of course, had there been any mistake about the time of our arrival, or any other misadventure which had prevented our being met, the depôt would have been a safe though perhaps not a very pleasant refuge. Mrs. F——, in her kindnsss, would fain have acted hostess to us all, but as in her own house she could only comfortably accommodate one, we decided that that one should be the submatron from our party; for, of course, she had had a great deal of responsibility during the voyage, and deserved the most consideration. Mrs. F—— knew of respectable temporary lodgings for all of us. Annie and I and Miss Gunn went to a nice little house belonging to a person whose daughters keep a school."

Then came a parenthetic paragraph.

"After writing thus far, it occurs to me that I will keep back my letter for a few days, in hopes that I may have some definite news to give you."

Then followed a later date, and the narrative went on.

"Hurrah! Annie Steele has got a situation as daily governess. She did not get it through the society, but by answering an advertisement. We have left our temporary lodgings and gone to board with some friends of Miss Wylde's. Annie and I share one room; she will have to pay £40 a year, but I am to get my board free, in return for my household help while I am waiting to hear of something better. The teaching Annie has got already will exactly pay for her board, and no more, but then she only goes to it three days out of the six, and the family are very kind to her, and she hopes to fill up the other three days soon, and so earn twice as much. I think this bright climate is doing Annie good. She seems always bright and happy and in high spirits, and you may guess her energy when I tell you that she has already sent a pretty painted panel to the Brisbane Art Exhibition! I don't think Annie feels half so lonely here as she did in England. There are so many people in this place who are lonely too, and I fancy a number of lonely people make up something like a large family.

"And now that I have told you where we are and what we are doing, I suppose you will like to hear something of the place, and of our impressions of things in general. Everybody here seems comfortably off; nobody is very rich, and there are no destitute classes. Brisbane itself looks like an incomplete place. Splendid buildings stand side by side with rickety sheds. I have heard it said that 'Queensland is a fine poor man's country,' and I think it is true: the necessaries of life are cheap, but anything in the way of luxury is dear, and so is much that we call 'comfort,' and the people seem very careful of their money. In the house where Annie and I are staying there is no servant kept; nobody keeps a servant here who can possibly do without one. Many of the ladies who receive you in pretty caps and laces in the afternoon, in their own drawing-rooms, have spent their mornings in the kitchen and done all their own work. This is a most hard-working country. All the houses have verandahs: in many the rooms are all on one floor. The houses themselves are mostly of wood, the boards of which are beaded and fit into one another, so that there can be no cracks. The rooms generally are very small. Annie and I share one; we have hung up all the crewel work we brought out with us, and what with our little ornaments and photographs, and some home-made brackets, Annie says that, despite its rough boards and rafters, it is the most unphilistine-like apartment she has seen here as yet.

"The climate is simply delicious; but it is winter here now, and everyone talks of being roasted in summer. The flowers and fruit remind me of what our friends from Ceylon used to tell us, and Chinamen come round with fruits and vegetables in baskets as they said the Singhalese people did. The children here are fearfully bold and 'terrible.' The street boys are a terror to wayfarers at night. These boys are called 'Larrikins.' We hear sad stories of the state of morality in the town. Wines and spirits are mixed with sleeping draughts, when made to be drunk on the premises of licensed houses, and the consumer is robbed, and when he comes to his senses is told that he has drunk the value of his money. It is on sheep-shearers coming into town from the country that this trick is most frequently practised. It is awful to know that some of the girls who came out with us went straight to ruin the second day after the arrival, in much the same way as the shearers, only, of course, more to their utter ruin, and some of them were those who had seemed nice steady girls on board.

"I cannot advise a flood of female emigration to this place under *present* circumstances. It may certainly be a good opening for sensible young women fit for hard work and willing to do it, or for women who have friends or connections here, or a little capital. Annie and I have been exceptionally fortunate, yet, you see, we are only just paying our way, with not a penny over towards those extra expenses which *must* come, even to the most economical. Others of our party have got nothing whatever to do yet! Miss Wylde came out believing herself to be engaged as governess in some state official's family, but when she arrived she found they had secured somebody else: though they would have got her a situation of some sort. Fortunately, she had friends here to go to—the Roys, the family with whom we board and with whom she also is living. I do not think governesses are much wanted here. The grammar school in the town ruins them and the private schools, and chances of teaching up-country are few and far between. A man calling himself a 'reverend' wrote up for half-a-dozen governesses, but Mrs. F—— says he is a scamp, and would not let any of us communicate with him. The people most in demand are lady-helps, but the work required is rough and the pay small—I have not yet heard more than £20 offered. Under all these circumstances, could one recommend girls to come out here on a loan, either from friends or from the Society, for how could they ever pay it off? Mrs. F—— says that the first batch of lady-emigrants whom the Society sent out all got comfortable homes, free of expense, till they got good situations. But they tired their entertainers and went off to their work so reluctantly, that the colonists have left the late-comers to pay their own expenses and shift for themselves. Even in my short experience of life I have been often struck by the reckless way in which people spoil blessings; they don't take them as 'talents,' to be increased in value as they pass them on, but they wear them out, and make them 'second-hand articles.'"

In due course, other letters followed. Annie Steele presently got a double set of pupils, so that she was comfortably provided for, with a modest margin for saving. And when Bell Aubrey had an offer of a lady-help's situation in a farmhouse, the Roys found they could not bear to part from her, and entreated her to stay on with them, at the same salary which the farmer was willing to give, namely £25—and Bell, delighted at remaining with Annie, and among faces already grown familiar, gladly accepted the offer.

She wrote, by-and-by—

"Through Mrs. F——'s goodness, and the kindness of Annie's employers and the cordiality of the Roys, we have got into quite a pleasant society. When there is a good public entertainment in the town, Annie generally goes with her pupils and their parents, and we are constantly asked out to homely little evening parties in South Brisbane, and even to the 'musical evenings,' charades, &c., of the more fashionable quarter. Annie actually went with her pupils to the entertainment given by the Mayor to the two young Princes when they were here! We are certainly very happy—only the length of time it takes to receive an answer to a letter makes us realise the immense distance which stretches between us and all whom we love. But though I can say this, and say it truly, yet I could not advise any girls to come out here to fight their own battle, except those who know the world thoroughly and are able and willing to turn their hands to almost anything. It is not *fancy-work* lady-helps who are wanted, but women who can really take a servant's place, scrub, wash, and cook. Women like these could easily get a living in the old country without exile, with gentler surroundings, and with, I think, much better pay, especially considering the relative prices of clothing, &c. Of course, you can see from what I have told you that social conditions are somewhat different here, but I feel sure, even among the prejudices of English life, that whatever work ladies did would soon become lady-like! And many women who might not have the physical strength to bear the hardships of the voyage and the hard life out here, might have the moral courage to contend with the remnants of caste at home—especially as those remnants are already getting out of fashion and descending to the vulgar and pretentious classes.

"If English girls of a better class are to be found willing to leave home and friends, and to face all sorts of hardships, and to encounter great risks and difficulties to earn £20 per annum by doing *real servants'* work, simply because the public opinion of the strange country does not ostracise them for so doing, then I cannot help saying that English men and women, heads of households at home, and English girls of the better class seeking employment, have in their own hands the solution of the great 'domestic servant

difficulty,' which, as mamma used to say, makes so much English female life one perpetual struggle and defeat.

"But because I think that many women—and men too, for that matter—might do as well at home as in the colonies if they were prepared to encounter the same hardships and labours, do not imagine that therefore I think women ought not to emigrate. Where the men of a nation go the women should go also. When I see some of the evils and miseries of society out here, and remember the evils and miseries of society in England, I feel that the one-sided way in which emigration has been too often carried on has much to answer for. Society in the colonies is apt to be bare and coarse for lack of the gentler elements of life, and the society at home to grow vapid and indolent through the elimination of its stronger ones. When sons and brothers and friends and neighbours go abroad, I think it would be well if their womenkind and their dependents went with them, instead of getting assistance or support sent to them from abroad. I know that this would involve a great deal of self-sacrifice and courage on the part of such womenkind and dependents, but, then, everything that is worth doing involves self-sacrifice and courage. The Bible says that woman was made to be the help-meet for man, which means, I should think, that she shares and dares with him while he wants help, not that she comes in like a base camp-follower after the victory to divide the spoil! I am glad I came out here. It is the right thing for some women to do, only they should do it knowing exactly what will be expected from them and what they must expect."

Mrs. Aubrey sat thoughtful with a half smile on her face after she read that letter. At last she said:

"I expect Bell will have some important news for us soon."

Her motherly instinct was right. The name of a Mr. Edward Wylde, a brother of Miss Wylde's, had appeared more than once in the girl's home letters. And at last there came one about nothing else but him, because Bell had promised to marry him as soon as he could build a little cottage on the pretty "lot" he had bought by the river.

Annie Steele wrote about him too, "Because," she said, "I know you will like an impartial judgment concerning him, which dear Bell's cannot be. Through our association with his sister and the Roys, we have seen him almost daily since we first arrived. I feel it like an insult to him to say how steady and good he is. I have scarcely ever seen him without a smile on his face and a pleasant word on his lips. He is one of those people who are always ready to help everybody and who hinders nobody. Yet he has a firm will of his own, and a strong sense of right and wrong, and recognises no in-betweens. He has been taking such pride and pleasure in getting ready his married home. It is the sweetest little house, with one pleasant living room, a tiny kitchen, one large bedroom and two small verandah bedrooms, and a lovely garden stretching down to the river's edge. They have planted two young palms beside the door; and they are to be called 'the Doctor' and 'Mamma.' All the domestic plans are settling down most happily. Miss Wylde, his sister, who has had two or three uncomfortable situations, is to take Bell's place at the Roys. Bell will do all her own domestic work, at least at present, and as Edward Wylde often has to be away from home for a day or two on business, I am to take up my abode with the young couple, continuing my daily teaching and paying for my board as I have done at the Roys, but giving Bell the inestimable boon of my cheerful society, during the early mornings and the evenings of her husband's enforced absences. We mean the wedding to be very quiet and pretty. Heigho! I always told Bell that people would say we came out here to get husbands. And she said we had to do right and not care what people said! And if any girl says that she shrinks from starting for the colonies for fear she would not be able to contrive to keep single, tell her I have been here two years already and have not had a solitary offer!

"Bell says it is so nice to reflect that if, as years pass on, you think some of her younger brothers should try colonial life, there will be a home for them to come to, and experienced friends to meet and advise them. Whether Bell has children of her own or not, I think she will be one of those whom the Hebrew historians called 'a mother in Israel.' And these are the sort of women who are wanted in new countries."

[THE END.]

VALENTINES.

By ARDERN HOLT.

THERE are more ways of making valentines than by a happy combination of hearts and darts, embossed paper, pretty lines, and pretty pictures; the term applies alike to people. Lydgate, the poet of Bury, has bequeathed to us a memorable valentine in verse, written in 1440, to Katherine, wife of Henry V., wherein he points to a prevalent mode in early days of making valentines—viz., by casting lots:—

"Saint Valentine, of custom year by year
Men have an usance, in this region,
To look and search Cupid's calandere,
And choose their choice by great affection;
Such as be prick'd with Cupid's motion
Taking their choice as their lot doth fall,
But I love one which excelleth all."

It is said to have originated in the ceremonials attached to the celebration of the Roman Lupercalia, when the names of young women were put into a box, whence they were drawn by men, as chance directed.

The pastors of the early English Church, opposed to Pagan superstition, substituted the names of saints for those of women, and chose St. Valentine's Day for the feast, as it occurred about the same time. At all events, this is one of *many* ways in which it is attempted to explain how a martyred bishop, who suffered at Rome about 362, came to be the special patron of lovers and love missives. But, two saints named Valentine are on record, the other a Christian priest, martyred in the reign of Claudius Gothicus, A.D. 270.

As time went on, ladies also chose their knights for the year, during the carnival, by lot, and though a valentine was not necessarily an affianced lover, that any individual was so chosen was considered a good omen of a future marriage.

Pepys, in his quaint, selfish diary, shows how the plan of drawing for valentines held good in his day. On February 14, 1667, he writes:—"I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my valentine, she having drawn me, which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I forget, but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair.'"

Like John Gilpin, you see, the diarist, when on pleasure bent had still a frugal mind, as is further proved by another entry of the same date. "This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines."

In Scotland the young men still write the names of their sweethearts and throw them in a bag, the one drawn by each being considered their special valentine for a year. The fair sex beyond the Tweed decide the question of valentines in other fashions. With a bay leaf at each corner of the bed, and another on their breast, they hope he will appear in their dreams, and to make the test more sure they boil an egg hard, fill it with salt, and eat it, shell and all, as they go to bed, without speaking or drinking afterwards before they fall asleep. Scott, in the "Fair Maid of Perth," dwells with some length on the making of valentines, when the valentines of the year were not only permitted but enjoined to begin their connection with a kiss of affection—a permission of which his heroine, Catherine Glover, is seen to take advantage.

The first recorded maker of poetical valentines was the ill-fated troubadour, Prince Charles of Orleans, grandson of Charles V., father of Louis XII., who was a prisoner in the Tower of London for twenty-five years. These are preserved in the Royal Book of Verse in the British Museum; gracious and graceful lines worthy of this most romantic of historic personages.

An Elizabethan valentine, date 1583, breathes much delicate tenderness. It begins by showing how waking, slumbering, praying, singing, and throughout the duties of life, one idea pervades the writer's mind—

"In short, one only wish I have,
To live for thee!
Or gladly if one pang 't 'would save,
I'd die for thee!"

Modern poetry has not improved greatly on this, even in the now famous valentine which Macaulay addressed to the late Countess of Beauchamp when only seven years old. It has been recently republished in the memoirs of the poet and historian, but is too lengthy to give here.

In course of time the term "valentine" came to be more generally applied to the missive sent than to the sender or recipient. The poetical legends were returned and were accompanied often by gifts. In Norfolk now, as for generations past, valentines are presents and presents solely. The plan held good elsewhere in the seventeenth century. For we read, "The Duke of York being once Mrs. Stuart's valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800, and my Lord Mandeville, her valentine this year, a ring of about £300." Pepys gossips on, "This evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made

lately as my valentine gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds. With this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels, of one kind or other, and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

In Norwich the gifts are presented on the eve of the saint's day, when they are placed on the doorstep, the giver running off as soon as he has rung. The children of that fine old cathedral city have as great a belief in the bishop and his sack of toys as in St. Nicholas, Santa Claus, and any other beneficent personage of that ilk. Weeks before the 14th February the local papers team with advertisements of valentines for the young and old, rich and poor, from £100 to a halfpenny. But the real worshippers at the saint's shrine are the toy shops. What rocking-horses, bows, fishing-rods are prepared for leaving mysteriously on the eve of St. Valentine, when the little ones believe the bishop makes his rounds, his lawn sleeves stuffed with sweets. It is absolutely forbidden that the sender should put his name on the gift or in any way discover himself.

For the last six months in England nimble fingers have been busy preparing valentines. As long ago as the early autumn, artists were reproducing æsthetic maidens and other glimpses of feminine loveliness borrowed from classic sources or from our progenitors, and a wealth of flowers in harmony with the first glimpse of spring. They please the eye and the educated taste, but few realise the time, thought, and trouble expended on them. Not only each colour, but each shade of colour, requires separate printing. When this is completed the pictures are rolled, pressed, and cut with one chop of the huge knife to the size required. Machinery, of course, plays an important part in the manufacture; much manual labour is also needed, and this mostly falls to women. Men carry out the steel-die embossing; each flower so embossed requiring a distinct die, which placed in the press, with the flowers beneath it, gives buds and petals in relief, like paper stamping. The fine paper lace-work that surrounds so many valentines is produced by means of steel dies of the most elaborate description.

A room full of girls, with a good supply of these figures, flowers, hearts, darts, lace paper, crape tubing, wadding, scent, powder, and small gifts, will make up in a few hours a large selection of sachets and valentines, their deftness and delicacy of touch being of much value in the work. A bottle of gum arabic and a brush appear to be all the tools required. The worker sits with the several boxes before her, and, with a mere touch of the gum brush and the firm nervous fingers, produces the desired combinations. Brazilian feather flowers, hand-painted silk, cashmere, and other woollen materials interwoven with gold thread, are all employed for sachets, and the Cape silver leaves, placed so as to form a lozenge-shaped frame to a bunch of hand-painted flowers, enclose "constancy," "affection," "sincerity," and words of similar import. Personal ornaments in spa wood, gold, and silver; fans, lace ties, artificial bouquets, bows, and other gifts repose in the centre of the satin cushions. The foundation is a sheet of lace-edged paper, a circle of white wadding in the centre, with a spoonful of scented powder; over this again a piece of satin just gummed at the edge, then another lace-edged frame. Occasionally paper springs, folded at each corner, enable the upper framework to be raised as desired.

I will not attempt to give any of the many lines with which Cupid declares himself; possibly on Valentine's Day you will be able to supply them for yourselves, when the postman comes.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

THROWN OUT.

"O HARRY, how you startled me!" exclaimed Emmeline.

"Such was not my intention. What are you both discussing so earnestly? Ancient history and Homer, to wit?"

"Bertie has told you that story, I suppose," said Dessie, laughing, and hoping to escape an explanation; but Emmie was too full of the subject to be lightly turned aside.

"We were talking about keeping promises," she said, "and we are rather puzzled. I wish you could help us."

"Promises!" Harry repeated. "What kind of promises?"

"Any kind. At least, it was any kind at first, and then some particular kinds."

"Put your case before me, and I will do my best to give an opinion."

"It was Dessie's case, not mine," said Emmeline.

"My case!" repeated Dessie, with an odd start, and shrinking. Then she recollected herself, and added, with a forced laugh, "O well—yes—of course—I suppose I did suggest it."

"Yes, dear, it was you, not I. But I think I want to know about it as much as you do. We were talking about promises in general, Harry, and whether a bad promise ought to be kept or broken. What do you think?"

"I am afraid I must ask you to define what you mean by a 'bad promise.'"

"A promise which never ought to have been made," said Emmie. "When once it is made, ought one to be bound by it? That is the question. Can it ever be right to break one's word deliberately?"

"It can never be right to break one's word *unless* deliberately," said Harry. "Never do it hastily, at all events. If you do it at all, do it deliberately. Looking at the matter broadly, we may say, and say with truth, that it is *never* right to break one's word. But circumstances may occur in which, though to break one's word would be wrong, to keep it would be still more wrong. Such a promise never ought to have been given. Once given, however, we are driven to the query—Where lies the shortest path out of the difficulty? If I have promised to commit an act which is distinctly a sin, I have already sinned in giving the promise; but to keep it would be to add sin to sin."

"Yes, if one had promised to rob or murder," said Emmie. "But it wasn't exactly that sort of thing that Dessie meant. She was fancying a case when one has made a promise thoughtlessly to another to hide something, and afterwards one finds out that the promise was wrong, and that the keeping of the secret must do harm to somebody. Wasn't that what you meant, dear?"

"Something like it," said Dessie, carelessly.

"It is not easy to give a definite answer to so very vague a proposition," said Harry. "There are usually certain minor circumstances involved which help to alter the complexion of each particular case. As a general rule, I am inclined to doubt whether a promise of that description, hastily given and afterwards found to be wrong, ought to be strictly kept. Every effort should be made to be released from it by the person to whom it was made. If leave were, however, refused, and if there were no other means of preventing evil consequences except by breaking it, I think that one's duty might be to break it, though care should be taken not to involve, further than is absolutely necessary, the name of the person whose share in the matter was to have been concealed."

"And I suppose," said Dessie—"I suppose that if the promise had been already kept so long that the harm was done and couldn't be undone—I suppose you would not think *then* that it ought to be broken without leave, even though it was a promise which ought not to have been made?"

"I really hardly know how to answer you, Dessie," said Harry, surprised at her earnestness. "It should never be forgotten that a promise is a very sacred thing, never to be lightly put aside. I do not think that the solemn nature of one's given word is at all fully realised by many people. I am not quite sure that I fully understand the exact nature of the promise in the case you are supposing."

"I mean, if there was a wrong done which ought to be known, and if one had promised to hide it——"

"And the one who promises has no share in doing the wrong!"

"O well, that could be either way," said Dessie, with an attempt at lightness. "But, say that he or she *has* a little share, and, of course, making the promise gives a larger share to him."

"Then, in any such case, remember that the wrong has to be confessed. Wrong to God, confessed to God; wrong to man, confessed to man. *That* is needful. To reconcile the necessity for keeping one's word with this necessity for confession would be, of course, the

"DESSIE PLUNGED AWAY AMONG THE TREES."

difficulty." But if one's heart is fully in the matter, if one's will is fully set upon doing God's will, there is always a way out of the tangle, though not always the way that we would ourselves choose."

"Which way?" Dessie asked.

"I can't give it you in terms; it differs in each instance. It is more commonly a way of pain and humiliation. Ask, and you will be shown, only take care that you are willing to do what is right. Have you any particular reason for putting these questions, Dessie?"

"The subject came up," said Dessie, colouring somewhat, to her own annoyance. "I like looking into things, and something suggested the idea to me. I am tired of it now."

"After all," Harry remarked, disregarding her last utterance, "the real gist of the matter is that promises ought never to be lightly made. The habit of doing so is one of the evils of the present age, and perhaps of all ages. I have often heard people—not children only, but grown-up people—carelessly promise something, giving their word without hesitation; and then, finding the thing not quite easy or convenient, they have quietly excused themselves, or even left it unfulfilled without a word said."

"I have noticed that, too, sometimes," said Emmie, "with some people."

"I don't think I am one of those people," said Dessie, standing up. "I have plenty of faults, of course, but I don't think untruthfulness is one of them. I'm going off now to find Bertie. It is quite exhausting to keep a solemn face for so long, and really Harry's ideas are so extensive, that I find them quite beyond my grasp. Good-bye, both of you."

And Dessie plunged away among the trees.

"Giddy girl; I wish she would sober down," Harry said.

But Emmie answered somewhat as her mother had done—

"Dessie isn't really happy just now."

Late in the afternoon they found their way back to the village inn, and made something of a meal upon coffee and rolls.

Then the two carriages came to the door, and by the time the party was seated, in the same order of division as before, it was discovered that the two German drivers were in a state which plainly showed them to have been spending the interval in the public-house.

The driver of the second carriage was the worst, and Mr. Fitzroy took the seat upon the coach-box beside him, while the frightened Allie was allowed to go to her father's vacated place in the front carriage. No other changes were made. Somebody had to be in the second carriage, and though Emmie earnestly begged to be allowed to exchange with her cousin, Dessie would not listen to the proposal for a moment. Harry's presence was considered advisable in the first carriage, since the driver, though in a better condition than his companion, was sufficiently excited to inspire those in his rear with uneasiness. He insisted on performing the greater part of the distance at a reckless pace, but he drove with tolerable steadiness.

Miss Bruce was in a tremor of terror, while Decima's spirits seemed suddenly to have risen to a high pitch under the pressure of possible danger.

"Jolly, isn't it?" Hubert said, emulating his cousin's apparent fearlessness, as they started off at a furious gallop, swaying from side to side, and keeping by no means a straight line in the road.

"We shall not be so long going back as we were coming," observed Dessie. "Don't be afraid, Miss Bruce, we're all right, especially with Uncle Sidney on the box to control eccentricities. Good thing it isn't dark yet."

"It will be dark before we get home,"

said Bertie. "O we shall get along all right, never fear."

But this confidence proved to be premature, for they did not get along all right. The man began whipping the horses violently, urging them to their utmost speed. At a sudden bend in the road they came upon a man and a child quietly walking together, and in an instant more the terrified pair would have been run down. Mr. Fitzroy saw the danger, wrested the reins from the man, and guided the horses to one side in safety. He was barely in time, and in the sharp momentary struggle the driver lost his uncertain equilibrium, and found himself on the ground. Happily he was unhurt. Miss Bruce shrieked, and Dessie clapped her hands derisively. Mr. Fitzroy drove on for a short distance, and gave the man a run before permitting him to mount and resume the reins.

The driver seemed little sobered by his uncomfortable experience. The horses were again urged frantically onwards, the lash being freely used, and not all Mr. Fitzroy's efforts could control the man. He would not submit to dictation, or yield the reins a second time. Their road lay close beside the Neckar, with not even a protecting fence between, and they swerved often perilously close to the edge in their rapid and unsteady advance. Dessie began to realise the gravity of the situation, and sank into silence.

To their right hand lay a steep, grassy bank. All at once, through either wantonness or incapacity, the man guided the horses up this bank.

Had the reckless turn been to the left instead of to the right, a moment more would have seen them struggling in deep water. The danger was sufficient either way. Mr. Fitzroy's prompt hands seized the reins, but already the carriage was tilted up, and all but turning over behind the plunging horses.

Miss Bruce showed unexpected presence of mind, both in keeping her own seat, and in begging her companions to do the same. Hubert obeyed the injunction, but Decima, always accustomed to act upon impulse, and perhaps hardly hearing Miss Bruce's shaking tones, sprang to her feet, with the wild intention of making a leap.

"Dessie, sit down!" exclaimed Miss Bruce, holding tightly to the side, and Bertie echoed her words. But at that instant the carriage was dragged back to the level road with a heavy jerk, and Dessie was flung out.

(*To be continued.*)

BREAKFAST DISHES.

I NEVER feel uneasy about the health of a friend who can eat a thoroughly good breakfast. Unfortunately, however, there are comparatively few people nowadays who are able to do this. The majority of folks nibble a little bread-and-butter or toast, get through a small rasher of bacon, or break an egg, and discover that it is either stale, too hard, or too soft; swallow a cup of coffee, and then declare they have breakfasted. Indeed, I have known gentlemen who made their breakfasts chiefly off their newspapers.

We know that habits of this kind are exceedingly injurious, but I am very much inclined to think that the housekeepers are the persons who are to blame in the matter. People do not have good breakfasts, because for a long time they have not had good breakfasts set before them, and have therefore got into the way of doing without them.

If we could transport one or two of these gentlemen, who break their morning fast on political speeches, into a bright-looking room, where the breakfast-table was liberally provided, and a variety of dishes were temptingly spread before them, they would eat breakfast and enjoy it as much as any one, and would feel stronger and better-tempered all day long in consequence thereof.

Everyone who has had anything to do with preparing breakfast for a family knows quite well the difficulty to be contended with. If people, maids and mistresses both, enjoyed getting up early on dark, cold mornings, and going down into fireless kitchens or rooms, the thing could be easily managed. Unfortunately, however, there is not a universal passion for early rising. People lie in bed later than they should do, and, consequently, breakfast is too often got ready in a scramble, and sometimes it is eaten in a scramble also, and we cannot wonder if, under these circumstances, it is not always cooked appetisingly and is not enjoyed.

It may perhaps be taken for granted that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER need only to have the evil of a certain course of conduct pointed out to them, in order to induce them to avoid it. We will therefore let it go without saying that the girls of our cookery class will from this time forward always rise in good time. If there is any cooking to be done, they will get well forward with it; their papas and brothers will come down and find the breakfast-table tastefully laid and amply provided, and everybody will be comfortable and satisfied all round. All I can say, under these circumstances, is, that the papas and brothers in question are very fortunate individuals. I should not object to change places with them now and then at breakfast time. I believe I could appreciate the position as much as any one, especially in winter time.

Meanwhile, we have to make up our minds to the fact that virtue of this kind is exceptional, and that breakfast remains to be got ready in households where the "getting up" difficulty, and consequently the breakfast difficulty, has not as yet been satisfactorily mastered. I will therefore try to call to mind a few dishes suitable for breakfast which can either be prepared beforehand or which can be cooked in a short time and without very much elaboration of detail. In doing this, however, I by no means wish to condone the habit of lying late in the morning. I think it is very lazy and foolish, and it would be much better for people to go to bed and get up early. If they would do so they would find the advantage in other directions besides that of breakfasts.

One conclusion which I have arrived at with regard to breakfasts is, that it is not safe, during one half of the year, at any rate, to arrange for dishes which have to be cooked in the oven. I am speaking now of households where the family breakfast early, in order that the master may go to business in good time, or the children may leave early for school. With ordinary ranges, and even with kitcheners, it is not easy to get the oven in good working order until the fire has burnt brightly for some time. The oven may be used occasionally when circumstances are favourable, but we shall be less likely to suffer disappointment if we leave it out of our calculations altogether. A Dutch oven we may use, certainly, and many tasty little preparations can be cooked with it. The gridiron, too, and the frying-pan, we may employ, but the ordinary oven we will leave for the morning when we have risen in excellent time, and have got well beforehand with our work.

We may rail as we like against English people for sticking to the same dishes year after year and never providing any variety, but I do not think our countrymen and countrywomen will ever lose their liking for ham or bacon at breakfast-time. Nor is it desirable that they should lose it. Well-cooked bacon or ham, either with eggs or without, is a very appetising and, on the whole, an economical dish. It would be difficult to find one that is more profitable or that is more generally liked than is this. It is inexpensive, because the rind may be scalded and scraped and used for flavouring, and the fat can be used for a variety of purposes, amongst which may be named basting poultry, veal, or game, or even for making pastry for meat pies which are to be eaten hot. Bacon dripping is a very valuable article. Many people like to eat it with bread, or fry crumb of bread in it, and those who are partial to delicacies of this kind will be glad to know that bacon-fat is as nourishing as cod-liver oil, while no one will deny that it is much the more agreeable of the two.

Yet even bacon may be spoiled in the cooking. Everyone knows that bacon should be toasted, not fried; yet the getting-up difficulty frequently leads to the frying-pan being laid hold of in desperation, in order that the bacon may be ready quickly. Under these circumstances the bacon is almost certain to be spoiled. Toast the bacon, do not fry it. Cut it into very thin rashers, divide these into pieces convenient for serving, trim away the rind to prevent the bacon curling up, then put it either on a fork or on the pins of a toaster, or in a Dutch oven, and toast it—not overmuch. Turn it as required. If the frying-pan must be used, employ it to fry (in bacon-fat) the cold boiled potatoes which were left at dinner yesterday. The potatoes should be cut into dice and fried till they are hot through and quite brown. They will be an excellent accompaniment to the toasted bacon. If, when all is said and done, you cannot get the fire clear for toasting, fry the bacon *slowly*, so you will make the best of a bad job. We may fry sliced ham with a better conscience than bacon. If it is to be a success, however, it must not be dry, it must be cut about the third of an inch thick, it must be fried gently and turned constantly, and it must not be overcooked.

Eggs poached or fried are a very favourite and suitable accompaniment to either bacon or ham. In my opinion the former of these two methods is to be preferred in both cases; but tastes differ on this point as on many others. If the eggs are fried, let them be cooked in sufficient boiling bacon-fat to keep them from burning and no more, and cook them over a moderate fire. Be sure that the fat is entirely free from burn before the eggs are slipped into it. Baste the eggs well, and trim and drain them before serving. If the eggs are poached, use a shallow stewpan, and put a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice into the water, as this will make the white part whiter. Break the eggs carefully into a cup, and try not to break

the yolk, then simmer them in sufficient *gently* boiling water to cover them entirely. Take them out on a drainer the moment the whites look set. If boiled fast they will break. Drain thoroughly and serve.

A very agreeable way of cooking eggs for breakfast is the following: Take as many small, deep tins (dariole moulds are the most suitable for the purpose) as there are eggs to be cooked. Butter them well inside, and sprinkle in them a savoury mixture made of two ounces of finely-minced cold boiled ham, fat and lean together, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a little pepper and salt. Break an egg carefully into each tin, place the moulds side by side in a saucepan, with hot water to come half way up the sides of the tins, but not to flow into the eggs. Poach the eggs gently till the white is set. Turn the eggs upon rounds of toasted bread, and serve.

Buttered eggs furnish a pleasant variety for breakfast. The following is a quick and easy way of preparing this dish. Take one fresh egg for each person, with one egg over if liked, and allow a tablespoonful of milk, an ounce of butter, and a little pepper and salt for two eggs. Melt the butter in a small stewpan over a gentle fire; break the eggs into it, and add the milk and seasoning. Stir one way quickly, and without stopping, until the eggs become thick and lightly set, but on no account allow them to become hard. Have ready a hot dish, or, if preferred, a slice of hot buttered toast; turn the egg mixture upon it, sprinkle a little chopped parsley over the top, and serve.

Eggs on the dish are very good for breakfast. Take a dish (made either of earthenware or tin) which will stand the fire, and can be sent to table. Melt a good slice of butter inside, and break the eggs into it, being careful to preserve the yolks whole. The dish should not be so large that the eggs will spread out overmuch. Sprinkle a little salt and pepper on the top, pour a little more butter over, and bake gently and slowly, either on the range or in the oven, till the white of the eggs is lightly set.

Besides the small savoury preparations usually served at breakfast, it is an excellent plan, where it is allowed, to have cold meat of some kind, brawn, pressed beef, cold boiled ham, cold beefsteak pie, collared tongue, a Bath chap, or a hand of pork pickled and boiled, on the sideboard, so that slices can be cut off as they are wanted. It will not be possible for me to give the recipes for each one of these dishes here, but doubtless they are known, or can be easily obtained, by my readers. The advantage connected with them is that they are ready cooked, and need only to be placed on a clean dish and garnished prettily with parsley. They constitute a solid substratum of fact, the *pièce de résistance* of the meal, quieting the conscience of the housekeeper, and partially appeasing the hunger of the guests by their mere appearance.

Pickled herrings are delicious for breakfast, and when delicately prepared are always popular. Of course, they must be cooked the day before they are wanted, and are to be eaten cold. Procure about a dozen fresh herrings, and, if you have a choice, select small fish rather than large ones, because large herrings are too fatty to be enjoyable. Cut off the heads and tails, split the fish open, remove the backbone, and draw out as many of the small bones as possible. Rub a little salt on the fish, sprinkle pepper over, roll each fish separately, and tie them with soft string to keep them in position. Place them in a pie-dish or a stone jar, pour over them vinegar, to which a little water has been added; place a cover over the dish, and bake in a gentle oven for a couple of hours. Some people put a little nutmeg with the pepper and salt inside the herring, but this is a matter of taste. When dishing the fish break the rolls in half, and put a little sprig of parsley on each small roll.

Scallops, too, are very good for breakfast, but they are not nearly so well known as they deserve to be, except in certain districts. I have been astonished to find how few people use them, and when they have been laid out on the fishmonger's stall, I have heard passers-by say, "What are those queer-looking things?" The queer-looking things in question are shell-fish, rather larger than oysters. The shells are pale pink, and the flesh is white and deep orange coloured. The fish must be fresh when bought, or it will not be good. The scallops can be prepared overnight, although it will be best not to put them in the shells till morning. Open the shells, and trim away the beards and the black part, leaving only the white and the yellow portion. Allow a heaped tablespoonful of chopped parsley for a dozen scallops, and take a third of the bulk of the flesh of the fish in fine breadcrumbs. Wash the meat which is to be used, drain it, mince it finely, and mix with it the breadcrumbs, parsley, pepper, and salt. Scald and dry the deeper scallop shells, butter the shells inside, sprinkle breadcrumbs over, lay in the minced fish, put breadcrumbs over all; place little pieces of butter here and there over the top, and lay the shells in a Dutch oven before the fire till the meat is hot through. Serve very hot in the shells, with a little vinegar if liked. Allow three scallops for each shell and one shell for each person. By so doing you may calculate that a dozen scallops will be sufficient for four people. When the shells are done with, scour them, well wash, and dry them. They can be used for "scalloping" cold meat, poultry, or fish generally. For this the same recipe can be followed, minced meat being substituted for minced scalloped flesh in the preparation.

When poultry or game has been served for dinner, a very excellent breakfast relish may be provided by "devilling" the legs of the birds for breakfast. Where it is convenient the legs of birds should be left untouched for this purpose. Occasionally people are met with who like the "dark meat" of poultry, but the taste is not usual, and well-devilled drumsticks are a delicacy which the most fastidious epicure would not despise. Prepare the drumsticks over-night, as they should lie in the hot mixture for some hours before they are broiled. Take the skin off the legs and score the flesh deeply on both sides of the bone. Mix on a plate a spoonful of mustard, a *little* cayenne pepper, a small spoonful of anchovy sauce, and a large spoonful either of salad oil or dissolved butter; a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce may be added if liked. When quite smooth, cover the legs with this mixture and get it well in between the scorings. Keep turning them over on the plate, place a cover over them to keep them from getting dry, and leave them in a cool place till morning. A quarter of an hour before they are wanted, lay them on a gridiron, which has been well greased, over a slow fire, and turn them frequently till they are hot throughout and brown without being at all burnt. Sometimes thick slices of undercooked meat are devilled in this way.

Radishes and watercress are deservedly popular as breakfast relishes, yet not many people think of having tomato or asparagus salad. Nevertheless, there are few dishes which are more enjoyable. Tomatoes, especially, are most delicious. I confess that I think the taste for them is an acquired one, yet those who are fond of them like them very much indeed. Tomatoes are much more used now than they were even two or three years ago; they can be bought fresh for a penny or twopence each during seven months out of the twelve, they are very wholesome and refreshing, and I have been told that they act beneficially on the liver. Moreover, their bright colour adds considerably to the appearance of the breakfast-table, and I advise those who have not tried them to do so at the earliest opportunity.

Procure tomatoes which are ripe, of a deep red, and smoothly rounded. Cut them, raw, across into thin slices; half an hour before breakfast time sprinkle a little pepper and salt over them and pour on oil and vinegar (more oil than vinegar), as if you were about to mix an ordinary salad. Baste the tomatoes with this sauce four or five times, and repeat the basting when the tomatoes have stood a little while; then serve.

Asparagus salad may be made by mixing cold boiled asparagus left from the previous day's dinner with Mayonnaise sauce. If you will look in the article already published on salads you will see how Mayonnaise is made. When it is remembered that it can be prepared beforehand, and will keep for some time, it will be seen that there need not be any difficulty in preparing this appetising relish.

Bloaters, sheeps' kidneys, fresh fish, dried haddock, potted meats, sausage rolls, Cornish pasties, boiled eggs, pork pies, &c., are all suitable dishes for breakfast, and will furnish an agreeable variety if served occasionally.

Wholemeal bread should, as a rule, be served for breakfast, but fancy breads, such as home-made scones or rolls, are always welcome. They are excellent served cold. I will give recipes for both.

Scones (made with sour milk).—Put a pound and a half of flour into a bowl and mix thoroughly with it a pinch of salt, a large teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and the same of carbonate of soda. Stir in a pint of sour milk to make a light paste, knead the dough a little, roll the paste till half an inch thick, and cut it into three-cornered pieces. Bake on a floured tin in a quick oven.

Milk rolls.—Rub a slice of butter the size of a large egg into a pound of flour. Add salt, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. When well mixed stir in milk to make a stiff dough. Handle lightly, divide into balls, and bake immediately. Brush the rolls with milk when they are half baked. The scones and rolls may be served hot if liked, but they will not be so wholesome as when cold. Indeed, in my opinion, hot bread, hot rolls, and, more than all, hot buttered toast are about the most indigestible things that anyone can take.

And, considering what is wholesome chiefly, there is nothing like a plate of oatmeal porridge, a bowl of boiled milk, or a plate of hominy for breakfast. If we were to make a practice of beginning the morning meal with a small quantity of any one of these preparations, and were to go on to meats or so-called "relishes," with cocoa, coffee, or tea afterwards, we should be justified in saying at the close of the repast that we had breakfasted. Nor ought we to suppose that in doing so we should be taking more than was required. If food is needed at any time of the day it is surely needed at breakfast time. We come to breakfast after a long fast, we need strength for the day's work, and how can we expect to go through it bravely if we start feeling faint and hungry. Of course, if we have taken a heavy supper just before retiring to rest we cannot expect to have much appetite for breakfast. To my mind, however, supper is a meal taken at the wrong end of the day. But if we have had a light supper, a good night's rest, and are in good health, a hearty breakfast is just the thing to strengthen us for the day's duties.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

WAITING.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Nay, dear, I am only waiting;
'Tis not of a joy that's gone,
I think, as I sit in the twilight,
When the work of the day is done.

Ah, no! I am looking forward,
Yet I heed not what you say
While you speak of my earthly future,
When grief shall have had its way.

I look on those distant mountains,
Where the beautiful Alpine glow,
Long after the sunset glory,
Still flushes its peaks of snow.

And I think how my life is gilded
By just such a tender gleam
From the warmth of the vanished splendours
Of my youth's brief golden dream.

Thank God! who in loving wisdom
Has given me work to do—
It is but a little patience—
And then He will call me too.

So, dear, I am only waiting—
Some day o'er the heavenly plain,
Beyond the glow on the mountains,
My sun will arise again.

DAISY AND BUTTERCUP.

By the Author of "I Promised Father."

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, good-bye, Katy. I've enjoyed having you here ever so much. Mind you come and see me again before we go abroad."

"Yes, if I can. Good-bye, Stella." And Katy descended the flight of low stone steps, and set off down the drive on her homeward walk. But the smile with which she had bidden good-bye faded from her face as she walked on, and a very grave expre sion took its place. She had not her usual bright smile for the lodgekeeper's two little children who came running out to meet her, but passed them by coldly and rather hurriedly. She was not in a humour just then for their shy, pleased greeting.

Outside the gates the road stretched long and straight, with the trees meeting overhead and the declining sun sending shafts of light through their stems. The rooks were cawing lazily on their homeward flight; a lark was singing his vesper song far away in the blue sky; the air seemed full of the fragrance of wild flowers.

But neither birds, sun, nor flowers had any attractions just then for Katy Marston as she trudged along the dusty road with her head bent and a very dissatisfied expression on her usually bright face.

Katy had been spending the afternoon with her friend Stella Branscombe, the only daughter of the squire, and a very important little personage, not only in her own eyes, but in those of the villagers and of the servants at the hall.

Katy, on the contrary, was only the daughter of the village doctor, and, instead of being an only child, had four brothers to share the doctor's rather small home and narrow income; consequently the two girls led very different lives, and it was this difference which Katy was reviewing at the present moment, and which was filling her mind with envy and discontent.

She and Stella had not met for two or three months until to-day, as the latter had been paying a prolonged visit to London with her parents, and had just returned very full of all the delights of the gay season: the sights she had seen, the parties she had attended, her new dresses, her birthday presents, and, in short, her own affairs generally. These were infinitely more interesting to her than her friend's concerns, about which she inquired scarcely anything; but poor Katy had found it rather an effort to keep up an appearance of interest all the afternoon, and had felt tired and vexed repeatedly.

"How selfish and egotistical Stella has grown!" she said to herself in some disgust, which, however, was not unmixed with envy.

Altogether, the long afternoon the two friends had spent together had not been quite so pleasant to Katy as she had anticipated. Stella had greeted her effusively, to be sure, and seemed heartily glad to see her; but then, as Katy said, rather bitterly, to herself, "it was only because she wanted to have some one to show off before."

So when Stella had displayed all her new dresses and Paris hats, and the birthday presents she had received a few days before, including a lovely necklace of pearls, with earrings to match—her father's gift—she must needs take Katy out to the stables to show her her new horse.

"We'd ride together, if only you knew how," she said, patronisingly; "for I shall never care to ride Dandy again," turning rather disdainfully to a loose-box where stood a pretty, cream-coloured pony, an old favourite, superseded now by the new horse. "I should not care to ride Dandy again," Stella repeated, "but he'd do for you very well; only, you see, you do not know how to ride."

"And I should not have time, either, thank you," Katy responded, coldly. She did not like to be patronised.

Then the girls adjourned to the garden, where tea was presently served under the shade of the large weeping ash. Such a dainty little tea-table, with its small silver gipsy kettle hissing and bubbling merrily, the silver teapot and cake-basket, the piled-up dish of strawberries, and the staid old butler to wait upon the two girls.

If Katy were inclined to be quiet Stella never noticed, only too well pleased to hear the sound of her own voice. She was busy now dilating upon the anticipated pleasure of a tour in Switzerland upon which she was to start in a few days' time with her parents. "Don't you wish you were going with us, Katy?" she demanded. "It will be awfully jolly; for, though I have been on the Continent three times already, I have never been the whole round of the Swiss lakes. I wish you had been going, too; we should have had such fun. But, oh! there's the carriage coming round! Have you finished tea? Then let us run back to the house. Papa and mamma are going out to dinner, and I want to see if mamma has finished dressing yet. She looks so lovely in full dress."

So the girls ran off to the drawing-room, where they found Mrs. Branscombe standing in front of the pier-glass giving a few finishing touches to the flowers she wore in her bosom, while her maid stood by holding a delicate white opera-cloak ready to throw round her shoulders.

Mrs. Branscombe was a tall, handsome woman, and Stella had not exaggerated when she said her mother looked lovely in full dress. She was wearing a creamy satin gown, which fell round her stately figure in lustrous folds, matching in shade the fragrant Gloire de Dijon roses with which it was lavishly adorned. Diamonds were twinkling and glittering on her neck and arms, and shining in the smooth bands of her black hair.

Katy felt slightly awed by the stately beauty of Mrs. Branscombe, but Stella sprang forward with a rapturous little cry of admiration as she seized her mother's hand. "Oh, mamma, how beautiful you look! I wish I was just two years older, and then I could be going with you!"

But Mrs. Branscombe pushed her away a trifle impatiently, and her voice sounded fretful and complaining as she answered, "There, there, child, that will do! You will only soil my glove with your hot hand."

The irritable repulse and the fretful tones struck Katy with a sort of little shock. Her own mother never spoke so to her children, and she looked anxiously at Stella to see how she took the words. Evidently they were nothing new to Stella, who continued to chat away in her usual tones, and Katy soon forgot the momentary impression.

It had faded almost entirely from her mind as she wended her way homewards through the fragrant country lane. She was thinking, instead, of how lovely Mrs. Branscombe had looked in her creamy satin robes, and wishing that her own mother could dress as grandly and richly. How proud she would feel of her if she could only see her so instead of in that never-ending brown merino, or the worn and turned black silk which Katy seemed to have known for many years. How poor and mean and shabby they were in comparison, while as for diamonds—why, Mrs. Marston did not possess one in the world, and her jewellery seemed to be confined to her wedding-ring and simple keeper, and the one gold brooch with Katy's grandmother's hair in it.

She caught herself up suddenly here. Was she going to feel ashamed—even in her innermost heart—of her own dear mother? Her mother, whom she loved more than anyone else in the world; the mother with her never-failing love and tenderness; her smiles, her kind words, her unceasing care for and devotion to her husband and children. A great rush of compunction and self-reproach filled Katy's heart as she asked herself the question: Was she going to be ashamed of that tender gentle mother? No; a thousand times no!

She had reached home by this time, and as she tripped up the little garden pathway she could see into the drawing-room, where, at the table in the window, dressed in the worn brown merino, with an overflowing work-basket by her side, Mrs. Marston was sitting. She looked up with her usual gentle smile of welcome as she caught sight of her little daughter. Katy was in the room in half a minute kissing the dear loving face.

"Back again, mother dear!" she said.

"Yes, little one, I am glad to have you back. Have you had a nice day?"

"Yes, thank you," Katy answered, rather shortly. "Mother, I'll help you with those socks. You know I can mend them nearly as neatly as you do now."

She was soon seated in a low chair by the window with a small heap of unmended socks on the floor by her side; but as she sat darning away industriously she unconsciously fell into silence, and her thoughts began to take the same line they had done as she walked home. Mrs. Marston, watching her from time to time, saw the shadow gathering over her face, and with fond motherly intuition guessed that something was wrong. But she was never in the habit of forcing the confidence of her children, and so waited for Katy to speak. The silence did not last very long; Katy soon began to speak of what was in her mind.

"Oh, mother dear," she began, "I saw Mrs. Branscombe this evening, dressed for a dinner party. She looked lovely; in such a rich satin dress, such a lovely creamy shade, and with such exquisite diamonds; they almost dazzled one, they sparkled so. Oh, mother, I should like to see you dressed so; you'd be every bit as beautiful as Mrs. Branscombe, and you're just as much a lady as she is. Don't you ever wish you could dress as she does? Why, you haven't got any silk dress but your old black one, and I don't think you have a diamond in the world."

"That does not trouble me, darling," Mrs. Marston answered, smiling back into her little daughter's face. "I have my jewels which are of much greater value—you and the boys—and so long as I have you all safe and well, and dear father too, I am more than content."

Katy carefully threaded her needle and began another large darn before she replied, and when she spoke she changed the subject.

"Oh, mother, do you know Stella is going to Switzerland with her parents in about a week's time? They are to stay for ever so many weeks. I wish, how I wish, I was going too! I do so long to go abroad, and I don't think I shall ever have the chance." Then, after a short pause, "Mother, I do think

Stella is the very luckiest girl there ever was. Here she is just home from London, where she has been seeing all there was to see; going to picture galleries and attending concerts—how I should love to go to a concert!—and dancing at parties. I don't mean real grown-up parties, for of course she hasn't come out yet; and then she has got such hosts of the loveliest dresses you ever saw—evening dresses and travelling dresses, and every other kind. Mrs. Branscombe seems to think nothing is too good for her; and the squire has just bought her a most lovely horse, and a set of pearls that I am sure have cost ever so much, besides a whole host of birthday presents. I think it would be so nice to be made as much of and to be as pretty as Stella is. She has such a quantity of golden hair, and such a fair complexion, and such blue eyes. It does feel hard that one girl should have so many advantages and another so few. It doesn't seem fair!"

"Discontented, Katy?" asked her mother, gently. "Have you been seeing all the nice things Stella has got, and been growing dissatisfied with your own lot? You must not say it is unfair, my love. It is right that some should be rich and some poorer, but I assure you that happiness does not consist in wealth. If Stella has some advantages you have not, perhaps she has many other things to grieve and trouble her that you know nothing of."

"But she can't have," Katy replied, decidedly. "What more could any girl want than she has? Beautiful dresses, a fine house, plenty of servants to wait on her, a horse to ride, and, oh! mother, she is so pretty with it all."

Mrs. Marston looked down into the little flushed, eager face, but she did not give words to the thought which passed through her mind that the clear, sun-burnt complexion, the dark shining eyes, and the wealth of unruly brown curls were, in their way, quite as lovely as Stella Branscombe's blonde beauty. She only replied, as she gently stroked the flushed cheek—

"Do you remember that little poem I gave you to learn the other day about the daisy and the buttercup?"

"You mean the buttercup that wished she was a daisy, because she was tired of always dressing in 'the same old tiresome colour,' and had always wanted to wear a nice white frill. Oh, you naughty mother, you mean I am the discontented buttercup. I don't mean to be, but I afraid I am," she added ingenuously.

"And what did the robin say to the discontented buttercup?" questioned her mother, with a smile.

And Katy repeated—

"'The swallows leave *me* out of sight;
We'd better keep our places;
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.
Look bravely up into the skies,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Exactly where you're growing.'"

Katy's voice took a lower and more reverent tone as she repeated the last two lines, and the cloud lifted a little from her face.

Mrs. Marston went on, "I always like that little parable; it teaches so much. And you may be very sure, little daughter, that if God wants to have a buttercup growing just where He places it, that He knew quite well all about it when He put Stella Branscombe in her place as the squire's only child and you as the doctor's daughter, your brothers' kind, helpful little friend and your mother's right hand. Won't you try to be content to be a buttercup, Katy, and leave the daisies to bloom where God has placed them?"

Katy made no reply. She bent her head over her work, but she could see neither needle nor thread for the tears which were filling her eyes. Of course, mother was right; she always was, and then Katy relieved herself by a burst of quiet crying on that loving mother's breast, while Mrs. Marston laid her work aside and talked to her little daughter wisely and tenderly as they sat alone in the gathering twilight, until Katy's eyes were once more quite dry and the little evil spirit of envy and discontent had been exorcised for the time being.

To be mother's great comfort; mother's right hand; yes, that was better even than Paris dresses and pearl necklaces; better even than a journey to Switzerland. Yes, she would be content to be a buttercup and bloom where God had placed her.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK AND WORKSHOPS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER IV.

SILK CULTIVATION AND THE SILK MILL.

SINCE this series of papers was commenced, I have entered into conversation with numbers of persons who handle the fabrics from which our clothing is made, and have been surprised to find how little those who sell, sew, or wear them, know about their history or mode of production. This fact has induced me to step a little outside the lines I at first marked out, and, not merely to describe the girls' share in the different manufactures, but to teach the workers themselves something about the material before it reaches them and after it has passed through their hands. If I were a girl working amongst silk, cotton, or any other material, I should not be content to understand merely that stage of its development in which I was practically engaged. I should want to know how it came into the state in which I received it, and what would be done with it after it left my hands.

Almost every one who reads at all, knows that silk is produced by a species of caterpillar, and that to the labours of this insignificant little creature we owe all our richest, most costly, and beautiful articles of dress.

It is quite worth any girl's while to procure a few silkworms' eggs, hatch them, and watch the growth of the insect and its mode of producing the raw material, though the climate of this country is too cold and too variable for silk cultivation on a large scale to be remunerative.

The eggs are hatched at a temperature of about 82 deg., and the tiny worms, for the purpose of experiment, may be fed on young lettuce leaves—those of the mulberry not being easily procurable in this country. They are very small at first, like little dark moving threads; but they have fine appetites and grow rapidly, changing their skins four or five times before they reach maturity.

Each change of skin is a trying period for the worm, which ceases to eat before it takes place, and many die during the time of casting their covering.

A full-grown, well-nurtured worm in its native land is nearly three inches long and of a greenish-white colour. It is a stop-at-home creature; all it seems to care about is the having plenty of food to supply a voracious appetite.

Even when reared on mulberry trees in the open air, the little creatures do not wander, and a cardboard tray lined with clean paper, which should be changed from time to time as it becomes necessary, makes a suitable dwelling for a girl's stock of worms.

The creature has a large head, a sort of horn on the last joint of its body, and within it, and extending nearly the whole length, are two tubes containing and secreting a sticky substance from which the silk is spun. These tubes unite near the opening whence the thread issues in a single cord. Our little worker is, however, both a spinner and a doubler in its own person, for, on examining the thread through a microscope, we find it is composed of two distinct filaments; one produced by each tube, and joined together as they issue from the body.

When the worm is ready to spin, it ceases eating and commences its work by attaching coarse fibres to twigs placed for the purpose. In Italy, little trays divided into square cells are used for the worms to spin in, or they may be placed separately in paper cones, which they will speedily line with silk. At first you may see them working away as within a veil, but the screen thickens, the walls of the cocoon increase rapidly, and the worm is finally lost to sight to be seen no more in the same shape. The spinning occupies five days.

The work finished, the caterpillar becomes a chrysalis, and this in turn changes into a velvety white moth, which will eat its way out of the cocoon in from two to three weeks, if not destroyed. This is allowed to a certain extent, as sufficient moths must be preserved to lay eggs for the next season. The shape of the cocoon tells the sex of the moth enclosed within it, and an equal number of males and females are carefully selected.

The moths, like the worms, move but little from the spot in which they were perfected, taking almost no food and rarely using the wings as a means of locomotion. Their life in the last stage is short, and they seem to exist as moths only to continue the species and to leave eggs to be hatched when summer comes round again.

When the cocoons have been selected as above, the others are placed in ovens sufficiently heated to kill the moths, for were these allowed to eat their way through the silken wall it would be greatly deteriorated and could not be wound. Should the worm die before its work is finished, a change is observable in the shape of the cocoon, and the silk will be of inferior quality.

The thread produced by a single worm is sometimes 1,100 feet in length, and it is usual to obtain 300 yards of good silk from a single cocoon. But you must not suppose that the fibre, as it comes from the worm, *is thick* enough to be wound singly, though it is already double.

The cocoons are placed in water heated by steam, and gently stirred with a twig, from time to time, until the gum with which the silk is impregnated dissolves sufficiently to set the ends at liberty. Four or five of these are taken together and gradually twisted into one as they run through a glass eye in passing from the cocoons to the reel. As they travel the moistened animal gum dries again, and the fibres adhere and form a single thread. The important part this gum performs in dyeing will be shown hereafter.

We are accustomed to regard silk as a very dainty material, and cotton as a comparatively coarse one, but it is astonishing to see what rough usage the former will bear in comparison with the latter. It is extremely tenacious and elastic, and will endure a strain to which a cotton thread of the same size would be quite unequal. The cause is self-evident. Cotton thread is made up of an immense number of short hairs, combed and twisted together. Silken thread is composed of several fibres, each one of which measures 300 yards or upwards.

The silk reeler should be very attentive to the work in hand to secure an even thread. If one of the number she is reeling should break or run out it should be joined imme-

diately, for, fine as are the filaments, the silk will be unequal and much less valuable should this duty be neglected. Want of care in this respect greatly depreciates the Chinese silk in value. It is the whitest, and ought to be costly in proportion, but bad reeling spoils it for many purposes. The winders are so careless that they will allow half the filaments to break, and will only join them when there are not enough running to go on with. A lump is made by this wholesale knotting, and these inequalities are frequent and require much time and labour to remove. It is only necessary to examine a piece of soft silk woven in China to see how the web is affected by careless manipulation at the outset.

Yet, if the improvements in a manufacture did but keep pace with its age, Chinese silk ought to be the best in the world. It is said that silk cultivation had its origin in China, where it was commenced 2,600 years B.C. It only began in Europe in the sixth century, or A.D. 530, so far as the cultivation of the worm was concerned. The eggs were introduced into Europe from China by some Persian monks, who had penetrated into that exclusive country as missionaries.

Webs of Chinese silk had been brought by the Phœnicians and Persians before that time, and raw silk had been conveyed to Greece, where it was woven and subsequently sold in Rome, at almost fabulous prices. Horace and Virgil, who wrote in the last century before Christ, are the first Latin writers who mention silk. Its price per lb. in the reign of Aurelian was 12 ozs. weight of gold, and it is said that this Emperor refused his wife a silk dress on account of the cost.

China is undoubtedly the native country of silk, all others which now produce it having been originally supplied with eggs from thence. Even after the fabric was made use of in Europe, several centuries elapsed before the secret of its mode of production became known. Some supposed it to be a fine kind of wool; others a down obtained from trees, and after it was known to be the work of a worm, a long time elapsed before the method of preparing it was understood.

It may interest the girls who work amongst silk to-day to know that thousands of years ago the Empresses of China, with their attendant ladies, amused themselves in their leisure hours by hatching silkworms, and weaving their produce into dainty veils. Though silk is named in the book of Genesis, the best commentators believe that the fabric referred to is fine linen, such as the mummies are wrapped in—no silk being found about *them*. It is not named in connection with the luxurious times of Solomon even, or the decorations of the Temple or Tabernacle.

The silk-producing countries of Europe are Turkey and Greece, the earliest to begin it; Italy, France and, in a less degree, Spain and Portugal.

Long before the silk reaches the hands of English girls in our mills, it has passed through the fingers of other girls in the countries where it is grown and reeled. Being work requiring delicacy and care, it is specially suited for female fingers. But my young countrywomen and girls need not envy the condition of their sisters in southern Europe.

Look, dear girls, at the word-picture I am going to give you, and thank God that your lot has been cast in this land—foggy and damp though it may be—rather than in the sunnier climes where the silkworms are hatched and tended, and their produce wound by other children's fingers.

I have obtained this information from the Report of a member of the Royal Commission, appointed to inquire into the state of certain industries on the Continent a short time ago.

"The children enter the silk factories, visited by the Commission, at about seven years of age, and receive in wages from 3s. to 7s. 6d. per week. *They commence work at five o'clock in the morning, and cease at ten o'clock at night.* They are allowed 15 minutes for breakfast and an hour for dinner, and after that the machinery is not stopped, but the operatives have to take their evening meal as best they can, and while the machinery is working.

"Their breakfast consists of black bread, cut in small pieces and steeped in water; their dinner of thin broth and black bread; and their supper also consists of black bread *steeped in the same water in which silk cocoons have been steeped.* The rooms in which they worked are heated to 85 degrees, and they sleep in rooms where there are fifty beds, two in each bed.

"There are no bedroom utensils or provision for washing, and the workers have to go into a courtyard and wash in a trough. *They do not undress, but throw their weary limbs on the bed and sleep in their clothes.* In addition to all this, a certain quantity of work is exacted from each child daily, and if it is not performed she is instantly dismissed."

The gentleman who kindly arranged for me to visit the silk workshops of this country also described the above state of things to me, he having seen the Italian children under similar circumstances. He said the stern overlooker walked up and down between the rows of young workers to notice and punish any amongst them who might loiter or look off for a moment. It reminded him of slave-driving rather than of a factory in a professedly Christian land. "And," said he, "by this incessant toil from early morning until dark, the best amongst them only gained about an Italian franc—less than a shilling—for her long day's toil."

I was exceedingly glad to hear, a few weeks ago, that France is going to reduce the hours of labour to eleven per day for all workers under eighteen years of age. And that is an hour longer than women are allowed to work in mills in this country.

Silk-weaving has been done in England for centuries, principally by French refugees driven out of their own country by religious persecution. Fifty thousand Huguenots, mostly weavers and craftsmen, came over here in 1685, driven from their homes by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which their lives and properties had been protected, with some interruptions, from the close of the preceding century. They came to England beggared as regarded property, but bringing with them knowledge, as artisans, far in advance of what was possessed in this country. They were kindly received, warmly welcomed, and to aid the most needy of them a grant of £15,000 per annum was given by Parliament.

The skilful craftsmen did not take it long. They set up their looms and began to work, and in twenty-eight years after the silk manufacture of this country employed 300,000 persons. But though weaving was done here, the material was all prepared ready for the loom in the South of Europe until 1718, and in that year the first silk mill was built at Derby.

By a silk mill I mean the workshop in which the raw silk is received as it comes from the countries where it is produced. It has still many processes to pass through, and here begins the work of our English girls.

It is a source of peculiar pleasure to me that of the two kind and courteous gentlemen who devoted a day to showing me everything connected with work amongst silk, that lay within reach in the same town, one is a lineal descendant of a Huguenot refugee. His name, a pure French one, has been preserved un-Anglicised, and to-day in his mills, beautiful silk goods are produced, the family having carried on the manufacture to the present time without interruption.

It is not his mill, however, that we are about to enter; we hope to visit that by-and-by to see the weavers at their work. This factory belongs to our other companion, and in order to make the routine of work intelligible he pauses on the threshold to write down the names of the processes we are about to witness, in their regular order—sorting, washing, winding, cleaning, doubling, spinning, throwing. With the exception of spinning, which is done by men, women and girls are employed in the various operations.

The mill formerly well known as "David Holland's," and noted for the fine quality of work produced, is an old building, but fitted with excellent machinery. And what a contrast it presents in many respects to a cotton mill! Everything is so exquisite in its cleanliness, that it really seems as if it would be a matter of difficulty to soil one's fingers. The workers deal with a dainty material, and it is necessary both for their persons and clothing to be scrupulously clean. The rooms, snowy with whitewash, are kept at an agreeable temperature, and the air is fresh and pleasant as we pass through them.

First, we enter the sorting-room, where the bales are being opened. The Chinese bale contains twelve large bundles called *books*, and each book is made up of a number of hanks called *mosses*. The sorters' business is to unpack the bale, divide the books into hanks, and each hank or *moss* into four smaller ones. The band—a small skein—which ties each *book*, is of inferior silk, and is not worked with the rest. These bands are collected in bags with other waste silk and sold separately.

Here I had an opportunity of seeing a sample of Chinese sharpness, as well as of reading some Celestial advertisements of a very amusing description.

When one considers that it takes the work of 1,600 worms to make a pound of silk, it is easy to imagine that the pure article is very costly. A very poor quality is worth two shillings an ounce. John Chinaman lauds his silk to the skies, and he uses a good packet of paper to express his enthusiasm on the subject, which he tucks in amongst the silk, thus adding considerably to its weight, and making the consumer pay for his advertisement.

I daresay most of us have heard the

expression "first-chop," and considered it as a slang term to describe something of superior quality. But "chop" is the Chinese term for "trade mark." Amongst these the "dancing bear chop" is a great favourite, and a very remarkable-looking quadruped he is in the Chinese illustration before me. Another chop is the "flying fox."

A story is told that a gentleman wishing to

purchase silk, telegraphed to his agent to buy him a quantity of "dancing bears." Agent replied, "Cannot procure 'dancing bears,' but will get you 'flying foxes.'"

The telegraph clerk was greatly puzzled when he was bidden to "wire" back and secure the latter, imagining that the intended purchaser must be forming a menagerie.

But he was *still* more perplexed when, later in the day, another telegram from the agent stated that he had failed to obtain "flying foxes," but had bought "blue lions," instead.

In the advertisements we find a funny mixture of words, as for instance, in the following:—

"The proprietors of these silks (which have now been steadily produced for the last five years) are disappointed at the small amount of 'kudos' as yet acquired by their chop tickets, and they therefore insert the present additional paper in the hope of leading buyers to take more notice of them.

"As these silks are bought in Nanzing and carefully selected, it is evident that they must give a more satisfactory result to manufacturers than whiter and worse quality silks from the Linghoo and Sinoze districts—*but these latter from some unaccountable reason are greater favourites!!!*

"FEI LOO."

Another tells that his silk can be confidently relied upon to keep up its character as a *classique* quality.

A third gives a list of unpronounceable words—his peculiar "chops," the deciphering of which is quite beyond me. So here I will lay down the packet.

In my next chapter I hope to show our girls employed in a variety of pretty operations in connection with silk.

SCREENS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.—II.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 1 represents a two-fold screen; each leaf would, in actual measurement, be about 2 ft. 3 in. by 5 ft. 6 in. high. The upper panels, containing the heads of Shakespeare and Dante, are separated from the lower part by cross-bars of wood, and as these heads are meant to be painted in oil or water colours, two wooden panels should be made to fit into the framework, and these can either be painted upon or papered over. If the panels were oak it would look well to leave the wood in the background, simply painting the faces and drapery in oil colour. Gold grounds would have a rich effect, or those who paint tapestry might execute the heads by that process, given in a former number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The Chandos portrait of Shakespeare was the model for the one given in the illustration, but there is a characteristic and quaint portrait taken from the 1623 edition, and republished in the "Leopold Shakespeare." The head of Dante is the well-known type of Italy's great poet, based upon the wall-painting in Florence by Giotto.

The lower portions of the screens are designed to represent *appliqué* needlework, and are drawn in the quaint, somewhat stiff manner, to facilitate the designs being carried out in that style of work, for unless the design is kept pretty flat and simple in treatment *appliqué* work is not successful. The same designs might be executed by other means, such as outline embroidery; but we think it would be more effective to carry it out as we suggest. The back of this and other screens can be covered with any nice-coloured textile—such as cretonne and tapestry, or some nice wall-paper, or imitation leather-paper is effective and by no means costly.

Fig. 2 is designed expressly for needlework, and should be executed in crewels and silks. Each fold of the screen is divided into three panels, the upper one for the birds, the middle portion for the rose design, and the lower for the fish. The rose, as will be seen in the illustration, tells as dark on a light ground, while the bottom and top panels are the reverse. A very good material for embroidering on is the Umritzur cashmere, sold in Regent-street, and as it is made in every shade of colour, from dark olive-green to lightest yellow, all tastes can be suited. The birds and fish panels should be treated rather in outline and in one tone of colour, say blues for the birds and browns and yellows for the fish. The use of gold thread to indicate the water or clouds would greatly enhance the effect. The rose is drawn very ornamentally, and should be worked in nice tones of green, the stems in reddish brown, and the flowers in light pink silk, with a darker red outline and yellow centres. The butterflies should be chosen from those with few colours, such as the whites, sulphur, and clouded yellow. These, like the tortoiseshell, peacock, and red admiral, would look well if carefully worked, but they take a long time to embroider, and are not effective unless well done. The colour of the ground might be light lemon yellow or yellow green, or even a salmon tint, and the flowers and butterflies must be made darker or lighter, as looks the more effective.

The advantage of dividing up the leaves of the screen into two or three panels is that you gain variety by being enabled to treat each panel in a different way. If each leaf be all in one panel, it is difficult to avoid monotony, whereas by introducing birds and fish, as in fig. 2, or heads, as in fig. 1, it gives additional interest, and does not add much to the amount of work. The frame itself is improved, too, and is certainly made stronger, the cross-bars giving great support to the uprights. The addition of a little peg-rail, as it is called, as in fig. 1, is a nice finish.

VARIETIES.

AN HONEST CRITICISM ON A QUEEN.—A red-cloaked old Kentish dame once found her way into the tent occupied by Queen Charlotte at a Volunteer review held shortly after her coming to England, and after staring at the royal lady with arms akimbo, observed, "Well, she's not so ugly as they told me she was!"—a compliment the astonished queen gratefully accepted, saying, "Well, my good woman, I am very glad of dat." Probably her Majesty forgave her critic's rudeness as the outcome of rustic ignorance and simplicity.

IF THE WORLD KNEW WHAT I KNOW.—If the world knew what passes in my heart, what would it think of me? *I* know it; what do I think of myself?

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XX.

LA MARQUISE'S GRAND SCHEME.

THE request was duly preferred by Monsieur St. Just himself, and in such terms that Damaris could not feel that he was more favoured than she by her concession. Secretly, she felt herself highly honoured by being chosen to assist with so great a work. Nevertheless, the Marquise, in the exercise of her wonderfully judicious diplomacy, had excited several traits hitherto dormant in Damaris's character, and it was with a most unusual shyness that she entered upon her first morning's work under the direction of Monsieur. Her self-consciousness was in no way shared by him. He was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and accepted her assistance in all good faith, and with as little seeming preference as he would have shown his brother Jerome. She could not tell whether he were as indifferent as he seemed, or whether his manner were assumed to put her at ease, perceiving that something had occurred to interrupt the quiet tenor of their intercourse.

A very short experience sufficed to restore Damaris's equanimity, to carry her out of herself, to make her lose her own individuality in the aim and absorbing interest of the work required of her. Before long those busy hours in the library, spent either in writing to the dictation of Monsieur, or in searching out and verifying facts for him, re-reading, and even criticising and suggesting, grew to be some of the very happiest Damaris had known at the *château*, the *crême de la crême* of her life there.

This experience was altogether new to her. She had never before enjoyed the magic charm of intercourse with a mind stronger than her own. Her father, when she had known him best, in his broken latter days, had looked to her for the support he should have given; and no other masculine influence had exerted a direct control over her life until this friendship had been formed.

Similar tones move in unison, but they do not constitute harmony. The very dissimilarity in the characters and dispositions of Monsieur Etienne and Damaris seemed to be the basis of attraction. Each was, to a great extent, the complement of the other. And this is, after all, the firmest ground for a lasting friendship.

About this time La Marquise began to suffer from the inevitable fits of *ennui* that always attacked her sooner or later in the country. It was later this year. The novelty of Damaris's companionship and of Etienne's society had kept her amused longer than usual.

"To live in the country one ought to be a passionate worshipper of Nature," said she, as they lingered upon the terrace one evening over their coffee, "or else be attached to the soil. There can be no medium between enthusiasm and brutishness. And my only enthusiasm is for society, as you know, Etienne."

"But, madame," cried Damaris, in wonder, "have you no love for Nature at all?"

"Probably what you understand by Nature, and what I do, are two quite different things, *petite*."

"I thought Nature was Nature," said Damaris. And Monsieur St. Just added:

"Let us have my mother's definition."

"It is this," said La Marquise, a little gratified. "The word conveys to my mind a code of laws ordained by God, invariable and unchangeable. They are outside of man, they control man, and neither his observations, his admiration, nor even his descriptive eloquence can add to them. You, *petite*, may be thrown into ecstasy by a bunch of apple-blossoms or a rose. Your enthusiastic praise of their loveliness is, no doubt, perfectly justifiable, but what end is answered by your admiration? The rose does not hear you, it does not blossom to give you pleasure, and it would blossom just the same if you were not there to exalt it by your praises. When you cry, 'How lovely the summer is!' you might just as well say the summer is the summer. *Eh bien*, it is hot in summer because God has made the sun to shed abroad light and heat. The river is clear because it is running water; and it is running water because its bed is on an incline. Nature is beautiful because it moves in one grand harmony; but if the harmony were destroyed where would be the beauty?"

FIG. 2.

Damaris was puzzled by these sentiments.

Monsieur St. Just laughed.

"*Eh bien, ma mère*, you are not an artist, or you would not reason where you should only feel."

"I think as the world thinks generally, my son, only it is not every one who would frankly own to such sentiments. I cannot pretend to possess what I have not; and it is of no use to seek externally what one lacks internally."

"Apart from Nature, have you no interest in the country, dear madame?" asked Damaris, her thoughts following her eyes into the valley hidden in mists far below.

"In the peasantry, for instance, *petite?* Well, there you have Nature still, in another form."

"The sacred human nature," said Damaris, below her breath, "for which Christ died."

If La Marquise heard, she paid no heed to this remark.

"They are governed by an instinct as blind as that which causes the flowers to bloom. They do not interest me much. I am glad to assist the widows and children, the imbecile and cripples, but I do not care to be mixed up with the healthy, who are as stubborn of spirit as the mules they drive."

"Then, madame, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—to interest you in the country?"

"Nothing, *petite*. Are you not inwardly exclaiming, 'What a terrible old woman'?"

"Don't believe her, mademoiselle. I could tell you many things which belie her words—of brides she has portioned, widows she has pensioned, children she has put to school."

"Bah! Etienne, how dare you misrepresent me? I assure you, *petite*, I come here only because the air is fine, and Paris is empty just at this season. One must do as all the world does."

"And is there absolutely no society here in the country? Nothing you could put up with for awhile as a substitute?"

"*Hélas!* no, *petite*. There are no longer ridiculous people even to amuse one; no terrible crimes, no catastrophes to excite one's awe. Civilisation has reduced everything to one monotonous level; railways have destroyed every local characteristic. The country is no longer what it used to be in my young days"

"The remedy for your weariness lies in your own hands, *ma mère*," said Monsieur St. Just, after a few minutes' silence. "You find St. Aubin dull; why not fill it with guests as usual?"

"That is precisely what I want to speak to you about, Etienne. I had a letter from my old friend, the Duchesse de la Roche, this morning. She will be passing through Chambuisson in a few days, and might be induced to pay us a visit."

"By all means write and persuade her to come if it will be the smallest gratification to you," he responded.

"I forgot to say she will not be alone. Her godchild, Leonie St. Cyr, accompanies her."

"So much the better, *ma mère*. Mademoiselle Damaris will be able to enjoy some society as well as you."

Damaris looked up with eager protest against the desirability of any society but the present. Her words, however, remained unuttered.

"But, Etienne, will they not find it dull if we are by ourselves?"

"Jerome will be here in a day or two. But ask anybody and everybody that you like, *ma mère*. By all means let us have a little gaiety, we have been living too quietly, perhaps, of late."

His eyes rested on Damaris as he spoke. A shadow of disappointment swept over her face. She did not like the prospect of any change, and listened to the suggestion of it with a sigh.

"Do not include me in any of your schemes for the present," continued Monsieur Etienne; "I find that I must go to Paris, and shall in all probability be absent for a week or two."

"To Paris!" exclaimed La Marquise, and Damaris looked up quickly with a troubled question in her eyes.

Monsieur Etienne replied to her.

"It is your doing, mademoiselle, to send me there."

"You, *petite?*" cried La Marquise.

"Not wilfully, madame, I assure you. I am as ignorant as you are why Monsieur Etienne should leave us."

"The cause I have taken up can be best served by my own personal influence and interest."

"What cause? what do you mean, Etienne? It is especially annoying and inconvenient for you to absent yourself just now."

"Jerome will take my place; the change of hosts can make little difference. About the cause Mademoiselle can explain."

La Marquise looked from one to the other with a little asperity and impatience.

"He means the poor lacemakers, madame," said Damaris, with a little thrill.

"What! you will leave me for them, Etienne?"

"I will leave you, *chere maman*, but amply provided against all contingencies. With Jerome as your right hand, and Mademoiselle Petite as your left, you can lack nothing that it would be in my power to supply."

But, for some secret reason of her own, La Marquise was considerably annoyed by this determination on the part of her son.

"When do you go?" she asked, stiffly.

"The day after to-morrow. Mademoiselle, are you a horsewoman?"

The light and colour came back swiftly to Damaris's face at this sudden question.

"I have not ridden for years."

"But you like such exercise?"

"I like it very much indeed."

"And you have no fear?"

"Not the smallest."

"Then you ride well?"

"I have not had sufficient practice to do that; and perhaps I am only fearless because I am ignorant."

"Will you ride with me to Chambuisson on the morning of my departure? Old André will accompany us to bring back my horse, and he will be sufficient escort for you home again."

Damaris made no effort to conceal the delight this proposition gave, but glanced towards the old Marquise for permission to accept it.

"You wish *petite* to break her neck!" said the old lady, severely.

"No, not even in order to prove you mistaken, and to establish the fact that civilisation has not swept away the possibility of such a catastrophe in the country."

"But you have no horse suitable for her—no saddle!"

"The stables and saddlery of St. Aubin are not quite so deficient as you suppose, *ma mere*. I should not have asked Mademoiselle to ride if I had not the means of properly mounting her."

"If it were Jerome who made the proposition I should say no at once, *petite*, but I think you may, if you wish, trust yourself with Etienne."

Damaris murmured her thanks, but left Monsieur St. Just to take her consent for granted.

As soon as La Marquise and Damaris were alone, the elder lady expressed her displeasure at this sudden intention of her son more unqualifiedly than she had done in his presence. That he should be obliged to go away now, when, according to her, St. Aubin was likely to be rendered endurable by the presence of guests, was deplorable. Just, too, when she had begun to congratulate herself that he was more disposed to enjoy cheerful society than she had ever before known him to be.

"Perhaps Monsieur prefers quietude," ventured Damaris.

"How can that be, *petite?* Have we not both remarked what a beneficial effect even our society has upon him? And is it not only reasonable to suppose that a little widening of the circle would be attended with even greater results? You do not understand Etienne as I do, but then, of course, it cannot be expected that you should."

Damaris judiciously kept silence, only there were a few suspicious dimples lurking about the corners of her mouth, which seemed to intimate a spice of dissent from the opinion of the old Marquise, who was too intent upon her own ideas to read their meaning.

"*Petite*," she continued, "in a usual way, as I have no doubt you have discovered, no one could be more reserved than I am, but your goodness towards an old woman makes it impossible to hide my wishes and intentions from you."

"You are very good, madame," said Damaris, with difficulty controlling her disposition to laugh at the thought of the Marquise's *reserve*.

"And, therefore," continued the old lady with perfect *sang froid*, "I must tell you that I have received good news this morning relative to a grand project for one of my sons."

"Indeed, madame! I am glad to hear it."

"*Tenez*. Read this letter aloud to

me. I need hardly say that Etienne knows nothing about it at present."

Damaris took the letter hesitatingly. She was very loth to be made the recipient of family secrets, those which related to Monsieur Etienne especially, or to seem in any way to take advantage of the transparency of the old Marquise.

"Madame, I am afraid lest Monsieur Etienne should not approve of the confidence with which you would honour me."

"Etienne knows my discretion, *petite*, and is always satisfied with whatever I do. If I thought he would disapprove in this instance, I should not bid you read this letter aloud. It is, as you will see, from La Duchesse de la Roche."

Thus assured, Damaris read as follows:—

"'You will be glad to hear, my dearest friend, that all goes well with our grand scheme. It is quite true that the fortune of Mademoiselle de St. Cyr exceeds four millions of francs, and also that she is too young at present to understand the great *prestige* with which the possession of this sum endows her. She is as simple in mind and heart as a child. I am sure you will feel for me in the responsibility which rests upon me of getting her happily and safely established in life before this fact becomes known sufficiently to make her the prey of fortune-hunters. I have tried to make her understand something of the advantage that accrues to her from the possession of such riches, and she said to me very sweetly no later than this morning—"You are right, *chère marraine*, there is no need for me to have a wealthy husband. I may enjoy the privilege of enriching someone who is poor, but of great merit. All that you tell me of the son of your dear old friend gives me such a high opinion of him that I am quite willing you should arrange our introduction in the way you propose."'"

"You see, *petite*, interpolated La Marquise, "all this refers to Etienne. It is for him that I wish to secure this great prize, as a well-deserved reward for his noble conduct towards his brother. But it will not do for me to let him see that I have taken any steps to bring it about, because I have promised him not to attempt to make a marriage for him. But all this comes about quite naturally, without any design on my part. A young, rich, and beautiful wife is a much better means of re-establishing his fortune than writing a book. Don't you think so, *petite?*"

Damaris addressed herself to the letter, and read on rapidly to the end.

"'In all this I have mentioned no names, but the history of you and your two sons is too well known to require any explanation, and Leonie fully understands. There is no need for me to dwell upon the noble self-sacrifice of Monsieur St. Just; his brother, the Marquis, has published it everywhere. Do you intend to remain much longer in retreat at St. Aubin? Leonie must not see too much of the world before this important meeting takes place. As you are aware, she has only just now left the convent where she has been educated. Next winter she must be fully launched into Parisian society. In the meantime, the acquaintance from which you and I augur such important results must be brought about. I regret that the prejudices of Monsieur St. Just prevent the contract being made at once in the usual way, but as those prejudices, you say, must be respected, nothing can be more likely to compass the end we desire than that they should meet in the country, where everything conspires to dispose one to the formation of *les douces amitiés*. The world too quickly rubs off the bloom from such fresh and ardent young spirits as my dear Leonie, therefore it is of double importance that she should form a connection likely to be lasting with one so calculated to elevate the tone of her mind, and so little likely to disappoint her romantic expectations, as is monsieur *votre fils*. On the other hand, I desire most sincerely that your dear son should be able to retake and to hold the position in the world which is his by right of his birth and high qualities of mind and heart. I have been much touched by his conduct towards his brother. Hardly one man in a thousand would so unhesitatingly have despoiled himself on behalf of another, and one, moreover, who does not bear his name. If, *chere amie*, through our *surveillance*, he should receive with quadruple interest what he so generously confiscated, with the addition of a wife *douce et gentile* as a poet's ideal, you and I will have much cause to congratulate ourselves. Towards the middle of the month we shall be passing through Chambuisson on our way to Switzerland. If convenient to you, it might easily be arranged for us to take St. Aubin *en route*.'"

Damaris concluded with difficulty, and in a vague sort of astonishment at herself that it should have cost her an effort to read this letter without a break in her voice. She knew that it was the custom in France for marriages to be made in this way, without the contracting parties having anything to do in the matter but submit to the arrangement of their elders. She had not thought of Monsieur St. Just as a Frenchman, but as a man, and that he, in the fulness of his manhood, should be thus summarily disposed of, was most repugnant to her.

The idea was new. She wanted to be alone with it, to turn it over in her own mind, to view it on all sides. If only she might escape its discussion with the Marquise! But the *vieille dame* had no thought of letting her go. She wanted that ready interest and sympathy in her scheme which *petite* was so willing always to accord. For the first time she found her little favourite dull and unresponsive, and totally void of curiosity concerning the beauty and perfection of her prospective daughter-in-law.

"*Etes-vous indisposée, chere petite?* You say nothing; you have no opinion!"

"Would it not be presumptuous of me to have an opinion upon such a subject, dear madame?"

"By no means. It is what I expect of you, *petite*. I have no secrets from you; in all things I treat you as though you were a member of the family. I like your *naïve* comments; I like to know how things strike you, and what are your curious English thoughts concerning them. But you are pale, *petite!* You are *triste*. Tell me what ails you? Do not hide it from your old friend if anything is the matter."

"Madame, the sun is very *hot*. It has given me *mal à la tête*. But it is nothing—to-morrow it will be gone."

"It is something to have an ache of the head. You should not call it nothing, *petite*. You shall go to your room and lie down. Stay, I will call for Angelique. A dose of orange-flower water will be the very thing."

And Damaris, longing to be alone, longing to search out and consider the cause of that curious sickness and pain at her heart, the like of which she had never felt in her life before, had to submit to the cosseting of Angelique and the fussy anxiety of the old Marquise until, under the fear of having Monsieur St. Just's inquiries brought to bear upon her also, she was fain to declare herself quite well, and only needing a night's rest to complete her restoration.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SELF-TAUGHT.—1. The "case" in the sentence named is the "possessive." 2. Your hand would be greatly improved by the joining of the letters in each word.

JOE.—Upper Guinea is divided into several native states, chiefly represented by Ashantee, of which the capital (before its destruction) was Coomassie; Dahomey, the capital Abomey; the Republic of Liberia, and the British Settlements along the coast. Of Sierra Leone the capital is Freetown, an episcopal see; of Liberia the chief town is Monrovia; of the Gold Coast, Elmina. We recommend you to study Milner's "Universal Geography," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

COOKERY.

F. K. T.—Put in some cloves to flavour and colour the peas, but if not deep and rich enough in colour, add a little cochineal to the syrup.

COOKERY.—Mix the butter and the sugar together, add the eggs and the milk, and lastly the flour, mixing the whole very well and thoroughly.

SOROR.—See page 525, vol. ii., for a good recipe for tapioca creams.

UNDINE.—Use for soup as follows:—Pound a tin of lobster and rub it through a sieve. Melt two oz. of butter in a saucepan, add one and a half oz. of flour and two quarts of hot stock; then add the lobster with cayenne and lemon-juice; let it boil, and serve. An excellent recipe for curried lobster will be found at page 559, vol. ii.

KATE KENNEDY.—Many thanks for your kindness. We shall be glad to hear from you at any time. We like your handwriting very much.

KATHLEEN.—Add the sifted sugar while doing it, and use either a wire whisk or the American revolving wheel.

WORK.

MALVOLINA.—Take the creases out of the velvet by steaming it over some boiling water. Your writing needs more freedom.

MOTHER.—Cover both the crown and brim with the feathers. The shape principally used is the "toque," of which you can purchase the foundation at any bonnet-maker's or draper's. Many thanks for your kind letter.

VIOLET ST. CLAIRE.—There is no process used; the secret consists in pressing the fronds carefully, and in changing the sheets of blotting-paper often enough to prevent the colours being affected by damp

PEGGIE.—We should advise you to try and prepare yourself to take a lady's-maid's place, where the association with the upper servants and the help of your mistress would improve you.

DECIMA SMITH.—Take in the seams and make others where they are usually made in an ordinary bodice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CALIFORNIA.—The lines you send us are prettily rhymed prose, but not "poetry." Your writing would be more legible if you crossed your "t's" and gave up making Greek "e's."

DAISY.—"Behold the Lamb of God,' St John i. 29—the salutation of St. John Baptist and Nathaniel. The phrase is Latin.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We could not give an answer to your question on such insufficient information. Your first duty is to show obedience at home, and consult your parents' wishes as far as possible.

IVY LEAF. — Send to Mrs. Hilton's Crèche, 12, Stepney Causeway, E.

A JERSEY GIRL.—We could not undertake to answer charades and riddles.

KATHLEEN.—The sentence you quote appears to be the expression of an individual opinion. We quite agree with your letter.

B. S. CAMERON.—We think you mean a process called "Vitremanie," which is much advertised.

JOE THE VIOLINIST.—Inquire at a music publisher's.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—No, they are not yet finished.

E. E. P.—We do not give the addresses of such societies; they are entirely private. Many thanks for your kind letter.

CLARE.—The name "hot cockles" is said by Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," to be derived from the French *Hautes-coquilles* "a game in which one kneels, and covering his eyes lays his head in another's lap, and guesses who struck him."

VERITAS.—All such books can be purchased second-hand much more cheaply.

BOW BELLS.—You probably mean "George" Herbert's poems, not "Daniel."

W. R. B., JUNR.—Many thanks for your letter We think, however, that there is no fear of any misconception. "Successful" is spelt with one "l" only.

VIOLA.—The "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Only one "t" is required in "benefited."

ALETHEA.—In the sentence you quote from Milton the word is used as a transitive verb; it is derived from the Latin prefix *ex*, and "stingnere," to quench. As a verb it is said by Webster to be obsolete, and it is used at present as an adverb. According to Shakespeare the past participle was "extincted."

HELEN AND MAUD.—You have probably misspelt the word. Where did you find it?

ROSIE MARGARET.—It is wise to keep to the published rules for the composition.

ANTIGONE.—If the gentleman be a relative, a present on his marriage is usual and right. Pour on boiling water and rub well with hearthstone.

CACTUS.—"Room for the leper, room," is the first line of a poem by an American author, N. P. Willis—"Thou hast conquered, oh, Galilean!"

TROTTY GREEN.—The colour is gone, so, of course, the spots are not removable by any means.

ELSIE LAMB.—Sprinkle the hothouse flowers with water, and keep them in as cool a room as possible. The change of atmosphere is more injurious to them than anything else. The bread about which you inquire is, we believe, a speciality. If ordered by a doctor, he will usually give explicit directions for its use.

EDITH MAXWELL.—The proverb is a local one perhaps. Your writing is careless, and we should imagine that you held your pen in a cramped and improper manner.

PIMPERNEL.—Apply a little borax, powdered and moistened, to the stain.

BETTY SLOPS and DESPERANDUM.—The first-named young lady, whose good taste is so well evidenced in her selection of a name, had better apply to Mrs Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W., Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society. The object of this institution is to facilitate, by advice and loans the emigration of educated women to the colonies. We could not take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising you in such a grave matter. Obtain all particulars, and lay the whole case before your parents. They are your guides. Your writing is neat and legible.

A CORNISH GIRL.—If you wish to send away cut camellias, place them in sheets of cotton wool, and exclude the air from the box as much as possible. If not for travelling, fill a plate with wet sand, and insert the stalks in it.

C. SYKES.—The passage to which you refer will be found at St. Luke xix. 41. We do not approve of your inquiring where certain texts are to be found. The Holy Scriptures should be studied by our readers themselves so thoroughly as that they might be able to answer such questions rather than need to ask them. See St. John v. 39. A good and cheap edition of Cruden's Concordance is published at 56, Paternoster-row. Your writing is rather irregular and scrawly, but it is not formed, so may be made more compact and pretty.

W. T. M.—Accept many thanks for your kind note. We shall make use of the recipe.

E. T. P.—If receiving interest on your money, probably some form or time of notice of withdrawal is required, and your easiest way of obtaining information is to write to the manager and ask for it, saying that you wish to withdraw your money The cheque must be endorsed in the same way as it is made out, but there is nothing to prevent your signing your Christian names and surname in full below in the way in which they are known already at the bank. If a widow, and the cheque be made out to "Mrs. John Smith," you must sign it "Mary Smith, widow of the late John Smith." In case you have the least doubt on any point, consult the bank authorities, as they will always be glad to give you instructions.

GEMS.—In verse 30 of the eleventh chapter of Daniel the conquest of Syria by the Romans is foretold, and in 2nd Thess. ii. the latter verses of the chapter are certainly applied to Antichrist. See Bishop Newton and Dr. Keith's "Evidences of Prophecy." In all these things you must bear in mind that "of the times and seasons knoweth no man."

SKIRIMIMI.—You have our warm thanks for your very gratifying letter. We rejoice that all the members of your family find something in our paper that meets their requirements. See vol. i., page 272, where your aunt will find what she needs.

CHERRYRIPE has only to make use of the Index which we have supplied to each volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and which will generally be found satisfactory. For what reason did she think that we took the trouble of writing them, if not to spare us loss of time in answering the same old questions over and over again? See page 432, in vol. ii. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and you will find what you require.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—The wearing of orange blossoms

"DEAR ME, TO THINK I HAVE NEVER SEEN THIS MAGAZINE BEFORE!"

by brides owes its origin to the Saracens, with whose customs European nations became familiar at the time of the earliest Crusades. The observance of May-day is derived from the ancient Romans, their youths spending the "calends of May" in the fields, dancing and singing in honour of Flora, the goddess of fruit and flowers. The English consecrated the day to Robin Hood in memory of his death, which occurred on that day; and to the "Maid Marian." They used to spend the day in archery; set up a pole, decorated with the flowers of the season, and diverted themselves with morris-dancing, and in other ways congenial in those days.

AN ANXIOUS MISTRESS.—Address the Secretary, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W., for all information on the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution

PHILLIS H.—A little spirits of wine is considered good. We think you should consult your father's and mother's opinion on the last question.

DONNA QUIXOTE.—If for mission purposes, you might obtain the information from Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.

SIDNIE.—Put "Mr. Thomas So-and-so" on the card. The prefix must be always used. Leave cards within a week.

LIZZIE.—Use some rosemary tea. Many other recipes have been given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, including an article "Health and Beauty for the Hair," vol. i., page 259

SUNFLOWER.—Instead of writing to tell of your sister's unhappy weakness, why did you not pray that she might find "a word in season" in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER when you saw her reading it with interest?

TOPSY and BLACK SHEEP.—To remove ink-spots see vol. i., pages 95, 222, and 319. Home treatment for rheumatism is to wear flannel, rub the part affected frequently with opodeldoc, or else hartshorn and oil or turpentine, to avoid eating sweetmeats, that produce acid in the blood, and to take anti-acid medicine. Also, if in a damp place, and on a clay soil, remove to a sandy one.

GWENDOLINE.—We feel for you much, but you take a narrow, one-sided view of your case and God's ways of fulfilling His promises. He responds to your prayers, but sometimes in an unexpected way and time. You complain you do not get advice from your pastor, but have it supplied by means of this paper. You complain that you are not helped to obtain aid in work or otherwise, but frequently there are methods pointed out by us. God's ways are not our ways, and in withdrawing one earthly blessing He may replace it with another more suitable for your case—not time only, but eternity considered. What we think good for us may be the very reverse. Did the holy martyrs, who trusted in the promises, consider them broken when, not merely sickness nor poverty were sent to try them, but the wicked were permitted to test their faith and patience by means of imprisonment, torture, and death? "God is not slack concerning His promise," and that which He does we know not now, but we shall know hereafter. The worthy man whose offer you refused may have been sent by a Divine Providence, and your judgment of him may have been a harsh and unjust one. Apply to the Universal Beneficent Society, 15, Soho-square, W., or the Friendly Female Society, East View, Church-road, Upper Norwood, S.E., or the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

VIOLA.—1. The name "Laura" means a laurel, which you know is an evergreen, and has beautiful shining leaves. It is a Latin name, and in Italian and German it is spelt the same, though pronounced as if written "Lawra." 2. Very ancient violins by a first-rate celebrated maker are more valuable than new ones, provided they be in good repair. Modern ones may be had from a pound upwards to a high price. We are much obliged by your kind letter, but your verses are not "poetry."

SPRING.—Two origins are respectively given to the phrase "Sent to Coventry." According to Chambers (in the "Encyclopædia"), the citizens of that town had such an objection to soldiers that a woman seen speaking to one was immediately tabooed. Hatton (in the "History of Birmingham") says that Coventry, being the stronghold of the Parliamentary party in the Civil Wars, all whom they deemed troublesome Royalists were sent there for safest custody.

P. H. LLOYD.—We feel much obliged to you for the recipe you enclose for taking out marking-ink. The success with which you have used it induces us to add it to our "useful hints."

NOEL NO. 2.—You ask for articles which have been already supplied. See "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii.; "The Art of Letter-writing," page 42, vol. ii.; "The Art of Conversing Agreeably," page 675, vol. ii.; "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," page 73, vol. ii.; "Etiquette for all Classes," page 90, vol. iii., the second part of which appeared under the title of "The Habits of Good Society," page 162, vol. iii.

MEG.—It would depend on the relative positions in life of the "young gentleman" you mention and yourself, and the degree of acquaintance that existed between you, whether you had not unintentionally been guilty of a somewhat forward action in making him shake hands with you. In any case, he was ill-bred.

DOLEFUL DOROTHY.—Your position is a little difficult. We think that you might tell "John" exactly how you are circumstanced, and leave him to arrange all with your father. Tell him what your father says. It is his place to settle the question, first, of how much longer it would be fair and honourable to keep an affianced husband waiting for a fulfilment of your pledged word; and, secondly, whether any ultimate arrangement should be made as to all boarding together, if only for a time. This would break the separation more gently to your father and the children. Perhaps "John" could arrange with him to wait until you be of age. Your hand is legible, and seems formed.

FRANCES.—Try rinsing the Indian grass in a strong solution of soda and water, and the removal of the paint by the application of turpentine. Your hand is fairly good.

META RUSSELL.—We think a visit to a soup kitchen would assist you There is one in Euston-road, between Tottenham Court-road and Portland-road Station (Metropolitan).

HOLLYBERRY.—Clean the ermine by rubbing wheat flour into it. Refer to the articles on the care of the teeth.

HOPAGOG.—Certainly say, "He is taking a drive."

PENELOPE.—Yes, most certainly. We do not see any more questions in your present letter, and regret that for this you should have had to wait.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—Use a capital letter. Write "Latin origin," "Greek root," "French version." We see no cause of dispute whatever. See Angus' "Handbook of the English Tongue."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MARGARET TRENT,

AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

BY DORA HOPE.

IT was seldom that a day passed without exchange of visits between the Trents and their relatives, the Colvilles. Their houses were not far distant, and Elsie often ran in for a few minutes' lively chat with Margaret, who, in her turn, found that her walks frequently led her in the direction of her Aunt Annie's

She generally came out much impressed with a deep sense of that lady's good management, for the superintendence of a large house and a numerous family is no easy task.

"You have such a large mind, Aunt Annie," said Margaret, one morning. "You never seem to

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"MARGARET SAT WITH PALE, ANXIOUS FACE."

worry about things, and yet I suppose they *do* go wrong sometimes, even in this model household."

"Indeed they do, dear, though I certainly think it is foolish, and wrong too, to let oneself get into a worry, as you call it. When I feel myself becoming anxious or irritable about little things, I leave them altogether for a little while, and go away and read for half an hour; but if I were young and active like you, I should take a good walk before trying to put matters right, if I felt at all inclined to be worried about them. You would come back with your nerves braced up, and ready to face twice the number of vexations. But has anything been going wrong to-day, my child? If you will tell me about it, perhaps I can help you."

"It is nothing very much, aunt. You will think I am very foolish to be put out by such trifles, but I thought when I had a house of my own, and all my own arrangements, that everything would go so smoothly, and I should have quite a pattern house, so I am disappointed when there is constantly some little thing arising to ruin my castle in the air. My last grievance is that the dining-room chimney smokes so badly that my ornaments are getting quite dingy-looking already. I have had a man to see to it, but it is not much better."

"Why, Madge, you surely have not scruples like mamma!" broke in Elsie. "She will not have any of those new patent chimney-pots on, lest they should blow off on to someone's head; but I did not think you would be so particular."

"Now, Margaret, you must not listen to Elsie's nonsense," rejoined Aunt Annie. "The fact is, I have a superior plan of lighting fires which causes so little smoke that it really does away with the necessity for patent chimney-pots, though, no doubt, they are sometimes very useful where there is too much down draught. But my present housemaid forgets to lay the fires in my way, unless I look after her constantly. She ought every morning, after clearing the grate, to put a piece of brown paper in the bottom, and then fill the grate with knobs of coal and a few cinders up to the top bar."

"No sticks?"

"No, nothing but coal till the grate is full. Then, on the top, one of those wooden wheels for kindling, or two or three sticks, a little paper, and a few knobs of coal are arranged. This is lighted and soon becomes a brisk little fire, which burns gradually *downwards* till the whole is alight. The only objections to this plan are that the fire does not blaze up much, and ought not to be poked, and poking, you know, has such a wonderful fascination for some people. The only attention it wants is sometimes a little patting down to make it more compact. If it is left alone and not touched, it will burn for eight or nine hours without more coals, and be a bright clear fire the whole time."

"Yes, Madge, I can second all mamma says," said Elsie. "I am not generally favoured with a fire in my bedroom, but I have had one the last few nights in consideration of my bad cold. I have it lighted a little while before I go to bed, and rather more coal than usual put in the grate, and it is always burning when I get up in the morning."

"What clever ideas you always have, aunt! I will try it to-morrow morning, though I do not exactly see why it should burn downwards, when everybody knows it is the nature of fires to burn upwards. But if the fire lasts such a long time, surely it must be a great saving of coal?"

"It is a great saving. You will find that servants very soon get to prefer this arrangement, because they have so much less coals to carry upstairs, and it saves them trouble in other ways, for the fuel is almost entirely consumed, and leaves very few cinders; and even if there are any they are simply put back into the grate next morning amongst the coals. Be sure you try it, dear, and when you have made up your mind to adopt it, I should advise you to follow my example a little farther, and have a thin sheet of iron fitted into the bottom of the grate, when you no longer need the piece of brown paper put in every morning. But stay and take luncheon with us, Margaret, and then you shall see the lighting of the drawing-room fire."

"Oh, mamma, you know you told me we were going to take a humble luncheon of pork chops, and Margaret is sure not to like that," cried Elsie.

"Yes, I do, very much; but I do not often have it, because I have an idea that pork is not very wholesome," said Margaret.

"Nor is it, if there be any doubt of the quality and freshness of the meat," replied Mrs. Colville. "You should never buy it at any but a first-rate shop, and notice that both fat and lean are very white, and the former free from kernels; the skin should look firm and smooth, for if it seems clammy it is probably stale. But if you are careful on these points you need not have any hesitation in buying it, particularly at this time of the year; it is always considered most wholesome from October to March."

"And do you think it economical, aunt?"

"Yes! but hardly as much so as its low price would lead you to imagine, because there is less nourishment in it than in other kinds of meat, and it wastes a good deal in cooking. A leg of fresh pork is generally considered the most economical joint. Then, of course, the dripping from pork takes the place of the very best lard, when clarified, so that there is a saving there, again."

"The worst of two married people meeting together," observed Elsie, meditatively, "is that their conversation entirely hinges upon such extremely domestic topics, to the exclusion of everything of a more elevating nature."

"Oh, Elsie, I am sorry; I never thought of how wearisome it must be to you. I was going to tell aunt about one other little trouble I have, but I will spare you."

"No, indeed! ask away, Margaret; it is good for Elsie to gain information, so as to be better able to take care of a house of her own some day," said Mrs. Colville.

"Well, excuse me, Elsie, but I find it so difficult to get on with Anne properly, aunt, and I want your advice. I am sure in many little things she is not strictly honest, and I must tell her of it when I see it, and, altogether, I seem to be constantly having to find fault about little things. I know I have a hasty temper, and perhaps I speak more sharply than I ought; but after I have mentioned anything she goes into the kitchen, and if any of her friends are there, as I told you they very frequently are, she talks in a loud voice—of course, for me to hear—about 'people who pretend to be religious, and yet are always finding fault.' What am I to do, aunt? I cannot let the work be neglected, and I do not think I ought to allow dishonesty even in trifles, but it is dreadful to think she looks upon me as bringing discredit on Christianity."

"It is a very difficult question, dear, particularly for you, who are only just beginning to be mistress of your own house," replied Mrs. Colville. "It requires great tact and management with a servant like Anne. You *must* be strictly obeyed if you wish to have any comfort and order in the house. Neglect of your duty in seeing that the work is properly done is only looked upon as weakness, for which servants would despise you. They naturally do not care to work hard for a mistress who does not know good work from bad. But, on the other hand, if you are tempted to speak hastily, you will find it better not to mention a fault, particularly those which have annoyed or irritated you, till you feel that your anger has quite cooled down. Then you will be able to point out a fault or carelessness without losing your temper, which would entirely spoil the effect of a remonstrance, and might reasonably call forth scornful remarks about Christians being no better than other people. And then, you know, dear, it does not do to forget to give praise as well as blame when it is deserved. We all like to be praised when we do well, and it does quite as much good as scolding."

"Thank you, aunt; I am sure that is good advice. I will keep out of Anne's way in the future when I feel cross. I thought I had got over my naturally hasty temper, but I find it was only lying dormant for want of provocation, and Anne seems to have roused it all up again."

"Then there is another thing; we who are mistresses, and able to get sympathy and loving care when we have the least trouble or sickness, ought to make allowances for the many private anxieties and troubles our servants have, and which are greatly enhanced by their loneliness. Our little troubles would seem far harder to bear if we were living alone amongst strangers, so you should try to let Anne see that you are really her friend and anxious to promote her happiness, for while she is your servant you are responsible for her welfare. Speak to her, when it is necessary to scold, in a low gentle voice, and let her see that it is entirely between yourselves, and not a matter for the whole house to hear. You know, dear, you have, as mistress of the house, to set her an example of Christian womanhood, which includes amongst its duties gentleness and forbearance, as well as 'looking well to the ways of her house.' You see, my child, I speak to you plainly, but I do it because I have gone through just the same difficulties myself, and so can judge from my own experience."

"This is certainly more elevating than pork chops, Madge," broke in Elsie, "and I can join in, for I take a great interest in the race of domestic servants, they are so much maligned, poor things, though they certainly are sometimes very provoking. I had to go into one of our servant's bedrooms the other day just after coming out of my own room, which I flatter myself is very prettily arranged, and I was so struck by the bareness of the room and absence of anything ornamental, that I felt quite ashamed of all my unnecessary ornaments; it is really too bad that servants should not have anything pretty about them. So, as a beginning, I got these large coloured texts, and I am binding them with narrow ribbon, and then I shall sew on a loop of rather broader ribbon to hang them up by, and they will decorate their bare walls a little; then I think I shall make them some toilet-tidies out of my Christmas cards, and then—oh! then my patience will be exhausted, I expect; but if it is not, I mean to make their rooms look quite nice. Some people are so dreadfully afraid of making their servants' rooms look pretty that, even if their windows face the front, they give them shabby old blinds and no curtains, and spoil the look of the whole of the house."

"You have given up venetian blinds, I see, aunt."

"Oh, yes, long ago; they are expensive, to begin with, and they get so dirty very soon, and it is such an undertaking to have them either washed or re-painted, so we use those pretty striped linen ones, scalloped along the bottom and edged with fringe, and we have had them lately fitted with patent spring rollers; they are so convenient, and very rarely get out of order. Then for the sitting-

rooms, you see, we have these more elaborate linen blinds, looped in the German fashion."

"Well, aunt, I am ashamed of having asked you such a string of questions, but I am very grateful to you for answering them. I am sorry I cannot accept your invitation to luncheon; the children from next door are coming in to take luncheon with me, and I must run off, or I shall be late."

Margaret had carried out her intention of writing more frequently than formerly to Tom, in Edinburgh. Not that she really feared any harm for him, but she dreaded lest he might feel neglected and uncared for now that personal intercourse with his family was so limited. Joanna's thoughts and attention were chiefly taken up by a little daughter who had recently come to gladden their home, and Mr. Colville's letters from abroad, kind and fatherly always, were necessarily uncertain in their arrival. Thus, Margaret felt that on her Tom chiefly depended for intercourse with the rest of the family. He was a young man now, just twenty years old, but his letters were those of a frank honest-hearted boy still, breathing all through them a deep affection for his sister, so that the hint which Elsie had given of bad companions soon faded from Margaret's mind.

Before long, however, the remembrance of her cousin's words was rudely awakened, and Margaret's love and trust in her brother put to a severe test.

One day, before luncheon, Margaret had just completed the rather unpleasant task of washing her ivory-backed hair brushes. Knowing how easily they are spoilt if carelessly washed, she always did them herself, choosing a dry, breezy day, and dabbing them in warm water in which pieces of yellow soap and a *very* little soda had been dissolved, and being very careful all the time to avoid splashing the backs. After rinsing them in cold water, and shaking them well to get the water all out, she tied a string to each handle and hung them at an open window to dry.

On this particular morning, when she had finished the brushes, she stood at the window a few minutes watching the passers-by, and to her intense astonishment she saw her husband coming up the road, and walking hurriedly towards the house.

Wondering at this quite unprecedented occurrence so early in the day, she ran down to the door, and saw at once, by his face, that something was wrong. Fearing, she knew not what, and dreading to ask, she silently followed her husband to the dining-room.

"I don't know how to tell you, Madge, darling," he began, drawing her to a seat beside him on the couch.

"Oh, Wilfred! is anybody hurt—killed?" she asked in a whisper, with a terrible sinking at her heart.

"No, no, dear! everyone is well. It is, I was going to say, worse than that: it is disgrace and shame that I have to tell you of. It is Tom who has—— But perhaps you had better read this;" and he placed in her hands a letter. It was from Tom's employer, Mr. Macander, stating that he was sorry to inform Mr. Trent that his safe had been robbed to the extent of £100. Suspicion had naturally fallen on young Colville, as he had been sent to the safe a short time previously, and upon all the *employés* being searched, three of the missing bank-notes had been found in Colville's desk. Mr. Macander went on to say that, for the sake of example, he felt compelled, though very reluctantly, to prosecute, but lost no time in communicating with the Trents, as he knew Mr. Colville was absent. He added that the young fellow was for the present simply locked up in one of the offices, and obstinately refused to confess his guilt, though he did not attempt to explain the presence of the notes in his desk, so that there was no course open but to place the affair in the hands of the police.

When Margaret had finished reading, and sat with pale, anxious face, Wilfred began to tell her how he had arranged for someone to take his place at business for a day or two that he might start at once for Edinburgh, to do what he could in this miserable affair; he thought, possibly, by offering to refund the stolen money himself, he might induce Mr. Macander to give up the idea of a prosecution.

Margaret at once declared she must go too, and in a very short space of time the two were speeding on their journey. As the hours flew by, and they approached the city, Margaret's spirits rose somewhat.

"I daresay we shall find him at liberty, with his name cleared, when we get there!" she said. "The real thief could never allow him to be punished, could he, Wilfred? Besides, with his spotless character—Tom's, I mean—and so many friends in Edinburgh to testify to his fine noble ways, he couldn't help coming through all right, even if the thief still held back."

Wilfred looked less sanguine.

"I believe the lad is as honest as the day," he said, "but you must not hope for too much, my Madge, for the evidence against him seems pretty strong, and previous good character does not always tell very much."

They did not arrive at Edinburgh till too late to take any steps that night, and Margaret had to curb her impatience till the morning, when at an early hour they presented themselves at Mr. Macander's office and were admitted into his private room.

"I am indeed sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Trent should have taken so long a journey for nothing," began that gentleman, urbanely.

"Oh, Wilfred, I knew all would be right," ejaculated Margaret, with rapture in her face.

"For," continued Mr. Macander, not noticing the interruption, "the young gentleman has, so to speak, taken the law into his own hands, and, in a word—escaped!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Our religion should manifest itself in our daily lives, and we should be able to point to as good results as the labouring man who got up the other day at a religious meeting and said, "You all know what I was when I kept my shop open on Sunday—how I delighted in sin; but now I am happy in Jesus, and if you want to know more about the change which has taken place just go down to"—giving his name and address—"and ask my wife and family."

BUSINESS AND BLESSEDNESS.—If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

LOOKING IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.—Socrates is said to have enjoined all young people to look often in their looking-glass to ascertain if they were good-looking—that, if they were so, they might strive to make their mental attainments correspond; and if they were not so, then that they might endeavour by the superior accomplishments of their minds to make up for their personal shortcomings.

ECCENTRICITIES OF SPELLING.—The most remarkable instances of the various spelling of names in the olden time are the surnames of Lindsay, Stirling, and Montgomery. These appear to have respectively presented themselves in no fewer than eighty-eight, sixty-four, and forty-four different forms.

LEARNING IN SMALL DOSES.—It is well to take in learning in rather small doses at a time. "Treat your mind as a narrow-necked bottle, and don't try to learn too much at once," said an old schoolmaster to his pupil when he left his roof to begin the battle of life. "If you try to fill the bottle too fast very little will go into it."

OUR LIFE.

Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away:
Others to dinner stay,
And are full fed,
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt that lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the least to pay.

PURE GOLD.—A Christian in this world is but gold in the ore; at death the pure gold is melted out and separated and the dross cast away and consumed.—*Flavel.*

THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE.—This is certainly the age of progress. Farmer Simpson, a contemporary informs us, having manured his wheat-fields with baking powder, his crops shot up luxuriantly, and were reaped in harvest-time in the shape of shilling loaves, all ready buttered, a result only paralleled by the success of Mrs. Simpson with the washing powder which she sprinkled at night over the fine linen, and in the morning it was all mangled and ironed in the drawers.

THE PRIDE OF LEARNING.—An ignorant farmer in the Lake District once married a "heigh larned" woman. Hard times came, and when everybody was complaining, the farmer's wife declared that for her part she would be contented if she could obtain food and raiment; whereupon her husband rebuked her presumption. "Thoo fule," said he, "thoo dosn't think thoo'st to hev mair than other folk. *I'se* content wi' meeat and claes."

WRONG THINGS AND HARD THINGS.—To you girls it is honourable to say of this or that, "I did it not because it is wrong to do it," but it is quite the reverse if you say, "I did it not because it is a hard thing."

A HINT FOR THE AMBITIOUS.—Success and glory are the children of hard work and God's favour.

IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.—Happiness is a fruit that groweth in the garden of God only.

THE WORK OF THE WORLD.—We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no woman can labour for herself without at the same time labouring for all other people.

SMALL EARS AND LARGE EARS.—It is a popular belief that a small and well-shaped ear is not only a beauty, but a sign of good breeding; while, on the other hand, a large prominent ear is a sign of vulgarity. Giotto in his drawing of Envy in the chapel of the Arena at Padua represents the ear as superhuman in size.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF A PLAIN FACT, COMMON IN NORTHERN REGIONS:—

I c I c c
I c c I c
I c c I c I c
c I c I c

G. B. R. B.

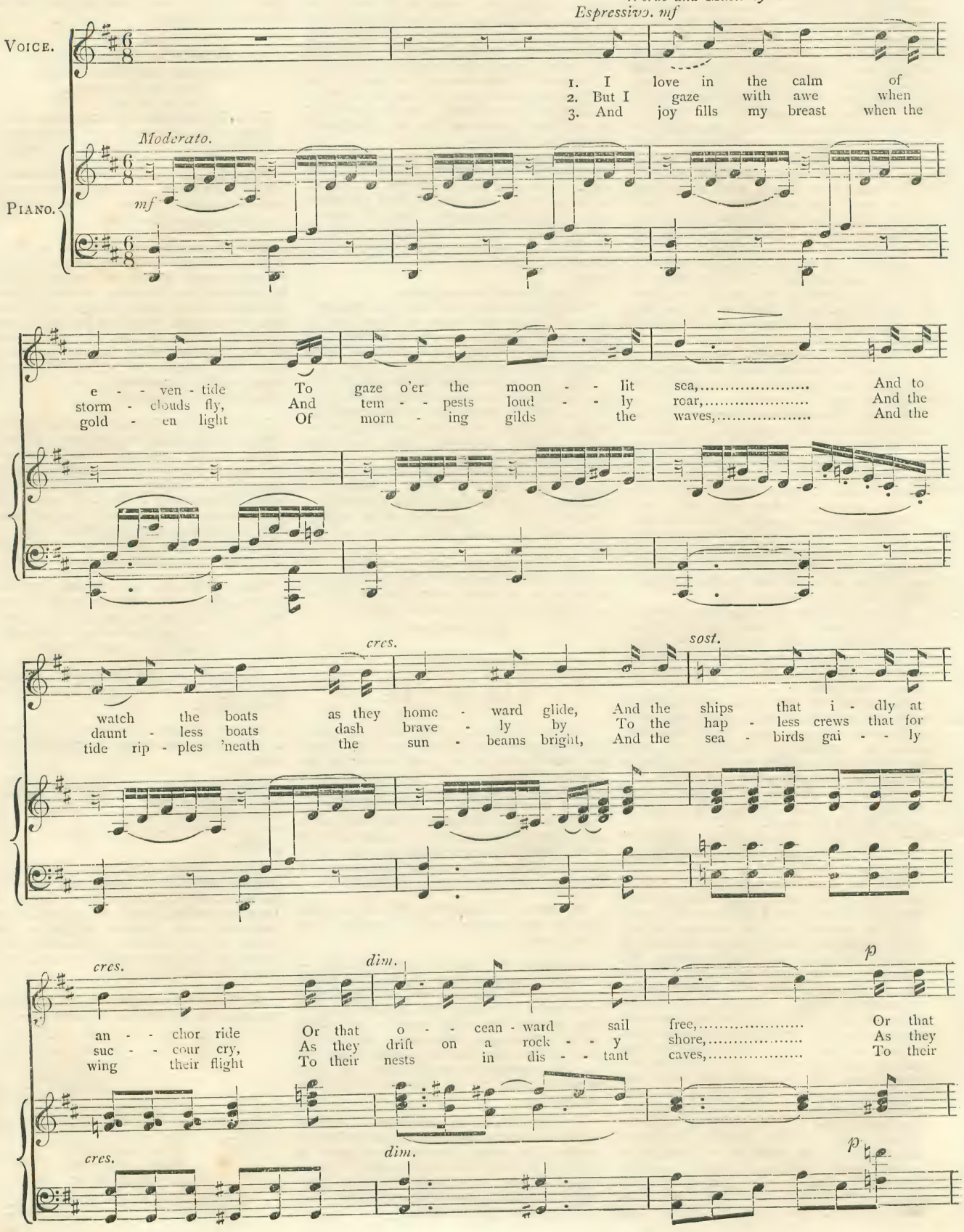
ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (page 270):—

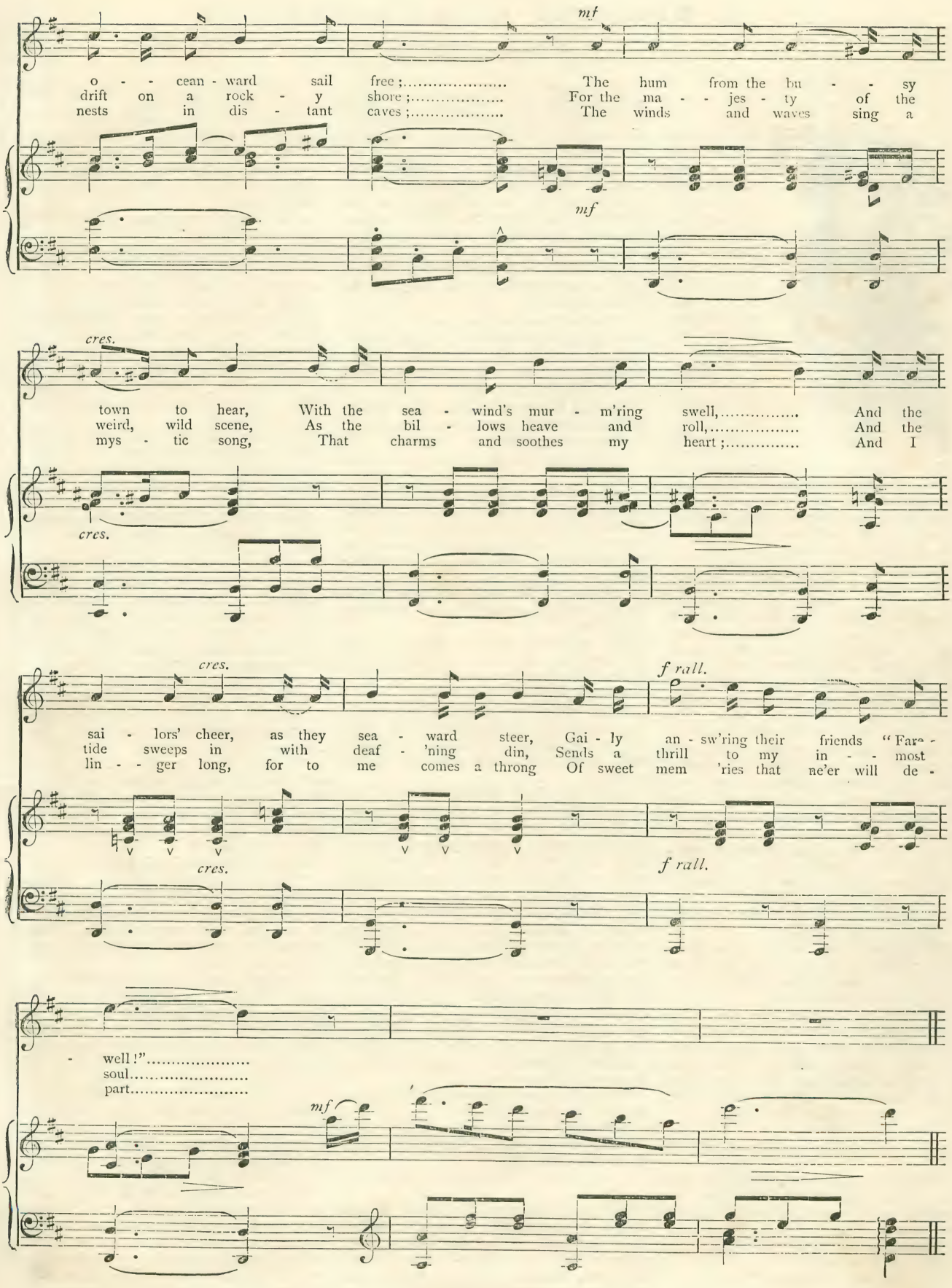
M A N F R E D
A R I O S T O
U T H E R
D O M I N I C A

W. C.

SEA WAVES.

Words and Music by CHARLES H. BASSETT.




mf
o - - cean - ward sail free;..... The hum from the bu - - sy
drift on a rock - y shore;..... For the ma - - jes - ty of the
nests in dis - tant caves;..... The winds and waves sing a
mf
cres.
town to hear, With the sea - wind's mur - m'ring swell,..... And the
weird, wild scene, As the bil - lows heave and roll,..... And the
mys - tic song, That charms and soothes my heart;..... And I
cres.
cres.
f rall.
sai - lors' cheer, as they sea - ward steer, Gai - ly an - sw'ring their friends "Fare -
tide sweeps in with deaf - 'ning din, Sends a thrill to my in - - most
lin - - ger long, for to me comes a throng Of sweet mem 'ries that ne'er will de -
cres.
f rall.
well!".....
soul.....
part.....
mf

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACQUET.

AIR rose the sun into the dazzling skies on that last morning, and Damaris, in the improvised riding-dress arranged for her by Angelique, under the direction of La Marquise, awaited the coming of Monsieur St. Just in the library.

The morning was yet early, and the air, as it entered at the open window, was full of that freshness and purity which only mountainous regions know. Damaris laved both hands and face in it as she stood before the casement.

She was feverish with suppressed excitement, and a bright glow came and went upon her cheek with the faintest echo of every footstep. The delight of the prospective ride thrilled her one moment, only to give place the next to a keen throb of pain at the thought of her solitary return to the old *château*.

She could not help but feel that this first ride must also be her last. The thought of Mademoiselle St. Cyr arose in the immediate future, completely setting aside the possibility of Monsieur Etienne's kindness being all her own after his return. She must make the most of these few hours, extracting all the sweetness they could possibly yield. Resolving to do so to the very utmost, she drew in her head with a deep sigh, which she was startled to hear echoed.

"*Eh bien*, mademoiselle; are you ready to try the 'Inferno' once more?"

"Quite ready, monsieur."

She gathered up her skirts as Monsieur St. Just took down his key from the nail, and pressed the spring of the *escalier de la bibliothèque*.

"I must precede you," he said, "so that if you miss your footing I may be able to prevent the catastrophe we once discussed. I must trouble you to draw the door to behind you. Get your hand on the rope and your foot on the first step before you out off the light."

"J'en ai, monsieur."

"Et puis, prenez-garde, et suivez moi."

In silence and in black darkness they descended. About mid-way the reassuring voice came upwards to Damaris's ears.

"Etes-vous là, mademoiselle?"

"Me voici, monsieur."

"Vous n'avez pas peur?"

"Pas de tout."

Then again silence, until the key grated in the lock below and the dazzling sunshine fell upon them through the doorway with its overhanging curtain of creepers.

In the *basse-cour* old André, lazily moving to and fro, was putting the last touches to the accoutrements of the horses. Monsieur St. Just's mare, Blanche, greeted his approach with a welcoming neigh. By her side stood a rough little colt, sure-footed and fleet, with a countenance that bespoke its perfect docility.

"Jacquet has nothing in his appearance to recommend him to you, mademoiselle, but he has this good quality: that one can trust him to carry in safety one's dearest possession."

He had his back to her as he spoke, and was carefully testing every fastening in Jacquet's equipment.

"I am not in the least afraid, monsieur."

"But if fear should come," he said, looking up to smile, "after I am compelled to leave you, you have only to let the reins fall on Jacquet's neck, and he will bring you home without any guidance."

"*Bon petit Jacquet!* I hardly think he will be put to the test in that way, monsieur."

He assisted her to mount, and gathered up the reins into her hands with a few directions as to what Jacquet liked and disliked in his rider.

Then, springing to Blanche's back, they rode out of the *basse-cour* and across the bridge, followed by André with his master's valise strapped to his saddle.

After they had passed through the hamlet Monsieur St. Just put Blanche to the trot, and, hardly needing Damaris's gentle reminder, Jacquet sprang after them with a light and easy motion such as she had not expected from his rough appearance.

With now and then a backward glance to assure himself that she was enjoying her ride, Monsieur kept up this swinging trot until the road rose steeply towards that point whence Damaris had obtained her first glimpse of St. Aubin. Then he drew rein, and Damaris, with cheeks and eyes aglow from the combined effects of the morning air and the exhilarating exercise, followed his example, and let Jacquet fall into a walk.

"You feel perfectly safe on Jacquet, do you not, mademoiselle?"

"Perfectly, monsieur."

"He has not the least caprice. You do not find him pull?"

"Not at all. He has the tenderest mouth."

"I am glad you like him. He is always at your service, remember, whenever you wish to expend some of your superfluous energy in exercise. You have only to ask André to saddle him and prepare to accompany you."

"How kind of you to say so, monsieur. But, La Marquise!"

"She fully understands that if you spend several hours in writing for me in the morning, you need some counterbalancing recreation. I thought you would prefer it in this form to any other. Am I right?"

"Very right, monsieur. I shall enjoy it above all things."

"Be sure that you show your appreciation by availing yourself of it, and do not work too hard in my absence."

The horses were walking neck and neck up the steepest part, and Monsieur Etienne took this opportunity to say rather abruptly to his companion—

"Knowing my mother's *habitual reserve* as I do, I suppose she has confided to you her grand project with regard to me?"

Damaris was taken aback by this direct question, believing, as she had been assured, that La Marquise's policy was to keep her son in ignorance of her designs for the present. The surprise and confusion which he saw in her face made Monsieur Etienne laugh. He went on to say—

"I see, you have been considering yourself her sole *confidante*, just as I supposed. Mademoiselle, I thought by this time you knew my mother well enough to guess that from Angelique to the outermost circle of her little world of correspondents all will by this time have been entrusted with this grand secret."

"But you, monsieur! I thought that its chance of success depended upon your not guessing the Marquise's intentions?"

"I have been aware of it for years; and, thanks to my mother's secrecy of disposition, have even been allowed to read some of the duchess's letters to her upon the subject. Did you think the idea a new one?"

"I had not heard of it before."

"I am astonished at that. Mademoiselle St. Cyr has been educated to this end, that either Jerome or I might be dazzled with her perfections. Late events have caused my mother to fix on me as the victim."

The light mocking tone in which he spoke lifted the weight which had lain on Damaris's spirits during the past two days. She felt an almost irresistible disposition to laugh too, but checked it, as disloyal to the innocent-hearted old Marquise.

"I have not alluded to the matter before," continued Monsieur, "although I believed you to be *au courant* with La Marquise's plans. They amuse her, and do no harm to anybody. It pleases her to fancy that without her admirable arrangement the most desirable ends would never be reached. Surely it is best to humour her as far as one can in her little whims and fancies, which are as harmless, really, as the fantasies which delight a child. The reason that I have not considered it necessary to

refer to this matter in any way before is, that I have never myself given it one serious thought."

"You did not, then, give me credit for being interested in your happiness?"

"My happiness! Do you believe for one moment, mademoiselle, that my happiness is involved in this question? I have not seen Mademoiselle St. Cyr since she was six years old. I thought you knew me better than to suppose this."

"Then I will say, in the happiness of your mother, which seems to depend to a certain extent upon the success that attends her negotiations."

"Ah! that is a totally different thing," he replied. "But even with regard to her you treat the matter far too seriously. La Marquise can change her plans and redirect her energies with a facility that would seem quite extraordinary to you. Witness the ease with which she has transferred Mademoiselle St. Cyr as a prospective wife from my brother to me, just because she thinks that I need her fortune to repair the breach in my own. Do you believe, mademoiselle, that it is in this way, according to the dictates of a mere whim, that the solemn choice which is to affect one's whole life should be made?"

"Monsieur, I know that your French customs differ entirely from our English notions on this subject."

"I would have you speak without any prejudice, national or otherwise, for the question of right is universal. You, being what you are, must admit that marriage, the closest of all ties, is also the most holy. The choice of a partner for life is the most serious that a man, or woman either, can be called upon to make. And because on them alone must fall the bitter consequences of all mistakes, can you think it right under any circumstances that this choice should be made wholly for them?"

Damaris could not speak out her strong English mind upon the subject, and before she could sufficiently modify her thoughts for expression, Monsieur St. Just continued—

"Can you declare that even my most excellent mother is justified in rising from her bed some morning and saying, 'There is in existence a beautiful high-born girl of good fortune who must become the wife of my son, because all my friends agree with me that the marriage would be mutually advantageous. My son has not the pleasure of her acquaintance, but that does not matter. She will not please him, perhaps; possibly they may not care for each other in the least, but that does not matter either. My friend the duchess, and all of my acquaintance whom I have consulted, are quite of my opinion that the match is in every way desirable. My son will be unnatural if he does not allow his fancy to be overruled by my common sense. And as for mademoiselle herself, she will be unworthy of the name she bears if she does not submit to so wise a provision'? You must agree with me, mademoiselle, that all this is the most utter, the most culpable, nonsense. I shall be both astonished and pained if for one moment you think seriously of my mother's devices to get rid of the *ennui* that oppresses her."

Damaris strove fiercely to conquer the wild joy which this assurance gave her. Why, she asked herself, should she rejoice so greatly because Monsieur Etienne was undutiful and rebellious? Ought she not rather to censure his conduct? But how could she, when every pulse was bounding sympathetically with him in the liberty he claimed for himself, and the right he asserted every human being to possess in virtue of the responsibility which could not be alienated.

"I am waiting for your opinion, mademoiselle."

Damaris did not venture upon even the shyest of glances.

"My thoughts upon the subject cannot affect your actions, monsieur."

"You are cautious and overscrupulous. Nevertheless, if I wish to have them, you will surely oblige me?"

"I think you overrate their significance."

"I am a better judge of that than you can be."

"I don't know that," said Damaris, laughing, and colouring at his persistence. "If they are not pleasing to you, you must remember that you have no right to take offence, because you will not leave me to the guidance of my own judgment, which bids me to keep silence."

"I am foolhardy, I suppose; but rather than be treated to silence, I am willing to risk a second edition of the sound rating you gave me the other day."

Damaris's head drooped, and deeper grew the crimson on her cheeks. Not even all the good that had followed justified her to herself on that occasion. She answered him with difficulty.

"I think in this matter you are right in the main, monsieur; but how do you know that your mother is not right also? Mademoiselle St. Cyr may be everything that you can desire. If you have not seen her since she was six years old, you cannot possibly say whether she would be your choice or no."

The light, mocking laughter died out of Monsieur Etienne's face. He became gravely considerate, as the subject deserved.

"It is your opinion, then, that I ought to submit to this introduction?"

"I think you need not have invented an excuse to avoid it."

"Invented! That is a severe word, mademoiselle. Did I not explain to you the nature of the business which calls me to Paris?"

"But the business is not imperative. The poor lacemakers, who have patiently borne the burden of their wrongs for years, could very well have waited a few weeks longer in prospect of having them repealed. It is a subterfuge altogether unworthy of you."

Blanche started forward in obedience to a sudden jerk of her rein, but her speed was as quickly checked.

"Your judgment is exceedingly harsh," he said, in a constrained voice.

"I should not have ventured to give it, monsieur, if you had not insisted."

"Which means that I have not even the right to complain when you cruelly misjudge me. *Eh bien*, mademoiselle!"

Damaris was silent, hurt in her turn because he took offence at the freedom of speech which he had enjoined. He went on, however, without waiting for her to say anything.

"You seem to think that I have no duties besides those which I owe to my mother—that her whim should be my law. But, dearly though I love her, she shall never again make me the victim of any of her ambitious projects. It would be an overstrained sense of duty that would require more of me than the sacrifices I have already made. I have been led by much, and very deep suffering, to form strong opinions, which have become ingrained in my life by the silence imposed upon them. I have been compelled to endure agonies of which she has never dreamed. They were caused by her, and yet I have never breathed one word of complaint."

The ice of his reserve once broken, there seemed to be a giving way on all hands of the forces of his self-restraint. The rare charm of having for a listener one whose qualities of mind and heart were so thoroughly in harmony with his own wrought upon this strong, self-contained man like a magic emollient.

"My own heart has been torn to shreds almost, and yet I have spared her the knowledge of the pain her own hands wrought. In my boyhood I fought with and conquered the anguish of seeing Jerome always preferred to me. I have, with unsparing hand, crushed down every jealous suggestion, in so far that, without hesitation, I could despoil myself for him, and give him besides a full measure of brotherly love. Amidst so much that was disappointing, so much that was distasteful, there sprang up within my solitary soul a passion that was all-absorbing, a power greater than myself—the love of study, the faculty of creating. For the first time in my life I was happy, because I was independent of all outward things. Against this passion my mother set her face; she determined to wean me from my only joy. But, mark this, mademoiselle, in all that she did she believed herself justified. So mistaken was she, however, that the only result of her machinations was to leave me to wear to the end of my days that thorny crown of sorrow—vain regret. Tell me, how can I ever again trust to her instinct, or give even so much as an idle assent to her intermeddling with the ways of Providence? I do not doubt the kindness nor the integrity of her intentions; nay, I may even seem to fall in with them sometimes, as a little harmless amusement, but I will never allow any event of my life to be overruled by her again."

(*To be continued.*)

WHY am I glad? You ask me why.
It is not that above the snow
The crocus and the snowdrops grow.
Or that on yonder hedge, hard by,
The leaves are opening every one,
To tell me wintry days are gone,
And summer drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? You ask me why.
It is not that the birds are gay,
And that upon the birch-tree's spray
They chirp and twitter merrily;
Nor that the children, as they pass,
Have found some daisies in the grass,
For summer's drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? I'll tell you why.
A letter came to me to-day,
From one whose name I will not say;
You cannot guess it if you try.
A letter—oh! so kind and dear,
With words meant only for my ear,
And secrets sweet and shy.

So now you know the reason why.
My love has sent a valentine;
The brightness of new hope is mine,
My heart is filled with joy!
I little thought a year ago,
When parting words were said in woe,
Such sweetness could be nigh!

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

THE Empress of Japan belongs to the noble family of Nijo, her personal name being Haruko, so that her full name is Nijo Haruko. The Japanese write the family or surname first, and the personal name, which we call the Christian name, second; an order which we ourselves find it convenient to adopt in lists, official mentions, and other cases.

The Japanese seldom or never speak of their empress by her name; they use instead the title Kogo, or Kogo Sama. Kogo means "royal wife," or "princess consort." Sama is an honorific suffix, added also to the names of gods. Shortened to San, it performs the functions among the Japanese of our Mr. and Mrs., but always follows the name of the person addressed or mentioned.

After their death the sovereigns of Japan are deified and receive a new name, by which they are known in history, to which is added, in the case of a male sovereign, the suffix Tenno, and that of Kogo in the case of a female sovereign. One of the most celebrated of the Japanese rulers was the Empress Jingo Kogo, who reigned in the third century, and signalised her rule by the conquest of Corea.

The present Empress of Japan seldom appears on public occasions or ceremonies, but she has the reputation of being well-educated, and wise and kind. She shows her interest in the welfare and advancement of her subjects by her patronage of the Normal School for Girls in Tokio, the capital of Japan, formerly called Yedo. In the summer of 1879 she visited the school in person, in order to be present at the annual ceremony of giving certificates to the most successful students, when the girls perform various exercises, and reports of their progress and of the efficiency of the school are given. The education includes such subjects as chemistry, algebra, geometry, calisthenics, and European music, besides the more ordinary branches of reading, writing, geography, history, &c. The pupils are intended to become teachers in the schools now widely scattered over the country.

On New Year's Day the empress joins the emperor in holding a state reception of the foreigners occupying the higher posts in the various government departments for Education, the Navy, War, the Home and Foreign Offices, &c. Her example has been followed by the wife of the prime minister, Sanjo Saneyoshi, who, in 1879, joined her husband in issuing invitations to a large number of, Japanese and foreign, ladies and gentlemen to meet the Duke of Genoa at a *conversazione* in the fine hall of the Imperial Engineering College in Tokio, and was herself present to receive the company.

These are signs that the Oriental seclusion of Japanese ladies of rank is giving way to the influence of contact with European society.

C. J. T.

DAISY AND BUTTERCUP.

By the Author of "I Promised Father."

CHAPTER II.

NEXT day was Saturday, always a busy day at the doctor's house, where there were seven in family, and only two young and not very competent handmaidens to assist. It was a holiday from lessons for Katy, who was accustomed to make herself useful in the house in a hundred ways. She helped to get her two older brothers off to school, finding their lesson books for them and wrapping up their luncheon to be eaten in recess; she helped to make the beds, dusted the drawing-room, nursed and amused baby Harold, and then, with apron and gloves on, she began to clean the silver. She had been too busy all morning to think much of Stella and her feelings of yesterday; but as she rubbed away at the spoons she found her thoughts flying once more to the hall, and as she began mentally to review all she had done the day before, all she had seen, and all she had listened to, the old discontented envious feelings began to reassert themselves.

"I won't!" she cried vigorously; "I won't give way to them. It's shameful and it's wicked! I will be content. I'll be a buttercup, and be glad to be one too!"

And to drive away unwelcome thoughts she began to sing a merry Scotch air, rubbing away vigorously meanwhile.

The silver cleaned and put away in its place, Katy's next duty was to take her mother's, market basket and set off to the village to make some purchases which were needed for the house. It was a glorious July afternoon, with the sun shining hot and bright, and Katy tripped lightly along, swinging her empty basket as she went.

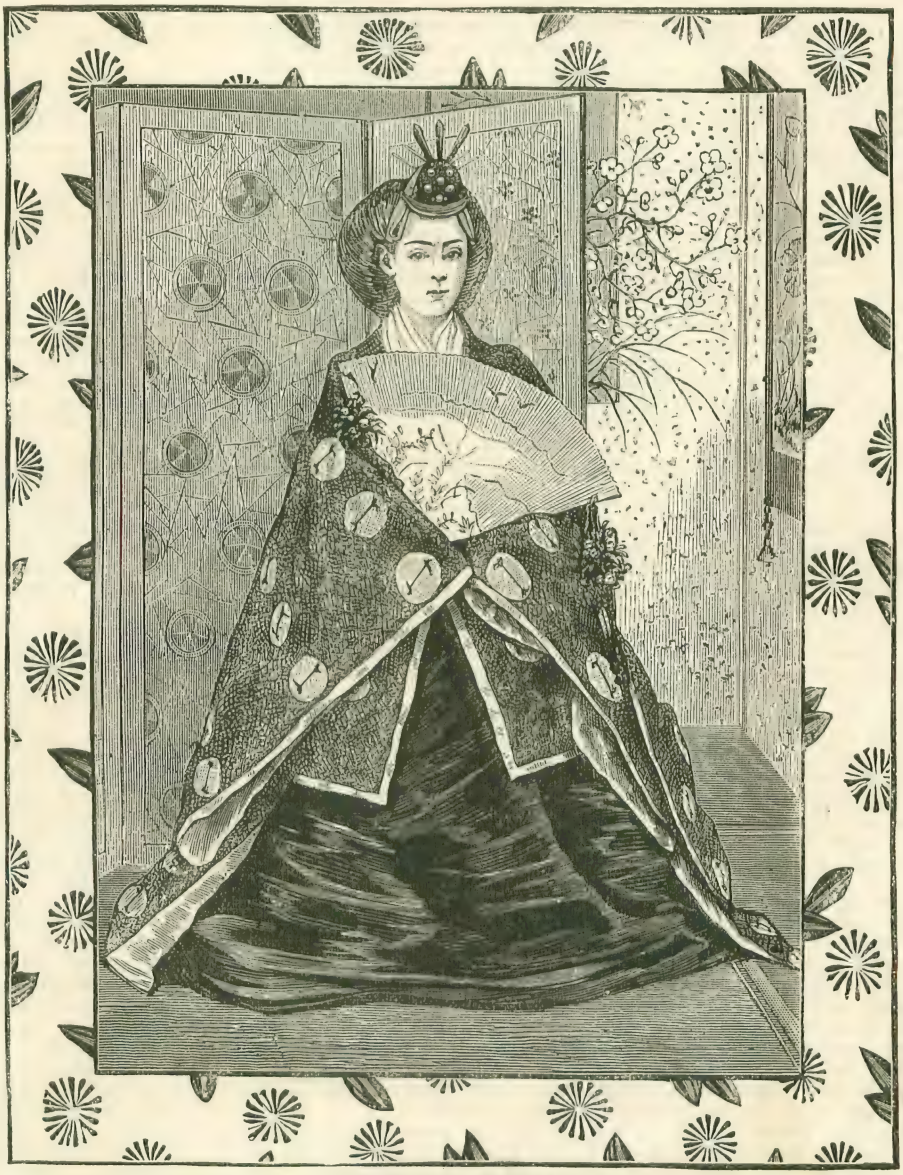
She came back rather more soberly, for the basket was heavy; it was an up-hill walk from the village shop, and the sun beat rather too warmly upon her back.

Half way home she encountered Stella Branscombe mounted upon her new horse, a slim-legged, high-bred animal, with a black coat that shone like satin.

Stella drew rein when she met Katy, with a merry exclamation, "Is that you, Katy? Who would have thought of meeting you walking out on such a hot afternoon and carrying such a big basket!"

Katy flushed with annoyance at the rude little speech, and felt suddenly ashamed of her errand and the market basket. But Stella never noticed the effect of her careless words, and proceeded, "Look at Duke, Katy; you can see him to more advantage now than you could when he was in his stable. Is not he a beauty? I am so proud of him, and he has got to know me already. Simpson," motioning towards the groom, who was riding at a respectful distance behind his little mistress, "wants to keep by my side. As if I would allow such a thing. It would be a very poor compliment to my horsemanship. I'm not an atom nervous, and don't see why I should be. I've ridden ever since I could sit upright. But I won't keep you now; I see you are in a hurry to get home with your precious basket, and I'm going for a long ride round by Warne's Wood. It will be deliciously cool coming back in the evening." And, waving an adieu to Katy, Stella touched her horse lightly on the shoulder and trotted away — a slim, girlish figure in her perfectly fitting blue habit, "chimney-pot" hat, snowy gloves, and tight coil of yellow hair.

Katy proceeded on her homeward way, but the basket seemed to have grown unaccountably heavier, the sun was unbearably hot, she was, oh! so tired, and it did feel so hard that she should have to go on errands like a servant and carry heavy baskets, while Stella had nothing in the world *to do but amuse* herself with riding a lovely horse in a beautiful riding-habit with a servant to attend her. It was all very well for mother to talk about daisies and buttercups, and each one filling its own place, but she had forgotten what it was like to be a girl and to want a hundred things she could not get.



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

It was a gloomy little face that Katy brought home with her that afternoon, but Mrs. Marston, who met her at the door, was too busy to take very particular notice. She relieved her of the heavy basket, saying as she did so, "You look tired, love; I am afraid you found it very hot walking up the hill. But run away and change your dress; the boys have come in and so has father, and tea will be ready in ten minutes. You will feel refreshed when you have had it, so don't be late."

So Katy had only time to run away to her little room and change her rather crushed and soiled cotton dress for a smooth clean muslin, and then trip downstairs again as the bell rang for tea, and found no further time for brooding over her troubles. Then they were such a merry party round the table that she could not have indulged her discontent if she had chosen; and, indeed, very soon Katy was the gayest of all.

Saturday evening was always made a sort of little family festival at Dr. Marston's. The boys were home from school with no lessons to do; the doctor always made a special effort to be at home in time for the social meal, while Mrs. Marston and Katy made a point of working particularly hard on Saturday that they might feel more at leisure for the evening.

But on this Saturday the boys hurried over their meal rather more than they were accustomed to, for Harry had had a present of a

fishing-rod made him, and he and Tom (Tom and Harry always went shares in what each had) must needs go to the pond on the common to try their fortune, and take little six-year-old Charley with them. Charley was only too glad and proud when invited to share his elder brothers' pursuits.

"See if we don't bring you home ever such a big dish of fish for breakfast, mother," they called out as they set forth upon their expedition, and the doctor bade them a merry "Good luck to you!"

Katy was disposed to feel a little aggrieved that neither Harry nor Tom had thought of asking her to join them, and watched them depart rather wistfully. The doctor had thrown himself on the couch with the day's paper in his hand to snatch a few moments of well-earned rest; Mrs. Marston had taken her place by his side, knitting busily with fingers which were never idle. Her eyes soon caught sight of the rather doleful little figure in the window.

"I am glad you did not go with the boys, dear," she said, kindly; "it would have been too far for you to walk without being tired after your busy day. Would you like to take Harold out into the garden for a little while instead, before he goes to bed?"

Katy's face brightened at the proposition, and when baby Harold crowed with delight and held out his little chubby arms to his sister, Katy felt consoled for the defection of the boys.

She took the little fellow in her arms and carried him out into the garden, where she began to walk slowly up and down, singing softly, while Harold over her shoulder kept up a low crooning as accompaniment.

Katy's evil thoughts had taken flight. It would have seemed wicked to have indulged them on such a calm peaceful evening.

"The earth might know Sunday is coming to-morrow, all feels so quiet and restful, as if all the week's work was done," said Katy, pausing in her song to listen to the chiming of the church bells, which sounded sweet and low on the evening air. The ringers were practising, as they usually did on Saturday evening, and the tune of the grand "Old Hundredth" was ringing out from the belfry tower. The young men and boys were playing on the village green, and the sounds of their shouts and laughter came faintly on the evening air. No other sound broke the stillness.

The road that led past the doctor's house was quiet and little frequented. Not a single person came in sight during the half-hour when Katy was walking up and down and singing softly to herself, and the baby hanging sleepily over her shoulder; so that it came almost with a start when she heard the sound of a horse's feet galloping along the road. She watched in some curiosity to see who was coming. It was a man in livery riding full speed, and he drew up hastily at the garden-gate. Katy recognised the Branscombe livery, and her heart sank with a sudden fear of evil tidings even before the man could inquire, quickly and hurriedly, "Is the doctor at home, Miss Katy?"

"Yes, he is. What do you want him for? Is some one ill, Simpson?" for she knew the man as the groom who rode behind Stella.

"Miss Stella; she's been thrown, and hurt herself. But, for mercy's sake, tell the doctor to come at once, Miss Katy. Beg him not to lose a moment."

Katy did not need a second bidding, but ran breathlessly to the drawing-room with pale face and beating heart.

"Oh, father, Stella has been hurt, and you are to go at once to the hall, please. Simpson has come for you."

Dr. Marston started up from the comfortable sleep in which he had been indulging, tired out with a hard day's work, and was awake and ready in a moment. He went out instantly to speak to the messenger and hear a few particulars, collected some things he thought might be required, took his hat and coat from his wife's watchful hand, and was gone almost before she or Katy could ask him a single question.

"Mother, what does it mean?" Katy asked, when both the doctor and groom had departed. "Simpson only said she had been thrown, but he did not say anything more. Oh, I hope she is not much hurt. I told you I met her in the village this afternoon, riding her beautiful new horse, and she told me then that Simpson wanted to ride by her side, but she would not let him. She always was rather daring, but she was such a good rider that I should have thought no harm could possibly happen to her."

"Indeed, my love, I know no more than you do," Mrs. Marston answered; "we must wait until father returns to hear more. Indeed, I trust it is nothing serious. It will be a terrible anxiety to the squire and her mother; she is their only one, and they seem to set the whole of their minds upon her."

But Katy's anxiety remained unallayed, for hours passed and still the doctor did not return. The boys came home from their fishing expedition, hot, tired, hungry, and wet through, with not a single fish in their basket, but their hopes high with regard to better sport in the future.

They were glad to go to bed when supper was over, but Katy begged to be allowed to stay up later than usual; at least, until father came home. She could not sleep, she said, until she knew how poor Stella was.

But the hours crept on, and still the doctor did not return.

"It is half-past ten; you must really go to bed, darling," Mrs. Marston said, at last, "or you will be too tired to-morrow morning to do justice to your little scholars. You know I never like you to get overdone on Saturday evenings."

And so Katy slowly and reluctantly went to bed.

She slept, in spite of her anxiety; slept almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, and never woke until the morning sun was shining outside her window and the birds were singing their glad welcome to another day.

"How is Stella, mother? Is she better?" was her first eager inquiry, as soon as she could find Mrs. Marston.

"Hush, dear! not so loud," was the low reply. "Your father is asleep; he never came home until very late. Poor Stella is very ill indeed; they have had to send to London for two more doctors, and the squire and Mrs. Branscombe are almost frantic with trouble and anxiety. It is impossible to know for some time how much mischief is done."

"But how did it happen?" asked Katy, breathlessly, with white lips.

"It seems that the groom wished to ride close by her side until she had grown more accustomed to her new horse; but she would not allow him. Then something in the wood—Warne's Wood—frightened the animal and he ran away. All might, perhaps, have gone well, for you know she was a very good rider, but he took her under a tree, and one of the branches struck her on the forehead, and then she fell, and by some means or other the horse fell over her. The man thinks he caught his foot in the roots of the tree, but in the terror and anxiety of the moment he could not tell."

"But, oh! mother, she will not die?" Katy cried, her eyes beginning to overflow with pity and sorrow. "Tell me she will not die! for I do love her, mother, in spite of all I have said to you about her. Oh! it would break my heart if she were to die!"

"I cannot say darling. God grant she may be spared, for her poor parents' sake as well as all of ours. You must not forget to pray for her, Katy, that she may live; poor, poor Stella!"

"And oh! mother, to think I grudged her all the things she has! To think I was sorry she was going to Switzerland! For I was sorry, and I was as envious and wicked as I could be; and if she dies I shall never forgive myself!" and Katy ended up with a piteous burst of tears.

(To be continued.)

"SHE MAKETH FINE LINEN."

By S. F. A. Caulfeild, Author of "The Dictionary of Needlework," etc.

As a rule of very general application, the pleasure and interest of life are made up of trifles. A word, a look, a touch of the hand, appealing through the senses, may have power to touch the heart. Thus, circumstances or things unimportant may lead to mighty results, just as it has been said the small cogs in some tiny wheel may so work on larger appliances as to set a piece of machinery in motion that many scores of hands could neither set at work nor at rest again.

Apart from the influence of human sympathy, apart from that of Nature—contributing so largely to the enjoyment of life—apart, also, from the recreation afforded by ancient and modern art, in their most beautiful and highest departments, I desire to point out to you that even the most common things, of the most unromantic character, have an unspoken word of wisdom for each and all who are ready to learn. Articles of use, both of food and clothing, may supply us with ample matter for thought, and lead on through pleasant by-ways to fields of wider scope and higher interest.

Enough, in explanation, to say that all things in Nature and art have a history, more or less ancient and instructive. Nature stands first, art follows. Nature, direct from the hand of God; art, His work second-hand, as it were, such intellect as He has vouchsafed to His creatures being employed to produce and bring art to more or less perfection.

We are told in Holy Writ that—"There are so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." But all persons have not "the hearing ear" nor "the seeing eye," and many grope their way through life like very moles—all that would tell them a story of God's greatness and bounty, or of man's industry and success, passed by unheeded.

Take first, for example, the voices of Nature and of art in their highest developments. I will only direct your attention to one or two of the most unmistakable significance.

You have heard of "sermons in stones," and doubtless a study of the treasures (geological formations and external productions) of the earth we tread will read lessons to all who care to learn; Nature appealing to us in a voice which gives no "uncertain sound." So likewise in the comparatively recent discoveries made in the East, art has spoken too, and the "very stones" have "cried out" which she has sculptured, confirming the truth of remotest Biblical history, and confounding the pitiful cavilling of scoffers who have tried to throw discredit upon them.

We read in the beautiful and metaphorical language of inspiration that all the morning "stars sang together" in adoration of the Lord of the whole Creation; and truly, in the contemplation of the myriads and myriads of worlds spread out on all sides around this

earth, till lost in illimitable space, we cannot but acknowledge the evident truth that "their sound is gone out into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."

I now pass on, taking a comparatively downward course to common things of daily use, which all have an underlying interest, as it were, beyond their mere utility to their employer. The title of this article has already advertised the particular subject selected. From the history of textiles no small amount of interest may be derived; and while my young readers ply their needles daily over some article of clothing or household use, subjects may be suggested by each distinctive production, either of the loom or of the hand, which will serve to lighten the toil of much sewing with pleasant trains of thought, one topic leading naturally on to another.

The web manufactured from flax, called linen, will prove one of especial interest.

Some of my friends may feel not a little surprised to hear that fragments of linen cloth are still in existence that served to enwrap the dead four thousand years ago. It is believed that the manufacture of linen originated with the ancient Egyptians, but it may have been produced at as early a date in other parts of the East. In the former country the art was brought up to a far higher degree of perfection than it has ever attained in any other kingdom or period. Imagine the delicacy of a web of linen discovered at Memphis in which it is stated 540 strands of thread were counted in a single inch of the warp! They also produced exquisite varieties for Royal wear, having figures in gold and cotton woven into a linen web. A corslet of such a piece of cloth was mentioned by Herodotus and by Pliny as having been presented both to the Rhodians and the Lacedæmonians by Amasis, King of Egypt. According to the testimony of these historians, each thread of these wonderful specimens of cloth contained 365 fibres.

Let us turn for a moment to our own country. The Romans established a linen factory at Winchester—once the capital of Britain—to which city Irish linen—which was woven in that country in the second century—was imported in the time of Henry III.; but what is called "mill-spinning" only began in Belfast (the chief seat of the manufacture) in 1830. In this country linen was produced in remote times, a fact proved by the discovery of cloths woven from flax wrapped round the charred bones of the ancient Britons in some of the burrows or tumuli which have been opened. The art of weaving had attained a high degree of excellence in the seventh century, when ladies of the highest rank used to spin and weave very beautiful cloths. A new impulse was given to the industry on the Conquest by William I., and there was an importation of Flemish weavers in the year 1253, under the protection of Henry III. In 1368 a company of English weavers established the industry in London, but it was not till the year 1386 that the first guild of the craft was instituted by Richard III. The art of staining linen was known here about the year 1579. But although factories were established, home-spinning was not superseded. Our women used so to prepare all the yarn required for their households, which they then gave to the village "Webster," to weave for them into cloth of a rather coarse kind. Finer qualities were then imported from Holland, which the young men procured for their shirts; the older men were satisfied with home-spun linen, and only used the fine Holland for the fronts and wristbands.

It is not my intention to enter further into the question of our own linen manufacture. My desire at the present time is to trace a mention of it throughout the Old and the New Testament, and thus to give you an interesting course of study—of a wide range—as profitable as it will be interesting. Searches for the mention of certain things, whatever they may be, to which reference has been made in those sacred books, will prove one of the very best means that could be devised for extending a too superficial knowledge of them.

I shall not supply the chapter or verse to which a reference may be made, because I wish my young friends to search for themselves, and to follow me in the pleasant paths through which I desire to lead them, through the Old and New Testament history, and up to the magnificent climax of all that is revealed of the sublime hereafter—summed up in the Revelation to St. John the Divine.

That linen was manufactured by the inhabitants of the antediluvian world may be reasonably inferred, taking into consideration the fact that there were then artificers in iron and brass, ship-builders, musical instrument makers, &c., and that, while some dwelt in houses, others dwelt "in tents;" which were those tribes called "Nomads," who, being keepers of flocks, wandered from place to place in search of fresh pastures. These tents were of tanned hides, most probably, at first; then of wool or goats' hair felted; then of woven textiles—white wool, and linen cloth. In after ages Abraham is stated to have pitched his tent near Bethel, where he sat in the heat of the day; of whom it is recorded that he would not take "from a thread to a shoe-latchet" of the spoil of his vanquished enemies. Now the tents of Eastern tribes are made, at the present day, as much of linen as of white woollen stuff. And you must know that the arrangements and habits of Eastern countries remain almost unchanged from remote ages.

Linen of a fine description, but firm in quality, was, and still is, employed for the veils of Eastern women, as well as muslin. Not like those worn on our bonnets, but in size and form like those of brides'—a square piece, covering the head and the whole person, reaching to the feet. In fact, it was like a small sheet, and peculiarly suitable as a protection from a burning sun. Thus, the peasant-women of Italy wear broad flat folds of white linen on their heads, reaching down the neck at the back, linen being a non-conductor of heat. In India, likewise, our soldiers and others are obliged to make use of it to guard them from sunstroke.

Read the account of the meeting between Rebecca and Isaac, and you will see an allusion to her veil, as also that of Ruth. Of course the times of Rebecca and Ruth were subsequent by centuries to those when linen was first an article of manufacture in Egypt and Phœnicia; as well as very probably elsewhere in Asia. Pursue the family history of Rebecca, and you will see a mention of "goodly raiment of her son Esau," some of it supposed to be linen; and this spun, if not woven, by her own hands and those of her maidens.

The first direct mention of linen by name in the Bible is to be found in the account of Joseph's exaltation to the second place in the land of Egypt by Pharaoh Salatis, who took his own ring from off his hand, "and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of linen." Not long afterwards "blue and purple and scarlet, and fine linen, and goat's hair" are named as included amongst the costly spoil carried away from their Egyptian oppressors by the children of Israel.

The first notice of the material from which linen is spun, *i.e.*, flax, is to be found amidst the records of the Plagues of Egypt; when the Egyptian flax and the barley were smitten. The second mention of it shows that it was also grown in the land of Canaan—Rahab having concealed the Israelitish spies among "the stalks of flax, which she had laid in order upon the roof."

The first allusion to weaving you will find in the Book of Job, who said his "days were swifter than a weaver's shuttle," and the first to the weaver's beam, as descriptive of the huge size of Goliath's spear. In the Book of Proverbs there is a very beautiful description of a noble-minded mistress of a household; of whom it is said that "she seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands . . . . . she layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff . . . . . she maketh fine linen, and selleth it."

For the linen employed in both the Tabernacle and the Temple, and the garments of the priests, I direct your search. Observe that the ephod and mitre worn by the latter were of fine linen, made of flax, wrapped in many folds round the head, and having a gold plate in front, on which was inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." Both the ephod and mitre of the high priest were decorated with jewels—the former embroidered in various colours, the latter surrounded by a crown, bound upon it with blue lace. The mitre was a symbol of complete consecration. The curtains of the Tabernacle were of fine soft white linen beautifully embroidered, and an outer covering was of white twined thread of an open network texture, that could be seen through by those outside; and the veil of the "Holy of Holies" was of the finest kind of closely-woven blue linen, embroidered with flowers and ornamental designs, while the great door-hanging was of fine twined linen, embroidered with blue, and purple, and scarlet.

You will find a special mention in the Book of Exodus of the spinning of the "women that were wise-hearted," who "brought that which they had spun (for the service of the Tabernacle) of blue, and of purple, of scarlet, and of fine linen."

Leaving the history of the Tabernacle and Temple, let us pass rapidly onwards.

In the First Book of Chronicles we find that "David was clothed with a robe of fine linen," when the Ark of the Covenant was brought back in triumphal procession; and in the Second Book of the Chronicles, Solomon is said to have brought "linen yarn" out of Egypt, a country for which both the flax itself and the art of spinning and weaving were so famous.

Passing from the historical books of Holy Scripture to those of the Prophets, many allusions will be found to flax-weaving and linen—Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zachariah, and others. By the aid of the marginal references, or a "concordance," you will find them all. In the vision of Ezekiel, concerning the Temple, he speaks of the man who had a line of flax in his hand, the word "line" being derived from *linea* (or flax), and in Isaiah, the prophecy quoted by our Lord respecting Himself must not be overlooked, viz., "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench"—a metaphor which will be understood in all its aptness when you know that the Jews employed flax for the wicks of their lamps; and that lamps were likewise given a beautiful metaphorical significance in the parable of "the wise and foolish virgins."

Leaving my young friends to fill in all that I have omitted in connection with our subject in the Old Testament, I now point out a few in the New.

In the history of our Saviour's birth given by St. Luke, you will find that His blessed mother "wrapped Him in swaddling cloths," or linen bandages swathed about His body, securing it to a flat board; a practice which has obtained all over the world from times of remote antiquity, with very few exceptions. We also read of the rich man known as "Dives," who with Lazarus the beggar formed the subject of one of our Lord's

parables, and who "was clothed in purple and fine linen." Again, in the reference made to the lilies of the field, He observed, "they toil not, neither do they spin;" and at the raising of Lazarus it is said that the "dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin." St. Mark tells of a young man who "followed Jesus, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body," and the same evangelist further states that at the burial of our Lord, "Joseph bought fine linen, and took Him down, and wrapped Him in the linen." St. John also speaks of the linen grave-clothes, and "the napkin that was about His head, wrapped together in a place by itself."

Prior to these allusions we are told that when our Saviour prepared to wash His disciples' feet, He "took a towel, and girded Himself," and "wiped their feet with the towel wherewith He was girded."

Then, amongst the miraculous signs that marked the event of our Lord's "giving up the ghost," we read that "the veil of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom," without hands—symbolical of the rending of the body of Christ. (See Heb. x. 29.)

Taking a glance at the book of the Acts of the Apostles, we find that St. Peter beheld in a vision "as it were a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth," and that "handkerchiefs and aprons were brought unto the sick" from the body of St. Paul, and "the evil diseases went out of them."

Lastly, we pass on to the Book of Revelation. Here we find that the merchandise and dress of the mystical Babylon included "fine linen, purple, and scarlet." The armies of heaven, "riding upon white horses," were "clothed in white linen," and in the sublime description of the eternal union of the Church with the heavenly bridegroom, it is said that "to her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." White raiment is typical of innocence and purity, and thus from the earliest ages it has been adopted for certain religious ministrations and services amongst all nations, and its use was rendered imperative by divine command on the Israelitish priests. It is that adopted for infants, employed at baptism, confirmations, first communions, weddings, and for the clothing of all when laid to their last long sleep.

It is very probable that many who read this article may not in all cases follow the customs just described; but the fact that white raiment is typical of purity will explain the meaning of its more frequent use by others, and the continual reference to it in Holy Writ.

My brief discourse is now over. If it has proved a little incentive to "search the Scriptures," it has accomplished its object; and I wind-up by directing your attention to the great climax of all bliss and goal of all our hope and highest ambition—the realisation of that ineffable promise:

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment . . . and they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy."

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF THE DRIVE.

"SHE'S out—she's out. Papa, she's out—Dessie," screamed Hubert, incoherently, for Mr. Fitzroy, giving all his attention to the driving, was not even aware of the catastrophe, and they were going on. "Papa, stop; Dessie is thrown out."

The carriage came to a standstill, though not instantly. The driver by no means approved of the delay. Their misfortune was not known to the first carriage, now some little way in advance, and hidden from them by a bend in the road. Dessie could be seen lying on the ground, close below the bank.

"I cannot leave the coach-box, or this fellow will drive off and leave us in the lurch," Mr. Fitzroy said. "You and Bertie must go to her, Miss Bruce. If she is too much hurt to walk, make signs to me to come to you; but I would rather not risk a turn here, the man is in no state for it."

He spoke composedly, but looked anxious. Miss Bruce and Bertie descended at once, and hurried back along the road, as fast as the poor governess's shaking limbs would carry her. Bertie would have been first at the spot, but she had grasped his arm for help, and he could not shake her off.

Dessie had by this time struggled slowly into an odd, half-sitting, half-kneeling position, but she did not seem able to accomplish more. As they came up she looked in their faces with a short laugh.

"My dear—my dear—are you hurt?" gasped Miss Bruce. "Are you hurt, Dessie? How *could* you stand up, my dear? It was very wrong—very imprudent. Always sit still in a carriage if there is danger. My dear, do pray tell me—are you hurt?"

She laid hold of Dessie as she spoke, and Dessie shrank from her with a quick, "O don't!"

"Where are you hurt? Is it your shoulder? My dear, how *could* you do it?"

"I'm not likely to play the same trick again just yet," muttered Dessie. "Please don't touch me."

"Where are you hurt, Dessie?" asked Hubert.

"I'm bruised," said Dessie, catching her breath—"I'm bruised all over, I expect. Miss Bruce, *don't*, please."

"My dear, we must get back to the carriage somehow," said Miss Bruce, distressfully "You must let me help you—and Bertie too. Are you faint?"

"Never was faint in my life, so I don't know what it is," said Dessie.

"My dear, can you walk? Try to stand, Dessie dear. The carriage will come back if needful, but really it isn't safe—I don't think it is safe—is it, Bertie? I see your father is afraid. If that man tries to turn he may have the carriage in the river, just about here. Do you think you *could* walk it, Dessie, if you try, and if we help you?"

Poor Miss Bruce did not look much like giving efficient help, for she was as pale as Dessie, and shaking all over, like a person with palsy. She tried to smile encouragingly, but her very voice partook of the tremor.

"If you *could* just walk this little distance," she kept repeating. "I think it would be best."

"All right, I'll come," said Dessie.

She struggled to her feet with a sudden effort, and then uttered a sharp exclamation, and leant against Hubert.

"Sprained your ankle, old girl?"

"Yes—I—I—suppose—I must," said Dessie, clutching at him convulsively. "O—O, Bertie."

"Steady—don't be in a hurry," said Hubert, standing firm with some difficulty.

"Don't let go, Bertie, please, the pain turns me so sick."

"What *shall* we do?" said Miss Bruce, despairingly. "I am afraid the carriage will have to come back."

"No, I'll manage," said Dessie, resolutely. "Give me your shoulder, Bertie—so; I can't stand on that foot."

"My dear, are you hurt anywhere else?" asked Miss Bruce, making feeble attempts to buoy up Dessie on the other side.

"She can't talk, don't bother her," said Bertie, as Decima set her teeth rigidly. The pain was almost unendurable. Her only possible mode of progression was to shuffle or hop with the left foot, while using Bertie as a crutch; but the jar of the slightest movement was agony. Dessie had had little suffering in her lifetime, and was by no means trained to endurance, yet she bore it, as Bertie said, "pluckily." Not a groan escaped her, though drops stood in thick rows upon her forehead, and at length poured down her face.

"Dessie much hurt?" called Mr. Fitzroy from the coach-box.

"Ankle sprained," shouted Bertie.

"Shall we drive back?"

"No," Dessie herself said, loudly enough for him to hear, adding, in a smothered tone, "I'll do it—if I *can*."

"AS THEY CAME UP SHE LOOKED IN THEIR FACES WITH A SHORT LAUGH."

"We're nearly there," said Bertie encouragingly.

Dessie thought it very far from "nearly," but she would not be beaten, and the carriage at length was reached.

"It's pretty bad, isn't it?" said Bertie.

Dessie nodded. "I can't get in," she said.

"I'll get in front and haul, and Miss Bruce must lift you up, and you can take hold and pull."

"I don't think I can, my arm's hurt so."

"Well, we must do it for you," said Bertie, rather dismayed. "I hope the man will keep his horses quiet."

"Can you manage, or shall I descend?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"O no, pray——" began Miss Bruce.

"I wouldn't, papa; the man will be off, to a certainty," said Bertie. "We'll try first, anyhow."

Miss Bruce was of little use in the matter, for she was thoroughly unnerved, and when unnerved she was limp. She did her best, however, and Hubert, happily, was strong. Between the two Dessie was somehow pushed and dragged up, and she dropped into her seat with one smothered moan.

"That's a good thing done," said Bertie. "Put your foot on this seat, Dessie; it's worse hanging down."

"Dessie would be wise to take off her boot before the foot swells," said Mr. Fitzroy, leaning back to speak. "Is it bad, Dessie?"

"Pretty bad," said Dessie.

"Try to get the boot off, my dear."

A matter more easily talked of than accomplished. The man was lashing the horses on again after their brief respite, and Mr. Fitzroy had to give his attention to the driving. Miss Bruce bent forward and endeavoured to unlace the boot, but her shaking fingers were perfectly helpless, and the fumbling was more than Dessie could stand. She endured it for some seconds with subdued shudders, and then caught at Miss Bruce's hands.

"O don't—I *can't* bear that."

"My dear, the boot really ought to come off," faltered Miss Bruce. "If not, the foot will swell, and become much worse. I had almost found the end of the lace. If you could have a moment's patience——"

"Bertie can try—but gently, please."

Bertie's fingers were steady, and he managed better. The unlacing was accomplished, Dessie clutching the carriage-door, and writhing silently at each touch. But to get off the boot was a different matter. Miss Bruce took gentle hold, and gave the faintest possible pull, and her hands were again in Dessie's grasp.

"I can't stand that," Dessie gasped, turning livid.

"Shall Bertie try?" asked Miss Bruce.

"O no—no! If it *must* come off, I'll try myself."

"I'd use a penknife to cut the leather, but it wouldn't be safe in this jolting," said Bertie, "the blade might be in your foot any moment. You can't get the boot off yourself."

"Yes I can—and I will."

She bent forward, laid hold firmly, and had it off with a sudden wrench.

"My dear — gently," expostulated Miss Bruce; but the deed was done.

Dessie looked up at her with a ghastly smile, winking both eyes fast.

"It's—over," she said. "O!"

"Doesn't it feel easier without the pressure?"

"O no! Easier! It's awful!"

"You did it too quickly, Dessie."

"I couldn't—any other way. Don't say one word to me. Don't speak."

Dessie doubled herself forward, with her hands supporting the right leg, and her face wrinkled stiffly, as she rocked to and fro. Bertie spoke to her, but had no answer.

They left her quiet for a while, as quiet as was possible under the circumstances. The other carriage was now some way ahead. The driver had chosen to pass along an unfinished road, rough and stony, with many low, stout posts jutting out of the ground, which, in the dusky twilight, would have been a source of danger with even the most careful driver. Along this road the second carriage, too, sped madly; but, like the first, it regained the high road without accident, although the wheels actually passed over one short post, and the jolting was such that Dessie could have screamed aloud with what she was enduring.

By this time the worst of the drive was over. The river had to be crossed on a so-called "flying bridge," or large boarded boat; and here the first carriage was found awaiting the second. Mr. Fitzroy was greatly concerned to hear of the injury to Dessie. Nothing, however, could be done for her as yet. Horses and carriages were conveyed safely across the water, the two coachmen appearing by this time somewhat tamed. A short and dark drive through Heidelberg streets followed, and then home was reached.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE IN GREAT NEED OF ADVICE.—For information on Bishop Otter's Memorial College, write to the Principal, Miss Trevor. The terms vary in all training colleges.

DAISY QUILLER LANSDOWNE.—"Accept" is formed from the preposition "ad," to, called "ac" for euphony, and the verb "capio," to take. "Irrigate" is from the Latin verb *rigare*, to water, and the prefix "in"; and "comfort" from the prefix "con," and "fortis," strong.

MUSIC.

PADDIANA.—The phrases, "a given piece" or "a given distance," are idiomatic expressions, meaning a piece or a distance mutually agreed upon, as a stated amount or piece of work to be undertaken. It does not mean, in the case to which you refer, one of the pieces of music especially named by the lady in question. The style of expression was not well-chosen. "Studying to the very roots" meant studying from the foundation, in contradistinction to superficial study or surface acquaintance with the subject. In music it would mean "harmony" or "counterpoint."

CODFISH.—The science of harmony, sometimes called "counterpoint," was always styled "thorough bass" many years ago. It is related to practical music in the same way that logic and grammar are related to our ordinary discourse. Your writing is very indifferent for your age.

BIRDIE.—Please refer to our "Reviews of New Music."

CINDERELLA.—We do not give addresses.

STELLA.—"This piece must all be delicately played without the damper or soft pedal." Read "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas," page 81, vol. iii.

RUSHLIGHT and KATE SMITH.—The "invention of the pianoforte" is attributed to Cristofalli, an Italian, Marius, a Frenchman, and Schröter, a German, early in the eighteenth century.

IMPROMPTU.—The double flats must be played as E flat and C flat, unless you have made a mistake in your copy.

WORK.

PEGGOTTY.—Nothing will remove it, except, perhaps, a touch of turpentine.

BERT.—Such a pattern would not be interesting to the rest of our readers. If you purchased one of the penny alphabets made for cross-stitch at a fancy shop, we think you might work the words from the larger letters, and perhaps enlarge them easily.

MOTHERLESS ONE.—Leave the ends of the tucks as they are; they are intended to give a slight fulness in the front. Stitch the insertion flat on the linen. You can either cut the linen from the back and leave it open or not, as you prefer. Your spelling is shocking. Pray procure a dictionary, and use it.

VIOLET.—We think you will do better to have the plastron and cuffs cut out, and then trace the design and work on the material. Thank you for your kind letter and your good opinion.

YULE LOG.—Consult "My Work Basket."

OXFORD.—For full instructions, see "Rack-frame Knitting," page 420, vol. ii.

VIOLET.—From your own account you are very backward in your needlework, and we should advise you to lose no time in endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of so useful an art. We have many competitors of seven and eight years old who can quite hold their own amongst older girls.

GERTIE.—Read "Crochet for Little Workers," page 506, vol. i.

MARGUERITE.—To knit a boy's jersey, see pages 223 and 319, vol. ii.

KATIE SNOWDON.—They should not cost more than sixpence each when made.

AN OXONIAN.—1. "Macramé" is the revival of an ancient knotted lace made on a pillow, which is weighted either with sand or lead. 2. The wood is sold in blocks, and is prepared by rubbing on a thin coating of Chinese white and water.

A SAXON.—We could not say. It would depend on the locality in which you live. There is no safe way of doing so, unless by a doctor's advice.

MAYSIF.—See page 166, vol. ii., for the pattern.

BESSIE.—We think you would require to see a frame of the kind as a pattern. See also page 40, vol. ii.

COOKERY.

CATHERINE S.—Dry the currants well after washing them, and then flour them, and put them into the cake the last of all the ingredients. See page 26, vol. ii., for "Embroidery on Net."

MARTHA.—Celery-seed will answer the purpose of flavouring for soup as well as the celery-root, and sixpence worth will go a long way. Use a small teaspoonful to a gallon of stock.

GEORGIANA M. J.—You will find a recipe for cocoa-nut cakes at page 111, vol. i.

BELLA.—We should advise you to buy the prepared essence, as it would be impossible to prepare it at home.

THOUDIBALD.—We do not understand your question. Do you mean chocolate to eat, or to use as a substitute for tea and coffee?

NANCY.—We think you have succeeded very well, and hope you may see many more happy Christmas days on which to practice your housewifely occupations.

BUSY.—The easiest way of making *pot au feu* is as follows:—Put into a stewpan six pounds of beef cut into one or two pieces, the bone included, one pound of mixed green vegetables, pepper, salt, three cloves, and a teaspoonful of sugar, with eight pints of water. Boil gently for three hours, remove some of the fat from the top, and serve. The addition of a pound and a half of bread, or one pound of broken biscuits, well soaked, will make a very nutritious soup.

A. M. W.—The following division of your allowance might be a guide to you. Of course, it would not be the same each week:—Meat, 12s.; bread, 6s.; groceries, 6s.; flour, 1s.; butter and milk, 2s.; vegetables and fruit, 3s.; total, 30s.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.—Many thanks for the recipes. The plan of serving the curry on one dish and the rice on another is a very excellent one, as putting them on a dish together prevents their being useful afterwards, or from being warmed-up to look well. The rice which is left may be pressed into a small mould to be turned out.

ART.

K. L.—We are much obliged by your offer, but regret that we cannot accept the small drawings.

INVALID.—Inquire of any first-class artists' colourman.

MAB.—You had better have a few lessons if, after reading our articles carefully, you cannot understand them.

CARRARA.—The marble from Carrara is supposed to be the best in the world, and is used by the best sculptors.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.—We do not give addresses. The wood requires no preparation whatever. You would find what you require at any shop where wooden articles are sold.

KITTIE MADORE.—Sometimes white of egg is used to prepare the surface.

MINNIE HA-HA.—No preparation is needed. Draw the design on the cloth with tracing and transfer paper.

TABLETOP.—Varnish with white copal varnish; use a blue pink.

A. W., K. L., and EDITH.—There is no other way to prepare it except with white of egg or isinglass. We have recommended Roberson's medium for oil colours.

E. M. H.—Varnish is never used.

A BACKWARD ONE.—Read attentively "Sketching from Nature," pages 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 521, 567, 737, vol. ii. This is the first step you can take towards becoming an artist.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A. E. M.—To clean brass or copper mix 1 oz. oxalic acid, 6 oz. rotten stone, ½ oz. gum arabic, all in powder, with 1 oz. of sweet oil and enough water to make a paste. Keep in a box, and apply a small portion, rubbing dry with a flannel or leather.

ANTIGONE and MARIANNE.—Clean the surface very gently with glass-paper, and afterwards you had better use skimmed milk, laying it on with a camel-hair brush as long as the casts will imbibe it. Shake off any drops that remain, and stand to dry in a place free from dust.

RALEIGH.—Grate the potatoes after washing and peeling them; put the grated portion into a dish, pouring water on it. Then strain through a sieve into a flat dish, and allow it to settle; pour off the water and dry the sediment, which is the potato flour.

GIPSY.—Yes, use either polish or varnish. Compare the difference in price for yourself by staining one floor with each respectively; we think that the bought stain will probably be the most expensive.

ZOE.—Try one pennyworth of oxalic acid, dissolved in a pint of cold water, which, perhaps, may take out the stains.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. A. M.—The drama or story of Punch and Judy is attributed to Silvio Fiorillo, an Italian comedian of the seventeenth century. For meaning of All Hallows Day, see page 384, vol. ii.

E. G. K.—Your desire to devote your life to the work of a "Bible-woman" is to be commended, under your circumstances. For all information upon this subject apply to the lady-superintendent of the Bible and Domestic Female Mission, Miss Selfe Leonard, 2, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C., which society employs both Bible-women and nurses for work amongst the poor. Judging from your letter-writing, mode of expression, and arrangement of the several subjects, we should consider your general education sufficiently good; but think that you would need the study of such books as "A New Companion to the Bible," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia," published at the same office. And likewise Eadie's "Concordance to the Holy Scriptures," which you will find a great help to you. Should you combine nursing with your missionary work, you will find "Sick Nursing at Home" (Apcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), a book to which we have before alluded, well worthy of study.

AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—Such a condition indicates delicacy of some description; and a medical opinion as to the cause should be procured. *It does* not signify whether the bath be taken in the morning or later in the course of the day, provided that an hour and a quarter for a very light meal, or three hours after dinner, be allowed to elapse between the bath and the meal. Your hand is rather large and the "n's" like "u's."

EMMA.—The meaning of certain passages of Holy Writ must be discovered by reference to their immediate context, or to other passages bearing on the same subject. Also by an investigation of the habits and prejudices of the age and country; and the circumstances of prosperity, or of poverty and persecution to which they had an especial reference. Compare the passage you quote with a corresponding one in 1 St. Peter iii. 3—5. "Whose *adorning* let it no be *that outward*," &c. Observe also the selection made of Sara, as one of the "holy women," to be our example; of whom it is recorded that she "wore earrings of a shekel weight;" and, consistently with them, bracelets and other decorations. Her apparel was no doubt in keeping with the usage of her time and country, and her position in life. There may be much pride in the profession of humility, and great affectation in untidiness or extreme plainness of dress. If you must understand the apostle to mean an absolute prohibition to wear any jewellery, how do you explain his including in the prohibition the "putting on of apparel"? (chap. iii. 3). You have no right to exclude any article from the list which he has included; and your mode of arguing would thus "prove too much." A "meek and quiet spirit" is to be your supreme and truest "adornment;" thus far we must all be agreed. For the rest, much liberty of conscience appears to be conceded to us, but none whatever for sitting in judgment on others.

RUMPLESKITCHEN.—The back numbers are all to be

had, price 6d. each. For mention of Thomas à Kempis, see page 640, vol. ii. We could not say, there are so many editions.

TOUZLE PATE.—If things are viewed as a collective whole, the noun that designates them is called a collective, as "infantry," "flock," "covey." Is the rest of your letter intended as a joke? You appear to be a very foolish little girl, and you should look in the dictionary before you attempt to write a long word like "particularly." You will find that it is not spelt with a "k."

M. G. R.—We are much obliged by your good opinion of us, but we fear you must allow us to decline your request.

AN ONLY GIRL.—The usual phrase is, "Has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. T.'s kind invitation."

ENDEAVOUR.—The explanation you require was given at page 495, vol. ii. Why find fault if you acknowledge that they are good after all? Fault-finding is an ungracious task.

E. S. L.—It does not matter where or through whom you get your paper; you can compete for the prizes.

CHERRYRIPE.—Wear woollen gloves or those lined with fur. Procure the book secondhand.

ISA DEURANCE.—Write to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the "General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society," enclosing a stamp for the postage. Wear gloves wherever possible.

EDITH.—"Hasten slowly" is the best translation. What a bad hand you write!

LYRA ALVIN.—Many thanks for your kind offer. We think the books you name would give you exactly the information needed.

LUCY B.—The horse-shoe was supposed to be a protection against witches; from this arose the idea of its being lucky.

A SCOTCH ADMIRER.—We advise you to rise at seven o'clock. Butter, in moderation, of course, is much to be recommended, but not melted butter. The use of butter, cream, and milk tends to fatten, and is prescribed with great advantage to persons of consumptive habit. We have known three cases cured by it, supplemented by early hours, and caretaking of a general kind. You have adopted a vulgar style of writing, such as we have very often described as such, and the small "t" with which you commence any word is ridiculous, and not to be found in any copybook.

J. M.—We advise you to apply to Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C., Secretary of the Female Middle-class Emigration Society.

GRETCHEN.—1. Everything depends on the position which you hold. If going with the family by whom you are employed as governess or companion, you would not be expected to return a visit of the family acquaintances. 2. A first visit should not be returned on an "at home" day. See the article on "The Habits of Good Society."

LUCINDA HOPE.—1. When ink-stains are of recent date they may be removed by washing, first with pure and then with soapy water, and then with lemon-juice. If they be of long standing, oxalic acid must be employed. 2. "How to make a good composer" is indeed a knotty question. We never knew how to make even the smallest fly, and how you may create a genius in human form is a question quite beyond our province to answer.

E. L'EMPRIERE.—Our staff of writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is complete.

ANCIENT.—We cannot tell you. Excepting as a curiosity, and one in good preservation, the work is of no value. Take it to a shop for second-hand books.

M. E. ST. JOHN.—You say, "My throat is delicate, and so are a great many of my relations." Is your throat one of your relations? You had better attend a little to your composition. You are evidently not in a condition for visiting in any dirty and unwholesome places, and from the symptoms you name we advise you to consult a doctor. Put a small piece of camphor in your mouth when visiting the ill-ventilated houses of sick people.

MADGE.—It is always more safe to offer the sugar and cream to your guests rather than to run a risk of not exactly giving what they like. Do not use a knife to your egg. Take off the top either piecemeal or with a spoon or fork.

GENTIAN.—March 8th, 1865, was a Wednesday; the 27th Oct., 1866, was a Saturday. The peel of the orange can be dried and preserved.

ISABELLA.—We think your management must be excellent to keep eleven persons on £4 10s. a week, or 8s. each. The usual sum allowed is 10s. You will find the butcher's bill greatly diminished by the use of soup made from the bones and pieces, and the purchase of a small mincing machine, which will enable you to use the smallest scraps of meat for rissoles, scarcity-pie, &c. We need not remind you that people of limited means should avoid the purchase of beef steaks and mutton chops, and choose well-fed joints, both of beef and mutton. The use of peas for pease-pudding and soup, beans, and lentils is also a saving.

EMMA JANE.—Take the left side. Preserve in salt and water.

TOMMY.—With reference to the origin of kissing under the mistletoe, the fabulous legend is that Balder, the "Apollo" of the Scandinavian Mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Hoeder by Loki, the god of mischief and darkness. Balder was resuscitated (*i.e.*, daylight returned), but the mistletoe was thenceforth placed under the care of Friga, and was never the instrument of evil until it touched the empire of Loki. On this account it was suspended from ceilings, and when persons of different sexes passed under it they exchanged the kiss of peace, assured that it was no longer an instrument of evil.

A SUBSCRIBER. — Pronounce the name as written, divided into three syllables, "Ca-mo-ens," and "Romaunt" as written, likewise.

MRS. HARROD.—We are surprised that you suppose we should accept for publication any story about which you say, "I have not taken much trouble about the composition." We only accept MS. about which a great deal of trouble has been taken to render it worthy of ourselves and our readers. You are also mistaken in supposing that we have so much superfluous time on our hands when, speaking of your story, you add—"It is so smal I thougt it would be a trifeling matter for you to correct." We differ from you very much in our estimate of the "trifeling matter" when, judging from the five mistakes in the spelling of so short a note, we calculate the amount of correction an entire MS. would demand.

MISS FRANCES H —Your grammar and spelling are so very incorrect that, with regret, we are compelled to decline your offer of a story for this magazine.

ANXIOUS LITTLE GIRL —You only give a part of a phrase, from which it would be impossible to form an opinion. "Charles and I" would be correct if followed by "are going out"; "Charlie and me" would be correct if preceded (for example) by "are you coming out with."

M. E. H. is thanked for her kind letter in praise of our paper, and we are glad that it has proved so useful to her.

AN IRISH GIRL.—For your recipe we thank you, as well as for your kind letter. Your writing is spoilt by the use of a very bad pen. It would not suit us to give the recipe for which you ask.

M. R.—Your writing is very neat, but not pretty, and we do not admire your method of making your "t's."

ZAMPA.—Scrape the surface with a steel scraper, afterwards with pumice-stone, till smooth, and polish with rotten-stone and oil. The black hue is given with lampblack mixed with oil.

IONA "wishes to know how to get a collection of old penny stamps disposed of." Perhaps she will kindly write with a little courtesy. Try bookbinders' varnish for the white woodwork.

N. H. E. P.—There is nothing better for the hair than a decoction of rosemary.

MAY BLOSSOM.—Use one of the artists' black paints, to be found at every oil and colour shop. If the chair be varnished, you must apply some spirits of wine to take it off.

NANCY.—Call and inquire for the family, leave cards, but do not go in. If sufficiently intimate, write a kind note of condolence. Visitors are not usually received until after the family send out their "thanks for kind inquiries." You must not make us responsible for Shakespeare's opinions. Make your own observations on the subject, and judge for yourself. The gentleman usually raises his hat each time.

A RISING COMET.—It is quite immaterial whether or not you take a lady friend's arm in the street. Good or ill breeding is not involved in it; but speaking low, walking sedately, and avoiding to meet the eyes of the passers-by, if men, are all most essential. For recipes in cookery see "Useful Hints."

JEANNIE.—We thank you for your recommendation of what you call "Dates ointment" for removing styes in the eyes. We congratulate you and your sister on the cure experienced thereby, but dare not advise our readers to employ it without the sanction of their respective doctors.

HOPEFUL and BATEMAN.—For a list of the charitable institutions in London and all over the country, we refer you to "Guide V." of the "Englishwoman's Year-book," 1881 (Hatchards, Piccadilly). Perhaps the British Beneficent Society might suit your friends, as it grants annuities to elderly gentlewomen of under £30. Apply to the secretary at 30, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C. 2. Either tannin or cayenne lozenges might be of use to a relaxed throat; also gargling with a solution of alum and water.

JENNIE.—1. All the names you mention are pronounced exactly as spelt, not after an arbitrary manner. 2. Phosphorus (you spell it wrongly) is an elementary substance of a yellowish colour, and semi-transparent and very inflammable. The phosphorescence of the sea is attributable to the brilliancy of the microscopic tribes of animalculæ, the luminous character of which is retained by the gelatinous particles formed from their dead remains, and which (according to Milner) a peculiar electrical condition of the atmosphere intensely develops. In warm latitudes, and after a few days of calm weather, this luminous and scintillating vapour is a phenomenon to be seen in full perfection.

GIPSY.—The first quotation is from the poems of Eliza Cook. The second from Young's "Night Thoughts," line 773. You quote it incorrectly, however. It is: "That life is long which answers life's great end."

TITANIA.—It is usual to wear all silver jewellery if possible, or else all gold, but silver bracelets are worn with everything, and so are gold and gem rings. You are evidently suffering from a weak digestion.

LURLINE G.—We could not give you any advice without having further particulars of what kind of articles you need. The best way of finding out the prices of furniture, &c., is to send to London for the printed catalogues of several large firms, and by careful reading and comparison you will soon inform yourself thereupon. The addresses are to be found in the daily papers.

EIVIR DE COURTENAI.—There is a cheap edition published at 1s. 6d., but why not try to obtain it second-hand? "Lalla Rookh" is usually included in the poems of Moore, but the various editions are differently divided. For information on Thomas à Kempis see page 640, vol. ii.

SESQUIALTURA wishes us to tell her "what stars were in the ascendant at 3 a.m. on the 6th November, 1863." We should advise her to consult an almanack for that year. Her second question had better be sent to the *Boy's Own Paper*.

BESSIE C. H.—We were greatly pleased by your letter, which was unexceptionable in its tone, spelling, grammar, and writing. The latter might be copied with advantage by many of our correspondents, who enjoy far greater educational advantages.

A PETERKIN.—Surnames are pronounced according to the frequently arbitrary manner adopted by the families which bear them, rather than by any rules of spelling. "Jardine" may be pronounced as "Jardine" or "Jar-deen." The quotation you give is taken from *The Conquest of Granada*, part ii. act 1, by Dryden. A little closer observation of our replies in the correspondents' department of our paper might suffice to convince the wiseacres of their mistake. The expression of such doubts is simply an impertinence.

SILLY SEVENTEEN.—You ask for such an amount of information that, were we to supply all, the whole weekly number would contain nothing more. A continental railway guide is what you require with reference to your route, and the hotels and boarding-houses, and you can procure guide books at a trifling cost both for Rome and Venice, giving a list of all objects of interest in each respectively. To avoid sea-sickness lie down before the vessel starts and do not rise until arrived. If you desire to take apartments in Rome, you will find an English house agent in the Piazza di Spagna. The "English quarter" is the healthiest position on the Pincian hill.

EILY O'CONNOR.—The length of mourning would vary with the degree of intimacy—from one month to two.

NORAH WELBY.—Many thanks for the recipe. Your writing is fairly good, but your ink and pen indifferent.

HELENE.—You forget that our magazine is an English one.

HOLLY, ANCHOR, &c.—It is indeed difficult to please such severe critics. We do not, however, think that your assertion is true, and are sure that the story will bear no such meaning to any other eyes than your own. Shall we quote the well-known "Honi soit qui mal y pense" for your benefit?

NOLINA.—No drawing was enclosed. We regret we cannot help you further than by suggesting that you should try to pass some examination in order to obtain a certificate.

POPPIE D. and M. C. have probably had their prizes by this time.

HILDA.—Many thanks for your kind offer. We are too overcrowded, however, to look at your MS.

SHEILA MAY.—You have our sympathy, but of advice we are at a loss to supply you. Perhaps you would do well to advertise in some good paper. We believe that in many schools a music teacher is kept in residence.

MISS CHEEKY.—The licence which you appear to have conceded to your male acquaintances cannot, surely, have existed with the knowledge of your mother or guardian? If people "consider you fast," it means that they consider you hold your reputation for modesty at a very low rate. We refrain from making further quotations from a letter containing confessions which you should have blushed in writing. We are not acquainted with the poem from which you have quoted one line. Remember that a woman's good name and honour are precious treasures, to be accounted for to God, and preserved, if it were even at the cost of life itself. Besides which you have a sacred duty to perform to others, in the blameless example which it should be your life-long effort to set by the aid of Divine grace. Your not professing to be religious (as some appear to boast) is no excuse for unmaidenly conduct.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—The encouragement we receive from the kind letters of married people is quite as acceptable and gratifying to us as from the "Girls;" and we hope that you will freely correspond with us on any occasion when you may desire our aid or advice.

LUCY.—No instructions in the art of swimming have appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and we cannot say whether any will be supplied in the future.

INQUIRER.—How very dirty the iron pan must be in which you boil the linen! Employ someone to clean it. The "thick black scum," which you say "boils off" it, may perhaps be extracted from the clothes, but we are disposed to think and hope that the fault lies with the individual whose business it is to scour the boiler.

CONSTANT.—The line, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," we have already said is an epitaph the authorship of which is unknown.

MARGUERITE.—"Queen Anne's Bounty" was origin-

give them. The shell of the Ormer is called "Venus's Ear;" they are also natives of the Persian Gulf.

AMBITIOUS IMELDA.—You are far too young to think of being a nurse. Eighteen or twenty is the very earliest age you could begin to train.

THE INDIVIDUAL.—The name "Daniel" is the best explanation of your question. In the Hebrew tongue it means "God's judge"—that is, one who delivers decisions in God's name.

VIOLET, BIDDIE.—Such situations are generally only obtained by advertisement.

EMMELINE.—We much approve of your wish to aid the work of the Indian Missionaries. Direct to Miss Webb, Secretary, Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.

DOROTHY GREY.—There is some originality in your verses, but they are not quite "up to the mark." Your hand is not formed.

EVELYN BAILEY.—Hoaxing people is a very unkind way of joking with them. The perfect faith which does not think you could utter a falsehood should incite you to practise the beautiful truthfulness in which it believes.

ONE OF THEM.—We have read your well-expressed, well-written letter with more than usual pleasure. It is evident that you and your companions in the factory understand the importance of "picking up minutes" as fragments worth caring for and utilising. But do not allow yourselves to be so much absorbed in the work you speak of as to neglect needful exercise and recreation.

ELSIE LAMB.—Sprinkle the hothouse flowers with water, and keep them in as cool a room as possible. The change of atmosphere is more injurious to them than anything else. The bread about which you inquire is, we believe, a speciality. If ordered by a doctor, he will usually give explicit directions for its use.

EDITH MAXWELL.—The proverb is a local one, perhaps. Your writing is careless, and we should imagine that you held your pen in a cramped and improper manner.

PIMPERNEL.—Apply a little borax, powdered and moistened, to the stain.

JEANNETTA.—The reason of the "brown scale" is to be found in the dampness of the place. Remove to a dry one, and give more warmth and light.

SUNSET.—A recipe for washing a Shetland shawl will be found at page 511, vol. i.

POSY AND PUCK.—1. You do not say for what purpose you require the gold dust. 2. Fasten on with a pair of pincers.

MADGIE.—For the duties of a "travelling companion" see page 799, vol. ii. Such positions are obtained by private recommendations or advertisement. The salary depends on circumstances.

LEONARD'S SISTER.—A few little bits of meat or bread—anything it will eat. It will take care of itself in the garden. We cannot promise to do so.

S. A. C.—Such situations and addresses may be found by yourself—in the first place by advertising, and in the second by consulting a London directory.

DAGMAR NUGENT.—We should advise your consulting a London lawyer on the subject. He would be likely to know where to find such particulars.

HYPATIA.—Yes, you are quite right.

POLLY ROSWARD.—Wash your vase with soap and water, and water your plant when it seems to require it.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—The gentleman should follow the lady.

NONA.—Small notices were published in most of the papers at the time, but we do not think her life was long or eventful enough to make it likely that a volume will be written.

TWENTY-FIVE.—We think your subject likely to interest those for whom you are about to write. See "Weddings of the World," pages 100 and 468, vol. i., THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

CECILIA.—Your canary may be an old one, or you may be giving too much hemp-seed. Is his cage kept clean? Watercress and cleanliness will be the best cure, we fancy, and plenty of fresh water and light.

WHITE ROSE.—Wash the mud stains with a little carbonate of soda and water, and wipe gently with a soft cloth till dried.

HAWTHORN.—We have read your pitiful letter carefully, and we can only repeat our advice, to consult a doctor. It is evident that there is a long-standing weakness of the digestion, which only a course of treatment will cure.

ESPERANCE.—We agree with you in your opinion of the Post Office, and think that you might adopt it as a means of livelihood without the least hesitation, as many other girls do.

SNOWDROP.—Felt and beaver hats are both worn, and hats with beaver brims. Choose a good marking-ink.

DORA CLINTON.—We know of no way of finding lost friends so efficacious as advertising in the second column of the *Times*. Your sister is, perhaps, more anxious than you are.

MINNIE JESSIE.—A little salt rubbed on the hands when wet will take out walnut stains, and there is an excellent recipe for taking out ironmould at page 127, vol. i. We were most thankful to read your letter, and to find that our advice had been a blessing and a help to you, and may probably be the means of making you a blessing to others.

LITTLE WEST INDIAN.—1. Boil the neat's foot oil in double the quantity of water; let it stand till cold, skim off the oil, and bottle. 2. Paint on terra-cotta with oil-colours. You have asked no less than eight questions.

C. S. H.—The most useful presents to a children's hospital are clothing and toys. Send them to the East London Children's Hospital at Shadwell, or else to the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate-hill.

NOT LONELY NOW.—It is not necessary for you to wait until everyone has been helped before having your own meal, but it is usual to linger sufficiently long over it to allow the carver to advance very far in his or hers before asking for a second help, or concluding yourself. You should, at least, make believe to be still eating until a guest have finished, or an old person, unavoidably slow, have done so, otherwise they feel hurried. Your writing would be improved if a little rounded, and your spelling should be attended to.

SNOWDROP.—We regret to tell you that all the samples of lace you sent us are machine made, not "real," or hand-made.

LUPIN.—1. Your lilies need a change of soil. 2. Fumigate the rose-tree with tobacco-smoke.

A WOULD-BE SUNBEAM.—Many thanks for your kind and grateful letter; we are always thankful for such encouragement. We think you might compete whenever your age entitles you to do so.

ELLICE CLIFFORD.—We should advise the use of ferns or ivy for the window-baskets. See page 483, vol. ii., for an article on the subject of "Window Gardening."

AN OLD GIRL.—As a rule, we should never repulse nor reject kindness where we are quite sure nothing but kindness is intended. "Be ye kind one to the other" is a precept not often so put in practice that we need reject it.

DOROTHEA DOLOREUX.—Perhaps the new braces, now so constantly advertised, might be of service to you. We should advise you to consult a surgeon.

FIGGINS.—The canary could be sent in a small wooden cage. Select the medium size, not the small ones.

M. F. R.—We do not think it wise under the circumstances, as there seems no end in view. Many thanks for the verses.

T. E. S.—It is quite possible to be deferential in manner and words without using the terms "Sir" or "Ma'am" to your employers. October 11th, 1831, was a Sunday.

K. S. M.—We like your letter and regret that we could not send you a book to translate, nor a theme for you to write upon, with a view to obtaining our criticisms. But you might take part in one of our essay competitions. We do not know what openings there may be in France for girls to earn a living. In this country there are many, but the competition is so great that we should make suggestions with little hope of our young correspondents' success. Your writing is too small.

OBERON.—We can only suggest works published by the Religious Tract Society, and in our published list you may see that we have a commentary of our own.

W. C. GOULD.—Shake hands with your hostess, then your host, and afterwards with those near you. But, unless the number be very small, you can smile and bow to the rest; and shake hands with them later in the evening, when some change of places has taken place, bringing you nearer each other. Avoid being "late."

REGINA ROMA.—You will find the name "Ariel" in the Book of Ezra, viii. 16, and Isaiah xxix. 1. It is likewise employed in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Shakespeare.

MABEL.—See St. Matthew xii. 24, St. Luke xi. 15, and St. Mark iii. 22. And then proceed to read the 29th and 30th verses; because the 30th verse explains what that sin was—the denial of the power of the Holy Ghost in our Lord, and attributing His miracle to devil-possession, and Beelzebub, the prince of the unclean spirits, as His master. See page 176, vol. iii.

KOH-I-KOURD.—Your first quotation is from Aaron Hill, who flourished between 1685 and 1750. See his "Epilogue to Zara." Your second is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and is his own.

GERTRUDE VERONICA.—"Without fear and without reproach" was the motto of Bayard. "Have mercy on me, O Lord," is the translation.

CONNIE.—The gentleman you mention sits as magistrate at the Bow-street police-court. We do not on any occasion give private addresses.

ally a fund, consisting of a portion of the Papal exactions of the "first fruits" and "tenths," before the Reformation. Henry VIII. annexed these to the crown, but Queen Anne formed them into a fund designed for the augmentation of poor livings in perpetuity. At present the sum may be valued at about £14,000 per annum, and has been extended to the purpose of erecting parsonage houses.

MOCK TURTLE.—We do not recognise the quotation you give, but entirely dissent from the statement that absolute authority "never can, and never ought to be the lot of man," as, for example, a parent can claim a Divine right to the implicit obedience of the child—at least, up to man's and woman's estate.

ELAINE.—Poppæa Sabina was a Roman matron, first married to a Roman knight, Rufus Crispinus; but was afterwards the wife of the Emperor Nero, who treated her with the most unmanly barbarity, and she died from the effects of a blow given by his foot; A.D. 65. She had a splendid funeral, and statues were raised to her memory, as she was like her mother of the same name, a very beautiful woman; and to preserve it she kept, it is said, 500 asses at one time to supply her with milk baths.

SUNBEAM, VIXEN, and IMPUDENCE.—For cleaning alabaster use strong soap and water; but if it be too much discoloured, make a paste with quick-lime and water, cover the article well with it, and leave it so covered all day. Then wash it with soap and water, rubbing the stains well. Another plan is to wash with soap and water, and then clean it with diluted muriatic acid. What "bad habits" are goldfish "liable to learn"? As to their being "teachable," we doubt if you could do more than make them follow a piece of bread round the glass.

BLACKBIRD.—Add more sugar. See the recipe we have given at pages 399 and 615, vol. i.

ADA WILLIAMSON.—Nothing you can tell us in reference to the Ormers would be information to us. We have collected them under the loose stones and on the rocks in Guernsey ourselves, and know how to cook them too. You are quite wrong in supposing that they are natives of the island because found there. They come, as we correctly stated, from the West Indies. Many of our young readers show too great a desire to controvert the information which we

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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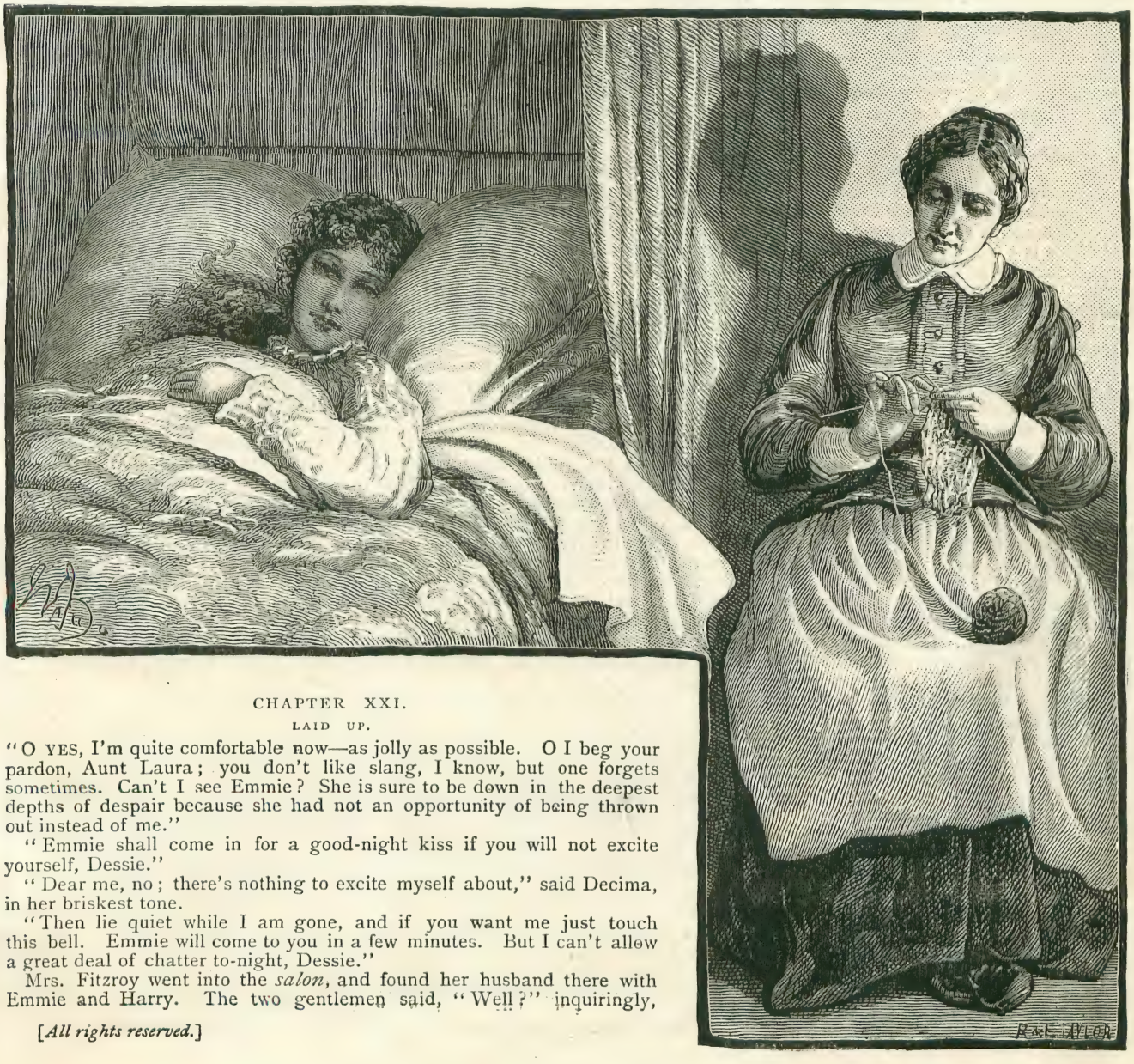
DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.



CHAPTER XXI.

LAID UP.

"O YES, I'm quite comfortable now—as jolly as possible. O I beg your pardon, Aunt Laura; you don't like slang, I know, but one forgets sometimes. Can't I see Emmie? She is sure to be down in the deepest depths of despair because she had not an opportunity of being thrown out instead of me."

"Emmie shall come in for a good-night kiss if you will not excite yourself, Dessie."

"Dear me, no; there's nothing to excite myself about," said Decima, in her briskest tone.

"Then lie quiet while I am gone, and if you want me just touch this bell. Emmie will come to you in a few minutes. But I can't allow a great deal of chatter to-night, Dessie."

Mrs. Fitzroy went into the *salon*, and found her husband there with Emmie and Harry. The two gentlemen said, "Well?" inquiringly,

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and Emmie lifted a distressed face, which silently put the same question expressed by the monosyilable.

"Did you see Herr Bücher?" asked Mrs. Fitzroy of her husband.

"No; he gave me the slip. I intended to waylay him, but he is an active individual, and left earlier than we expected. Harry caught a glimpse of his back from the window—just too late. What of the ankle?"

Mrs. Fitzroy made her way round the table and laid her hand on Emmie's shoulder.

"It is rather bad," she said. "Dislocation, and a small bone broken. Dessie will have need to exercise her patience."

"Poor child! And she has never known a day's illness," said Harry.

"Dessie may be none the worse in the end for the experience," said Mr. Fitzroy, musingly. "Don't think me hard to say so."

"It seems to me that anything like this brings out the better part of Dessie's nature," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "There must be more under the surface than one expects to find. She really behaved most courageously, for Herr Bücher was merciless in his handling of the foot, and Dessie did not once call out."

"Had he to set the broken bone?" asked Emmie, with a shudder.

"Yes; she held my hand very tightly, but bore that and the bandaging like a heroine. I should not have expected so much fortitude in such a talker as Dessie. But I am afraid she is in for a very trying time. She seems to be strained all over, and there is a black bruise all down her right side. I doubt if she will be able to turn herself in bed by to-morrow morning."

"I may see her, may I not?" asked Emmie, looking sorrowful.

"Yes, she is asking for you; only do not let her excite herself. Stay with her for a few minutes till I come back; I shall sleep on a mattress in her room to-night."

"If you would only let me do it," began Emmie, but Mrs. Fitzroy shook her head decisively over the suggestion.

"No, no—that would never do, my dear. But you shall help with the nursing in the day. Go to her now, Emmie."

And Emmie went, with a vague expectation of finding a prostrate and exhausted invalid. Instead of which, Dessie's eyes, rather more full of fun than their wont, and certainly much merrier than they had been habitually of late, met hers.

"Well, Em! Here's a novel sort of adventure! I can sympathise now with the feelings of a shuttlecock."

"O Dessie, if you had only let me change with you, as I wished!"

"Didn't I say so!" exclaimed Dessie. "Didn't I declare you would be in the deepest stage of despair because you had lost the opportunity of being tossed out in my stead. I knew it! O Em, don't pull such an awfully long face. It's enough to give one the dismals for the rest of one's life."

"O Dessie, don't joke about it. Think how dreadfully you *might* have been hurt."

"I've got enough to do with thinking how I *am* hurt. You're a nice comforter," said Dessie, with an irrepressible start, as a sharp stab of pain shot through her foot and leg. "Things might have been worse, of course, for I might have been killed outright. But I don't see the particular advantage of picturing to myself that possible conclusion to my career, except as a sort of moral to the tale. I was a goose, of course, and I know that without being preached to about it."

"Dessie, is the pain very bad?" asked Emmie, tenderly.

"Pretty well," said Dessie, wincing again. "It aches and throbs tremendously, and sometimes there comes an awful dart that takes me by surprise. The old German doctor could say nothing but, 'Ach! ach!' when he first saw my foot. I really almost thought he was going to melt into tears. And he has such fat, pudgy hands that I didn't believe he would ever manage to pull the bones right. He did somehow, I suppose. He punched and fumbled me to an intolerable extent."

"Mamma says you were so brave, Dessie."

"O well, it *had* to be borne," said Dessie, with a gratified look. "But it was bad certainly—about as much as I *could* bear bravely. I didn't know before that one had such capacities for pain in one."

"And your side?" asked Emmie, after some words of murmured sympathy.

"O that isn't so bad, if I just keep still and don't turn in bed, or use my arms. I feel rather as if I were nothing but one great bruise, with a foot on fire at the end of it. But it isn't so bad now as when we were jolting along in that carriage. I thought I *must* have screamed once or twice. Don't be miserable, Em; I shall be all right in a few days."

So Dessie supposed, and no one undeceived her. Better, her aunt thought, that the real state of things should dawn upon her gradually.

For, indeed, the injuries were no matter of a few days only. Mrs. Fitzroy had her doubts whether not weeks only, but months, would not be needed to restore Dessie to her usual state of health.

Sleep that night proved an impossibility, from the ceaseless pain in the foot and leg; and by the morning Mrs. Fitzroy's prediction came true, for Dessie could not turn herself in her bed. She was "a mere log," as she expressed it, having to be waited on almost like a baby. Her right side was one mass of bruises, and both arms were so strained and painful that she could scarcely feed herself, and could not hold a book.

This continued for several days, with gradually lessening intensity. A night-nurse was hired—a good-natured, dependable German woman—and during the day Mrs. Fitzroy and Emmie tended Dessie by turns, Miss Bruce sometimes taking their place for an hour. Miss Bruce was, however, too nervous a person to be a good nurse. She could not forget herself, and if she attempted to move Dessie, her very fear of giving pain caused her to give more than was necessary.

To be laid entirely aside was altogether a new experience for Decima. At first she did not appear to find the experience a depressing one. There was a certain amount of pleasurable excitement in finding herself the centre of household attention, and she prided herself on the exercise of her newly-discovered powers of endurance. She really had much acute pain to bear, and she bore it well. Her vigour of constitution, however, stood her in good stead, and she had not the languor and weakness which many would have felt at such a time. Still, the wakeful nights, and the ceaseless burning and throbbing of the injured foot, not to speak of the stiff soreness of her whole body, would have been trying to the patience of a far more patient individual than Decima Fitzroy. Yet she kept up and did not complain. She generally had a laugh and a jest ready, even in her most suffering hours.

Not that Dessie did not think. She *had* to think now, in a way that she had never done before. Hitherto Dessie's life had been filled with occupation and distraction. Nothing had ever kept her awake at nights, except the first hearing of little Hugh's state, and her days had been one constant succession of lessons, reading, walking, and talking.

She was still able in considerable measure to fill up her days with chatter, though, even in the daytime, quiet hours were occasionally decreed. But at night needless talking was forbidden; moreover, she had a German nurse, and Dessie was not yet an adept at the German language. So in her many long, wakeful night hours Dessie did at last really think, did at last look forward and backward, did at last gain some estimation of her own real standing in life, did at last begin to perceive the greatness of things she had counted little, and the littleness of things she had counted great.

But those around knew nothing of all this. They only saw that Dessie was for awhile a wonderfully high-spirited invalid, ready to joke to an unlimited extent, and seemingly depressed by nothing.

In truth, these earlier days, though days of greater actual suffering, were not the most trying part of the illness to Decima. The worst came later—when she was counted convalescent; when she was able to dress and lie on the sofa; when Harry had returned to Paris, and Emmie had resumed her regular lessons; when Dessie was no longer so ill as to need constant attention, and when she was expected in some measure to employ herself, and to leave other people more free.

Then it was that Dessie's courage began to fail, and a certain tendency to irritability and depression set in. By this time she was a good deal pulled down, and though really better, she did not feel stronger. Moreover, she was still utterly unable to put her foot to the ground, and Dessie began secretly to suspect that a very long time must elapse before she would be able. The long confinement told upon her, and she had oftentimes a restless longing for one of her old rambles into the country, or through the castle grounds.

(To be continued.)

HOW GIRLS MAY ENTERTAIN THEIR FRIENDS.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

FOOD FOR BODY AND MIND.

It is often as great a mistake to offer expensive dainties as to overdress on ordinary occasions, especially if you wish for frequent social intercourse and to be invited in your turn. Though the parents of one girl may be able to do this, others cannot, and if the young people go home with an account of the many good things set before them, the probable cost of such an entertainment at once suggests itself to the mother's mind. Then she mentally decides that it will not do for her young folk to go there again. "We cannot give what the girls call 'a splendid spread,' and, after ours have partaken of dainties, we should feel ashamed to offer tea and coffee, with buns, bread-and-butter and sweets, and sandwiches and home-made lemonade later on, as a return entertainment."

Perhaps the effort is made for once. The girls are allowed to "ask up" everybody who has invited them, and then social intercourse drops to zero, and friendly meetings "die out," or become few and far between.

I have heard girls say, "What a pity it is that people should think young folks care so much about eating and drinking! If they would only believe that we should be quite contented with the same kind of food which we have every day at home, what delightful parties they might give us! People are afraid to ask a number at once, because they feel bound to make a great preparation, and they do not like the upset, loss of time, and the expense—all for a few hours' amusement."

"No, thank you," replied on another occasion a youngster who was being pressed to take cake and sweets of various kinds at a lavishly-spread table. "I never get these things at home, and mamma says I am always better without them." And the young philosopher, trusting implicitly to the mother's wisdom, made a hearty meal out of tea and bread-and-butter. She was one of the brightest children in the whole merry flock, and proved that her enjoyment did not depend on the eatables.

"Mamma," said a damsel of maturer age, close on sweet seventeen, indeed, "may I ask"—and she ran off a string of girls' names—"to come to tea this afternoon?"

The girls in question had all just passed a difficult examination successfully, and were, doubtless, in high spirits. Mammas must settle the when, where, and how of girls' entertainments, and the parent appealed to demurred.

"We have nothing ready, dear," she answered, with an eye to the commissariat.

"We do not want anything special; we want to be together."

"But if you wait a day or two, I will arrange a few nice things for you, and make you a pretty table."

"It would not be half so good, indeed, mamma. You see, we are all full of spirits, and it will be so nice to compare notes and talk things over. And we will have a good game, too, and enjoy ourselves, never fear."

Mamma smiled, yielded, and, if the improvised entertainment was not made up of dainties, everything was good in quality and plentiful in quantity. And she certainly had no reason to think that the young guests enjoyed themselves the less because the "spread" was of a very simple character.

I own to a great liking for these improvised entertainments, both for in and out of doors. People do not expect so much when they are invited in the morning for the same evening, or at early breakfast-time for a country outing. Twenty years ago, when visiting friends in Jersey, I joined several of these improvised pic-nics.

A girl friend would call at the house where I was staying and suggest that the lovely morning should be taken advantage of to walk to one of the exquisite bays or valleys of which there are so many to choose from, and all within a reasonable distance. She had seen, or would see, other friends and ask them to join us also. Within an hour enough would be found at liberty and willing to make the expedition a social success, and, with such simple provisions as could be collected amongst us at a short notice, we set out for the day. Water was plentiful, milk and fruit we could buy cheaply, the fresh air gave a flavour to the food; health, youth, and good spirits did the rest. We chatted gaily on the road, we ate our meal and rested after it under the trees, or we played at outdoor games or botanised, the little folk being only too glad to bring us specimens. Walking home in the evening, we lingered to watch the ever-varying tints on land and sea, or to notice a gorgeous sunset which left a mental photograph never to be effaced from our memories.

"But," cries some one, "we are city girls, and cannot get up such delightful summer excursions for mutual entertainment."

True; still, if you have not scenes of surpassing loveliness sufficiently accessible, you may enjoy what is within your reach, and help your friends to do it also. Find out what country places are within a short journey by rail, or an omnibus ride, and arrange to visit them in turn.

Ascertain beforehand if there are any buildings of interest to be visited, make yourselves acquainted with the legends of the locality, and if you are botanists, every field will offer an open book. Take a simple luncheon, enough to satisfy real requirements; buy a little milk or fruit at a farmhouse or the village *en route*, and finish with a comfortable tea at each other's houses in turns.

For city schoolgirls this is a delightful plan for the summer weather, far better than any home entertainment held within the bounds of house and town garden. Croquet, lawn tennis, and the various outdoor games are excellent in their way; but a few hours in a hayfield or on a breezy moorland are infinitely preferable, and will do far more towards clearing the head for renewed work and the spirits for enjoying it than a dozen holidays spent in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the city itself.

Change is suggestive of enjoyment, and especially that from town to country. This applies with regard to food as well as surroundings. I know that sometimes people make the great mistake of trying to put before their visitors just what they are accustomed to have at home. They will ask the question, "What do you generally take?" with a view of offering that. This is all very well if persons are delicate and limited to a particular diet. But by all means try to offer something different. If you live in the country and have town visitors to entertain, do not give yourselves great trouble and go to needless expense in order to obtain things not easily procurable in your own neighbourhood. Depend on it the country milk, cream, fruit, vegetables, home-made bread, new laid eggs, and country ham will commend themselves to the improving appetites of town-bred guests.

And by all means let them have the very real pleasure of gathering their own dessert. You country girls do not know what a pleasure it is to people who buy their fruit at the greengrocer's when at home to be allowed free range in a country garden. To hunt up the strawberries from beneath their leafy shade, to stretch on tip-toe for the ripe cherry, or even to prick their fingers in pulling the delicious "yellow champagnes" from a laden gooseberry bush. They feel as though they really tasted the fruit for the first time, and are ready to acknowledge that our homely English gooseberry when in perfection will bear comparison with most foreign grapes, aye, and beat them too in flavour and sweetness.

In town we can offer country guests many little table treats. Fish, for instance, is always difficult to obtain in country districts, the best being invariably packed off to the great markets for town consumption. And it can be offered in so many ways, and with such appetising accompaniments at a trifling cost.

To girls on whom must principally depend the arrangement of the table itself, I would offer a few suggestions for rendering it attractive. Be sure that it looks as beautiful as cleanliness and good taste can make it. Let the tablecloth be snowy and uncreased; everything in glass, china, or metal be bright and sparkling. If your spoons be not solid silver, and your teapot not even plated, let their polish shame the dull-looking articles one sees sometimes which *are* silver but do not look like it.

If you have no garden to go to, and cannot afford to buy flowers, try to get a few wild ones, or with a little moss, a few trails of ivy, and a bright blossom or two you may make your table attractive for your guests.

I once saw a soup-plate filled with wild flowers and mosses, and a tall glass in the middle of them with slender ivy trails round the stem, the cup part being filled with ivy also, and one cluster of bright scarlet geraniums in the centre of it. It made a truly beautiful ornament for the table, and many an admiring glance was directed towards it.

In seaside lodgings there is often a great dearth of table requisites, particularly in the way of dessert dishes. Soup-plates have been brought to me in expensive lodgings to do duty in that line. But, covered with broad green leaves, or, if those were not procurable, with cut tissue paper, they have been made to pass muster.

It is very difficult to suggest a number of dishes for the entertainment of visitors, because means vary so very much that what would be suitable in one case would not in another. But there are numbers of excellent recipes in the columns of "Useful Hints" in The Girl's Own which will furnish materials at a very reasonable cost.

In summer, salads, fruit, in short anything that is cooling and refreshing, will suit better than hot dishes. "Gooseberry fool" is much appreciated and very inexpensive.

The following makes a nice dish for any season:—Cover a large glass trifle dish with slices of sponge cake, and pour on them enough

cream or good new milk, slightly sweetened and flavoured with vanilla, to soak them. Next a layer of strawberry or raspberry jam. Make a custard with a packet of custard powder and a pint of new milk, and when it is nearly cold pour it over the jam. A few blanched almonds cut in strips and stuck in so as to peep above the custard make the dish look pretty. A tablespoonful of brandy may be stirred into the cream, if preferred.

Apples, or any stewed fruit, served with cream or covered with a custard, are invariably liked.

A savoury salad may be very quickly prepared from any little remnant of tender cooked meat. One day I remember being at a loss to arrange a little dish for some guests who had *happened* in unexpectedly. Cook could only produce two-thirds of a boiled fowl and part of a tongue, neither of which would have been suitable to present upon the table as they were. No suggestion was offered by cook, so I told her to cut up the tongue and the chicken, after being freed from skin and bone, into small dice. Two good lettuces, some cress, and an endive were well washed, drained, and dried, whilst at the same time four eggs were being boiled hard. The yolks were cooled, bruised smooth, and to these were added one teaspoonful of freshly-mixed mustard, a pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls of thick cream (or oil), and lastly, very gradually, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

The salad was prettily arranged, the dressing and meat nicely distributed in layers amongst the green stuff, and then placed on the table. The bowl went off the table empty, the guests enjoyed its contents, and cook owned she had learned a lesson for any future emergency.

One great secret for insuring an enjoyable meal is this. However simple and commonplace may be the ingredients which compose it, take care that each is good of its kind and plentiful. I have known a luxurious "high tea" spoiled for want of attention to this. So beware of strong-tasted butter, badly-brewed tea, muddy-looking coffee, and cold milk to it. Any one of these things will spoil the enjoyment of accompanying dainties; for our comfort depends far more on the excellence of every-day necessaries than on that of occasional luxuries.

One more bit of advice. Always have both fresh and stale bread on the table. To persons of very weak digestion new bread is often a species of poison. Some guests in the midst of luxuries are afraid to partake of the good things, *because they are so good*, and there is nothing plainer.

As a comment on my advice about the quality of the comestibles, I will tell you what I overheard at a boys' party.

One of the guests was alluding with amusing frankness to the viands of which he had been partaking with evident satisfaction, and was complimenting his schoolfellow—a son of the house—on the quality thereof.

"I *have* enjoyed my tea and supper," said he. "I was at Tomkins' party the other night and we had such a spread! A great tent, lots of waiters, nearly everything to eat—for Tomkins' father is awfully rich, you know. It was all got up by Blank, the confectioner; but I didn't enjoy those things half so much. My chicken—they called it—was tough, and the ham was salt, and the butter—ugh! I suppose they thought boys and girls would not notice—just as if we were not used to having good food at home. But didn't we? Your affair," he added, with delightful straightforwardness, "is not half so grand, you know, but all your grub is jolly good."

The listener was not ashamed to respond that everything was always good at their house, not because of its costliness, but because "Mamma takes care of that."

I have gone thus far, offering suggestions, and giving the result of my observations and experience, rather than laying down rules, or naming lists of dishes. Any good cookery book will furnish these, and the means of those who invite, as well as of the invited, must decide the details in each case. Do not suppose, dear girls, that I would discourage you from offering nice things to your guests. Only avoid extremes, and never try to dazzle those whose means are below your own by making a needless and extravagant display which will prevent them from accepting a future invitation, or giving you one in return.

I must now, as briefly as possible, say a little about some means of amusing your guests, so that they may go home, bright, unwearied, feeling that the evening has been all too short, and looking forward to another meeting of the kind.

The first requisite for this is that the hostess, whether girl or woman, should give her mind entirely to the entertainment of her guests. She should study their tastes beforehand and plan accordingly. And as there will be varieties in these, she must also vary the occupations of the evening. One guest, for instance, may be an accomplished musician, and be ready to exercise her talents for the amusement of the rest. But half a dozen others may care nothing about music, and to them it would be a social purgatory to sit listening to piece after piece, song after song, afraid to speak lest they should appear rude and disturb the enjoyment of others, and yet longing for the performance to come to an end.

Some, again, can talk well, and have a happy way of amusing others by drawing upon their stores of anecdote and information. Give the talker a turn. Listen well yourself, and so set an example of attention to the rest.

Mind that two guests who are strangers to each other are not placed together, at any rate, without yourself or a third party who knows both to help to bring them together. If you can, introduce some subject which has a common interest for them, and this will do much towards thawing social ice. This is easier to do amongst girls than even amongst grown-up people.

If possible, too, tell your more familiar friends something about any stranger whom they will meet at your table, and this will help them to find common subjects of conversation.

I remember being placed at an evening party beside a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and of whom I knew absolutely nothing. He was really a rising barrister, clever, well-read, and, as I subsequently found out, with plenty to say for himself and others when in congenial society, but shy amongst strangers. He made one or two commonplace remarks, to which I responded, and hazarded similar ones, which obtained brief replies. Then we sank into silence, and both of us, seeing no vacancy in the serried ranks of guests, passed the greater part of an evening in spasmodic efforts to say something which might, by mutual effort, grow into a sustained conversation.

We have since laughed heartily over that first meeting and its miseries, all of which were the result of want of tact on the part of our entertainers. If they had told me a little about him I should have had plenty to speak of. We had mutual friends; we had both recently travelled over the same ground in a lovely country—in short, we became friendly enough afterwards under more favourable auspices.

The hostess should be prepared to fill up pauses in the conversation, and suggest a change of amusement, so that there may be no flagging in the general cheerfulness.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to describe games at length. I would, however, advise all girls to make themselves acquainted with a few of a sedentary kind and others which involve active exercise. Puzzles, conundrums, dominoes, bagatelle, etc., furnish something in the way of change.

Games at clumps, twenty questions, consequences, and others of a similar kind make good fun for old and young, and exercise their ingenuity.

Some round games require special appliances. There are some very foolish ones, others too learned and more suggestive of lessons than play-hours; and a few good and amusing.

A variety may be seen at any toy-shop or fancy warehouse, and a girl can select for herself at a small cost.

I saw a circle of players, a few nights ago, playing at a game called "word-making and word-taking," the tools for which are a box of 300 letters, printed on thin squares of pasteboard. The rules given had been improved upon, and the game furnished amusement and excited a good deal of laughing amongst those engaged, and the lookers-on as well. A learned examiner in science, an F.R.S., and I do not know how many more letters indicating scholastic distinction, was amongst the players. He showed himself to be a "man of letters" in the game also; for he carried off words right and left; won everything before him, and manifested the same hearty spirit in playing a game and scattering jokes as he must have done in acquiring learning.

One more suggestion. Few things give more pleasure than a good reading or recitation. Try one, and you will find that while music pleases only those with some musical taste, fine reading rivets the attention of each and all.

And now, dear girls, I do hope you may find these hints of use in helping you to banish dulness from your little gatherings. Perhaps, too, when you are mistresses of homes yourselves, some of them may not be out of place if carried into effect there, as in them I have tried to give you the fruits of my own experiences and observations as a wife and as a mother of girls.

"OUR HOME AMONG THE HILLS."

OUR home among the hills! the song-birds love it!
Vocal our valleys with their chant and trill.
Free are the breezes, blue the skies above it,
Fairest of dwellings, and the dearest still.

Here comes no clamour from a toiling people;
Only the trampling of the surf of seas,
Or call to pray'r may float from distant steeple,
Or clash of bells be tossed upon the breeze.

Ours are the valleys, deep and primrose-haunted,
Blue with the hyacinth, fragrant with the fern;
Here blows the wind-flow'r, slender, but undaunted,
Child of the tempest and the winter stern.

Ours are the valleys, where spring's rosy fingers
Scatters her earliest, her fairest bloom;
Ours are the valleys, where the summer lingers
To meet with smiling winter in its gloom.

Or wouldst thou purple breadths of heather follow,
Over the hillside to the misty moor?
From tangled brake, or copse, or ferny hollow
We hear the vintage-shouting of the poor.

Our home among the hills! the song-birds love it!
Vocal our valleys with their chant or trill;
Free are the breezes, blue the skies above it—
Fairest of dwellings, and the sweetest still.

CLARA THWAITES.

DAISY AND BUTTERCUP.

By the Author of "I Promised Father."

CHAPTER III.

FOR weeks poor Stella's life hung upon a single thread. The best professional skill was summoned from London, and with tears in his eyes, and half desperate with grief, the squire besought the medical men to save his daughter, promising them all he had if only they would spare his darling's life. All that skill, love, and money could do was done, but for weeks the result remained doubtful.

"Life and death are not in our hands, Mr. Branscombe," gravely and reproachfully said the gray-haired surgeon, the last of those who had been summoned from London, a kind, tender-hearted man of widespread fame. This was in answer to the squire's passionate prayers to him to save her. "Rest assured that we are doing our very utmost. But the results we can only leave in higher hands."

But at last, after weary weeks of waiting and suspense, the verdict was given. Stella would not die. She would live, but how? She would be a helpless cripple all her life; would never again be able to walk, though in time she might grow comparatively strong and well. There was some mysterious injury to the spine which the best medical skill could not cure. No; poor Stella would never walk again.

Dr. Marston brought the news home one evening, and long and bitterly did Katy cry over it. It seemed so sad and so cruel to think of Stella, who had always been so full of life and spirits, so blithe and active, chained for life to an invalid's couch.

"Oh! mother," she cried, passionately; "I think I would rather have died outright than have to live as she will have to."

A few more weeks passed away, and then Dr. Marston brought a message from Stella one day. Would Katy come and see her that afternoon? But Katy shrank with a shy, nervous fear.

"Oh! father, I dare not see her! What shall I say to her? She must be in such a sad trouble."

"I think your own heart will teach you what to say, my dear," he replied, kindly. "Do not turn from your friends when they are in trouble; that is the time when we all need love and friendship most. It will do the poor child good to see you, and when she has asked for you, you must not refuse."

So very timidly and reluctantly Katy went up to the hall that afternoon. It was seven weeks since she had been there last. It was glorious July weather then; now the leaves were beginning to show the yellow tints of autumn, and the golden cornfields were beginning to fall beneath the reaper's hand.

Seven weeks since Stella had been in all the strength and brightness of her youth and health, full of happy anticipations and present joys. What a change had come! The tour to Switzerland had been given up. Perhaps such a pleasure was not in store in the future for poor Stella, and as for Paris dresses, pearl necklaces, and all the hundred and one things in which girls take pleasure, what were they to a helpless invalid, lying on her couch in pain and weariness all through the sunshine of the summer days and the golden glory of the autumn?

Stella's room looked bright and gay enough as Katy timidly entered. Flowers adorned it in every available place, and filled the air with their soft fragrance; there were pictures on the walls, good engravings and brightly tinted paintings; Stella's couch was drawn up in front of the open window, for the air was mild and balmy; by her side was a little table on which lay some hothouse fruit, some magazines newly cut, and some green-backed novels. Upon the rug which covered her lay a snow-white Persian cat stretched in luxurious repose.

Stella was looking listlessly out of the window when Katy entered, and playing absently with her cat's silky ears. She looked round slowly at her visitor's entrance, and in that first momentary glance Katy's heart swelled with a sudden wave of sorrow and pity; the poor little face was so sadly changed.

The golden locks and the blue eyes were unaltered; but under the hair, which was cut over the forehead and curled almost down to her eyebrows, was still to be plainly seen an ugly scar, marking ineffaceably the smooth white skin, while round the blue eyes were dark rings, and the face was pinched and worn and pale.

Poor Stella had hardly the ghost of a smile whereby to welcome Katy; she only held out one wasted hand and bade her sit down by her side in a voice faint and low from weakness. Katy obeyed, but so nervously and timidly that even Stella's dull eyes noticed, and she suddenly exclaimed with a hard unnatural laugh, more sad than tears would have been—

"What are you frightened of? Do you think I am going to hurt you? Why, I could not, even if I wished to!"

"I am not frightened," Katy faltered; "only—oh, Stella, I am so sorry!"

"I do not see why you should mind," Stella replied, in the same hard tone. "It does not affect you; you'll be just as well and happy as ever. I just have got to bear it all as well as I can. Only," with a sudden burst, "it's horrible; it's hateful, and I feel as if it were driving me mad! Oh, I wish I had died first!"

"Oh, hush, dear!" cried Katy, pained and shocked, but not knowing how to reply.

"It's true all the same," Stella went on recklessly; "it would have been far better to have been killed and get done with it at once than have to lie here like a log for years and years and years; who can tell how long? I am not sixteen yet, and I may live to be ninety. Oh, that wicked horse! I want papa to have him shot; I am sure he deserves it, for it was all through him it happened. Oh, it is horrible! How could God allow such a thing to be? it's so hard and cruel! and I was so happy and I meant always to have such a good time. Why don't you speak, Katy, and tell me how hateful you think it all is?"

But poor Katy knew not what answer to make to the wild reckless words. So she only put one arm round Stella's neck, laid her face down on the pillow, her brown hair mingling with the long golden locks, and began to sob and cry out of the fulness of the pity and sympathy which made her heart ache so keenly.

"Don't cry, you silly girl! Crying won't mend matters."

Stella's voice was as hard and cold as ever, but as Katy continued to weep and sob, gradually the blue eyes clouded over, her lip began to quiver piteously, and presently the assumed stoicism broke down, and Stella turned her head towards Katy's hidden face, and the two girls mingled their tears.

It was the first time Stella had been able to weep since she had heard the fatal news, and those tears, though they were passionate and almost hysterical at first, relieved wonderfully the throbbing of her brain and the burning pain at her heart.

Katy was the first to recover herself. She raised her head and wiped her eyes; then lifted Stella's face until it rested on her own breast, and began to smooth the golden hair, kiss the pale, sad, little face, and murmur tender endearing words in her ear. A great flood of love and tenderness seemed to have filled her heart; she had no idea until now that she loved Stella so much.

And Stella herself was soothed after a time, and permitted Katy to wipe her eyes and comfort her with tender words, and when she spoke again the hardness and recklessness seemed to have almost disappeared from her voice.

"It's a very poor sort of welcome to give you, Katy," she said, with a wan little smile; "I'm afraid you'll never come to see me again, only I have been so very, very miserable; it seems as if nobody ever had such a terrible trouble to bear. But I should not have thought you would have cared so much, Katy!"

"Oh, Stella, when I only wish I could help you to bear it!" cried poor Katy. "I have been so unhappy for you, dear; but perhaps the pain will not be quite so bad to bear soon. The doctors all say, father told me, that you would soon feel a great deal better."

"Pain!" echoed Stella, with a little return of the hard tone. "Do you think I'd mind about pain? I could bear that and be quite happy, looking forward to the time when I should be well again. It isn't that; it's knowing that I shall never walk again. Do you realise what that means? Think of my never being able to walk again as long as I live; never able to move myself from my couch. Think of that, and try to fancy how you'd feel if you knew it was always to be so with you. And, oh, Katy, I was so happy! I was looking forward so to going to Switzerland, and now I never shall go as long as I live. I cannot bear to see the pretty travelling dresses I had meant to wear there, and now never shall. And I shall never dance again, and I did *love* dancing. It's awfully hard."

And the poor, pale lip began to quiver again.

"My poor darling," Katy whispered fondly, smoothing the bright hair with a soft, tender touch, that said more than words.

Stella went on.

"Then I had looked forward so to coming out; in less than two years now. We should have gone up to London, and I should have been presented. And I'd fixed all about the dress I would wear, and had decided to choose nothing but the deadest white silk, because so few people can wear it; and I thought how proud I should feel to show everyone how I could stand the dead colour, which so few can wear, and are so glad to take advantage of ivory white and cream white on account of their poor complexions; while mine would look as beautiful as could be, because my cheeks were so pink, and my eyes so blue, and my hair so golden. And I was going to have the dress trimmed with nothing but white carnations, and a big bouquet of the same and maidenhair fern, and—but——"

She broke off suddenly.

"What nonsense I am talking! What's the use of saying anything about my complexion or my beauty? I've nothing left to be proud of now, and I shall never go into company now, much less to the Drawing-room."

She sighed heavily, and then went on after a moment's pause—

"But, Katy, that is not the worst. I'll tell you something I've never told to a soul, but which

has been the very hardest part of all. When I was lying so ill, and they thought I was unconscious, I once heard mamma and one of the doctors—not Dr. Marston—talking, and I heard him say how he feared I should never walk again; and then mamma said—oh, so bitterly!—'That if I was to be a helpless cripple all my life, I had far better have died at once.' Think of that, Katy. Think of one's own mother feeling one a burden and a weariness. And I know mamma feels me to be so."

"Oh, hush—hush, Stella! You must be mistaken!" cried Katy, in a shocked and pained voice. "I am sure it cannot be so—I am sure you are wrong. Why, a trouble like yours, you poor darling, is just the very thing to make a mother love and pity you more."

Katy was thinking of her own mother, and judging Mrs. Branscombe's affection by that standard; but Stella feebly shook her head.

"You don't understand," she said. "My mamma was very fond of me when she could be proud of me. You know she has always been a great beauty, and been very much admired, and she has always looked forward to my being a belle too—and I meant to be, I meant to be the belle of the county. But now there is nothing left for her to be proud of; I never can be a credit to her, only an incumbrance and a nuisance, and she is growing tired of me. She *said* she would rather I had died," she went on, in a tone of conviction; "and if she wished it, can you wonder that I should? What do you think it feels like to have all the sunshine suddenly shut out of your life, and to know you can never take any more pleasure in things you used to like better than anything in the world? Used to like!" she repeated bitterly. "I *do* like them still; I *love* dancing, and travelling, and pretty dresses, and everything that I never can enjoy again. Oh, it is terribly hard! The vicar's wife called one day, and talked about dispensations of Providence and bowing beneath the rod, and all that sort of thing. It didn't do me a bit of good. It all sounded as if she had got it off by heart before she came, and she said it all as if she was repeating a lesson. It's easy enough for her to talk when she's well and strong, and has everything she wants, but if she felt as I did she wouldn't talk so glibly about bowing beneath the rod—and——"

"Oh, hush, dear, you mustn't talk so!" cried Katy, deeply shocked at Stella's tone.

"It's true, all the same," was the reply. "I'm not religious, Katy, and I don't think I ever cared a rap for good things, or perhaps I should feel grateful to Mrs. Lowe, as no doubt I ought to. But she didn't do me a bit of good, and I don't want to see her again. You've helped me far more, dear, than she did with all her set speeches and nice little phrases. Now we'll try to talk of something livelier. Won't you have a peach? And please ring the bell and we'll have tea, and you shall pour it out for me."

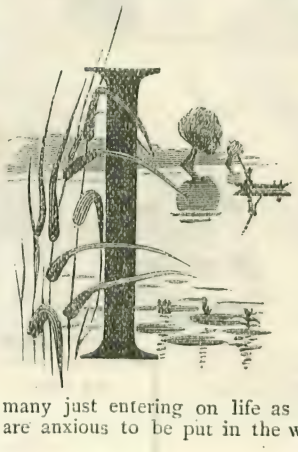
But though Katy did her best to entertain Stella with pleasant gossip and chit-chat, the attempt was a dismal failure. The careless words, "I am not religious," had grieved Katy's tender little heart, but she knew not how to answer them. It seemed to her that in Stella's position religion was the only comfort she could find. How she wished she knew what to say that would be fit and appropriate! She thought of her favourite little poem of the daisy and buttercup, but feared whether Stella would care for the application. Besides, the positions seemed to have changed altogether.

It was the daisy that might envy the buttercup now.

(*To be continued.*)

ON ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Word of Warning.



In the pressure of many subjects, we feel that we have not spoken with necessary emphasis on the danger of trusting to advertisements which offer a great return for very small investments. Among our readers there are many just entering on life as workers, who are anxious to be put in the way of earning money for their support, and many more who, inheriting a small patrimony insufficient to supply all their wants, are desirous to add to it with as little disturbance to their domestic comfort as possible. From these classes, as well as from elderly women whose means have been straitened by circumstances, many dishonest advertisers draw their victims, and although only a small outlay need be made, promise an immediate return, and that at the ratio of at least 100 per cent., and if art is to be the source of wealth, it is an art which can be learnt with little expense of time, and the work can be done *at home*. In one case, where the increase of income is to be obtained without study and without interference with ordinary pursuits, the respondent is informed that the desired accession is easily procurable from the percentage on the sale of cheap jewellery, to be supplied by the advertisers!

Among a host of other absurd and cruel advertisements, one which has lately come under our notice promises to teach china-painting to persons who have no previous knowledge of art in an incredibly short time; but we will quote the words of a letter sent to a lady who answered an advertisement. "By my system of teaching any person of ordinary capacity can learn the art in about a month or five weeks, and a thorough good income can always be made either by giving lessons or by working for some of the many firms who deal in artistic products." After much more to the same effect, he informs his client that if she follows the "clear, lucid instructions which he sends she can learn the art with facility at home."

The young lady, we need hardly say, having spent time and money on this *ignis fatuus*, is very far from being in the receipt of a "thorough good income"—in fact, she has nothing but a few spoilt tiles, though she is a person of at least "ordinary capacity," and most anxious to learn.

This is the third case of which we have become personally cognisant within the last six months, and in one instance a lady of more than middle life and very straitened means was mulcted of over £60.

Surely, then, it is high time that young mariners on the sea of life be warned off these dangerous quicksands, and exhorted to trust to nothing but the true mariner's compass of steady and persistent work, which alone will certainly guide them into good havens at last.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

When the mists have rolled in splendour
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

If we err, in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the anguish of to-day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

When the silver mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone.
We should see them near and truly,
We should see them day by day;
Never love nor blame unduly
If the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Lo, beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we'll bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away.

"A LITTLE BAND OF THE VILLAGE LACEWORKERS .... CAME UP TO THE CHÂTEAU TO SEE THE OLD MARQUISE."

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

DAMARIS was deeply affected by what she had heard, and her heart was filled with a dangerously sweet compassion. So rare a burst of confidence from one who seemed hitherto to have hidden his suffering and its cause from all mortal eyes, was in itself most subtle flattery.

"Of all that you have told me," she said, "I approve, as cordially as I admire the way in which you have acted; but it still seems to me that you may be flying from the shadows of things which have no actual substance. It is only natural for La Marquise to wish to see you happily married, and Mademoiselle St. Cyr may be as worthy of you as she predicts. Why need you refuse to see her and judge for yourself? Until you have done so, you ought not to declare the event to be impossible and improbable."

He darted a keen glance upon her. But if he were proud and self-controlled, Damaris was no less so. She could not allow him to suppose for one instant that there existed on her part an interest which he had not directly sought to win. All that he had said appeared to her to have been uttered more in angry self-defence than with the intent to excite in her any especial sympathy, and because his vanity had been wounded by her qualified approbation of his conduct. He seemed to be anxious to learn her opinion of him, and was constantly attempting to surprise her into an expression of feelings which were as yet wholly a mystery to herself. But Damaris's true and most womanly instinct advised her of the danger, and her pride stepped in to enable her to avoid it. Monsieur St. Just was both baffled and irritated. The tendency of his solitary life, and the isolation of spirit from which he had suffered, had been to make him over sensitive to the opinions of the few friends for whom he cared.

"I should have no right to speak so positively," he answered, "if I had not other reasons than the ones I have given you. And though I cannot yet tell them to you, you may trust me when I say that they are more than sufficient in themselves to make my mother's proposal especially distasteful to me, and must, under any circumstances, render me perfectly insensible to the beauty, virtues, accomplishments, and fortune of Mademoiselle St. Cyr."

At this instant André, with the familiarity of an old and faithful servant, rode up to them with the reminder—

"Nous avons peu de temps, monsieur —peu de temps."

"Thank you, André; then we will

make the most of what there is. Now, mademoiselle, put Jacquet to a canter, unless you wish me to lose this train."

They were within sight of the steeples and roofs of Chambuisson, and a sharp canter brought them into the ill-paved streets. When they reached the Avenue de la Gare, they found that André had been overcareful in his anxiety, and that fully a quarter of an hour remained to train time.

"I was about to add, mademoiselle, when André interrupted, an entreaty that you will not hurt me by allowing my mother or Jerome to persuade you into supposing that it is my duty to marry for money, or for the redemption of any imaginary lost position. To fall so low in your estimation would be a punishment I can never deserve."

Damaris was too free from self-consciousness to attach any particular meaning to this assurance. She had taken his friendship in the same single-hearted way in which it appeared to her to have been offered, and meant both to deserve and retain it. It did not occur to her that she could be personally affected by this disclaimer. She was so eager herself to be thought worthy of the kindness he had on all occasions shown her, that it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him, in his turn, to seek her approval.

"Monsieur," she said, simply, "out of my past experience allow me to advise you of one thing. I loved my own father so dearly that I would have given my life to prolong his. Whatever you decide to do now or later, do not forget that when the parents we have loved pass out of our sight, all that we have done to add to their happiness attains a terrible significance, whilst the smallest neglect of their wishes takes still greater proportions."

He took her hand in farewell, and holding it for a moment in his, gave the parting assurance—

"Rest satisfied. I will never willingly wound my mother's feelings. I will yield to her all she is pleased to exact of my time or means, but I will never again cede my liberty. No, that is my own; dearly bought, highly prized, never more to be sacrificed."

He let her hand fall and turned away.

Damaris looked after him with a vague, questioning pain in her eyes, which, however, he, busied in taking his place in the train, never saw. One last glance, one hand wave as the train was in motion, and then Damaris stood alone until André bustled up to her.

She rode back to the *château* in silence, musing upon all that had been strange and incomprehensible to her in that morning's talk. She dismounted in the *basse-cour*, and with resolute courage proceeded to the little low door in the rock, and opened it with the key Monsieur St. Just had confided to her keeping.

The sense of a remembered presence was greater than her fear of the darkness, and, with hand on the rope, she bravely and swiftly ascended.

The golden sunlight streamed in through the mellow panes of the library windows, just as she had seen it on so many bright mornings, but a dreary sense of desertion smote upon Damaris's spirit.

On the floor lay a riding-glove. The discovery recalled to her mind Monsieur Etienne's exclamation at the loss of the fellow to the one he wore. She picked it up daintily. It seemed to convey a mute but eloquent reminder of her loss, and for one moment Damaris was guilty of a greater weakness than she had ever shown in her life before. She laid her warm cheek down on its empty palm, and left it wet with her tears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LE MARQUIS A SON FRERE.

"St. Aubin.

"BEHOLD me safely arrived, my dear Etienne, and readier to bemoan your absence than anyone else here, save and except our dear mother, whose plans you appear to have upset with regard to Mademoiselle St. Cyr. Notwithstanding what you told me of your past, what you declared to me of your future, I still hope that you will be led to alter your opinions. I believe, with our mother, that a suitable marriage more than anything else is likely to secure your happiness. And why should not the little Demoiselle de St. Cyr be the lucky woman chosen for the purpose? You cannot tell that she is not to your taste until you have seen her. You know, of course, that *notre maman* has deferred her coming until you return, thus depriving me of the brotherly privilege of inspecting the outworks and sending you a report concerning the citadel to be stormed?

"But it is not of your affairs that I took up my pen to write. A selfish motive, as usual, is its spur. I want your advice and assistance. The fact is, I have done precisely what it is the ambition of our dear little *mère intriguante* that you should do—I have fallen in love. Not with *la petite* de St. Cyr; oh, no! Our mother has taken precious good care to keep this *bonne bouche* out of my way. Her fear of my fascinations is not flattering to you. *Mais n'importe!* I have fixed my affections, as I believe, unalterably this time elsewhere. You will not, I fear, commend the prudence of my choice in one respect, but I am encouraged by the memory of many sentences which fell from your lips during that memorable talk of ours in the Bois de Boulogne. Do you recollect how you enjoined me not to let money be my first consideration in a question so all-important as that of marriage? Well, I think you will own that I have been most dutifully obedient to you in this instance. It is partly on account of a promise made you then that I am writing now. I said, you will remember, that whenever I felt myself overcome by this then fair *inconnue*, I would hasten to confide to your sympathetic ear the full story of my love. And you, in your turn, solemnly assured me that if I would only let you know when there was the smallest chance of such an event taking place, you would do your utmost to assist me. I claim from you now the fulfilment of this promise. I need your help—I need your influence with La Marquise, who, I fear, will be greatly angered when she discovers that this affair has been taking place beneath her very eyes, without exciting any suspicion on her part because she does not wish it.

"I am forgetting that I have not yet told you the name of the Marquise in future. But you are not obtuse, Etienne. Surely you have already guessed that she is called Damaris Hartley!

"Congratulate me, my dear brother, that I am in a fair way of making what you said would be my best safeguard for the future—a happy marriage. Where could I find anyone more worthy to be loved and esteemed than this little *dame de compagnie* of our mother's? She is so engaging, so candid, so true, so charming in all that she does, she compels one to respect her, even while she makes desperate havoc with one's heart. I know that you think me light of love, and that I am too easily impressed, but with my whole heart I assure you that I have never yet met anyone who absorbed my thoughts as she does, nor who had half the power over me for good that she has.

"I have not been in any hurry in arriving at this determination. I have considered in every possible way how it will affect me, and have fully counted the cost of the step I am meditating. All through the spring I have been turning it over in my own mind, and asking myself whether the happiness of such a marriage would fully compensate for the sacrifices it would entail. We should be poor, very poor, but there can be no other objection to Mademoiselle Damaris than this. She is well-born, she is a lady, she is beautiful, accomplished, high-spirited, true-hearted, noble-minded. I have weighed all these great qualities against the one question—can I consent to become even much poorer than I am now for her sake? Can I give up my bachelor enjoyments, the caresses of society, to share my small income in private with her? After a long debate with myself I have agreed that she is worthy of all this, and am resolved to make the trial.

"The time approaches for your return, and I need your countenance and support before I dare broach the subject to my mother. I want your help to persuade her that the possession of *petite* is my greatest future safeguard.

"If this letter should hasten your coming, as I hope it will, let me have a telegram that I meet you in Chambuisson, or even further on your journey.

"By the bye, the news of your success with regard to the lacemakers was duly received by my mother, and carried down to the peasantry at once by Mademoiselle Damaris. I should have thought nothing of it but for her joy, and marvel at your caring to absent yourself from St. Aubin just in the heat of the summer, when Paris is insufferable, on behalf of a handful of lazy bobbin-workers. Mademoiselle Damaris says it is a great thing that you have procured for them, a free disposal of their

manufacture without the intervention of commercial speculators; and that the valley has cause to rejoice that the first profits of their toil will find their way into the pockets of the workers. I am bound to accept what she says as fact. But I think I see beyond it, and understand that the improved condition of the poor will, after a time, increase the value of your estate. Mademoiselle Damaris fired up considerably when I suggested this only as your possible secondary motive, so that I was obliged to hasten to retract, and to declare that you had been moved by a purely philanthropic impulse. I need hardly tell you that I love her all the more for her generous defence of you. She is never so gracious to me as when I sound your praises, without in any way qualifying them; and I flatter myself that she has already quite a sisterly regard for you.

"The villagers are talking of a *fête* to celebrate your return, and Mademoiselle lays her commands upon me to do my uttermost to forward the scheme. So here we are, *château* and hamlet, busy and excited on behalf of the absent seigneur.

"Come, then, my brother, hasten to return to the arms of those who are waiting to embrace you and give you the heartiest of welcomes."

By the same post, Damaris despatched a letter to her sister Lilian, to whom she had written more frequently since the departure of Monsieur St. Just.

"Le Marquis is here, my dear Lilian, and La Marquise and I, who had begun to weary a little of the solitude of St. Aubin in the absence of the seigneur, find his companionship a most agreeable interlude. He seems to me to be very much altered for the better of late, and certainly no longer merits the severe comments of Madame Argent. I have never seen reason to suppose that he deserved to the full the character that she gave him; and yet you know my opinion, and how hard I should be on any man who had deservedly obtained the character of a flirt. Coquetry is, to some extent, excusable in a woman, because it is merely an abuse of one of her highest gifts. But for a man to debase the power he possesses, merely that he may pander to his self-love, affects one as it would do to see some lofty plume bedraggled in the dust. Yet this is the character attributed to Monsieur Jerome. I cannot think that he deserves it. There are women in abundance who lay themselves out to attract such light and meaningless attentions as a man of his tastes and dispositions is sure to be willing enough to bestow—women who feed their inordinate love of approbation on admiration as widespread as it is shallow; who never can be satisfied with the deep homage of one true heart, but who have a perpetual craving for sweetmeats, in the shape of compliments and idle courtesies. These women, unfortunately, are only too plentiful in every rank, and like froth and scum they always come to the surface, so that they are not easily avoided. Men such as Monsieur le Marquis are peculiarly susceptible to the flattery of being sought after in this manner, and the question arises whether these foolish fast women are not themselves the cause of the insincerity they afterwards have to deplore. The Monsieur Jeromes of this world are abundant enough; but, dear Lilian, how rare are such characters as that of Monsieur St. Just! No amount of flattery of this description could ever move him from the austere and delicate simplicity which regulates his conduct.

"Monsieur Jerome has the air of one who considers himself, and is considered, irresistible; a certain *veni-vidi-vici* manner, if I may be permitted to take such a liberty with the old Latin tongue. I am amused by it, because I think I comprehend its rise and progress. He is more natural alone with us here in the country than I have ever seen him before. For one reason, there is no one here for him to flirt with, and many calls are made upon his better nature and good sense. He seems to adapt himself quite easily to the lazy do-nothingness of a country life; he lives simply, dresses plainly, and wins all hearts by his pleasant good nature. He is never at a loss for something to say, and says it remarkably well, so that whenever he is present there is always a cheerful flow of lively chit-chat. He is something of a musician, and sings well. On the whole, his presence is not in the least what I dreaded it would be.

"Monsieur St. Just is in Paris. He left us ten days ago to try what he could do to ameliorate the condition of the poor lacemakers, about whom I have already written you. He thought that by using his personal influence he could induce one of the large houses in Paris to buy the lace directly from the workers through an agent whom he should appoint, and also obtain promises from sundry well-known leaders of fashion to give an impetus to its production by wearing it in the coming season. When word came of his double success, La Marquise sent me to carry the good news down into the valley. If I were to describe minutely the effect which my information had upon these poor, ignorant enthusiasts, you would think I had dipped my pen into some extravagant romance. Their conduct is on every occasion so different from that of our stolid English poor. I do not mean to assert that they feel more, but they express infinitely more.

"Marthe Coton went down on her knees on the broken floor, and, with the tears rolling down her hard-working face, invoked the saints on my behalf. It was of no use for me to protest against the share in this great event, which they insisted upon imputing to me; in vain I assured them that the seigneur, and the seigneur alone, was to be thanked for it; they would persist in including my name in their thanksgiving.

"I went from house to house in this way, dear Lilian, until I came to the cottage where poor 'Lisbeth lay. It seemed as though my excitement had been gathering and gathering until it reached its culmination here. I could bear no more, but broke down utterly at the sight of her joy. She is wholly a cripple and party imbecile. One fixed idea of her youth has absorbed her mind to the exclusion of all others. Long ago in her youth she was betrothed to a young man, a vine-dresser in one of the neighbouring valleys. They were too poor to marry, and each toiled with might and main at their several occupations to lessen the obstacle that divided them. 'Lisbeth's bobbins flew night and day almost, but she, in common with all the other maidens of the valley, was so ill-paid for the delicate lace produced, that her little store increased very slowly in comparison with the immediate claims upon her. Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties, toil and patience were wearing their way to their just reward, when Jean Perrot met with an accident that resulted in his death. The shock prostrated poor 'Lisbeth, and when she in part recovered it was found that her mind had been shaken from its balance. She had forgotten Jean's death, and had gone back to the time of their mutual waiting and working, in which belief she has lived through all the long years which have transformed her from a comely maiden into a grey-haired, toothless old woman. When they told her what the seigneur had done for the valley and the lacemakers, it seemed to her that at last the end for which she had striven had arrived, and that she and Jean Perrot were to be married shortly. She called to her mother, *la mère* Suzanne, to reach out her bridal dress with the faded myrtle wreath which had been hidden from the light nearly forty years ago.

"'Poor soul!' cried the pitiful Suzanne, 'she must have her way now.'

"So the linen dress which was once white, but is now yellow and stained, was shaken out from its folds, and the shrivelled brown wreath laid upon it. On the bed in the corner lay the bride, with the sunlight falling upon her through the leaves. The pillow and bobbins lay idle, her wrinkled hands were clasped, her dim eyes lifted. So pitiable was the sight that I could not restrain my tears. Oh, if this life were all of existence that we know even, how sad it would be! But the beyond, that priceless beyond, with its joys unspeakable!

"'Lisbeth began to talk of Jean, of his goodness and faithfulness, and of his delight because they were to be married on the morrow.

"Suzanne, who is accustomed to her daughter's vague sad dreams and fancies, was less moved at the sight than I. Unable to bear it any longer, I drew near to take leave. 'Lisbeth stretched out her lean veined hand, and beneath the shadows of age on her face I saw the shine of an unearthly brightness.

"'*Bon-jour*, mademoiselle; I shall see you again, when all the valley is there to look on at my bridal.'

"Later that evening, a little band of the village laceworkers, headed by Marthe Coton, a stately-mannered, ma-

hogany-faced old dame, lean and brown and wiry, came up to the *château* to see the old Marquise.

"They had a double purpose in seeking the interview. They wished gratefully to acknowledge the seigneur's exertions on their behalf, and to ask permission to *fête* him on his return. Did Madame la Marquise know on what day that was likely to occur?

"Were I an artist, Lilian, I would sketch the little scene for you. Nothing prettier can be imagined. It occurred upon the terrace, amongst the evening lights and shadows.

"Upon the delicate, aristocratic features of the old Marquise the soft light filtered through green leaves, just touching her white hair with radiance. It played amongst the sheeny folds of her pearl-grey satin dress, upon the soft lace on her bosom, and about her blue-veined hands. Behind her chair, in shadow, was Angelique's erect figure, in starchiest gown and cap. By her side, bending eagerly forwards, was Monsieur le Marquis's handsome face.

"Just without the shelter of green leaves, with the full red glow of the sunlight upon them, bringing out the strong lines and hues of their workaday figures and garments, stood the little group of women. Foremost of the group was Marthe Coton, their self-constituted spokeswoman. What she said was, of course, uttered in the patois of the valley, but it was well expressed, and delivered with a dignity which, if more rugged, was certainly as innate as the Marquise's own. One was the dignity of nature, and of that inflexible moral principle whose exercise engenders self-respect; the other that of generations of culture and refinement, of the *haute noblesse* of the old French *régime*.

"But here two women of such extremely opposite types met on one common ground — the seigneur. What Marthe Coton said of him touched the old Marquise at once; and what the Marquise uttered in reply appealed to the motherly instinct in Marthe's strong breast. The Marquise entered into their scheme with child-like abandonment, and Monsieur Jerome pledged himself to forward it in every possible way. The idea of it seemed to be an agreeable outlet to everybody's feelings. La Marquise assented to all their propositions, and just when I thought everything had been satisfactorily arranged, Marthe's dark eyes wandered in my direction.

"'And the *demoiselle anglaise*,' said she, 'who has been so good to us, who made known our difficulties to the seigneur; we would not have her forgotten, Madame, on the *fête* day.'

"I had been hoping that Marthe and the rest would forget my existence for the present, and shrank greatly from having my name brought into notice on this occasion. La Marquise drew me forwards, and Monsieur le Marquis insisted upon my receiving the full share of thanks to which he declared me to be entitled. So I was obliged to play a part in the little spectacle, and to receive and reply to Marthe's second address."

Such, with a few trivial additions, was Damaris's letter. Hardly was it despatched, when an important one arrived for La Marquise from the Duchess de la Roche. The proposed visit to St. Aubin could not be conveniently postponed any longer; she hoped that circumstances would now prove more felicitous, and that everything promised well for the attainment of the desired end. La Marquise was in despair for awhile, having so fully persuaded herself that Etienne's prospects would be null if Jerome were the first to make the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Leonie. But for once fortune favoured the intrigues of La Marquise. Just as she was about to answer her old friend's letter, Jerome came to announce his brother's intended return on the very day fixed by the Duchess for the coming of herself and her god-daughter.

"I have promised to meet Etienne at the junction for Chambuisson; so, *chère maman*, I leave you on Tuesday to return with him on the following evening."

The equanimity of La Marquise was at once restored. She reviewed the circumstances rapidly in her own mind, and as rapidly appropriated all that she could in them for the advancement of her pet scheme. If she were to tell Jerome that her expected guests would arrive on that very day, he would be sure to insist upon remaining to receive them. So she said nothing, but resolved to send André to meet the brothers on their return in Chambuisson, making him the bearer of a note that should announce the presence of La Duchesse and Mademoiselle St. Cyr at the *château*. They would then have due and necessary warning, without the chance of things falling out otherwise than she deemed it best that they should. So, for a wonder, she kept her own counsel, and said nothing to Jerome, nor even to Damaris, until the former had departed on the Tuesday evening.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

NOTICES OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

A. Cox.

March. By Fred. A. Dunster.—An excellent march in the minor key. The plaintive and pleasing music is as though heard from a distance, with the measured tread of the regiment gradually increasing in fulness as it draws near. The trio, in four flats, is a smooth movement, still retaining the style of the military band. Great care has been taken to make the piece easy for the learner to understand. A good clear touch and attention to time is all that is required to make this a very acceptable piece of pianoforte music.

Emmeline. By J. C. Dunster. A Meditation for the Pianoforte.—A well-arranged and very pretty theme, smoothly and gracefully written, and the more thoroughly it is understood and mastered by the performer, the more it will be admired. It is suitable for moderately-advanced pupils.

Valse de Salon (Seconde). By G. Bachmann.—A very pleasing valse, well adapted to display the taste and execution of the performer. It is written in the key of F, and, whilst decidedly brilliant, is easy, and is sure to be listened to with pleasure.

Chanson Favorite de la Reine Marie Stuart. By G. Bachmann.—A light and graceful "chanson," requiring only careful attention to the character, which is very clearly defined by the writer, and thus greatly aiding the learner to a proper reading and playing of what all will be pleased to hear.

Polacca Brillante. By Bennett Gilbert.—A showy and brilliant movement, with well-marked accents and fingering, which greatly facilitate the mastering the moderate difficulties found in this pianoforte piece.

Scherzo for the Pianoforte. By Bennett Gilbert.—An exceedingly pretty drawing-room piece, the light *staccato* portions, in conjunction with the smooth *legato* passages, alternating most pleasingly. The soft echo with which the piece terminates is uncommon and very telling.

Four Characteristic Pieces. By Bennett Gilbert.—Bennett Gilbert has written four pretty little pieces, contained in two books, and dedicated them to his "dear little Beatrice." Nos. 1 and 2, "Minuet" and "A Fairy Tale"; Nos. 3 and 4, "March" and "Mazurka." The author has been considerate of small hands, and carefully avoided octaves and all difficulties.

Three Musical Sketches. By Bennett Gilbert.—This painstaking writer has added to his many useful compositions these three Musical Sketches, tuneful and varied:—No. 1. *Spring's Greeting*, a little "song without words," nicely arranged, with air and accompaniment, for the right hand, and the whole well marked.—No. 2 is a Hunting Song, brisk and characteristic; the refrain of the horn, both far off and near, is plainly discerned.—No. 3, *A Winter's Tale*, is a smooth and flowing melody, equally pleasing.—These Musical Sketches are published separately, and will give perfect satisfaction to their possessors. We can recommend them very highly.

L'Addio. Notturno for the Pianoforte. By Giulio Gordoni.—A beautiful slow movement, well-written and expressive, suitable for a more advanced player, who has musical feeling as well as execution. "L'Addio," when committed to memory, will be a most elegant addition to the "favourites" selected for musical evenings.

Bouquet de Roses. Polka. By G. Jervis Rubini.—An easy, well-marked polka, cheerful and pretty. The trio, with its marked theme in the left hand, is a good introduction before the brisk "finale." The title-page is very gay, with its bouquet of roses and elegant floral letters to attract the eye, and is by no means a deceiving indicator of the pleasure to be found in the music itself.

MORE OCCUPATIONS FOR INVALIDS.

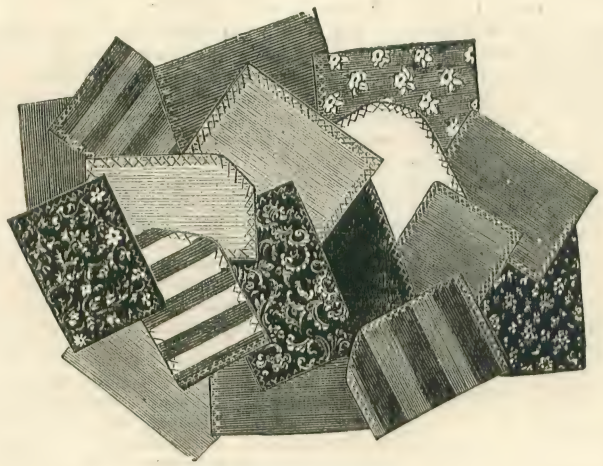
AMONGST the non-artistic work, while closely bordering on it, is modelling in perforated cardboard, a delightful work for invalids, as it provides just that degree of absorption which is needful to make them oblivious of their discomforts. An invalid lady we have lately heard from, who was completely incapacitated for all active work by spinal complaint, managed to do much of this work, and most artistically was it performed. Amongst the really beautiful works done by her were models of churches, monuments, and houses, which were exquisite in their neatness and finished beauty. She also did flat pincushions, needlebooks, &c., with raised patterns on them, made by laying the perforated cardboard on in layers, each one being smaller than the other, till they ended in one single line at the top of the pattern.

Paper-flower making is another non-artistic employment, which is very profitable in some cases. Lessons in this art can be procured in London, and the beauty of the flowers made is quite a subject of wonder; and, judging from a story told in the *Gardener's Magazine* some time ago, the really-good examples have taken in even experienced gardeners, who demanded to know "where that exquisite new species came from!"

Wax-flower making is akin to this, but is not in demand, so far as I hear; though as an amusement it would be delightful, it would not be a profitable form of work. Modelling in leather is another non-artistic work, which only requires a good eye and some artistic taste to carry on. There is, perhaps, one drawback in the amount of strength required, which would be beyond the power of some helpless invalids to put forth; however, to many perhaps, with the use of both hands, this would not be an objection. Spatter, or spattrie, work is another occupation which may be pursued on an invalid table; also feather and fern work.

Patchwork would prove a great delight to many an invalid, were they not tired of the old, used-up designs. I am enabled to illustrate here two modern ideas on the subject. They are all so well drawn as to explain themselves. The first is named appliqué patchwork, after the manner in which it is put together—first tacked loosely, then gone over in herring-bone or coral-stitch with yellow or white crochet silk; the effect of this patchwork is dependent on the taste with which it is put together. The second is what is known as Canadian, or loghouse, quilt patchwork, and consists of a foundation of soft old cotton, about a quarter of a yard square, on which the long pieces are run, as shown in the engraving.

The illustration of the stamp-snake will, I think, be welcomed as a pleasant new idea by the invalid readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. They take some time to make, and form a kind of stand-by work, which can be taken up at intervals as the stamps are collected by the invalid or her friends. Each stamp must be carefully cut out from the white paper which surrounds it, and the four corners slightly rounded. On an average four thousand stamps are needed for the snake's body, and two thousand for its tail. The head is made of coloured velvet, green being preferable; and the eyes and marks on the head are put in with coloured silks, the opening of the mouth edged round with a black-and-white braid. The same is wound round and round the velvet-covered tail. As a finish, the tongue should be of a deep-pink flannel.



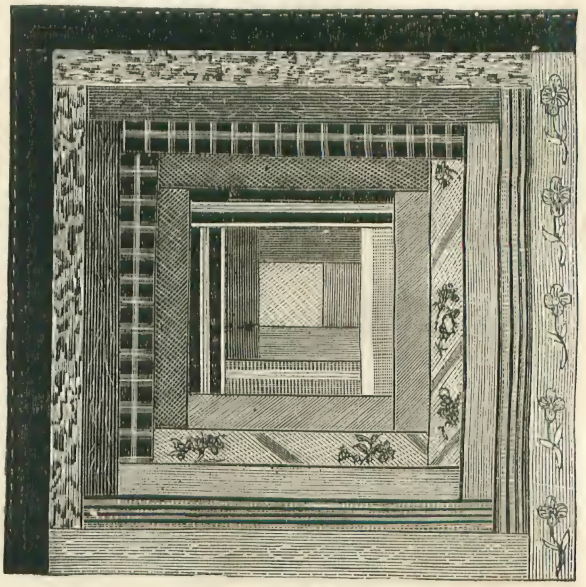
APPLIQUÉ PATCHWORK.

These stamp-snakes sell well at sales and bazaars, and appear universally popular. They are excellent occupation for the invalid, as they are interesting, and need a certain amount of individual taste exercised in their making to render them effective. The only other method of using stamps that I am acquainted with I may as well mention here, and that is one which was recently seen by a lady traveller at the Hague:—"In a glass case, in which photographs and other articles were exhibited for sale in the coffee-room, I saw several saucers, cups, and plates, which struck me as novel. On examination I found they were covered with old postage-stamps, arranged with great effect in patterns. These were evidently gummed on the crockery first, and then varnished, so that they could be washed without detriment. The patterns were mostly produced by the higher-priced English and foreign stamps, while the background was composed of the common penny English ones. I have also heard of common deal tables being ornamented in the same way, the legs of which were stained and varnished."

Macramé lace—or, as it appears to be now called, Irish string lace (probably from the manufacture having been lately introduced into that country, in the hopes of giving employment to the women and children)—is another good employment for our invalids. It is the most delightful work, when once thoroughly mastered, and the pleasure of being well enough versed in the art to compose your own patterns is very great. It is now much used for the trimming of dresses, especially linen ones, which are thus called string dresses, the over-skirts being nearly all composed of the open macramé.

And now we come to the more difficult question of those unfortunate invalids who can only work with one hand. If it is the right hand the difficulty is less, of course, than with only the useless left hand to depend upon.

It has often occurred to me how much wiser it would be to make both hands equally useful, so that being deprived of the use of one we might not be so helpless. Some children are by nature ambidextrous, that is, they have the use of the left as well as the right hand; and in such fortunate cases it seems to me it would be well to foster the good gift moderately, and endeavour to make it useful in some cases. As the left hand often merely acts as a holder, the work being done by the right hand alone, of course most things can be managed, even when the use of the left is lost, as a leaden pincushion can be made to answer, and work can be fastened to it. Plain needlework, however, is impossible under the loss of either hand, and so is tatting and crochet. If the scissors can be used with either hand that is a great step in advance, and opens the door to many things useful. For instance, the patterns of patchwork we give can be then managed with either hand, and with the aid of a leaden



CANADIAN PATCHWORK.

cushion to fasten the work to, this pretty patchwork can be accomplished. The smallest bits of cloth or velvet come in, and an ordinary penny is used for the model of each piece. The foundation should be something strong and dark in colour, and strong black thread should be used to sew the pieces with.

An invalid lady I have recently heard of, having the use of the right hand only, manages to do the most beautiful knitting (of course, not stockings, socks, or anything requiring four needles) with two rather long needles, one pin being fastened at the edge of a table by means of one of those small, old-fashioned pincushions, with a screwed clamp, which fastens to the table. A hole for the needle made through this keeps it quite firm. The knitting off this needle can be accomplished with the right hand. Wooden or bone needles are best, as steel are too slippery. Petticoats, Afghan rugs, couverettes, can all be accomplished in this way with one hand. This little pincushion might be fastened to one of the invalid tables we have before illustrated, and so made useful to the partially-reclining invalid. They have been found invaluable by a paralysed lady for many years.

What is called rack-frame knitting, for which full instructions and diagrams were given in vol. ii. of the THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, page 488, is also a suitable work for invalids with only one hand; so is the old hairpin crochet, provided the small frame can be fastened on some small stand. Berlin wool work, crewel and silk embroidery in upright standing frames, or arrasene work, are all within the reach of our invalids with one useful hand; so is the bright mosaic work with pieces of glass, which was brought out some time ago, we believe by Salviati, the great Italian glass manufacturer.

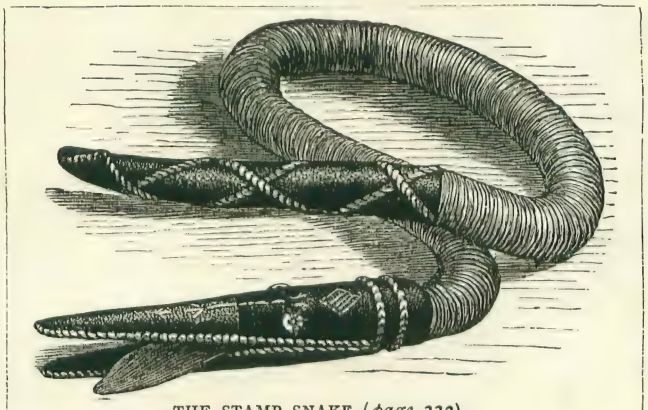
But of all the sources of happiness to the invalid, I think the possession of a "hobby" is certainly the most valuable. Be it what it may, the most harmless and foolish, or the deepest and wisest, the invalid's hobby will constitute her life's pleasure, and will in some cases conduce to her better health. A collection of some kind is one form of hobby, which should be encouraged. Autographs, postage stamps, a penny museum, coins, and seals, even down to the wonderful collection, which a friend has amassed, of the pipes of all nations and people.

And now, having gathered my few last suggestions together, I will take my leave of those to whom my articles have been addressed, and for whom they have been written, in the anxious hope that, whatever the occupation suggested, whether small or great, it may be a safeguard against despairing and repining thought, and lead to a brightening of the mental vision. May morbid fancies and grievous repining flee away in the light of the cheerfulness brought about by activity and work, and so, in patient waiting, in quiet submission to His dealings, we shall watch for the day dawning from the everlasting hills.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

WE hear a great deal nowadays about the advantages of the higher education of women. During the last few years high schools have multiplied in every direction: colleges and halls have been opened at both Universities, and girl graduates are no longer *rarœ aves*.



THE STAMP SNAKE (*page* 332).

Now comes a question—Is this altogether advisable? Are there not great disadvantages as well as advantages connected with this system?

It is well known that a woman's *physique* is not equal to a man's, and the brain power depends very much on the *physique* which nourishes the brain—*ergo*, the average woman will never equal the average man on his own ground. We do not deny that a clever woman can equal or surpass an average man; nor that the present system of education is infinitely superior to the old dreary round of lessons. But even to that there are two sides. While girls are learning Greek and mathematics, they have little time for the needlework, which used to be a part of every girl's education, and which they will want to understand at some period of their lives. It is the fashion now rather to sneer at darning, mending, and other trifling household duties; but if a woman is to be a wife and mother, she will need a good deal of such knowledge. It is a great thing to know the relation of one angle to another; but it is not every mathematician who brings her knowledge to a practical issue with regard to tables and chairs, or can tell whether a room has been properly dusted or not.

Woman was created as an helpmeet for man, not as his equal or rival; and woman nowadays is very apt to forget that fact.

In our life and country the little things are the woman's work; and many of our best and noblest women are those who spend their whole lives in trifles (not trifling). Little things—soothing a fractious baby, mending a husband's shirt, doing a little for the poor, caring for servants, keeping the household machinery oiled—

"Little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

It has yet to be proved that Cambridge examinations assist women in their household duties, and one of the Oxford nonsense rhymes has a terrible significance in its inner meaning:

"'Who will marry you, my pretty maid?'
'Advanced women don't marry, sir,' she said."

Does not that mean that while the talented women of this generation are studying to equal men on their own ground they are leaving the women's posts for the incapables? If this comes to be the rule may God help the men!

Another side of woman's influence follows naturally on this. Do we not all know dozens, if not hundreds, of cases, even among our own friends, where "the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife"? Where the man who has been careless and irreligious is gradually brought into the right way by his wife? Where a mother's quiet wisdom keeps her sons straight, among the innumerable temptations which beset them, at school, at college, and on their going into life? Do we not all know at least a few of the women of whom it might be said—

"She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men by her side
Grew nobler; girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown."

We cannot help thinking that the great fault of the education of the present day is that the learning is made an end, and not a means. There is an old-fashioned notion that education is a preparation for the work of life, and that no amount of knowledge can take the place of practical usefulness. No doubt a certain amount of knowledge is necessary to fit us for this life; but, married or unmarried, a woman (if only she knows what she knows, and is taught when a child to do her work thoroughly) can find plenty of work lying ready to her hand, and she will be far more useful doing than studying.

A woman's natural quickness of perception may often be of the greatest possible use in matters which seem above her ken; but if she tries to advance too far she will certainly fall. Dwarfs on giants' shoulders see farther than giants; but we all know the fate of the dwarf who fought by the giant's side.

M. P. S.

VARIETIES.

SHORT-SIGHTED MORTALS.—When waves and trouble come over us, we say that troubles will never end; when God sendeth a fair wind, we think that the fair wind will never cease blowing.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

If thou wouldst tidings understand
Take them not at second-hand.

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE CAT.—People who have a strong antipathy to cats detect their presence by the odour, in circumstances which would be thought impossible. A lady in my study one day suddenly remarked, "There is a cat in the room." On my assuring her there was none, she replied, "Then there is one in the passage." I went out to satisfy her; there was no cat in the passage, but on the first landing-stairs, looking through the railings, sure enough, was the cat. —*G. H. Lewes.*

A GREAT INFLUENCE.

CHEMISTS tell us that a single grain of iodine will impart colour to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things; one companion, one book, one habit may affect the whole of life and character.

RATS AND CORNCRIBS.—To drive and keep rats from corncribs and granaries, place some gas-tar in them, and daub some in their holes, and they will leave the premises at once—or a handful of fresh chloride of lime sprinkled in their holes will keep the rats away for months.

DIFFICULTIES MADE USEFUL.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—*Burke.*

TIME AND ETERNITY.

There are two things that should take up most of our thoughts and cares, namely, *time* and *eternity*. *Time*, because it will *so soon* be at an end; and *eternity*, because it will *never* come to an end.

BEAUTY WORTH HAVING.

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.

A. H.

THE CONCEITED LARCH-TREE.

"WHAT is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year; thou scarce as many inches. I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe."

"And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life, and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest, and art burned after a single summer; of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I carry mariners into unknown seas."

IN DUTY'S ROUND.

Like stars in heaven,
Never hastening
Yet never resting,
Should man be found
Winding still through duty's round.

Gœthe.

THOUGHTS BEFORE WORDS.

Think before thou speakest; first, what thou shalt speak; secondly, why thou shouldst speak; thirdly, to whom thou mayest have to speak; fourthly, about whom (or what) thou art to speak; fifthly, what will come from what thou mayest speak; sixthly, what may be the benefit from what thou shalt speak; seventhly, who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.—*Catwg the Wise.*

CERTAIN HAPPINESS.—Sir Philip Sidney showed that he knew the world when he said that "doing good was the only certain happy act of a man's life."

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

A mother in Sweden, walking home with her little girl one fine starlight evening, seeing her look up now and then, asked of what she was thinking? "I was thinking," said the child, "if the outside of heaven is so grand, what must the inside be!"

LET us do what we can while we can.—*E. Bickersteth.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

HILDERSTON.—We thank you for the kind thought of sending a pattern for a child's winter petticoat as follows:—Cast on 181 stitches. 1st row. Knit plain. 2nd row. Knit pearl. 3rd row. Knit plain. 4th row. Knit pearl. 5th row. Plain; this forms border. 6th row. (Knitting plain). Take two together, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, take two together. Continue this till end of row. 7th row. Pearl. Work 6th and 7th rows seven times, then repeat rows 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 again, and so on.

MAY B.—1. Send the shawl first to a cleaner, and then make it into a cloak. Procure a good pattern, and it may turn out very well. 2. The letters forming each word should be respectively joined together, and the cross for a "t" should not be made over a word further on in the line. You should use a better pen.

OBERON.—We do not think that the colour of the silk covering the pad of white cotton would make any difference in its utility, but, in London especially, as we do not yet consume our own smoke, black silk would be more economical and look more clean than white.

MIGNON.—See page 461, vol. ii., also page 54. The letters "J. N. R. J." stand for *Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum*—"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

R. S. E.—Soften them by placing over steam, and as a finish varnish with copal varnish.

PHRANCESKAH.—Perhaps pipeclay or French chalk might clean it. You may use water-colours, but with as little water as possible.

STEPHANOTIS and COUNTRY.—Egg-cosies are made in the same manner as the larger ones for the tea-pot. They are smaller, so as to fit a single egg and egg-cup, and the shape is easily cut out in paper by anyone. The cigar-boxes may be covered with pressed leaves and varnished, or made into coral boxes by gumming rice all over them, and then making a varnish of red sealing-wax, dissolved in spirits of wine, and applied with a brush four or five times successively.

M. M. D.—Probably from any illustrated book of travels.

WHITE ROSE OF YORK.—See "My Work Basket"; also pattern of *point de neige* stitch, page 160, vol. ii.

TWO MOTHS.—A clothes-horse, covered with canvas and united by hinges, instead of in the usual way, is the cheapest way of making a home-made screen.

POLLY PERKINS OF PADDINGTON GREEN.—Knitting-silks have many different names, and the best guide is usually the maker's name. They are usually sold in balls; the number of balls used depends on how you knit the stockings—whether ribbed or plain—and also their size.

MISS LIZZIE.—The duties of a companion are given in detail on page 592, vol. i.

A NURSE.—The directions for making wool balls are given at page 736, vol. ii. For a pretty shawl pattern, see page 508, vol. i., and page 160, vol. ii. You must remember that where you find one person trustworthy and efficient in service, you will find at least a hundred who are neither; it is the latter class we desire to help and improve, for we know, alas! that many girls have had very little to aid them in their preparation for life and its many duties.

RUBY CHESTERFIELD.—You may cover a screen with your Christmas cards, or make scrapbooks of them. Anonymous letters are both cowardly and improper. Why not say what you have to say openly and honestly, if necessary to say it at all.

MUSIC.

ANNA.—The "slur," or *legato*, mark is a curved line over two or more notes to show that they must be played smoothly. "Syncopation" is tying by means of a slur the last note of a bar to the first note of the next, the accent being thus displaced, the first note being contracted by cutting off half its value and giving it to the following note. You appear to have confounded the meaning of *legato* and "syncopated."

IGNORAMUS.—The sharp or flat in transient modulation affects only the notes of the bar in which it is placed, and is afterwards contradicted by the natural sign before the same note.

FLOSSY.—*Con expressione* means "with expression or feeling;" *cantabile* means "in a vocal or singing style," a term applied to a flowing melody; and *con moto*, "with emotion."

A. F. B.—Might apply at the National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, London, W., for information, inclosing sixpence for a copy of the directory of the school.

MELISSA.—We quite understand the wish for sympathetic listeners in music or anything else; and we have heard a famous popular preacher speak of the coldness of a congregation being a serious drawback when preaching. The Holy Scriptures probably mean this sympathetic feeling in Proverbs xxvii. 17.

E. Z. B.—The Gregorian tones or chants are divided into eight. The first, third, fifth, and seventh were adopted by St. Ambrose in the fourth century, and in the sixth St. Gregory added the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth, the former called "authentic," the latter "Plagal."

ART.

MOORISH BRIDE.—Mix the water-colours with Chinese white, and use as if you were painting with oils, as thick as possible. It is said by many people to spoil the piano touch.

SEPIA.—The oil colours require oil and *turpentine*, as well as some kind of drier to be mixed with them before using. The oil is called "boiled oil."

ARTISTIC.—Your query has been answered a dozen times already.

BULRUSH.—You can fire the china if you have a proper oven, not otherwise. A recipe for jelly will be found at page 525, vol. ii.

CAVY.—There is nothing illegal, so far as we know, provided you do not sell them as original.

MOZART.—A little rubbing with breadcrumbs might erase the mark, but as you do not say what the tracing was done with, we cannot advise you.

COOKERY.

A FIRST SUBSCRIBER.—Beef *à la mode*, made from five pounds of thick flank of beef, roast rump of beef, *pot au feu*, and *bouilli* would, any of them, be suitable. The knitting directions appear quite right. You will find them so if followed accurately.

PENMENMAUR and LUCY SHORT.—Many thanks for your kind note and hint.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALYS, ASTER, BESSY JONES, A WELL WISHER, ROCHDALE.—The story of "The Other Side of the World" is in every way reliable. A young lady, well known to the author, went out early last year, in the way described therein. All the story of the voyage is derived from her home letters, and so are the facts concerning the state of society in Queensland, and the prospects of women emigrants to that colony, which were given in the third and concluding portion of the narrative. In this third part, "Alys" will find that due consideration has been given to her doubts, and we would advise all our correspondents to give the utmost attention to the suggestions and counsels therein contained. There is really a "Woman's Emigration Society." Its secretary is Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, London, S.W., and its council numbers such names as the Duchess of Marlborough, the Bishops of Brisbane, Huron, and North Queensland; Sir Bartle Frere, and Mrs. Charles Kingsley.

M. A. L.—The "seven wonders of the ancient world" were the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Colossus at Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter by Phidias, the Pharos of Egypt, or the Palace of Cyrus cemented with gold.

THERESA ANTOINETTE.—The poem from which you quote the first verse is "The Indian Hunter," by Longfellow. It contains seven verses in all; the second verse is—

"He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills a perilous way;
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet;
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men."

Your spelling and writing are both very bad indeed.

PRIMULA.—Many thanks for your kind letter. Your quotation is by Richard Lovelace, and the poem is entitled "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars." *It is* a matter of personal liking, but the princess has always been called Hel-ena by Her Majesty's express desire (the emphasis on the first syllable of three letters).

A BRAMBLE.—Send your scrapbook and toys to the Children's Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate-hill.

NELL.—No preparation is needed if it be done with oil colours.

E. S.—Your kindly and thoughtful idea is not unknown to many of our girls, who write to us constantly to recommend hospitals and homes.

APPLES and ELOISE.—Introduce the gentleman to the lady. Introduce the younger lady to the elder, if both be married women.

ANNIE MARY.—It has no value beyond the 20s. Many thanks for the recipe.

MURIEL.—For the name of an excellent book on nursing, see page 611, vol. i.

MINNIE GROVE.—You have no choice in the matter, and must take the arm the gentleman finds it convenient to offer you.

A. M. C.—See the recipe given at page 335, vol. i., for pot-pourri.

HONEY-POT.—The custom of throwing rice after a bride is a relic of the *panis farreus* in the most honourable form of Roman marriage *confarreatio*.

BIVER.—Read the advertisements in the *Times* and other papers, and answer those you think most suitable for your wants.

MAGDALENE.—Your faith in Christ, even though evidenced by its fruits, is not inseparable from the assurance of it, or from a happy realisation of His presence. "Fancies and feelings," as we so often tell our readers, are not to be depended upon; so many conditions of the body have so much to do with

them. Look away from self, and look to Christ instead. Gather up the many crumbs of comfort the Holy Scriptures afford, and learn them by heart, that your mind may be imbued by them. "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Unto the weary and heavy laden He promises His rest. Trust His written Word.

SUSAN BOOSEY.—We would gladly answer your question, but your writing is so dreadful we cannot read it. All your "m's" and "n's" are made like "u's;" and, oh, how ugly are the "g's" and "y's"!

VIOLET G.—1. The members of the "Broad Church" school vary much in their views, some of them departing more widely than others from accepted beliefs. The prominent members have been Dr. Hampden in 1836, F. D. Maurice in 1853, their works, "Essays and Reviews," in 1860, Bishop Colenso and his works on "The Pentateuch" in 1862. Dr. Arnold, Dean Stanley, and Canon Kingsley may be numbered in the roll of this school. 2. It is not a question of the man, but of the office. The usual practice is every month; the wisest one is when the Holy Spirit gives you the desire to do "such things as be rightful."

MARIA QUIZ.—We thank you much for your kind and delightful letter, with which we were much pleased. Under the circumstances you mention, the proper message would be, "Give my kind duty," or "Best respects to my dear mistress, hoping she is better or well," &c.

MARIAN.—The musical instrument you mean is the "Digitorium," which is used for strengthening the fingers. They vary in price from 18s. upwards, according to size.

ISABEL.—The "passion flower" can be worked in scarlet, snow-white, or purple. The white would be the best, of course.

NOBODY'S OWN.—We are glad to number you amongst "our girls," and your friends also. Thank you for your neatly-written note, which breathes so kindly a feeling. Do not encourage the sentiment which appears in your pseudonym. It will prove dangerous to your peace and happiness. "Ye are Christ's," and the blessing of serving Him in all our actions should give an inward joy which makes up for much outward loneliness.

COLESHILL AMERSHAM.—Send to Mrs. Hilton's Crèche, Stepney Causeway, E., or to the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate-hill.

KATE E. D.—Use the water-colours with as little water as possible.

AMY C.—A little hartshorn or sal volatile may be of service; but if the colour have gone, we fear nothing will do good.

MOP.—The "golden age," or "golden age of the world," is a phrase constantly used to describe the "best period or time of a nation or the world. The time between the creation and the birth of our Saviour is divided by chronologers into ages. Hesiod describes five, and some in sarcasm adds a sixth—the "Age of Bronze."

PIMPERNEL.—Many thanks for your pleasant note, so neatly written and so full of kindly interest. You see we have thought of the subject, but we perceive no reason for interfering in the work begun and well carried out by others.

NESTFIELD DARLINGTON.—The Girls' Friendly Society is the kind of association you require. The Girls' Friendly Lodge, 245, Vauxhall-bridge-road, S.W., is the central home and office. The general secretary, Miss Smith, will be able to supply you with all information. We quite understand the feeling which makes you desire better things.

MINNIE PEGGIE.—Unless you have very short hair, you could not do so. Once a fortnight is sufficiently often. No, you could not do it "too much," but you might be too rough in using the brush. We are already overwhelmed.

CATHERINE A. M.—Our staff is fully made up, and we could not promise to do so.

H. G.—Your quotation, "A lie which is half the truth," is from Tennyson's "Grandmother's Apology," verse 8.

A SCOTCH IGNORAMUS sends two leaves of the "lady fern"—*Asplenium filix femina*. The difference between them is caused by one being very young. At page 474, vol. i., she will find a good description of ferns.

BUTTERFLY.—Wash with soap and water, and then whitewash all over, letting the whitewash remain on for some hours, and then rubbing off.

DUNCER (aged "4 years of olde") writes to us to recommend her a History of England to "learn out off." We advise her to read Curtis's "Elements of English History," price 1s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LUCIFER.—"Paternoster" is a compound of two Latin words, *pater*—father, and *noster*—our; and employed in combination signifies the Lord's Prayer, being the first two words in it. The Row is said to be so-named from the Rosary, or "Paternoster" makers, who lived in it in olden times. The meaning is, that no one is allowed to copy nor use it for the purposes of sale. We disapprove of your adoption of such a name as "Lucifer," being that of the arch-enemy of God and man.

MILLIE.—The lines are—

"A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that."

The author is Robert Burns. Consult "Useful Hints" in vol. i.

M. G. B.—Candidates must be between 14 and 18 years of age.

TELEMACHUS.—We are much obliged by your contribution, but cannot use it.

ALICE LOUISA.—Reading aloud very slowly and distinctly, and speaking slowly also.

MARY P.—It is not the custom in England, where it is usually put off till the girl is in her teens, or older. We do not see the need in infancy.

SNOWFLAKE.—We advise you to consult a doctor, who will say whether there be anything the matter.

RUBENSTEIN.—Press the sprays carefully between sheets of blotting paper, changing often, and gum them on when dry. A wash of gum arabic would make them shiny.

H. R. H.—The first Romish Archbishop of Canterbury was Augustine. The first Archbishop of York was Paulinus. York is the most ancient metropolitan see in England, and dates from King Lucius, 180 A.D. But this line was overturned by the Saxons, and the first of the restored line was Paulinus, 625 A.D.

PRAIRIE FLOWER.—When you feel angry keep silence while you count 50, as quietly as possible, before you speak again. This will enable you to reflect, and pray to God for wisdom and strength.

TRIO.—In some parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire white paper gloves and chaplets are hung up in the churches after the funeral of an unmarried female, and seem to be typical of her innocence and purity. You may recall the gift of white gloves to the judge at a maiden assize, which has probably the same origin. The various and extremely contradictory uses of gloves have been the subject of much discussion amongst the learned. They symbolize also defiance, and challenge to battle; and they cannot be worn before royalty.

LADY CECILIA.—Perhaps the right to the name of "lady" on the part of one who could say such a rude thing to you is more open to question than your own. Act as a true lady would in every way, and do not let such a small matter vex or disturb you.

NORNA OF THE FITFUL HEAD.—The motto of the Douglas family is *Amo*, "I love." "Scot-free" means "tax-free"—without payment. The term has nothing to do with Scotland, but is derived from a Greek root.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Gerarde, a writer on botany in the year 1597. His name is commemorated in the species "Gerardia."

IMPERIAL DRY MEASURE.—It is well to learn all the arithmetic possible, as it is one of the most useful of your studies, especially in developing the habit of concentration.

AN ULSTER MAIDEN.—Pronounced as "row," to impell with oars. Thank you for the recipe.

WYLMCOTE.—We cannot tell you "why the authorship is wrongfully attributed" to Miss Warner. Nor why anyone ever should make mistakes. The real author is Elizabeth Wetherell. "Sigurd" is the Norse "Siegfried," the hero of the first part of the *Nibelungen Lied*, a famous German epic of the thirteenth century, which is probably a compilation of different lays. The story is too long to relate here.

M. J. N.—The hyacinths should be put in glasses with water as far as the bulb any time in November. Set the glasses in a warm dark place for the first three weeks, then bring them to the light. The roots should have grown before the tops have done more than sprouted.

FLORENCE M.—There is a Home for Incurable Children at 33, Maida-vale, W., also a hospital at Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, S.W. We regret that you should have waited for an answer so long.

L. R. S.—The meaning of "holm" is a low flat tract of rich land on the banks of a river. Tennyson speaks of "meadowy holms."

MILDRED.—Lack of water and improper soil constitute the general causes of failure.

FERN.—If the soil should appear to be exhausted, then re-pot them.

FERN-LEAF and JANEY.—Read "Flowers in the House," pages 420 and 499, vol. i.

POPSY.—The meaning of the word "æsthetics" is, the science of the beautiful in Nature and Art. See "Occupations for Invalids," vol. ii., page 715.

G. T. F.—Keep the fern under a glass shade.

DITTERSBACH.—If you keep it in a sufficiently warm room it should do well.

ELLEN LOUISE.—See "Window Gardening," page 483, vol. ii. The 15th December, 1849, was a Saturday.

MOUSIE and THE AMAZON QUEEN.—Many thanks for the pretty card. Be happy as you are, if your health be good; why should you wish for a change?

NOTHING TO NOBODY.—Your letter is one of those that fill us with heartfelt gratitude to the ever merciful God, who blesses sincere efforts in His service. Many thanks for the pretty card and the kind wishes you express. The author of your quotation is Thomas Hood ("The Lady's Dream"). May we take exception to your pseudonym; why are you "nothing to nobody"? Are we not "Everyone members one of another"? Romans xii. 5. Besides, two negatives cannot be used together.

DAME DURDEN.—The tale is founded on facts. The address of the Woman's Emigration Society is, Mrs. Walter Browne, Hon. Secretary, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. From their experience we should judge the society is more capable of giving advice than we should be.

DELICIA.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We have lately become aware of the facts you mention.

GOLD BRACELET.—Many thanks for the well-drawn and designed card. Your handwriting is neat and good.

F. P. (Wigan).—The address is the Paddington Flower Mission, Craven-hill Church, Craven-terrace, Lancaster-gate, W. Write and make inquiries.

F. E. K.—You startled the bird, and he did not understand the movement you made with your hand.

TOBY.—Your name should be placed on your mother's card, which you can use. It does not matter about her name being different, nor her being an invalid.

SYLPH SOMERS.—The father of the bride is the right person to give her away. If he be absent or dead, the mother has, of late years, frequently taken the duty. If your father be alive he must be consulted in the matter. Your former question was answered. When you write again please avoid crossing your letter.

HILDA WINIFRED E.—1. We should recommend the taking of a few lessons, if possible. 2. The dress will dye any colour, but we advise you to take the opinion of a practical dyer.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—We think that you mean "Grimm's Fairy Tales." We do not give addresses.

VIOLET.—Pearls are considered to mean "purity," and coral is said to be a charm against the influence of "the evil eye" by the nations of Southern Europe.

DAISY.—Always pay your own share, and let your sisters do the same. Fur capes are still very fashionable.

PATIENCE.—No one can force you into marriage, for we doubt if any clergyman would perform the ceremony. But, on the other hand, be careful how you marry against the wishes of your guardian.

PRISCILLA.—1. "Home they brought her warrior dead" is from Tennyson's "Princess." 2. From "In Memoriam."

LETTIE.—In order as they come, they are considered to be—Helen of Troy, Œnone, Cleopatra, Jephtha's daughter, Rosamond, Margaret Roper, and Queen Eleanor.

NELLA MARGARET.—The title of "King of Man" was bestowed by Edward III. upon Montacute, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, in 1343. In 1403, the Earl of Northumberland was endowed with the sovereignty, and on his attainder in 1406 Henry IV. granted it in fee to Sir John Stanley. The son of this Sir John Stanley was created by Henry V., Constable of Carnarvon, Conway, &c. You will find this under the head of "Derby," in any Peerage. The easiest way would be to go to Vienna. The population of the town is 81,119. It is a fortified town on the river Mühr, has a University, and a large trade.

BESSIE.—Sponging with a little ammonia and water may do good, but if the fault be in the dye of the silk nothing will alter it.

MARIE HENRIQUEZ MOLORES.—We think that playing the organ would probably be injurious to you, but why not consult the doctor under whose care you are placed?

ALBERTA and JEANNIE.—During the reign of George II., the Earl of Derby and the Duke of Athole had copper coins struck for the use of the Isle of Man. On the reverse of these coins appears the arms of the island—the three legs, which is supposed to have been borrowed from the ancient coins of Sicily; on which the triangular form of that island, and its three strongly-marked promontories, is similarly expressed. A certain resemblance to the outline of Sicily may be traced in the shape of the Isle of Man. The earliest pieces issued by the same family, in 1709, bear the same impression. The word "Sodor" is said to be derived from "Soder-eys," or "South Isles;" the Southern or Western Isles were made an episcopal diocese by Magnus, king of Norway 1098, and were joined to the Isle of Man about 1113 A.D.

A WARWICKSHIRE LASS.—"Fur is the short, fine, soft hair of certain animals, growing thick on the skin, and distinguished from the hair, which is longer and coarser." The writing is uncertain and ugly.

AN INQUISITIVE LASS.—Your query is a very common riddle.

CIM.—Feed them with millet and canary-seed; give them plenty of water, and keep them clean.

FIVE ROWS OF PINS.—The practice of kissing under the mistletoe must be derived from the ancient use of the plant by the Druids, and the extreme respect they had for it. Brand mentions that this plant was never hung in Christian churches because it had once been "dedicated to idols;" but was hung in kitchens with its white berries, so that each time any maiden was kissed beneath it one of the berries must be plucked off.

DOOR-SCRAPER.—Three reasons are assigned for the planting of the yew in churchyards. First, it was, from its perpetual verdure, an emblem of the Resurrection. Second, it was intended to protect the churches from the wind, which, by its thick foliage it was well constituted to do. Third, and lastly, for their use in making bows, "while," says Steevens, "by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle." The yew was a funeral tree amongst the Celtic tribes.

ARTIE.—In any large history you will find an account. The word is spelt "carib," not "charib."

E. G.—Moist air being heavier than cold, dry air, the mercurial column sinks when the former prevails, and *vice versâ*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Study the 11th verse of St. Luke, xviii. You say you have been praying for the "conversian of" your "mather, father, brathers, and sisters, for three years," and "see no change in them," and "begin to daubt the Pramis in Jahm xiv. 14." Are you quite sure that they are not as God-fearing as yourself? Maybe the Holy Spirit is "striving" in their hearts at this moment? Perhaps they have reason to deplore your self-sufficiency and spiritual pride, and you might do well to ask them to pray for you also! You spell very badly.

A. W.—The freedom of religious worship was decreed in Spain on Oct 12th, 1868. The Spanish Protestant religious service was inaugurated at Madrid, 28th March, 1869. Under these circumstances we imagine that Manuel Matamoros was probably set free before the accomplishment of his sentence.

COWSLIP.—Address a letter to her as "The Hon. Mrs. D.," or, if unmarried, and the eldest daughter, as "the Hon. Miss P.," the younger daughter as "the Hon. Mary B."

ELVIE GWENDOLINE.—Do not send up your card on any occasion. Pronounce your name very distinctly and carefully to the servant.

DAGGIE.—Wash the flannel in almost cold water. Rinse in salt and water, and wring through a machine.

GESANA.—The best concordance to the Holy Scriptures is that by Eadie, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 3s. 6d. Send there also for the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

JENNIE.—The following passages will show you our Blessed Lord's example on the subject of your query:—St. Luke xi. 37; St. John ii. 1; St. Matthew ix. 10.

A. McD.—The meaning of "*Pro rege in tyrannos*" is, "For the king against tyrants," and "*Victoria vel mors*" means "Victory or death."

A FOUR MONTHS' WIFE.—You have our sincere sympathy. Communicate at once with your guardian, make a friend of him, and tell him all your trouble. You are still a minor, and your fortune is in his hands. Under the circumstances, he is your lawful and best protector. You would have no right to risk the alienation of your fortune from your child. It should be securely "settled" on you and your children. Ask your guardian, in pity to you, so to write in reply that, were the letter seen, any complaint having been made on your part, respecting your husband's conduct, could not be suspected. Plead your youth and inexperience, and beg your guardian to regard your late conduct to him as the act of one carried away by impulse, and ask his advice. Commit your case in prayer to God.

ANGLICANA.—The Archbishop of Paris was executed in the prison of La Roquette on the evening of May 24th, 1871, with sixty-six others, hostages. The Dean of Carlisle is Dr. Close.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Many thanks for the pretty card. Send the stories to the various magazines to which you think they are most suitable. We do not give addresses.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.—We could not enter into such an agreement. Send for the covers, and have the numbers bound.

ANNIE PAULIG.—1. Josephus Flavius, a Jew, was born in Jerusalem, A.D. 37, of illustrious race, wrote the "History of the Jewish War," in the Syro-Chaldaic tongue, for the use of his countrymen in the East, and many years afterward he wrote his great work "On the Antiquities of the Jews," in twenty books, being a history of the chosen people from the creation to the time of Nero. Other minor works are also ascribed to him. 2. The time for nesting is in February.

A. E. A. M.—Many thanks for your letter. We have some such scheme under consideration. We do not answer privately.

C. E. J. F.—"Louisa" is the feminine of "Louis," a bold warrior; "Ellen" being the same as "Helen," light; "Eva," life; "Minnie" is only the diminutive of several names; "Florence," blooming, flourishing; "Josephine," the feminine of "Joseph," "He shall add"; "Sophia," wisdom.

SILVER BROOCH.—The Marquis of Huntly, the head of the House of Gordon, bears as a crest a stag's head and shoulders, with the motto "*Bydand*," which means "remaining."

A YORKSHIRE HAREBELL.—We have read your letter with much interest. We think everyone has become interested in the subject since Lady Bective has been giving it her help and attention. We are glad to hear that you are so helpful.

FLORENCE C.—We think you had better send for Dr. Angus's "Bible Handbook," to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. (5s.), in which is a careful explanation of the manner in which the prophetical Scriptures are to be read.

BANDICOOT.—The word is probably in both cases "shaw," which means "a small wood in a hollow place."

ONE WHO WOULD BE EVERYTHING SHE SHOULD BE.—1. Refer to Romans vi. 1. Beware of confounding a living and a dead faith. We are told that "the devils believe and tremble." Theirs is a "dead faith," because it does not "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." 2. The translation is, "I perish like a flower that has seen but one dawning, or sun rising."

CAMPBELL.—Why vex yourself with such hard questions, which puzzle wiser heads than yours? Learn by heart Micah vi. 8, and trust in the merits of Him who died to save sinners.

LITTLE PUG.—1. Put the lengths together which match the best on the necks of your morning dresses, and wear them out. You may save waste by remembering that a yard and a quarter will answer for three necks of dresses. 2. Always use a dictionary.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The name "Parthenia" is the feminine of "Parthenius," an ancient Roman name, derived from the name of a river of Paphlagonia. It means purity and mildness.

MISTLETOE.—We are much indebted to you for your kind and beautifully-written letter, and we much regret that it arrived too late for the contents to be used this Christmas.

AMELIA.—Miss Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens of England" is an interesting, though sometimes prejudiced writer, and the work is full of most careful research.

BETA.—We could not give advice on the subject of investing money. Take courage, and trust in God, who is "not willing that any should perish."

MARIANNE.—Washing them with skim milk will make them look beautifully polished. Your quotation is from a poem called "Hallowed Ground," by Thomas Campbell.

A DISTRESSED ONE.—Why not make it your duty to fit yourself for the task imposed on you? Read "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii., which will give you some hints; also "Sunday School Work," page 282, vol. i.

F. W.—To remove stains of wine see page 80, vol. i. We should advise you to have your black satin dyed, as nothing will remove "stains" which have "taken out the colour." They have "removed" themselves with the original colour.

FLOSSIE PENRUTH.—Have them dyed by a professional dyer, if worth the expense. Pronounce as if spelt "Sibbil."

BIRDIE.—Read "Girls' Own Pets," page 107, vol. iii. The "Borrowed Days" are the three last of March and the first three of April. The popular idea is that they were borrowed by March from April, and the weather on them is always expected to be bad. The origin of the fable is not known, but it is of great antiquity, and is mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors," and also in a very early ancient calendar of the Church of Rome.

LAVENDER.—Find out what your teacher requires, if possible, and give it to her.

GHIN.—1. "Finis" means "the end." 2. "F.E.I.S.," Fellow of the Engineering Institute of Scotland.

BLUE EYES.—Yes, but you must remember *that there* are many local names.

SWEETBRIER and IVY.—The definition of "normal" is "conformed to a type or regular form." Thus, a "normal school" is one where the methods of instruction are to serve as models for imitation.

AMY S. W.—1. To clean picture-frames see page 592, vol. i. 2. Use a hot iron and some blotting-paper.

NELL.—For "Rust on Steel" see page 80, vol. i., also page 704, vol. ii.

ERMENTRUDE.—The hair was worn in the way you describe in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and again in those of William and Mary, and as late as the days "when George the Third was king."

CUCKOO.—We do not know the society which you mention, but we shall be glad to have it if you discover there is such a one. We are always glad to receive addresses and corrections of the kind, as so many of our correspondents beg for information.

K. D. (Bournemouth).—You will find a list of homes for incurables in part ii. (price 6d.) of the "Guide to the Institutions for Women and Children," published by Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly, W.

LIZZIE A.—We think that God has placed you in a position where, like our Divine Examplar, you will have to learn, as He did, "obedience by things He suffered." Therefore, in meekness and in patience possess your soul. Never return any answer, and resist all your resentful and angry feelings by prayer for the offender, never forgetting to perform a kind and loving action in return for any unkindness you receive. For your comfort, learn by heart the text found in 1st Peter ii. 19, Romans viii. 18, 1st Peter iv. 19, and always remember to "suffer as a Christian," that you may glorify God.

HARUM SCARUM.—Find the worms in the pots and kill them. You can only keep the plants in the house.

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DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

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CHAPTER XXII.

IMPATIENCE.

"CRYING, Dessie?" said Emmeline, in surprise. "What is the matter, dear?"

"Nothing. It doesn't matter if I am," grunted Dessie.

Emmeline stood looking at her cousin with a rather puzzled expression. Dessie was dressed, and on a sofa in the drawing-room, whither she was wheeled usually for a part of the day. Bright sunshine poured in beneath the half-low venetians, and a tempting little tray, with tea and rolls, had just been placed by Emmie on a table close by Dessie. But Decima's "thank you" had a smothered sound, and Emmie, stealing round to the other side, caught sight of two unmistakable tears.

"Everybody may cry sometimes, I suppose?" said Dessie.

"I am afraid you have been lonely this afternoon," said Emmeline solicitously. "I did so want to stay in with you, but mamma said I must have my walk. She *meant* to be with you herself, but that tiresome Mrs. Hopkins kept her so long in the other room. She always has a string of confidences about nothing to make."

"It doesn't matter," repeated Dessie.

"I think it does matter. I can't bear you to be dull, Dessie; and this evening I have to go out again with papa and mamma," Emmie added regretfully. "I wish the Webbs had not come to Heidelberg just now, or that they made a little longer stay, so that one would have a choice of evenings to see them in. But, perhaps, if I ask mamma——"

"No; you are not to ask to stay at home with me. Aunt Laura particularly wants you to go, for she said so. I'd rather be alone."

"Not alone, Dessie; Miss Bruce is going to sit here."

"As if Miss Bruce was any good."

"Has anything happened to worry you?" asked Emmeline, steering judiciously clear of a discussion.

"Nothing more than usual. I'm sick of being a log."

"Your foot isn't worse, is it?"

"No; and it isn't better."

"Don't you think it soon will be?" asked Emmie encouragingly.

"No, I don't," said Dessie. "And I can see that Aunt Laura does not either."

"O I think you must be mistaken, Dessie. Mamma said yesterday that she thought it was getting on."

"Well—I don't think so," responded Dessie tartly. "And I ought to know how it feels, I suppose. I don't think it is getting on at all; it aches just the same, and I can't stand on it the least bit. It ought to be better after all these weeks, but it is not, and I don't believe it ever will be."

"O Dessie!"

Emmie said those two words, then checked herself, and drew the little table nearer to the sofa.

"The tea will be cold," she said pleasantly. "That will do you good."

"I don't want any tea," Dessie avowed, but some little persuasion induced her to sit up and to manage a very fair meal. By this time she began to feel ashamed, and Emmie's rather tried look made an impression on her.

"You mustn't mind my being cross," she said. "I don't mean anything, Em, but it really is an awfully long time to be shut up within four walls, and I can't help having a grumble now and then. It does one good."

Emmie privately thought that it did not do other people good, but she only said—

"You were so very brave and bright at first."

"O then—yes—that was different. The pain really was so bad that I *had* to be lively, or I should have cried half the day. A medium course wasn't possible. That is different. But now it is only a stupid dull aching, and nobody expects me to mind it much; and I am living such a horribly creepy crawly sort of existence, with nothing to do but to eat and yawn and read story-books, and not a notion how long it is to last. One can't always be patient; at least, I am sure I can't. One must have a spurt of complaining once in a way; I should grow crazy without. But you ought to go and dress, Emmie. If you don't, you won't be in time."

Emmie went away slowly, and found her mother alone.

"Dessie seems rather downhearted this afternoon," she said.

"Dessie has been a little too much alone to-day," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "It could not well be helped, but I am sorry for it. Miss Bruce has promised to be with her all the evening."

"I suppose I must not stay at home with Dessie, mamma?"

"No, I wish you could, dear, for Dessie's sake, but it would not be right. The Webbs are such old friends, that they would be greatly disappointed if either of us did not go, and this is their only free evening. We may not be in their way again for years."

"Mamma, do you think Dessie's foot will soon be well?"

"No—not soon. Why?"

"Dessie does not think it is any better."

"Any better than the day after the accident?"

"O not that, of course, mamma. She could not mean that. Any better than a little while ago, I suppose."

"I think it is better than a month ago, but the improvement is slow. I do not see much change in the course of a week."

"That is what Dessie feels, I am sure. But it will be all right in a few months, will it not?"

"I should be sorry to predict any particular advance in any particular time. I am afraid it is likely to be a great many months before she will be able to do much in the way of walking. We are planning to carry her downstairs next week, and to take her for a drive."

"Dessie hates being carried. She would always rather hop, she says."

"Yes, and make her foot worse in doing so."

"It must be a very bad kind of sprain," Emmie said thoughtfully. "Why, when papa sprained his foot two years ago, he was well in a month."

"Yes, that was a simple sprain. Dessie's has been dislocation of a severe kind, with a broken bone, and injury to the tendons."

"But in time——" said Emmie anxiously. "She will be all right in time."

"In time—yes, I hope so; but the time may be long. An accident of this kind may leave weakness in the ankle for years. But don't say so to her. I hope she will soon be able to get about better than she can do now. It is very trying for poor Dessie, still, Emmie, one cannot help feeling that it may be the very discipline which she most needs."

"I don't think Dessie feels so," said Emmie soberly.

"Perhaps not. She is more likely to recognise the fact ten years hence. But I have a question to ask you, Emmie. How would you like Dessie to remain with us until the spring?"

"O I should like it very much indeed," Emmeline answered, unhesitatingly.

"The matter has been under discussion, and your uncle and aunt seem quite willing to spare her, and, indeed, very grateful for the proposal. I have not spoken to Dessie yet, for I wished a few words with you first. Dessie is more your companion than anybody's, and sometimes she teases and opposes you a good deal. The plan is not really settled yet. We have only spoken of it provisionally in writing—if it seems desirable. I should like you to have a voice in the matter."

"I shall miss Dessie very much when she goes," said Emmie. "I am much too fond of her to wish it, mamma. As for a little teasing, that does me no harm, and it is only her foot that makes her irritable."

"I expected you to say so. It is quite our wish to keep her. A great deal of time has been lost through this accident, and she has not advanced in her education as we all hoped she would. The accident was nobody's fault, still we have, in a measure, the responsibility of it. The question now is only as to her own wishes."

"I am sure Dessie will want to stay," said Emmeline. "I am not so sure that Miss Bruce will be glad."

"Miss Bruce is more anxious than anyone that Dessie's visit should be lengthened."

"O then I know why," said Emmie. "She cannot forgive herself for not taking hold of Dessie the moment she stood up in the carriage. Miss Bruce has spoken of that several times to me."

"She has the feeling, I know."

"Mamma," said Emmie dreamily, "don't you think Dessie is different in some ways from what she was when she first came?"

"I see a difference, certainly, though not so decided a difference as I could wish."

"I think she is different," said Emmie. "I think she cares more for doing right; but I don't quite understand Dessie. I am sure she is not happy. She has not been happy for a long while, and yet she hates to speak of her own feelings."

"Does she ever speak to you of them?"

"No—not exactly, mamma. Sometimes a few words slip out, but she never seems willing to do it."

"I should be glad if she were. But now you had better begin to dress, Emmie; and, my dear, don't take up a book in the middle."

Emmie promised obedience to the injunction, and Mrs. Fitzroy went to her niece, whom she found wearing a somewhat sombre countenance.

(To be continued.)

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LAMBORN COCK.

Consolation. Song. Words by Alice Meynell. Music by Walter Maynard.—A very good song, with much pathos and feeling.

Why does Azure Deck the Sky? Words by Thomas Moore. Music by C. Hubert H. Parry.—The air is smooth and pretty, the accompaniment above the average without presenting any difficulties. It is in common time, and in the key of C.

ROBERT GARVATT, 11, King-street.

A Message from the Sea. A ballad. By Charles J. Lockwood.—The subject of the song is touching, and will appeal to many hearts, breathing, as it does, such sadness and hope for the time when partings shall be no more. The music is simple, with a slow, soft chorus to each verse.

Could it be I was Dreaming? Words by Charles J. Lockwood. Music by W. Mason.—A short song in 3-4 time; easy to read and sing, of moderate compass, in the key of D.

Wandering by the Waves. Words by Charles J. Lockwood. Music by W. Mason.—The music of this song has not been carefully revised, but the mistakes are not likely to greatly mislead the performer. It is an easy, agreeable song, and of moderate compass.

DAVID WILLIAMS, 73, Abbotsford-place, Glasgow.

The Artisan. Words by J. Caulfield. Music by Jesse Williams.—A well-written and telling song, reminding one of the "Village Blacksmith," without at all suggesting plagiarism. It will be sure to be a welcome contribution to an evening's musical entertainment.

The Lass That's Dear to Me. Scotch song. Words by William Brown. Music by David Williams.—A nice and agreeable Scotch song; the crisp accompaniment greatly adding to the effect.

WOOD AND CO., 49, George-street.

Are the Children at Home? Music by R. L.—The writer of this song need not hide himself or herself behind "initials," as the production is far from being without merit. A home scene is simply depicted both by words and music. It is written in four flats, and the compass ranges from C below the line to E in the fourth space.

HOWARD AND CO.

Come, Sing my Lads; or, A Life on the Raging Foam. Words by M. Sinclair Dunn. Music by W. G. Wood.—A regular seaman's song, in good taste, and pleasingly written. The compass is very moderate, and the accompaniment quite easy.

METHVEN, SIMPSON & CO.

Lullaby. Words by Sir Walter Scott. Music by Greg Lonasil.—The well-known words, "Oh, hush thee, my darling," of Sir Walter Scott have again been most suitably set to music. The rocking, soothing accompaniment is exceedingly nice.

A. HAMMOND.

The Baby Angel. Song. Written and composed by Winifred Grey.—A graceful tribute of love for a departed "little one," inculcating a spirit of hopeful submission.

EWALD & CO.

The Golden Gift. Words by H. Knight. Music by Ferris Tozer.—A pretty little song of plighted troth, separation, and rapturous meeting again after many years of wandering. The music is simple, and the song altogether is sure to please.

HUTCHINS & CO.

Come un'o Him. Sacred song. Words and music by Agnes Braby.—The sweet invitation given to the weary has been selected by Agnes Braby as inspiration for both words and music. The simple and soothing style of both productions will be welcomed by many a singer.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER.

Three short duets, of moderate difficulty. By Henry Parker.—These three duets—No. 1, Allegretto; No. 2, Tempo di Valse; No. 3, Allegro moderato—are comprised in one book of fourteen pages, and will be welcomed by our young musical friends whose timidity often prevents them from venturing on a solo performance. The first movement is very bright and well marked, without any difficulty beyond attention to proper variation in touch and time. The bass is simple, easy, and helpful in tune. No. 2. The bass hand takes the air whilst the treble is a smooth soft accompaniment. No. 3 is a spirited movement requiring a little more facility of fingering and decision in time by both performers, but as before said of "moderate difficulty."

Duet for pianoforte. *La Fille du Tambour-Major.* Fantasia on Offenbach's Opera. By Henry Parker.—The airs treated in this fantasia are "Forbidden Fruit," "Italian Land of Song," and "Gay as a Cantineer." The arrangement is easy and varied, presenting no difficulty either in time or reading.

Madame Favart. A duet on favourite airs. By Henry Parker.—This duet is suitable for young beginners, and will be welcomed by their teachers.

Fête des Papillons. Caprice Etude. By Ch. Neustedt.—A good and helpful study for both hands; carefully marked for pedals and style.

Ballade de Page. By Ch. Neustedt.—This is a *morceau pour piano* by the same writer, also carefully marked for young pupils, with the advantage of being pleasant to the ear as well as good for practice.

Gavotte in F. For the pianoforte. By H. Ponti.—A very bright little gavotte, quite easy and sure to please.

Sylvia. Minuet for pianoforte. By Cotsford Dick.—A nice and quickly learnt minuet by a well-known composer.

Marche des Palmes. By Edmund Rogers.—A short march of five pages in the key of C. There is no difficulty in this piece; it is well suited for young beginners who have got beyond the lesson-book.

Dernier Souvenir. Valse de Zimmer. By Jacques Offenbach.—Written very easily, and rendered interesting by the loose cover, on which the history of the Zimmer Waltz is given.

HOWARD AND CO.

Prelude and Fugue. In G minor. By David Williams.—No. 3—recreative studies—is excellent practice for the smooth performance of the Fugue, which is well and very clearly carried out. We recommend this to our young friends to be studied carefully.

VARIETIES.

VERY CONTENTED.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had nothing to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

FIXING A DAY.

"Turn to God," said a great teacher, "*one day* before your death." "But how," asked those who heard him, "can a man know the day of his death?" "You cannot, and for that reason you should turn to God to-day."

PEACEFUL, TEMPTED, FALLEN, DISCOURAGED.

Are you full of peace? *Pray.* Prayer will preserve it to you.
Are you tempted? *Pray.* Prayer will sustain you.
Have you fallen? *Pray.* Prayer will raise you.
Are you discouraged? *Pray.* Prayer will reassure and comfort you.

NOW IS THE TIME.

Gather roses while they blossom; to-morrow is not to-day. Allow no moment to escape; to-morrow is not to-day. To-day is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be to-morrow? Time flies swiftly away. Procrastination of a good deed has often brought repentance; to work while it is called to-day is my advice; time flies swiftly away—*Gleim.*

A GREAT BLESSING, AND A GREATER BLESSING.

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said someone to an ancient philosopher. "It is a greater blessing," replied the philosopher, "not to desire what one does not possess."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A Portuguese poem, three hundred years old.
The goddess of morn in mythology called,
Reformer and warrior, satirist, rake,
The prince who oft fought for the first Charles's sake.
A bishop supposed to have written the hymn,
(Or partly so) sung in some churches. *Te Deum.*

Now of those words take the first letters, and see
The beloved of a great poet of Italy;
And the last letters of the same words placed in line
Give a poet who wrote on subjects divine.

A CHAT ABOUT QUILTS.

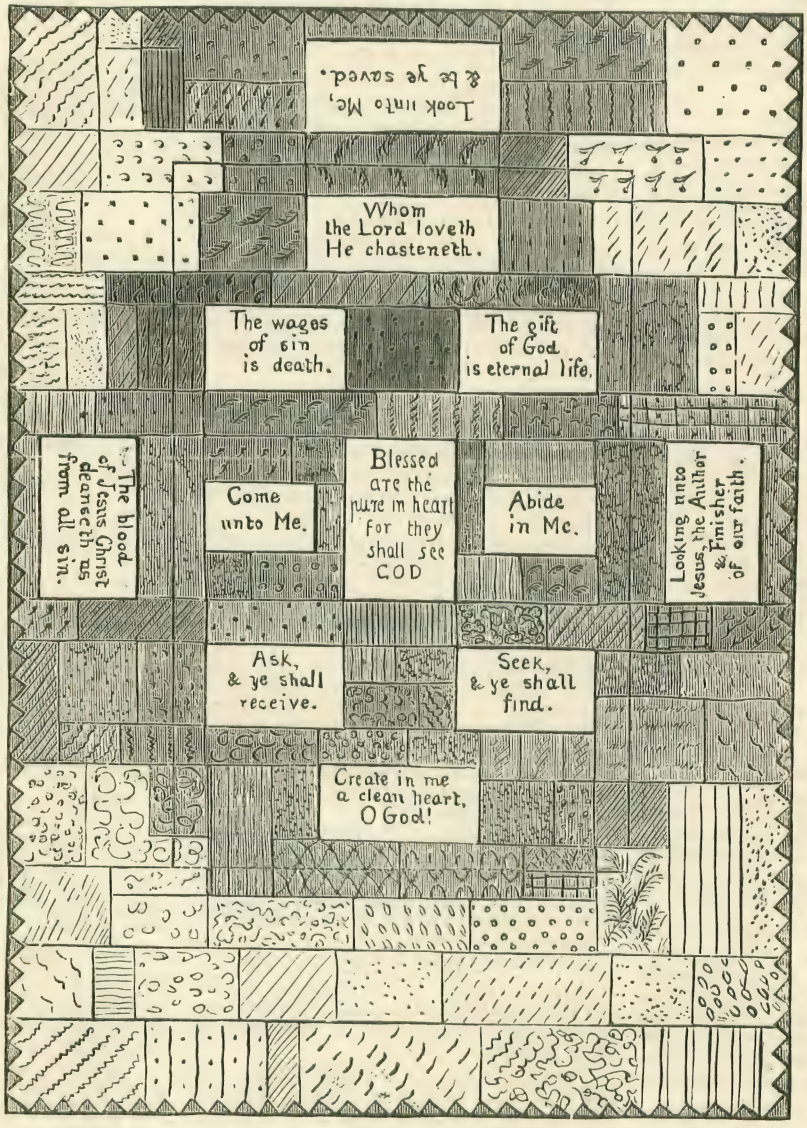
IN accordance with the expressed wish for some hints concerning quilts, and to satisfy the greatly varied requirements of our numerous readers, I shall endeavour to select from multiplied sources, such as I think not only the most novel and costly for home use, but those which will be found serviceable, pretty, and reasonable as gifts to hospitals and the poor.

The rage for eccentricities may be carried to the extreme, but the play of fancy, with proper regard to art and beauty, is both commendable and improving. A pure cultivated taste may be discovered even in the meanest, or, at least, most homely piece of workmanship, and in whatever we attempt to produce care should be taken that in all parts, both as to material, design, and work, harmony be considered as essential. The very beautiful designs now so easily procured where the worker is not her own artist is a matter for congratulation, such as was unknown in former years; consequently the taste and desire for elegances are being developed and displayed to a very great extent, the danger being that without forethought we may be carried beyond what is wise and just. However, what would be perfectly wrong and unjustifiable in some cases is altogether consistent and commendable in others, for it is pleasant for the eye to be gratified with pictures of beauty which those possessed of wealth can, and do, produce.

The rich satin quilts in squares of different colours, each square embroidered in bouquets or foreign birds in all their rich shades, to suit the colour of the square on which the embroidery is done, and joined together by fancy stitches in fine gold thread, are very elegant. These squares should be sufficient in number to cover the bed, and a border be attached about half or three-quarters of a yard in width with a graceful running wreath or more set designs worked in silks, with a plentiful but appropriate mixture of gold thread. The edge is trimmed with a fine guipure lace, which should be laid flat on the satin, just passing the outer edge. A lining of washing satin slightly quilted greatly adds to the beauty of the work, throwing it up with a softness and roundness it otherwise would lack.

A less expensive covering is made in stripes of *guipure d'art* and bands of broad satin ribbon, either plain, painted, or embroidered. There are some beautiful fancy ribbons which would be found very applicable for this purpose. Whatever colour the ground of these ribbons may be, a good contrasting colour should be used as a lining, which is seen beneath the bands of guipure. Old gold colour as a lining is very good, and suits almost any other colour. The bands of lace and ribbon are lightly sewn together by a gold-coloured silk, which is easily drawn out when the lace requires to be cleaned. This quilt is also edged with lace, put on rather full, under a heading of fancy velvety braid. Devices in geometrical designs cut in cardboard, and covered with pieces of silk of various colours carefully arranged and neatly joined, will utilise the scraps of silks and satins so often collected by our young friends. These are suitable for cots or *couvre-pieds*, and are bright and warm when well quilted on a sateen lining. The edges may be corded or have a quilling of ribbon all round.

Painted satin will display the skill of the artist, and be ever an elegant and valued work, either as a wedding present, a birthday or new year's gift. The size is cut for the bed in wide width satin, the deep border or valance being made and sewed on after the rest of the quilt is finished. The design should be sufficiently large to fill the centre as a picture. This painting should be on good black or coloured satin; the design either floral or some elegant bird and graceful branches. After choosing the pattern, cut a piece of thin cardboard, either oblong or in a large-sized medallion, and cover it tightly with wadding and soft muslin. Fix the painted satin over the edges by running a thread in the edge of the satin and drawing it closely at the back. Arrange the medallion on the quilt and stitch it on, working at the wrong side of the quilt, which leaves the edges smooth. A framework in some light scroll is worked on the satin in gold thread before the medallion is attached, the size having been carefully marked. Small-sized shields fill in the corners; these are also mounted on cardboard, which will cause the design to keep in shape, and are ornamented with the monogram and crest in the lower corners, and bouquets of flowers or oriental birds in the upper shields. A rich fringe or deep lace is a suitable finish to this quilt, which should be of a colour to match the rest of the furniture.



A SCRIPTURE QUILT.

The knitted and crochet quilts are still to be seen, and the various and more or less difficult stitches are brought into request, but the time they take in making renders them less attractive to the busy worker who is ever ready for novelty. The patterns for crochet and knitting are so numerous that no difficulty will be found in selecting from THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER such as will suit all classes of workers.

Cretonne work is most effective, and for this the possibility of producing the most beautiful and artistic designs is undeniable.

On a foundation of good satin cloth or twilled cotton the most beautiful designs can be arranged.

The cretonne should be good, and the designs carefully cut out and slightly gummed, to keep them in place for sewing. By a few tapestry stitches judiciously added to flowers and leaves the effect will resemble raised embroidery. The edges of the quilt may be scalloped with washable crewels.

All quilts should be lined with some soft material, as it gives solidity and neatness.

A simple and pretty summer quilt is made of a large-sized linen sheet, worked in chain stitch with coloured crewels, adding the feather stitch in its varied widths and patterns as a framework; a large monogram for the centre, and triangles in the corner. The border is worked to match, and scalloped at the edge.

Washing materials are suitable for summer

quilts—*piquè*, marcella, or white long cloth, with a border in some bright-hued cretonne or plain sateen, either black or coloured, worked in a light running pattern in Holbein work and cross-stitch, is much used. A white fringe with a coloured heading to hang slightly over the sides. These quilts are used to cover the marcella quilt in the daytime, and give a cheerful appearance to the bedroom.

A warmer description for winter use is made in serge or thin cloth, with a fringe to match the embroidery. The centre is generally worked in large-sized letters in satin stitch with good washing silks or crewels. Of course, any design may be substituted for the initials.

Thin silk covers with *appliqués* of darned netting with the introduction of buttonhole and satin stitch in squares, with a wide bordering of lace, are very useful as ornaments on the eider down quilts, either small or large. They are fastened at the corners with small safety-pins, and are easily removed at night.

Another style is in stripes of Venetian work on écru or white holland, the alternate stripes being a band of the same material embroidered in feather-stitch, herring-bone, or Russian-stitch in washing-crewels, or coloured flourishing cotton. The edge is worked to match the Venetian insertion.

Children's cot quilts are very pretty and amusing when made of white holland with etchings in Kate Greenaway's style with marking-ink. A broad hem, above which is a wreath of dancing children or grotesque birds, completes the quilt.

It is difficult to know where to stop in reviewing the numerous summer quilts, such as were displayed in our different exhibitions of needlework. Those in outline work and drawn linen recommend themselves as light, and, what is always an essential, easily washed.

The drawn stripe should by no means be wider than the breadth of embroidery. The pattern is drawn for the outline work, which should be done with white on a coloured linen, and red or blue ingrain cotton on white. The drawn work should be first done, care being taken to keep the work very flat, as the appearance is entirely spoilt if at all puckered.

The outline work may be done in ordinary chain stitch, in which case the stitches should be evenly and closely worked. The borders may be fringed out or trimmed with a torchon lace.

Dark blue linen is very pretty worked in red ingrain cotton or white, according to fancy.

Large conventional flowers are favourite designs for these quilts, and have the advantage of being quickly worked, if not altogether so pretty as the copying of Nature.

Others are made in alternate squares of Turkey-red linen, or sateen, and *guipure d'art*. The lining is of dead gold twill cotton. The squares are neatly stitched together, and a full quilling of ribbon forms the edge of the quilt.

From the descriptions already given I think a sufficient number of ideas may be gathered and acted upon. So now, as our Editor will be thinking that space enough has been occupied by quilts for the rich, we will discuss the subject of quilts for the humbler classes.

The right desire to work for those whose circumstances admit of no self-help is shown by the many who have so generously and willingly joined in our different competitions.

"The poor ye have always with you," and on their behalf Christian sympathisers are called to exercise their zeal, and when pleasing ornamentation can be added to the really useful articles sent to our hospitals, convalescent homes, and poor neighbours, for whom we work with so much zest, the value of the labour is much increased.

How gratefully has many a recipient of the charity blanket accepted the gift! but who that has witnessed the kindling of the eye and smile of pleasure on beholding the same article gaily ornamented would begrudge the little time and expense entailed?

The blankets are very inexpensive in themselves, and the material with which they are worked equally so, the success of the whole depending on the taste of the worker.

The usual crewels are too fine to be effective; it is better, therefore, to use a coarser kind of wool, or the crewels four times doubled. The scalloped edges are worked in broad buttonhole stitch with a border of several rows of fancy coral patterns. The centres can also be ornamented with bouquets of flowers at intervals in tracery stitch. The quantity of work is not so important as the choice of telling designs.

Some of these "blanket quilts" are bordered with a broad band of cotton velvet in a good contrasting colour, the edges of which are worked on the blanket with coarse gold-coloured crewels in feather stitch or narrow yellow braid. If these bands are painted in some bright, natural flowers and foliage it will greatly add to the beauty of the quilt, while offering excellent practice for the young artist.

Stripes of cretonne felled on the blanket are very pretty, and the material offers the most beautiful and quickly-worked way of producing a lively and good effect. The edges of the quilts should always be buttonholed, either straight or in scallops, which are perhaps preferable.

The value of these quilts is greatly enhanced by sheets of brown paper being tacked to the edges of a coarse, inexpensive red or grey flannel, which constitutes a capital lining.

Patchwork of pieces procurable at many shops, and sold by weight, is work that both old and young can do. These are much admired.

We saw, the other day, a capital quilt made of small odds and ends of cloth by an old and very poor woman over seventy years of age. The material was nothing more than the refuse of bits sent by a wholesale establishment in the City to a large mothers' meeting connected with the Field Lane Mission. Nevertheless, both as regards design and colour, the quilt is executed in excellent taste, and its presentation to one of the lady superintendents has given her cause for much thankfulness and delight.

The patterns of the cretonne are so beautiful that a selection is easily made, and the arrangement of the pieces in squares and bands offers but little trouble. These quilts are also rendered more useful by being lined with paper and flannel, or the coarse sacking of which bags are made.

Squares of crochet in fleecy wool (brioche stitch), about a quarter of a yard each way, can be ornamented in marking-stitch stars, or raised dots in a contrasting colour, each square being different, and joined together with black fleecy.

The work can be taken up at any time, and has the advantage of needing but little room.

The squares, being arranged, are joined together when a sufficient number have been made.

Strips of flannel list alternated by strips of red flannel, run on a foundation of unbleached cotton, will make a gay coverlet for a child's cot, and is very light and warm.

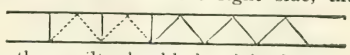
Many hospital quilts have been made and sent to various hospitals, both at home and, during war-time, to other countries, the aim, of course, being to set before the sick and suffering the Word of God, when they may be unable or unwilling to open the Bible for themselves.

By referring to the illustration, you will observe that the nine central texts face the *head* of the bed, that they may be easily read by the occupant. The remaining three (if the quilt covers a hospital bed) would face three other beds, and might also be easily read by many in the ward. The dotted line encloses the top of the bed, the part beneath it being covered by the upper sheet turned down, and that on each side and the top falls over the sides and end of the bed. Strong *linen sheeting* should be used on which to work the texts. It will be found to present a capital surface on which to draw the letters, which, of course, must be very carefully sketched on ruled lines before working.

Do not attempt any other type than the plain letters, for which *any printed book* will furnish you a copy. Remember they *must* be *very distinct*. For working, use scarlet Andalusian wool, which washes well. So does violet, but it is not quite so effective in appearance. As the wool varies, it is as well to work a letter and wash it that you may be *sure* it stands well.

Work the letters in chain stitch, being careful not to draw the linen. One line represents the single lines of the letters, two the thicker, and three the capital letters. The work is all the better for washing and ironing before making up. Of course, the better pieces you have for your patchwork, the handsomer your quilt will be, but this is not of much importance. Choose those that will wash, as far as possible avoiding any large or conspicuous patterns. Chintz may be used, but on *no* account cretonnes. Arrange all your darkest pieces *next* the texts, where you see those in the plan darkest, as light pieces distract the eye from the words. If your pieces are *all* well covered patterns, it is quite as well.

A border is an immense improvement to a quilt of this kind. That in the plan I found an effective one. It is made with Turkey-red twill, a strip of which is *slit* down at equal distances, the corners turned in and stitched with the machine on the right side, thus—



All the quilt should be joined with the machine, as it is quicker and stronger. If you use a chain stitch one, be *very* careful to fasten off well, and on no account *draw* your seams in the least.

The next matter is the lining. This should be of very strong calico, which is quite inexpensive; indeed, a few shillings will cover the entire cost of your work, even if you have to buy for the patchwork. Such quilts may, of course, be much varied, according to the taste and ingenuity of the maker, other texts, or a greater or less number being chosen, and a different arrangement adopted. The plan is simply a suggestion and guide.

Floral borders and interlaced rings, with other designs which can easily be taken from the Berlin patterns, will make the quilt an object of interest when the state of the patient can be benefited by something to attract attention.

If I have succeeded in giving a few "hints" which will be of use to some of the many "busy fingers," I shall feel gratified to have added to the list of useful and ornamental work given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MARY LAYBOURN.

ALL ABOUT A SUNBEAM.

A SUNBEAM! The very word is fascinating, suggestive of all that is cheery and joy-giving! Surely, to spend a short time in the consideration of anything so beautiful and marvellous should bring us both profit and pleasure! It is true we shall only be able just to stand on the threshold of the temple of natural science, we shall but get a peep at the marvels therein; but should that induce any of our girls to venture still farther and learn for themselves yet more and more of God's wonderful works in Nature, they will assuredly provide themselves with an inexhaustible treasure-mine of thought.

Then, girls, put on your wings of imagination—few girls are so poor as to lack these—and let us away, away for millions of miles, not resting until we imagine ourselves in the centre of our planetary system.

After a short flight of probably about 100 miles through our atmosphere, we pass into the light, elastic, invisible æther which floats in space beyond. This æther keeps up a perpetual movement, rippling on in a constant succession of waves. Arrived at the end of our journey we ascertain the origin of this undulatory motion. All around the sun gases are incessantly whirling, and as their atoms strike against each other with some violence they produce both light and heat, shaking the æther around and sending off the sunrays—the tiny waves—on all sides. How inconceivably vast their work appears when we remember that it has been carried on for countless ages, and that the amount expended on our earth, great as we justly feel it to be, is, in reality, small compared with the whole!

I called them tiny waves, and such, indeed, they are, for 50,000 of them are contained in one inch of space, and so rapid are they in their progress that they travel the ninety-five—or, according to some later authorities, we believe, over ninety-one—millions of miles from the sun to our world in about $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

Started on their way, the course of these busy rays is straightforward, but, as they journey on, various interruptions are met with, such as going from one medium into another of different density, or, meeting with a substance through which they cannot pass, or only in part, these interferences cause them to bend, to divide, to rebound, producing reflection. Thus are objects made visible to us by the rays of light being sent back from them to our eyes. Each substance has its own power of absorbing or scattering these rays, or of letting them through; for instance, a clear window-pane of glass allows them almost all to pass through it, but the wall opposite upon which they fall sends a greater or smaller number back through the glass again to us—supposing we are looking in from the outside—and the wall is reflected to our eye, or, as we say, we *see* it. Bright metal takes in scarcely any light-rays, hence glass covered on one side with quicksilver forms a powerful reflecting mirror—a looking-glass.

Now all of you are familiar with the fact that an oar dipped in the river appears to slant upwards. This is because the rays touching the oar, and rebounding, have passed from air into the water, which is a medium of greater density. It matters not whether the medium entered be denser or lighter than the one just left, the mere change of density occasions the appearance to differ from the reality. It is this power which causes the "mirage," with its magical effects, when fairy reflections of distant landscapes are seen in the air; when objects below the horizon, thus out of ordinary vision, appear represented in the "ocean overhead"; when weird-like shadows, that seem real, glide along the mountain; or, the similar phenomenon of vessels or icebergs hanging topsy-turvy in the sky. How many a thrilling ghost story may not these merry beams be innocently responsible for!

But now I must tell you that beautiful as an undivided sun-ray is, it shows fresh loveliness when divided. It sounds strange to talk of *splitting* a sunbeam, but you have often seen this wondertul operation performed. Whence come the hues of that glorious "arc of light"—the rainbow? What causes the band of soft yet brilliant colouring on the wall or ceiling, as the sunlight plays upon the glass pendants of the chandelier or lustres? What makes a fairy kaleidoscope even of a soap-bubble? Just an unravelled sunbeam! Each beam is made up of seven waves of different lengths and colours, the colour apparently depending upon the size. The longest wave, the red, is always seen on the lower, or left, side, on account of its being the one least liable to bend; the others range according to size—orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and lastly, violet—the smallest wave, being about half the length of the red, and the most bent, or, scientifically speaking, the most refrangible. For although I have not yet mentioned the word which seems to alarm some young folks, let me tell you, in talking of *bent* sunbeams, we are really entering, though in a very elementary manner, upon that difficult subject, refraction. You must understand that this power of refraction is not only influenced by the differing density of the medium, but by its nature, its shape, the form of its surface. The smooth, level surface of a plate of glass permits the rays to go through in a straight line; but in a three-sided prism of glass the surface is placed diagonally, in consequence of which the ray is divided into its several colours, these not being of equal refrangibility. If the surface is concave, the rays diverge like the sticks of a fan; whilst if convex, they converge and form a cone of light. So to paint the rainbow on the cloud, the rays that enter the upper part of the little globes of water, the raindrops, are refracted; other rays, within a certain angle, bringing the beautiful prismatic colours to our sight. To enter more fully into this subject would be out of place in such a paper as this, but there is one other marvel due to sunshine of which I must speak, one in which every girl takes an interest—colour. What a sombre place this earth would be without that beautifier! Yet were it not for the sun-rays we should miss its charm.

As we have already seen, substances retain fewer or more of the light waves. Some keep all but one—such as grass, which, keeping all but green, sends that back to us, and thus the grass looks green to our eyes; whilst your sheet of note-paper, sending *all* the seven colours back, is white. If any of you wish to prove that these seven colours form white, let her take a round piece of cardboard, and paint it in the *exact* shades, in their *right* order and *proportion;* then spin it very quickly, and she will see only white. Although we have but spoken of beams of light, there are others which help to compose a sunbeam, and which, though invisible, are of as much if not more importance than their companions. I refer to the rays or waves of heat.

Their waves are of greater length than those of light, therefore have their place by the side of the red wave.

I can only just remind you how, by their power, they warm the soil so that it is brought into activity, and vegetation develops and grows; how the very life of our bodies is greatly dependent upon them; how imprisoned for ages in the coal, they burst forth afresh, helping to produce such wonder-working agents as steam, &c.; how they send the water-vapour up to gather into clouds or heat, and render the air light, so that, rising, it forms winds and air currents. But you will readily see the greatness of the work given them to accomplish. Besides these, there is a set of waves of chemical power, which, being still smaller than those that form the violet tint, have their place by its side. Of this power I must, however, say no more than that we owe to it, amongst other things, photography.

What more fitting emblem of a warm-hearted, busy maiden than one of these bright servants of the "Father of lights!" What a picture of her joyous life, seeking to gladden and help all those whom she can influence, the very hindrances in the way only serving to develop fresh beauty of character. Does not each of our girls desire to be "a sunbeam in the home"?

ANNIE MINISTER.

DAISY AND BUTTERCUP.

By the Author of "I Promised Father"

CHAPTER IV.

KATY went home that afternoon sorely troubled in mind for her poor little friend.

According to her usual custom, her first care was to outpour all to her mother; telling her all the sad state Stella seemed to be in, the unsatisfactory nature of their interview, Mrs. Branscombe's coldness and apparent want of sympathy with her daughter, and ended up with the request, "Please, mother, won't you go to see her soon? I am sure you would do her good, and you always know exactly what to say."

"Do you think Stella would care to see me?" Mrs. Marston asked. "I should be sorry for her to think me intrusive."

"Oh, I am sure she would!" Katy cried, eagerly. "She was telling me only to-day how much she liked you, and how at home she always felt when she was with you. 'She is so motherly,' she said, and I know just what she means. Mrs. Lowe, I am sure, means to be very kind, but she has no children, and she somehow feels to chill you, while you—why, you're just *mother*, and that explains everything!"

Mrs. Marston kissed the flushed, eager little face and promised to do as Katy desired.

Accordingly, two days later she went to see Stella, carrying an offering from Katy of two newly laid eggs of her own special hen, over which she had placed the largest and darkest red rose she could find in the garden.

"I know she has everything she can possibly want," Katy said, "and far finer roses than any I could send her; but I want her to see I do not forget her."

Mrs. Marston was shown to the same room where Katy had last seen Stella; and, as before, the poor child was lying, listless and idle, looking out into the garden and absently caressing her favourite cat.

Mrs. Marston came forward with a bright, gentle greeting.

"I am so glad to find you are rather better to-day, my dear," she said, stooping down to bestow a warm, motherly kiss on the pale, wan little face.

Stella laughed in her old way—hard, cold, and joyless.

"I don't think that is much to be congratulated upon," she replied, ungraciously. "The very best news anyone could give me would be that I was growing worse every day, and could not possibly live long."

"Is not that rather a selfish wish, my dear?" Mrs. Marston asked, kindly, but without any of the horror and reproach in her tone which Stella half expected to hear. "If you do not want to live for yourself, think of all of us, and how ill we could spare you."

"Why, no one would care!" Stella cried, impetuously. "What earthly use can I ever be to anyone, unless," sneeringly, "it is to teach people to be patient? I am sure that mamma for one will need endless patience to bear having a daughter who is only a stupid, helpless cripple."

"Don't talk so, my child. Please God, there is plenty of happiness left for you yet, though it mayn't be of the kind you feel to want just now."

"Happiness!" echoed Stella; "I never can be happy again; never! never! That is all over and done with for me; but, oh! it

does seem so hard! And, think, I am not sixteen yet."

There was something in Mrs. Marston's look of tender pity and in her softly-murmured, "You poor darling," that won the girl's confidence, and led her to outpour all that was in her sad little heart—all the pent-up misery and rebellion and hopeless longings after the impossible, which her own mother would have had no patience to listen to nor power to sympathise with.

"I know I'm very wicked," the poor child finished up with. "I suppose, as Mrs. Lowe says, I ought never to think of repining, but be quite content as I am. But I don't think she would find it so easy to talk if she were in my place. I can't help it, Mrs. Marston, but I am quite desperate at times, and I feel as if I were going mad; and then I almost hate everybody else who is strong and well; and I hate the sun for shining, and I could kill the very birds for singing so happily when I am so utterly miserable. Oh! tell me how to bear it! Say something to comfort me!" she wailed.

Mrs. Marston made no reply for a moment beyond smoothing the bright hair and patting the thin white hand with a comforting little gesture. When she spoke her words sounded irrelevant to Stella. "Do you know my little baby Harold?" she asked. "He's hardly two years old yet, and, of course, being the youngest he is a great pet. Well, yesterday Katy brought him in from the garden crying a little, with a great thorn from the rose tree in his little finger. It was rather a bad wound for such a little fellow, and of course I had to take the thorn out for him, and of course that hurt him, and he cried and struggled hard to get away. I had to hold his little hand very tightly, for I knew that thorn must come out unless I wanted him to have a bad wound there. Do you suppose I gave up hurting him until I got the thorn out?"

"Why no, of course not," Stella answered, looking at her with wondering eyes.

"And you don't suppose I loved him any less because I hurt him? I should have been more likely to let him go and not take any trouble about his little finger if I had not cared for him at all; shouldn't I? And then when the thorn was out, and the little finger bound up, he was soon comforted, and went to sleep quite happily and free from pain on my knee."

"Yes," Stella answered, not seeing the drift of Mrs. Marston's words.

"He is a funny little fellow," her visitor went on; "when he was much smaller he used to cry for the fire, or the lamp, or candle; he wanted to play with them. Do you think I let him have them to play with, however sadly he cried?"

"No, of course not; he would only have burnt himself. But why do you tell me about him, Mrs. Marston?"

"Because, my dear child, I often think we are all like little ignorant children, never knowing what is best for us, or what will do us harm. And we seem as if we could not trust our Heavenly Father's love. We feel as if He must have made a mistake when He does not give us what we want, or we think He is cruel and unmindful when He sends us trouble, and will not realise that the very trouble is only a proof of His love and care for us."

Stella saw the application of the words now, and a sweeter, softer expression stole over her face. She pondered over them in silence. She had no reply to make.

Mrs. Marston, too, was silent for a few minutes, and when she spoke again she changed the subject. She was not given to "preaching," as Stella would have called it. She was content to have sown a good seed and to leave it undisturbed.

So she produced her basket with Katy's little present, and began to chat lightly and pleasantly upon all manner of topics which she thought likely to interest the sick girl, and when she rose to go she met with a very earnest request from Stella to come and see her again very soon.

"You have done me *such* good," said the girl, gratefully; and she lay silently for long after her visitor had left, thinking deeply with a vague feeling of calm and rest and possible happiness filling her heart.

Those few words spoken by Mrs. Marston were not lost. They were as the good seed which brought forth a hundredfold. Stella was changed from that day.

Not that the alteration was altogether perceptible at first; we cannot change our natures in a moment. She was rebellious, selfish, and irritable many a time again; and yet there was a difference. Her eyes were beginning to be opened. She began to see herself as she really was, and to struggle, feebly and intermittently, to be better. It was a hard fight, and many a time in bitter discouragement she was tempted to give up the struggle. But Mrs. Marston was her true friend, always ready to help her with kind counsel and loving words; and Stella clung to her from that day with an affection of which Mrs. Branscombe grew almost jealous. There was no one like Mrs. Marston in Stella's eyes, and the squire's lady learned to look upon the quiet wife of the village doctor with a sort of wistful wonder where the charm lay that had won her daughter's love and confidence as she had never been able to do.

Nor did Katy forsake her sick friend. She had always been fond of Stella, though perhaps hitherto the affection between the two girls had not been very deep; but Stella's affliction and Stella's helplessness were a new bond between them, and appealed to all Katy's love and tenderness.

The two grew to be almost imseparable, and all Katy's spare time was spent in the sick room. Had she a new book, she must take it for Stella to read, that they might discuss it together afterwards. Had she learned a new sort of fancy work, she must go and show it to Stella and see if she cared to try her hand at it. There was always some excuse for running to the hall, and the squire and his lady even grew to look for her coming, for no one — unless it were her mother— cheered and brightened their daughter as Katy Marston did.

Ten years have passed away since then, and looking in once more upon the two girls—girls no longer—how do we find them?

Katy is Katy Marston no longer. Four years ago she married the assistant whom with increasing practice Dr. Marston found it necessary to engage, and who has since taken the doctor's place almost entirely, a small fortune which had come to him rendering the older man independent of his profession.

So Katy is a village doctor's wife, as her mother was before her. It is not a very grand position; Katy is never likely to become the great lady she had once longed to be. Their home is small; her husband is a hard-working man; but Katy thinks he is the grandest and noblest man that ever lived, and is heart happy in her devotion to him and to the two little girls who call her mother and who keep her brain and hands busy from morning to night.

And Stella, what of her?

Stella and her father live alone at the hall now, for it is three years since Mrs. Branscombe died, a disappointed, worldly-minded woman to the last. Her daughter's misfortune had embittered her strangely, and even when Stella had lived down the trouble and grown to be far brighter, gayer, and sweeter than ever she had been before her affliction, her mother still mourned over it and refused to be comforted.

Not so the squire. When he saw his daughter happy once more he soon accommodated himself to circumstances.

"There is a bright side to everything, my dear," he would say when Stella alluded to her helplessness; "and it is a very great thing to me to know I shall always have you to stay with me. God knows I would have you well if I could, and *yet*——"

And Stella knew what the unuttered words meant, and kissed the hand which was touching her hair caressingly. The squire and his daughter were all in all to each other after poor Mrs. Branscombe's death. There was no more hunting for Stella, and the squire seemed to have lost his inclination to follow the hounds now that his daughter could no longer be at his side. So instead he would drive her out in her low easy carriage, with Dandy —grown an old horse now — between the shafts; and the villagers grew to know and to love the sight of the old man and their young lady, with her bright face and kindly interest in their concerns; her ready sympathy in their troubles and unfailing willingness to help.

"The sunshine of his life," her father would call her fondly; "the sunshine of the village," her poor neighbours would have echoed.

Could it be the same Stella? The gay, careless, self-centred girl of ten years ago? The same, and yet how different! She was happy and content in her apportioned lot, even when cut off from most of the pleasures in which youth delights; happier even than she had ever been in the heyday of her beauty and her girlhood. For she knew now what she had not known then, that purest and best of all pleasure—the giving of happiness to others.

But the present peace and sunshine had been purchased at the cost of many a hard struggle—many a dark day. Self is so hard to kill in the human heart, and many a time when we think it dead, we see it lifting its serpent head in places where it is least expected. But prayerful effort is sure in the end to be successful, and Stella gained the victory at last.

Her father's solace and joy; the lady bountiful of the village; the gentle, thoughtful mistress at home; Katy's bosom friend, and the fairy godmother to her two little ones. How could she help but be happy?

"It was just as you said, dear Mrs. Marston," she said one day to her faithful friend, "though I could not see it at the time; but I am sure my trouble was sent to me in love. Where should I have been if it had not been sent? Most likely a thoroughly worldly-minded woman, devoted to pleasure and fashion, for I know it was in me to be so. But I have been saved from that, and I see the love now. I don't mean I'm good"—with a soft little smile—"for I fear I never shall be that, but I'm always trying to be, and it is better to be always trying and always failing, than never trying at all. And I don't mean to say I don't sometimes wish I could be well and strong; but I am content to leave it all. I am sure my trouble has taught me to feel for others, and brought me out of myself; and I know—you have always told me so—that it will be made up to me some time. I fancy when I get to heaven"—and her tone was still more tender and reverent—"I shall be like the lame man who 'walked and leaped and praised God.' And what a thing that is to look forward to! Yes, I am more than content. There is Katy, a happy, busy little house-mother, and here am I, a poor helpless sort of creature; but we are both trying to fill the place given us, like the daisy and the buttercup in the poem we used to be so fond of when we were girls; and how can we help being happy?"

Seasonable Clothing:
and how it should be made
BY A LADY DRESSMAKER
IGB

A WINDY DAY.

"MARCH winds" are fitly represented in their effect by our sketch of the dress of the month; which, in truth, generally consists of an ulster, or some kind of waterproof cape, without which it is hardly safe to venture abroad in the early English spring. March, in addition to its uncertainty in the way of weather, may be fitly described as the most uncertain of all the months as regards dress; for we are all thinking of new dresses, while we are making the best of the old ones, which the hard wear of the winter has done its best to spoil. Thus, when the spring begins to appear, with its infallible way of making everything look worn and faded, we begin to look forward to "something new," as a real pleasure to come. Wise people, however, do not think of purchasing until April has begun, all the fashions are out, and the shops well filled with new goods.

The round bodices with belts are the most used for slight and girlish figures, and those gathered round the shoulders, and just above the waist, are still worn. From this our readers may judge that the trimmings of the skirts worn with them will extend almost to the waist, and the draperies at the back will be high and full. Skirts are very much fuller; those which I have lately seen being quite two yards and a quarter in width. This gives far more grace to the figure than the extremely scanty ones tightly tied back. The bodices with very long peaks in front are, however, the newest of all, and are very becoming to the generality of figures, especially to those of persons who are inclined to become stout.

These bodies are finished with a basque, or square, coat-shaped ends at the back, and they are frequently made with gathers all round the front and sides, over which the peak sits gracefully. The mildness of the winter has made the fur capes a sufficiently warm covering for most young people, and, consequently, the coat-bodices have been more worn than anything else. If they fit fairly well, they are more becoming than the belted ones, which are not suitable for out-of-door wear in the winter. So far as I can see, it will be the favourite one for the spring and summer, in all kinds of materials, for youthful figures.

Out-of-door dress, as a general rule, is far simpler in style and make than it has been for some time past, and the increasing use of plush and velvet will tend to preserve it so. The velvet skirts are often quite plain, without flounces or kiltings, with a prettily draped tunic or a polonaise of some slighter material, such as cashmere, serge, beige, or tweed, or else the skirt is flounced in a simple way, and has a long, tightly-fitting jacket-bodice. This will be the style generally adopted for girls' dress, I think; and when next month comes they will be warm enough for wear out of doors without any other covering.

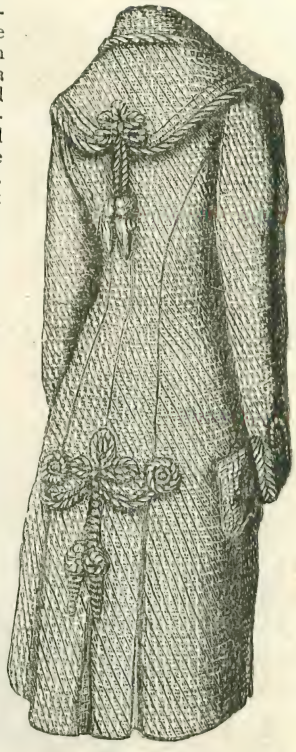
All kinds of striped materials appear to be in request, and I hear that tartans are to be one of the new introductions. The number of fancy woollen materials in course of preparation for the spring is so varied in colour and price that everybody will be satisfied; and our ordinary everyday costumes will be well provided for, some of which have the plain materials prepared to be mixed with them, and others will be prettier if made up with velveteen.

Before I proceed further I must give a word to underclothing, which, I daresay, is just now engaging the attention of many of my readers, and I hope they have adopted the only comfortable way of keeping up their stock of it, viz., by purchasing enough calico for a single garment, and thus obtaining one at less cost and with less apparent trouble than in any other way. The making is a very small matter when it is done at intervals, and it is not difficult to obtain a good shape. But as there are some people who can neither obtain patterns, make the underclothing, nor cut it out, I must mention that I have been recently much pleased by a special kind of underclothing which I have seen, called the "Hibernia." What it has to do with Ireland I do not know, but I have never seen any shapes so perfect, or any material so good. The work, too, is excellent, and those of our girls who are in difficulties for patterns had better look at this particular make, which, I believe, is to be found at all large drapers. It is hand-made, and the trimmings are so good that they will wear, to all appearance, as long as the calico.

The two figures in the March wind wear the garments of winter still. The waterproof is made in a new shape, or, rather, an old one revived, very similar to what was known as an "Inverness cape" some years ago. The comfort of being able to wear a jacket or mantle with sleeves under the waterproof, instead of being compelled to make the ulster or the "Newmarket coat" the sole garment, is very great.

AN ARGUMENT.

The desire to do this has led to this revival of an old friend, which enables one to throw off the damp over-garment in the hall when one pays a visit, and thus to escape a cold or chill. The material is a very light waterproofed tweed, having a pattern, which may be either a tartan or stripes of an uncertain kind of colour.



A NEW JACKET.

The pretty figure in the corner hardly needs description. The dress she wears is a bodice of velveteen, satin, or brocade, made up very simply and plainly, with a deep point in front and at the back, and having long sleeves, which are puffed in long puffs on the shoulders. The top of the bodice is cut low, and under it a thick chemisette of mull or India muslin is worn, drawn up to the neck, and finished with a little lace and a band of black velvet. This pretty bodice may be worn with any skirt, though our artist, to carry out the effect, has depicted a gauged one, with rounded gathers at the sides and in front.

The two smaller figures of our illustrations show one of the long and rather plain-looking over-dresses, or polonaises, which have been worn a little this winter, but will probably become more general in the spring. Velveteen is the material most usually employed. The waistcoat-front may be of striped or fancy brocade or satin. The other figure wears a somewhat similar bodice to that which we have already described, except that it partakes more closely of the character of a Swiss bodice, having no sleeves, only a band or ribbon, while the white bodice beneath is a kind of loose Garibaldi, with sleeves and a full bodice.

And now I must gather together a few items of news about the expected fashions of the spring. The hats are to be larger than they have latterly been; and the brims are to be turned up and turned down in all manners of ways. The crowns are to be elevated into a sugar-loaf shape, and that of very lofty proportions; while report says that the bonnets are to decrease in size and become beautifully less. All kinds of straw hats and bonnets are being prepared for the summer; and plain and

fancy tuscan, and crinoline will divide the honours of the day.

The new ribbons for strings will vary from two to four inches in width, and watered silk will be in great requisition. The pretty flowered sateens which were worn last summer will also be worn this year at the same season, the flowers being larger in size and more perfect in their artistic copying from Nature. The grounds of these pretty dresses will be of light and soft colours, such as greenish blues, moss greens, straw-colour, and pink grey. It is said that quantities of flowers are to be worn and scarcely any feathers at all, so we must all feel glad that fashion has changed, and that the poor birds are to have a reprieve at last.

A CHAPTER ON ANNUALS.

DECIDEDLY, March has the worst reputation of any month in the year. And too often does it merit the charges of fickleness and even of treachery that are brought against it. A few warm days are succeeded by a sharp frost. Brilliant sunshine tempts you forth without your warm cloak; you turn a corner towards the east, and are petrified by an unexpected current of bitter wind. When you return home, cross and dusty, a shower of sneezes will doubtless announce the approach of a cold in the head, and you may, perhaps, be kept a prisoner to the house for a week, or even longer! These cold, drying winds are as injurious to your plants as they are to you. They occasion more rapid evaporation from the leaves than the roots are ready to supply, and, consequently, vegetation for the most part appears withered and drooping. Nevertheless, the month of March heralds the advent of spring, and if, indeed, it comes in like a lion, will often make its exit like a lamb. Nature begins to bestir herself once more, and we who love the country may well rejoice that the short days and long nights have disappeared for some months to come, and should begin to busy ourselves with our preparations for the summer. The husbandman prizes the dusty day, for he remembers the old proverb that "a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and accordingly he does not lose a moment in digging and ploughing the ground for his necessary planting and sowing. And humbler agriculturists (like ourselves) must do the same; for, as Wordsworth sings—

"The oldest and the youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
* * * *
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains,
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone."

And what a wealth of wild flowers do we now find in the meadows—primroses, daffodils, anemones, may all be gathered during our walks (if we know where to look for them!), and the fern family now begin slowly to awaken after their long rest, and throw up delicate fronds, to assure us that the winter has really departed.

But to turn to practical work.

People with a small garden and no greenhouse are often very much perplexed to know how to make their plots of ground look gay and effective with as little outlay as possible. The now prevalent system of bedding-out plants is both costly and somewhat troublesome for the amateur. Where, however, "money is no object," nothing, perhaps, is so satisfactory as a good show of geraniums. These plants begin to bloom about the first week in July, and continue to throw out flowers until the first frosts. They require but little looking after, beyond an evening watering in the hot weather. The trusses of flowers are useful in bouquets, and the leaves, even when the blossom may sometimes fail, give a pleasant, fresh, green appearance to the garden. Calceolarias, too, in half-shady places, where they can be frequently supplied with water, are useful and effective. But all these, unless you have a good sized greenhouse, capable of being heated, in which your old plants can be housed for the winter, must be purchased every summer from the florist's at no small cost.

"What is to be done then?" exclaims some despairing one. Why, go back to the too much neglected (because old-fashioned) annuals, and at a nominal expense, and perhaps a little more trouble, you may have for three or four months as pleasant a looking garden as you could wish. We will just call to mind a few of the most desirable of these charming flowers.

First in alphabetical order come the Asters, of which some are tall, some are of medium height, while others are small. A packet of seed of each kind will make a goodly display, if you are minded to spare them so much room in your flower-bed. Of the first sort, choose the tall Victoria; of the second, the German Emperor; of the third, the Dwarf Chrysanthemum, or the Dwarf Bouquet. Asters usually bloom throughout the months of August and September, and may therefore fittingly be considered as autumn flowers. The date of blooming can with some degree of accuracy be secured by the time of sowing the seed, which should range from the end of March to the end of April. Classed among half hardy annuals, the seed should be sown in moderate heat, under glass, in pans or shallow boxes, according to means; and the young seedlings should be "pricked out" into a frame, or other sheltered place, as soon as it is safe to do so. Asters love rich good soil, and prefer very old leaf-mould, or anything of the nature of manure. They also require a good deal of moisture.

Balsams are our next choice. These are more tender and difficult to rear than the Asters, but they well repay extra care. They must never be sown too early—not before the first week in April. The soil should be very porous, and contain a good proportion of silver sand; the seed to be sown under glass, and treated as tenderly as possible. When sown in boxes or pans, they must be transferred, as soon as the seed-leaves are fairly expanded, to well-drained pots, and still kept carefully nurtured. Look well after them during their growing state, otherwise you will lose them. When fully in bloom, you may plunge the pots in which they are growing into the ground in some sheltered spot in your garden (under the house, for instance), as they do better treated thus than turned out into the border.

Lobelia comes next with its beautiful blue flowers. If you want an effective edging for your bed or border, nothing can compare with blue Lobelia. It is a tender plant, being easily destroyed by frost. But those who have no glass can sow the seed of the Lobelia out of doors, at the end of April, in the place where it is intended that it should flower. The soil must be very fine and firm, and the seed should be sown thinly on the surface, covering it with a sprinkling of sand, or of cocoa-nut fibre.

Now comes the French Marigold, also a half hardy annual; and therefore, if sown in the open air, where it is to flourish, care must be taken not to commit the delicate seed to the ground before the end of April, or beginning of May. It delights in a rich soil, and thrives remarkably well if planted in a bed of standard Roses. The good nourishing earth in which roses ought to grow brings to perfection the French Marigold. Plant rather thickly, and thin out the inferior varieties that may come up.

Let us not forget the Phlox Drummondii, one of the most beautiful annuals, as it possesses great variety of colour, and produces a profusion of bloom throughout the summer. Sow the seeds about the end of March, in pans or boxes filled with a light sandy soil, and keep them well under glass. They will soon germinate, and when far advanced enough may be pricked out and transplanted into a frame, from whence they may find their way into the open ground about the middle of May. But consult the season; make sure that all night frosts have vanished before trusting your tender treasures to the mercy of the elements.

The Stocks are a large family, and comprise three principal divisions—the biennial, the intermediate, and the annual; and it is with the last that we have to deal with here. Annual Stocks are half hardy, and the seed should therefore be sown under glass about the beginning of April, in pans or boxes, as above described. By the middle of May, when the plants are strong, these pans may be placed in a sheltered spot out of doors, and when the plants are somewhat hardened they may be transplanted into their permanent places. These Stocks like a good soil, and there is no comparison between plants grown in a poor bed, and those grown in one properly composed of nourishing materials. The German ten-week Stocks hold a high position in the family, and you will find them unsurpassed for beauty and fragrance.

The Zinnias, an introduction of late years, complete our list of *tender* annuals. The same culture as in the preceding cases is necessary. These flowers are large and very handsome, being most effective in a nosegay. Get a packet of seed, sow them properly, and you will be delighted when they bloom.

The above Asters, Balsams, Lobelias, French Marigolds, Phlox Drummondii, Stocks, and Zinnias are all classified as half hardy annuals. They require extra care, and are sure to succeed if treated as above described. If you have no means of starting them into life under glass in pans, you must then, in carefully-prepared soil, sow them in the open ground at the end of April, and the beginning of May. But make the bed in which they are to lie rich and friable, so that they may have a good chance from the very first.

We will now consider the hardy annuals, which may be sown in the places where they are intended to remain, either at the end of March, or the beginning of April; all entirely depending on the state of the weather, which must be carefully consulted before any sowing

operations begin. One packet of each of the following flower-seeds will give a capital display, and make your garden as gay and varied as you could wish:—Calandrinia discolor, Candytuft, Chrysanthemum Burridgeanum, Clarkia, Convolvulus major (to creep over a wall), Cyanus (the blue cornflower), Eschscholtzia (very pretty, with orange-yellow flowers), Godetia (Lady Albemarle), Helianthus globosus (the sunflower—are you æsthetic?), Lupins (blue and white, to stand at the back of your border), Mignonette (somewhat capricious, but where it likes itself will grow freely), Nemophila insignis (not to be despised), Sweet Peas (trained on sticks), Prince's Feather (very showy), Saponaria calabrica. You may not have room for all of these, but a judicious selection will lend additional interest to your planting, and one year's failures can be succeeded another time by different kinds which may do better.

Now a word on the *modus operandi*. The seeds should be sown on a carefully prepared surface which has during the winter been deeply dug and well broken up, with a liberal supply of manure added thereto if it be at all poor. Sow thin, in round patches, about eighteen inches apart, and crumble over the circle of seeds a coat of fine dry earth, and always keep the plants sufficiently trimmed out to prevent overcrowding, which weakens them and impoverishes the bloom. Do not apply water until the tiny green leaves appear above the surface of the ground. Then you may begin to water regularly, if the weather be mild and dry; but on no account do so should frost be in the air, and always use the fine "rose" on your watering-pot. The ground cannot be too sweet and porous, for be it remembered that the delicate little root that first enters the soil is (especially in the case of small seeds) extremely sensitive, and totally unable to force its way through earth charged with moisture. Too often the poor seedling dies, and we wonder what may be the reason of this premature decay. When the seedlings are a month or six weeks old they may generally be considered strong enough to take care of themselves.

An excellent mode of protecting the seedlings of annuals is to invert, over the small circles where they have been sown, flower-pots of proportional size, raised above the soil by means of bits of wood or brick to the height of an inch or more, to admit air. In severe weather they may be placed down on the surface, and the hole covered with a piece of slate or tile. The flower-pots over the seeds after the first ten days ought to be examined every two days, and, as soon as the seed-leaves are seen pointing through the ground, light and air should be admitted by raising the rim of the pot three or four inches. When the plants get into their second leaf and acquire a little vigour, the pots may be removed altogether, unless the weather be very bleak. Slugs and snails must be carefully watched for, and all their movements duly circumvented, otherwise they will devour all the young plants. As they grow up the taller sorts will require to be supported by stakes, but take care not to tie them up too formally or stiffly, and give them support early, rather than late, when the plants, perhaps, have fallen down and lost their form. In Asters, especially, must this be attended to. Staking them early will cause them to occupy less space, and, by allowing more free exposure to light, will make them blow the finer. Flowers, when allowed to straggle about, invariably give an unkempt appearance to a garden. Very often the scattered or self-sown seed disseminated from the plants will come up again the following spring, especially from Mignonette, Saponaria, and Prince's Feather. As some of these rise irregularly they may be transplanted, while young, into some regular order; but, remembering that these are only chance productions, do not neglect to perform the regular sowings, as this sportive supply cannot be depended upon.

As regards the placing of annuals in the bed or border according to their different colours, much must be left to the fancy of the sower. Do not sow all of one colour together, but the exercise of a little forethought and taste will doubtless produce a pleasing arrangement. Red, blue, and yellow are contrasts in all their shades, and the tints formed by the union of any two of these form harmonising colours between the contrasted ones. Red and blue, for instance, form violet; thus a violet patch, if placed between a red and blue one, would lead the eye in harmonious progression from one colour to the other. But if you wish to obtain a striking effect, place yellow next to your violet, which is its highest contrast; green and orange are respectively the highest contrasts to red and blue, and should be managed accordingly. An endless variety of effect can be obtained by a little consideration of the rules of contrasts and harmonies.

As to height, the low-growing sorts, from a few inches to a foot, should naturally be placed nearest to the edge of the border, graduating them until the back is reached, where should stand the tallest. If you have a long border backed by a wall or rock, plant Hollyhocks and Gladioli, alternately, to form the background, and graduate your annuals up to them. The Hollyhocks are perennial, and merely require cutting down in the early winter, when they cease to bloom, and the bulbs of the Gladioli may be left in the same place for two or three years, by which time they will have made offshoots, which can be divided from the original bulb. Should you desire to cover a large rocky surface, much broken up, sow *together* Mignonette and Saponaria broadcast over it. The effect is charming; the delicate pink star-like flowers of the Saponaria peeping through the trusses of the Mignonette. All the more will this combination answer should the place where the seeds are sown be dry and sunny. For Saponaria will produce more flower bloom in a dry soil, and more green leaves in a damp one.

There are two half hardy annuals which you should try to cultivate in a sheltered, sunny, and dry situation—in a rockery, for instance, well facing the south. The first is the Mesembryanthemum tricolor, which has an extremely pretty appearance, its dwarf, spreading habit rendering it well suited for rockwork. But it is very delicate, and should be grown under glass and transplanted. The second is the Portulaca. "In brilliancy, delicacy, and beauty of colour, the Portulaca surpasses all other outdoor plants, thriving in places where most other plants get burnt up. The flowers delight in sunny situations and light soils, where they rapidly carpet the ground with bloom and foliage. On rockwork exposed to the sun, on stumps of trees, in rustic vases, on dry banks, and wherever plants of a spreading or drooping habit are required, these are quite at home." And this is a very good description of them.

Find a place also for a patch or two of Helichrysums, the beautiful everlasting flowers. They are quite hardy, and will decorate your rooms all the winter long. Cut the flowers before they are fully expanded, as they last much better when treated so.

March is the month in which to expect your autumn-planted bulbs to appear. Looking after these, and protecting the bloom from frost, will be your work now. Pruning Roses, too, is an operation for this month, but one that should not be undertaken by the inexperienced. And if you succeed with your annuals this summer, these few hints will not have been written in vain. C. D.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

A SPECIAL APPEAL TO OUR GIRLS.

By Anne Beale.

Home! word that sounds upon the wanderer's ear
Like music of the past, to memory dear!

We are happy to be able to inform "our girls" that we have met with various specimens of their handiwork in many charitable institutions. We have seen their bright, warm shawls enveloping the patients at hospitals, and heard how they had been "drawn for" and prized; we have been to homes and orphanages where their well-made garments were invaluable; and last, though not least, we have beheld their more artistic productions adorning beds and walls.

"These pretty drawings were sent by the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, and executed by the 'girls,'" says the secretary of "The Princess Louise Home" to us, as he escorts us through that excellent institution. "And we have received, besides, a goodly number of beautiful flannel petticoats, which we sadly needed. Indeed, our funds are so low that we cannot procure the necessary clothing."

This is a bad hearing, when nearly eighty girls have to be fed, clothed, and prepared for domestic service. They do not seem, however, to realise the position themselves, but look healthy and happy. It is pleasant to hear their young voices ringing through the old-fashioned and somewhat dilapidated country house in song or talk, and to realise that they are, so far, rescued from evil homes and company.

For this abode, which bears the name of a queen's daughter, is also called "The National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," which implies that its inmates have been snatched from peril and placed in safety. It is a pretty house surrounded by gardens and grounds, and close to Epping Forest. It is situated in the village of Wanstead, Essex. The girls become much attached to it, just as their more fortunate sisters do to their country homes, and like to return to it whenever they can. Yet, like the garments, it greatly needs repair and adornment. The schoolroom, refectory, dormitories, all want "fettling up;" but hungry mouths must be filled and growing bodies clad before this can be thought of. Moreover, there are a score of vacant beds. Wherefore? Because money is needed to maintain the girls who might occupy them. In many instances they must be refused admission on account of the incapacity of friends or benefactors to pay the £13 per annum demanded for them by the Society, and in others owing to the paucity of funds to defray daily expenses.

The tender hearts of secretary, matron, and governess rebel when they are obliged to turn away a claimant, for they understand what a return to their natural surroundings involves. The appeals for their reception are often very pathetic, and come from Sunday-school teachers, church deaconesses, and Christians of all denominations resident in various parts of England. Among those of the past year is one from a clergyman, who states that the girl is most anxious to get away from an immoral atmosphere and to "take refuge in the Princess Louise Home. She is not badly disposed, and is amenable to discipline and order," says the letter. "She must either be rescued now or, I fear, never. The only difficulty appears to be the smallness of the father's contribution towards her support. He will only contribute one shilling a month." Another communication from a Sunday-school

teacher entreats for an orphan of twelve, who "lives with three sisters, two of whom are of the most degraded character. She is greatly neglected by them, and would be in rags but for the gifts of the ladies of the school. She is now a most affectionate, bright child; but it is dreadful to think what she may—I had almost said must—become if left in her miserable home." These are but two extracts from numberless appeals, all more or less appalling, and all tending to prove that ruin awaits these young creatures if no immediate refuge can be found for them. Instead, therefore, of allowing twenty beds to remain unfilled, everyone should do something towards enlarging the borders of a Home which will shelter and cultivate the drooping plants until they blossom into fragrant flowers. The cry is now raised, both at home and abroad, of "How shall we save the girls?" and the answer is ready, "Use first the means at hand—support existing institutions; then extend them, spread them, until all our young sisters shall, if willing, be protected and prepared for the battle of life."

Not only does our well-beloved Queen lead the van in this warfare against sin, but her Royal daughters raise their standards close behind her. In days gone by, the name of the illustrious Prince Consort—of "Albert the Good"—headed the reports of the Home of which we write. Now it is the Princess Louise, of whom it is the name-child; and she is not merely a nominal sponsor. She visits the girls from time to time, examines their works, talks with them, encourages them and their teachers, and makes, both literally and figuratively, "A sunshine in a shady place."

Quite lately Her Royal Highness has sent a donation of £25 to aid in the maintenance of the institution, and we hope her good example may be followed by thousands who have at heart the well-being and doing of the young. Timely help will save a sinking ship. The well-manned lifeboat with its stout-hearted crew will rescue from the rocks or quicksands of the actual ocean poor souls on the brink of eternity, and in the same way the outstretched hands of the charitable may save countless numbers of young girls, who are either drifting away from safe havens, or about to be swallowed up in the world's cruel whirlpool. Here, at this pleasant house called Woodhouse, is one such haven, and it behoves us all to maintain it. No vessel seeking its shelter from the storms of life should be allowed to run adrift; no girl asking admission should be permitted to return to the sad temptations of her life.

We are sure that the youthful readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will like to accompany us on a tour of inspection through Woodhouse. But it must be in the spirit, for the abode would assuredly not hold us in the flesh. First a pillared entrance hall, with a somewhat crazy glass door, looking out upon shrubberies. Here, in a glass case, is the treasured diary and autograph of Her Majesty the Queen, as presented to the Home by her; and side by side with it the autographs of the Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne. Here, also, is the memorial tablet of the excellent founder of the institution, Mr. Talbot. It tells us how that this good man not only founded it in 1835, but died in it in 1880, having spent life and energy in its cause during forty-six years. And he passed away on the anniversary of its inauguration!

Up a few steps and into a long neat dormitory, once, apparently, the drawing-room, through the open windows of which penetrate the songs of birds. Then more dormitories, both large and small, all equally neat, and each containing its quota of small beds, and a curtained enclosure for a monitress. Governess and monitresses have all been pupils of the Home. There is no extraneous aid, either for instruction or service, economy being the order of the Woodhouse day.

Through many airy and well-scrubbed rooms and passages to kitchen, sculleries, washhouses, &c., where the girls are all at work. They look bright and rosy as they stand, scrubbing-brush, broom, soap, saucepan, or pump-handle in hand, to return our greeting. But—low be it spoken—they are in sad need of new garments. Their frocks and pinafores are darned to extinction, and only a few could be furnished with those lovely petticoats.

"We are housemaids and parlour-maids," explain a little group in their second-best, which has lasted them six years, but looks tidier than the third-best, or "scrub," of the others. Back again through the lavatories, containing about a hundred white basins and as many bags furnished with brush and comb. It must cost something to keep the establishment in these articles alone. Into the store-room, where we are particularly attracted by piles of soap and rows of boots.

"Oh, those boots! So many are wanted, and they seem to last no time!" cries the secretary, with a melancholy air, for has he not to find the money to pay for them? "And as to the soap, why, the house is being scrubbed from morning to night."

It certainly is delightfully clean. But we remark that a little ornamentation in the way of paint or pictures might improve the bare walls. The drawings done by "our girls" are, as yet, almost the only ones. There are none in the schoolroom, which would be advantaged by maps, pictures of Biblical history, or natural history subjects, which might amuse and improve simultaneously. At present there is nothing so pretty as the girls themselves, as they bend over their work. The soap, brushes, and combs aforementioned have been used with effect, for the faces glow and the hair is smooth and glossy. Here are two fair-haired sisters, side by side, there a pair of dark ones, and it is pleasant to think that their family ties are not all severed. Eyes grave and merry glance at us; voices of many tones respond to us; and we inwardly pray that their present and future may be more propitious than their past. We shudder to think of the homes they came from, and are not surprised to hear that when they leave Woodhouse they look back upon it, and not on their previous abodes, as their *home*, on their kind friend, Mrs. Talbot, the matron, as their mother, and on their equally-interested governess as an elder sister. At least, so it would seem from many letters we have been permitted to peruse, and from which we can scarcely do better than make a few extracts in the very room where their writers were taught their orthography and calligraphy. These letters have been written by girls in various places and under all sorts of circumstances, but they uniformly prove attachment to "The Auld Hoose," and desires to do well in their situations, and to deserve the prizes awarded for keeping them. They generally contain long accounts of their places and work, besides the short bits we quote.

"My dear madam, I thank you for all your kindness to me while I was in the Home, and for all your kind instructions that you gave me when you used to talk so nice to the girls at prayer-time. I always remember what you used to tell us about looking at our work after we done it, to see if we can find any little fault with it."

"Thanking you very much for getting me such a nice situation, and for giving me such good advice I often think of you all, and wonder if things go on the same as when I was there. Love to all the girls, Miss Corbett and the monitors, and a double portion to yourself."

"I often think of the dear o'd house at Woodhouse, for it is very dear to me, dearer even now than when I was there."

"I hope soon to come to see you. It is the only place I have to go to."

"I now take my pen in hand to write these few lines to you, hoping you and dear Mr. Talbot are quite well, as I am, thank God, myself. I hope I shall have the pleasure of coming to see you again. You have been like a mother to me, and I always look on you as a mother."

"I always think how thankful I am for coming to Woodhouse school. Now I am married and got four little children. My husband has taken a gardener's place at a Home, like Woodhouse. It reminds me so much of years gone by. Please would you allow me to come a few hours to see you all again?"

"I hope the girls enjoyed themselves at their treat. I should have liked to have been with you all."

This allusion to a "treat" turns our attentions to some Christmas decorations still lingering about the schoolroom, and we hear what a glorious Christmas the girls spent, not so many weeks ago.

"First we went to church," they say, "and then we all had roast beef, and "flour-ball," and vegetables, and plenty of gravy; and then plum pudding! Such pudding, with lots of raisins and currants. Afterwards we went to the laundry for dessert. There, on the long table, were oranges, and chestnuts, and Spanish nuts, and almonds. Mr. Gillham, and Mrs. Talbot, and Miss Corbett, and the monitresses, and us all, did enjoy it!"

"I should think they did!" breaks in the secretary, "and Christmas Eve as well. On visiting the Home, I found them busy with a broomstick in the centre of a tub of earth, to which they were tying sprays of holly, laurel, fir, and the like, in the hopes of its eventuating an actual Christmas tree. *That* did not suit my notions, so I sallied into the garden and singled out a holly thirteen feet high, which soon came to the ground. With difficulty we got it through the passages, and upstairs to the schoolroom, where willing hands made short work of it, and it was soon hung with presents, bonbons, and crackers. I think," he adds aside, "that if people could only contrast the condition of these young girls with numbers of their sisterhood, of whom I have had the histories only this morning, some strenuous effort would be made to rescue from peril these young creatures."

We venture to ask for a few details of the morning's letters.

"One," replies the devoted secretary, "prays for admission to the Home for 'a bright, lively, motherless girl of twelve, one of seven children, whose father is a labourer, and can find no one to look after them.' A second is from a lady who brought us, some time back, a 'waif' from Albert-court, Shadwell, and who expresses herself so pleased with the Home that she hopes soon to bring another. The said 'waif's' only known relative was an aunt of such vicious character that when she left the other day for a situation, the girl entreated that her whereabouts should be concealed from her. A third is from a marchioness, seeking admission for the child of a crippled beggar, of so violent a temper that the workhouse authorities cannot manage her. I have written to say she may come, for 'temper' does not daunt us. A fourth comes from the Registrar of a 'Preventive Mission,' pleading for two girls all but deserted by their parents, one aged twelve, the other fourteen. Unless they are rescued at once, their case seems hopeless. We shall probably receive them all, but know not how to raise the money to maintain them. My niece and helper suggests a bazaar, and wonders whether

the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, whose pictures and petticoats have lately cheered us, would aid us with their handiwork."

No sooner proposed than seconded. There is no time to lose. We bid a hurried adieu to the Home and its inmates, turn our backs on the Forest and Wanstead Flats, take a train for Maryland Point, then the train for Liverpool-street, finally to our legs, till we reach the London office of the "Princess Louise Home" in New Broad-street. Here we find a young lady bending over a desk, and looking anxiously at figures. We "interview her," as the Americans say, and no sooner is "the bazaar" mentioned, than smiles replace the care on her face.

"I am sure we should master our difficulties if only THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER would help us," she says, confidently. "I have arranged it all in my head. I would have working-parties here, at the office; I would receive and register all contributions; I would get up a committee, president, everything, if we could secure 'the girls.'"

We put on our considering helmet, and look as wise as Minerva.

"We will see," we say, oracularly.

Again, no sooner said than done. We set off once more, and threading our way through streets innumerable, we reach the learned quietude of Paternoster-row. We are at the Religious Tract Society directly, and having mounted three flights of stairs, we have the audacity to "beard" that friend of girls, the Editor, in his very den. He can see a thing "straight off," and understands "our case" at once.

"Yes, you may make an appeal for contributions of work to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," he says, "provided I have permission to inspect the articles sent, and that each worker's gift is duly acknowledged."

We pour out a profusion of thanks, and hurry back to the office breathless. There sits our friend expectant, and incapable of casting up those rows of figures.

"It is all settled," we exclaim, and proceed to arrange preliminaries.

And, now, my dear young friends, we have only to appeal to you for immediate assistance. Time presses, and your sisters, who are in peril of soul and body, must be saved. The good God will bless your efforts, however insignificant they may seem, to "bring them from darkness to light." Will you, then, employ a portion of the time and talents He has entrusted you with, in this work? The bazaar is to take place about midsummer, so we have only a few months before us, but we know what a powerful lever is the female will, and are assured that if "our girls" will throw theirs into their shoulders, and put them to the wheels of this, our difficulty, they will roll it away in no time.

They know that *all sorts of contributions* are acceptable at bazaars, from penny pincushions to perfect pictures, and, to use the well-worn sentence of old-fashioned duns, "We assure them that the smallest donations will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by," Miss Grace Tidd,

Office of the Princess Louise Home,
54, New Broad-street,
London, E.C.

We shall hope, by the kind permission of the Editor, to give our readers *monthly* particulars of how we progress, and we trust to be able to report that such as may not have time to manufacture even the "penny pincushion" aforesaid, will at least send us the "penny," to expend in materials. If those who have no money will give time, and such as have no time will give money, we will somehow manage to "make both ends meet."

SYMPATHY.

MANTLING the house with a delicate screen,
Basking in sunshine the creeper is seen,
Sending aloft its emerald spray,
Tender and fair as a blossom in May.
Gorgeously bright as a tropical flower,
When o'er the homestead the wintry clouds lower,
Charming the eye with its glorious sheen,
Richer and fairer than spring's tender green.

Beautiful creeper, thy mission be mine,
Home with soft tendrils of love to entwine,
Sympathy giving in life's joyous day,
Tenderer care when its hopes fade away;
Helpful and blithe 'neath the sun-illumed skies,
Light of the house should a shadow arise—
Learning of thee in thy radiance to shower
Holiest love on the gloomiest hour.

E. W.

THE GIRL'S OWN ROOM.

By Medicus.

Spring is coming. There is not a doubt about that. We who live down in the quiet, green country are reminded of the pleasant fact in a hundred different ways. Soft western winds are whispering it to us. It is painted in the snow-white clouds, and in the tender green of opening buds. The snowdrop, the violet, the crocus, and primrose make no secret of it, while, high in air, the laverock proclaims the fact in silvery song. My old friends the humble bees have come back, and look full of business. Cock robin sings no longer on the gate nor picks the crumbs from the window-sill; the sparrows have all got new jackets; the starlings are glittering in purple and green; and the bill of that beautiful blackbird now hopping on my lawn rivals in depth of yellow the brightest crocus in border or bed. I know that the squirrels have finished the last of the careful store of nuts and mast they hid away in autumn, and yesterday I saw a dormouse creep out from a hedgerow, rub his eyes, and blink at the sun.

This is a season of hope and joy to all, to none more than to the delicate invalid who, confined to the house through all the long, gloomy winter, may now come out of doors and begin to live anew. And how very precious every breath of fresh air and every ray of sunshine will seem to him! For we never really value our health aright until we have lost it for a time. Then how we wish and pray we had not been so careless of the priceless boon while yet it was in your possession, for it is only when ill that we can understand and appreciate the truth that lies in the trite old saying, "Prevention is better than cure." We ought to do everything in our power to prevent illness and to maintain our bodies in a state of health, not only for our own sakes, but for the comfort of those around us. And here is something I wish you to remember: every illness a person has brings him or her nearer to the grave, and those who do not in the days of their youth enjoy sound and perfect health have little chance of "making old bones," as the saying is. Again, my readers may not be aware that one's everyday surroundings have a good deal to do with the state of one's health, both bodily and mental. If your surroundings are pleasant and cheerful, so will your mind be, and this state of mind never fails to brace and tone the body, just as a reverse condition acts as a depressant.

The healthiest, happiest, and lightest-hearted creatures in this world are the birds—I mean, of course, the wild birds—and this is no doubt greatly owing to their living constantly in the open air, and their being constantly in the midst of so much beauty. And witness the care they take in the construction of their little homes. Take the nest of the chaffinch, for instance: how beautifully it is built, how round, how neat, how perfect! And the very colours are matched and blended in a way that is nothing short of marvellous. The internal economy of the nest is just as complete; not a feather is out of place, not a hair of the lining awry. I daresay the male bird, dressed in his coat of many colours, as he hops homewards with a worm or a fly to his little mate, sometimes pauses on a bough to admire the architectual beauty and perfection of that cosy wee nest of his. And I feel convinced that the contemplation does him good. Now I should like my girl readers to be just as happy and healthy as the birds, but if they are to be so they must take example by the birds, and try to make their surroundings as neat and tidy and pretty as theirs. I will now, in the short space at my command, endeavour to give a few hints as to how this may be accomplished, confining myself entirely to the hygienic arrangements of a room. As a medical man I have often the honour—an honour born of necessity—of seeing the inside of a girl's own apartment, and a single glance reveals to me very much of my patient's habits of life and character, and these in their turn assist me greatly in laying down a plan of treatment. But what, it may be asked, has a doctor to do with the composition or arrangement of one's window blinds or window curtains, or with the shape or framework of one's looking-glass, or with the appearance or material of the carpet? Very much indeed, as I am prepared to show you. And not only with these, but with nearly every article that finds, or ought to find, a place in your apartment.

First and foremost, then, let me tell you that there are many things less inimical to human life than is dust. It is dirt in a dry state, it collects and harbours matters that cannot be breathed with impunity, nay, even the very germs of disease itself are produced by it.

Many a young girl sows the seeds of future illnesses, which eventually prove fatal, by sleeping for a time in a dusty room. Hence, I say, if you value your precious health and the purity and beauty of your complexion, shrink from dust as you would from a deadly foe. Don't harbour it; don't let it lie about anywhere; it finds its way readily in without encouragement, so take especial care not to bring it in, either on your dress or on your boots; give it as few places to rest in as possible; and, lastly, see that it is removed every day. It must be most carefully *swept*, not *brushed*, from the carpet, probably after a sprinkling of moist tea leaves, and it must be *mopped* with a duster from the furniture. In this latter sentence you see I am careful to choose my words. I might have said "switched" instead of "mopped," but if it be merely switched off, it only flies about for a time, gathers new impurities, and then comfortably re-settles. And, bear this in mind, for it is important: the furniture should not be dusted for fully half an hour after the carpet has been swept, for, however well the latter may have been done, some dust must have arisen, and this must have time to fall.

I leave others to speak of the unthriftiness of dust, and the injury it produces to one's dresses.

After the enemy has been removed from the furniture with a moist or damp duster, it ought to be rubbed over with a dry and clean one, and, if possible, made to shine. The last thing to be rubbed up is the mirror or mirrors, and the more radiant these are kept the better. The mirror in a girl's own room should be of the best quality, even though small, but those who cannot afford an expensive glass may, at all events, always have a bright one. Why, it is not too much to say that one glance into a mirror may be the turning-point in a girl's life, and may influence her future earthly existence for happiness or the reverse. Only *one* glance, mind you, for that may have been taken just before she was going off to—say—a delightful garden-party. If her reflection were fresh and clear, and therefore beautiful, so would her mind be the whole evening, and I need not tell you what that might lead to. But, oh dear, if the glass were smudgy, then——!

A thick carpet in your room may feel comfortable, but it is not really a healthy one; matting itself is cleaner and more airy-looking, to say nothing of its cheapness. The window-hangings should not be of thick material, which would harbour dust, and in summer, at all events, they ought to be as light and cheerful-looking as possible. Curtains of the bed and bed-quilts to match, if you please. The bedstead itself should be graceful in shape, and either French as to curtaining or half-tester. A bed without hangings has a kind of hospital look about it, while those terrible four-post tents, closely curtained all about, are not fit for a young girl's room; they seem only made for old, old men to die in.

If you want to be healthy do not have a too soft bed. Feathers for old folks; for the young, a mattress. And, remember, you will have a better night's rest if the bed-clothes are light and warm than if they are heavy. Heavy blankets are as bad as heavy suppers; both conduce to restless nights, nightmare, and a heavy head in the morning.

The window-blinds in a girl's room should not be constructed for excluding the light—the more of that she has the better—but merely for obtaining privacy. Probably the best for either winter or summer are venetian. What I have said about light applies as well to fresh air. Do not be afraid of admitting it into your room by day, neither by night, unless damp, chill fogs are about. I am sorry to say that thousands of kind and affectionate mothers spoil the health of their young daughters, and that, too, irretrievably, by keeping them so much in stuffy, non-ventilated rooms.

The furniture in the room should be as light as possible—well shaped, and all in keeping. A wardrobe, if you must have one, is nice to be able to see how you look all standing by glancing over your fair shoulder at a lengthy mirror; and, again, it obviates the unsightly necessity of hanging dresses about the room. Besides, every dress takes up a portion of space which would be far better filled with fresh air. On the whole, the articles of furniture should rather be few than over-numerous, bearing in mind that every cubic foot of air is of the greatest importance.

The ornaments on the mantelpiece should be few, but they may be tasteful. In winter a cheerful fire should burn in the grate; it ventilates as well as warms the room. And as soon in early summer as it is determined to dispense with the use of fires, the chimney should be clean swept, else the unwholesome smell of damp soot will often cause great annoyance. Some people try to obviate this by closely stuffing the chimney; they thus do away with a ventilator. Those girls who dwell in towns will ornament their grates in summer with some kind of fire-screens; dwellers in the country have the advantage, they have green boughs and flowers.

The walls of a girl's room should be graced by pictures. They ought not to look clumsy. They need not be expensive—water-colours, engravings, and photographs, the latter framed, probably, simply with straw-work and ribbon; or even birthday-cards, if prettily done, help to throw a bit of light and beauty on bare walls. Scripture texts also look well, but much depends on the taste of the occupier. Again, what can be prettier than those little wall-brackets of fretwork, with tiny ornaments or flower-vases placed thereon.

Growing flowers look pretty, but they are not always wholesome. Those that are healthy to have in a room possess either no scent at all or a pleasant one; but cut flowers are charming.

In this short paper I have aimed at depicting, or trying to depict, what a healthy room should be. Depend upon this, that a bright and cheerful room helps at least to make a bright and cheerful inmate, and that cheerfulness and health are inseparable companions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A YOUNG TEACHER.—We could not give the private address. The offices of the committee of the Council of Education are at the Council Office, Whitehall.

MARY E. P. (North Finchley). — We have already recommended your periodical and consider it most valuable.

FLORRIE.—Consult your head mistress, or the inspector of your school.

CURIOSITY.—Read "How to Improve One's Education," page 637, vol. ii. We do not give addresses.

MAY M. K.—The secretary for the Cambridge Senior Local Examination is the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College. It would be advisable for you to join the "Correspondence Classes." The address of the Hon. Secretary is, Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge. The *Cambridge Examiner* would be also useful. Order of the publisher, Claybrooke, Lutterworth, price 7d. monthly.

H. S. wishes to know "whether scholarships be offered at the girls' colleges, at Oxford and Cambridge, to girls who do not go to any college at Oxford or Cambridge, and if not, she asks where information respecting them could be obtained?" What does she mean? She says she has "asked the question of several people and has not been answered." We do not wonder. If it be a riddle, we quite "give it up."

CARDAMENE.—At your age we should advise you to go to a school, as you will obtain much better training in every way.

ENERGY and C. E. HAYES.—For a "correspondence class" you had better apply to Miss Roberts, Florence-villa, Torquay, enclosing a stamped envelope; and for all information with reference to the College of Preceptors, write to the secretary, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

CHRIEMHILD LANFRANC.—You may apply to three children's hospitals in London. The Children's Hospital, Shadwell, E., addressing the secretary; the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C., which trains, boards, and lodges lady pupils and nurses; and the North Eastern Hospital, where ladies are trained. There is one at Nottingham, and another at Rhyl, North Wales — address Miss Morse.

MARY SPENCER.—We recommend you to study the work entitled "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), on the difficult subject of the formation of English plurals.

A RENFREWSHIRE LASS. — Students at Newnham College must be over seventeen years of age. The fee for board and lodging is from 45 to 60 guineas, and for instruction from 6 to 15 guineas. For all further particulars write to Miss A. J. Clough, Principal.

ROSA DALE.—1. The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, London, trains, boards, and lodges lady pupils, at from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age, at one guinea a week, and nurses, at from seventeen to thirty-five years old, at 7s. 6d. a week, but for not less than six months. At the London North-Eastern Hospital ladies are received for training at one guinea a week. 2. At the London University, by the new supplemental charter of 1878, women are admitted to all degrees, without exception, in arts, science, law, medicine, and music. The choice is free to the student. The age for matriculation examinations—held in January and June—is sixteen years complete, not earlier, and the time when the degree examinations may be taken is regulated by the time ordered to elapse between them. Address the Registrar, University College, Gower-street, London, W.C. The cost of board and lodging "in England" varies according to the locality and the style of accommodation desired. Your letter was most gratifying, and you have our warm thanks and cordial good wishes.

TAN.—The University of Oxford holds three examinations for women over eighteen years of age—(1) Preliminary, fee £2; (2) Pass; (3) Honours, fee £2 10s. Address the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxford. Your writing is too large, and not sufficiently regular.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A CONSTANT R.—Use the walnut or oak stain, to be purchased at any oil shop. Polish with turpentine and beeswax. The stain must be diluted.

E. O. S.—Wash with soap and water; dry with a soft towel.

H. M. L.—Try some sheets of blotting-paper and a hot iron; if the dust has got into the greasy spot, wash it with hot water and some soap.

ELLEN.—To wash eis wool shawls, see page 431, vol. ii.

LAURIE STUART.—1. To wash work, either crewel or other wool, see pages 96 and 431, vol. ii. 2. Consult a doctor.

LALCHETTE.—Wash over with spirits of wine or naphtha, wetting the floor and allowing it to remain on till the paint be softened. A little turpentine will take out the oil; if not, apply Fuller's earth, mixed with a little water, worked into a paste, and allowed to dry.

BLUEBOTTLE.—Get a few yards of one of the papers used in bath-rooms of a colour to match your room; take the old paper off and put this on, varnishing afterward. Many thanks for your recipe.

W. A. (Isleworth).—Many thanks for your kind assistance.

MAY.—To purify vinegar, boil in a well-tinned vessel and strain. What you call "animalcules in vinegar," we think, must be "mother"—viz., a thick, slimy substance concreted in liquors, particularly in vinegar. When exposed to the air vinegar becomes bad, and loses its acidity.

MUSIC.

FLYING DUTCHMAN.—Read "How to Play the Guitar," page 350, vol. ii.

SWEET BIRDIE.—We see "nothing wrong" in your playing the piano under any such circumstances. A great sorrow does not need any aggravation, and certainly should not be made into a penance.

MAY.—"Songs Without Music," page 68, vol. ii. We did not give the song itself.

ANXIOUS.—Apply for information on the subject of the Harrow School of Music, &c., to the hon. sec., Mr. Clement Templeton, Mount Vernon, Hampstead, N.W.

MAPLE LEAF.—The shape of the piano should depend on the size of the room in which it is to be placed, and on the money you have to spend. The uprights are best for ordinary use, as they take up so little room, and they are quite equal in quality to any others. Many thanks for your pretty leaves.

UGLY DUCKLING.—In "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii., you will find several excellent books recommended for teaching music. A recipe for cleaning pearls will be found on page 239, vol. ii.

HYACINTH.—The name of the publisher of the hymn book will probably be found on the title-page; and he will be able to inform you if the accompanying tunes to it have ever been printed. Velveteen would be too thick for summer wear.

ART.

LION SHILLING.—A solution of gum arabic is sometimes used to give a glaze to the darker portions of the picture.

HAPPY.—The water-colour drawings do not require varnishing.

MOLLY M.—See "China Painting," pages 74 and 348, vol. i. Also "Tile Painting," pages 728 and 793, vol. ii. From sixpence to a shilling each.

CASTOR and POLLUX.—Read "Terra-Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. Send the cashmere to be re-dyed. You spell very badly indeed.

DUTHIE.—See the designs for "Tapestry Painting," page 518, vol. i. They will give you an idea.

AN AMATEUR ARTIST.—Paintings should be varnished, but not directly, as some months should elapse. Use fine copal.

AMY ROBSART.—Many thanks for the little card. Why have you painted a green line round the edge of the pink rose? Wash your face well with soap and water, and rub with a towel.

M. B. V.—The satin should be on the straight for painting upon. Use the ordinary oil colours and Roberson's medium.

A CARICATURIST.—1. Lay the colours on clearly and decisively, so that there may be no mistake about outlines. 2. The figure would be printed on the opposite side to that on which you drew it.

WORK.

M. S. C.—We think you have addressed your letter to us by mistake. We do not give paper patterns.

IGNORANT LOUIE.—Net the curtains in plain netting, and then darn a pattern on them. This would be the most effective plan. See the article on "Embroidery on Net," page 26, vol. ii.

DAISY.—The old crape can be done-up quite as good as new, if in good order. See page 407, vol. ii., for a recipe to clean black ribbon, which will answer your purpose.

ONE OF THE MIDGES.—The shawl would be very pretty if worked in *point de neige*. See page 160, vol. ii. For your hair, see page 144, vol. ii.

MIDSHIPMITE.—An allowance of £25 per annum should be amply sufficient if you make your own dresses. Peacock or amethyst blue cashmere trimmed with satin or watered silk would make a pretty spring dress. Accept many thanks for the card and good wishes.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE GIRL.—The patterns you require will be found at page 26, vol. ii. To clean the handles of knives, rub the ivory with a little whiting previously wet with water, and rubbed on with flannel.

OUTIS.—Cut the letters out of white bunting, and *appliqué* them on the red bunting with buttonhole stitch, or else merely hemmed down very flatly. They could also be worked in coarse long stitch.

ROUND SHOULDERS.—When the shoulders are drawn back by means of straps or back-boards, girls addicted to stooping usually throw the chin still more forward; and thus, in giving the enclosed directions for shoulder-straps, we recommend the use of a face-board for an hour during each day, to cure so bad and injurious a habit. The straps can be made at home as follows. Take three yards of strong wide webbing, divide it in half; unite the two ends of each length of webbing respectively, forming two circular straps of 1½ yards in circumference. Insert an arm into each, cross them at the back, passing the end of one loop through the other. Then draw them tightly, and the shoulders backwards also, by their means, and bring round the ends of the two loops to the front of the waist, there securing them with a button or strings. When these straps are properly adjusted to the wearer's figure, they may be stitched together at the back, to facilitate the putting of them on in future. They are said to be very comfortable, and to give much support to a weak back.

SNOWDROP.—You send us a specimen of buckram, not of canvas; upon which it would be impossible to embroider. Blue and brown would blend well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSOLATION.—We fear that you would find some difficulty in getting pupils. Apply for advice to the Secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W. We think you might do better as a Kindergarten teacher, and we sympathise much with you in your troubles.

R. E. K. C. T. D.—We are much obliged by your offer, but the "poetry" is not quite up to our standard.

INQUIRER.—Your quotation is from Thomson's "Seasons," under the head "Summer."

BECKSY BOADICIA.—Mud, especially that of cities, is a compound of vegetable remains, and of iron in a state of black oxide. Wash the spattered articles with pure water, and afterwards with soap; then take out the iron stains with cream of tartar, applied wet, and wash it well out.

FLUFFY.—The quotation is from Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," on "Talking."

INQUISITIVE.—R. S. V. P. means *Repondez s'il vous plait* — "Answer, if you please." The figures of which you send drawings are: (1) "The Star of Bethlehem," (2) "The Maltese Cross," (3) "Kingly Crown," (8) "The *Fleur-de-lis*." The others are Masonic signs. A detailed explanation of such symbolic designs would take up more space than we have to spare to supply, as they are of immense antiquity.

EMILY.—Balmoral is situated in the county of Aberdeen.

MINNIE.—Read "The Eyes and the Eyesight," page 805, vol. ii. Perhaps your general health is weak.

RUSTICUS. — Harrogate, in Yorkshire, would be the nearest mineral spring to your residence. We know of no cure but God's grace, which is "sufficient" to cure worse ills, if sought with prayer.

TROUBLESOME.—Wash the gloves with tepid water, and dry slowly.

POLLY, THE WOULD-BE EMIGRANT. — The British Female Emigration Society, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square (secretary, Miss Tipple), is formed especially for befriending female emigrants to the colonies, and providing them with supervision during the voyage.

POOH POOH.—Take the locket to a reliable jeweller, and relate your misfortune. We think you cannot mend the matter otherwise.

PATIENCE.—The yolk of an egg is considered an excellent thing with which to wash the head. Rub it on the roots of the hair, and wash out with soap and water. Your writing is very good.

CINDERELLA.—Endeavour to read aloud before one auditor, to begin with. Much of your hesitancy appears to arise from nervousness, and reading aloud is the best cure. Also, speaking very slowly and thoughtfully, and endeavouring to complete each separate word.

THE LITTLE ONE.—Thinness may be constitutional, and strong people are sometimes afflicted with a poor meagre appearance, which defies all fattening treatment. But it may be induced by more than one complaint, and it would be necessary to see you, and make many inquiries, before ascertaining the cause. To prescribe without any acquaintance with your individual case would be to act worse than any quack, who, at least, sees his dupe. Consumptive people have been cured by a milk, cream, and butter cure, but any possible complications with reference to the liver should be investigated by a regular practitioner.

DAMSEL.—It gives us much pleasure to hear that one of our readers holding the situation of general servant should have kept it for upwards of five years, and to see that she writes kindly and gratefully of her mistress. It speaks well for both, and although Damsel makes some mistakes in her letter, it is a very creditable one to her, as she appears to be chiefly self-taught.

MYRTLE CHARLTON.—1. Straw or cardboard letters would, either of them, be sufficiently permanent for a scroll. 2. The 11th August, 1861, was a Sunday.

IN A FIX.—The day would make no difference. The forms are sold by authority.

JULIE HALL.—The hon. sec. of the Woman's Emigration Society is Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W.

ERNESTINE LENORE.—1. The place where they are kept must be moderately warm. 2. The loss on the horse appears to be £5 3s. on the first sale, and £2 on the second purchase.

CLARE.—The right pronunciation is "Coo-per." The rhyme is of ancient origin, but no author for it has been found.

BUTTERCUP. — For the authorship of the National Anthem see page 624, vol. ii.

SEA-GULL.—Take the muff to a furrier, and inquire of him. It is probably quite spoilt.

POLLIE.—If the colour be gone, there is nothing to be done with it except to send it to a dyer's.

FRISKY.—Bow, of course, if you have been introduced and have shaken hands several times. Your spelling is very bad; "greatful" is a grave mistake in a letter.

MOSS ROSE.—Fumigate with tobacco-smoke, or use a solution of tobacco for washing the leaves.

OLD TIME.—If your *protégée* be so well advanced in her education, you might train her to be a lady's-maid, or nurse, under an older servant.

EILEEN ALANNA.—We regret to decline your offer, as well as to make use of the recipe, which we do not consider good. There are no instructions how to mix, and there are too many eggs and no sugar. You say, "I would feel so grateful if you would tell me what would improve my writing. I have too much to do at present to practise writing." If you cannot practise writing, what did you expect us to recommend that would improve it—a tonic, fresh air, or cod liver oil?

MADAME RECAMIER.—The sentence is idiomatic, and cannot be literally translated. It would be best written in this manner: "He told my mother that he systematically endeavoured, in attaining his ends, to do the least possible evil."

A CONSTANT READER AT PLAISTOW.—The application for aid or information on the subject of the Soho Hospital for Diseases of the Heart is to be made to the secretary at the hospital. Patients are seen every day (except on Saturdays and Sundays) at 2 p.m., and on Mondays and Wednesdays at 7 p.m.

MAUD SCOTT.—The maelstrom is occasioned by the meeting of strong tidal streams round the Islands of Logodon and Maskoe. It is a mile and a half in diameter, but is only dangerous to vessels at certain seasons, when it is in full play, and may be heard roaring at many leagues distance.

DINAH EVANS.—The only way to obtain home-work is to exert yourself, as you have already done, to find it. Some friend who is a lawyer could help you, but we cannot.

JESSIE CLOSE.—Call on the day named on the cards, or after seeing the bride in church, if no day be named.

THRIFT.—Bake in a cool oven. Until quite dry and sweet.

EMMIE.—We could not name the coin from your description of it, and we think you are mistaken in calling it "a dollar." White would be as warm as red.

CHERINGTON.—The wood must be first well smoothed with fine glass-paper, then covered with a thin coating of size, made from transparent glue. When this is dry, varnish with a fine camel's-hair brush, and after each coat of varnish rub with glass-paper over the whole surface, to make it smooth. To French polish fretwork rub smooth, as before prescribed; then pour some polish into a saucer, and some linseed oil into another; then roll some pieces of woollen rag into a ball, and cover them with a piece of linen, drawn tightly over the article. Saturate the inside woollen rags with polish, and the whole must then be taken into the hands, so as to present an even surface to the wood. Polish with free circular strokes, covering the whole surface, applying every now and then a drop of polish and a drop of oil to the surface of the rubber. When the grain of the wood disappears, allow the work to stand until it becomes quite hard, when you must rub the whole with glass-paper as in varnishing. Repeat this process until the surface be quite smooth. The French polish is made as follows:—1 pint of spirits of wine, ¼ oz. of gum copal, ¼ oz. of gum arabic, and 1 oz. of shellac. Bruise the gums, and sift them through muslin. Then put the spirits with them into a bottle, which must be placed near a stove or fire, and frequently shaken, for three days. Strain through muslin and keep closely corked.

A TROUBLESOME GIRL.—We suppose your parents would not have allowed you to go if there had been any impropriety in your doing so. Do not eat too late at night.

EMILY.—The stamps are of no use so far as we know, excepting for covering boxes and making stamp snakes. Use chalk and orris-root powder.

OLD KENSINGTON.—State the difficulty to the clergyman himself, and he will decide on the wisdom of the course you suggest.

AN AFFLICTED ONE.—Bathe your eyes well with cold water the first thing in the morning, and avoid using them at night for working or reading.

LUCKLESS ONE.—Perhaps elastic knee-caps and stockings would help to strengthen your knees. They should be well rubbed with some simple liniment, and your feet as well. We sympathise much with you in your troubles.

A MOTHER.—Write a note, and explain why you did not return the visit, and call immediately on your return to the neighbourhood. If the lady left her husband's card when she called, your son may call. There would be no impropriety in his accompanying you when you go yourself, but not till then.

SHAMROCK.—Thomas Cusack was the first Mayor of Dublin, A.D. 1409. The Mayor of London was first styled "Lord Mayor" in 1665.

MUSICUS.—The hood was probably one belonging to some colonial or American College. We know of none like it in England.

ACACIA.—Press the flowers between sheets of blotting-paper, and change often, pressing the moisture out slowly. Work the outlines in shades of one colour—such as blue or brown.

EDINENSIS.—Lavater's "Fragment" on the subject of physiognomy appeared in the year 1776.

E. J. A.—We cannot say what the context is, but Agramant was a famous king of the Moors, and is mentioned in Ariosto's poem, "Orlando Furioso."

LADY CAROLINE. — Christopher Columbus visited the English and other Courts in the hope of obtaining assistance in his projected voyage to the New World. The height of Tinto Hill, in Lanarkshire, is 2,316 ft. It is called the "Hill of the Fire." Many thanks for your kind note.

ERNA.—The quotation you make—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!"

is to be found in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," canto iv. st. 179. The poem entitled "The Death of Moses" is published anonymously.

NELL.—"May I trouble you for a little more?" would be the best phrase. Put the cheese on the bread.

TATTY.—A young girl is usually thought to have entered upon "young ladyhood" when she leaves the schoolroom and begins to go out. We advise your dismissing your boy's name as being ugly and familiar.

BLANCHE.—1. All the plants you name have little flower-pouches which contain water. We should advise you to visit a botanical garden. 2. You are not too young if you know enough of music to justify you in undertaking them.

LOLA.—The oak and mahogany staining-fluids can be purchased at any oil shop. Dilute, if required, with water, and apply with a brush.

LADY JANE.—The enamel is advertised in the daily papers. Please consult them.

R. LAVA.—Women have no parliamentary votes, either in town or country.

TWO GIPSY LASSES.—You must, of course, obey, and be guided by your parents. "Let them first learn to show piety at home;" and if you read the end of the text you quote, you will find that you are to obey in "all things," being "subject" to them, following the example of your Master and Saviour. Phil. iv. 11 and Col. iii. 23 and 24 are texts you should meditate over, as in them lies the true solution to your difficulties.

FRANCESCA.—It is useless to endeavour to pry into questions on which the Bible is silent. If they had been "for our learning," we should have had the fullest explanation. There is no "E."

A COUNTRY GIRL.—Send to the hospital by Parcels Delivery, writing at the same time to the secretary, to say that they are coming. November 22nd, 1867, was a Friday.

DAPHNE.—We have read your letter over carefully, and think that you will find the "Bible Learners' Union" a great assistance to you if you joined it, striving to keep the text you learn in mind "all the day long." The address of the secretary is, Miss Brine, Streamlet House, Bromley, Kent, and the sum of sixpence, in halfpenny postage stamps, is required in order to become a member. The price of a small Old Testament Commentary is 2s. 6d., of the New Testament 1s. 4d., at the office of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

VIOLETTA.—It seems to us that our readers take very little pains to find our answers to inquirers on the same subjects as their own. The "sin against the Holy Ghost" has many times formed one of these; and we have pointed out the fact that the Holy Scriptures themselves supply the explanation required. Read the story in the different sacred accounts, and observe that the miraculous powers of Christ were ascribed by certain unbelieving Jews to satanic influence or "devil-possession." See St. Matthew xii. 24 to 32 inclusive, St. Mark iii. 22 to 30 inclusive, taking note of the 30th verse, and the explanatory word "because." See also St. Luke xi. 15 to 20 inclusive. No further explanation is necessary; and we cannot occupy further space with answers to this question.

F. A. N.—We thank you for your kindness in sending us the recipe. Both handwritings are good, but that adopted for the recipe is better.

A WOULD-BE LEARNER. — To embroider lace with beads no pattern is required, as you must follow the design on the lace; use fine black cotton and a fine needle, on which to thread the beads one or two at a time. To work beads on net, tack the design (outlined very clearly) under the net, and follow it out as exactly as possible.

A. M.—Cræsus was the King of Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, who was considered the richest of mankind. Hence the expression, "as rich as Cræsus."

M. C. L.—Ink-stains, when recent, may be taken out by washing, first with pure water, next with soapy water, and lastly with lemon-juice; but if old, they must be treated with oxalic acid. Wash your black cotton stockings in cold water, rinse in cold water well blued, and wring very dry. Do not iron.

SILVER BRACELET. — Apply the wash for freckles, prescribed by "Medicus," with a small soft sponge, and allow it to dry.

ROMOLA.—Read Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics."

M. M. M.—Apply to the Secretary of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street.

BRENDA.—The correct way of spelling the word is, "prithee."

YOUNG CANADA.—To extract the rust from your steel skates, use the following recipe. Immerse the article to be cleaned for a few minutes, until all rust and dust are taken off, in a strong solution of cyanide of potassium, say about half an ounce in a wineglassful of water; take out and clean it with a toothbrush, with some paste composed of cyanide of potassium, Castile soap, whiting and water; these last are mixed in a paste of about the consistence of thick cream. Your writing is not good.

E. E. A.—The National Dental Hospital is established for the gratuitous relief of the poor suffering from diseases of the teeth and deformities of the mouth.

PHILIP THE FIRST.—We do not give addresses.

AN ESSEX SNOWDROP.—The translation of "*Res non verba*" is, "Deeds, not words." It is the motto of several families in England.

ANXIOUS ONE. — Procure a recently published pronouncing dictionary; they are to be had at all prices.

SUSIE WAKEFIELD.—On all legal subjects it is safest to consult a lawyer.

NANCY LEE. — De la Motte Fouqué's works were originally written in German, but are translated into English. You can get an English translation of "Undine" at any bookseller's.

EDITH. — Consult the advertisements in the daily newspapers.

NINGPO.—Inquire for what you want at the British and Foreign Bible Society's office, in Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

ISABELLA.—We regret that your verses are not suitable to our paper; try to improve yourself in spelling and in writing; and never mind poetry at present.

G. T. R——H.—We regret that we cannot assist you to dispose of your fancy-work. The verses lack originality, but show much good feeling and affection. "You" and "thee" cannot be used in the same verse.

SOLDIER BOY and WINDY NOOK. — "Sintram" is the title of a story by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

JOAN.—Your letter is one of those for which we thank God daily. May you be strengthened in the effort to overcome your faults! We are sorry for your disappointment in being unable to procure "Christmas Roses." We, however, are not to blame, as we advised our girls to order their copies in advance.

MARION.—Many thanks for your kind letter, and the recipe enclosed in it.

ONE OF A LARGE FAMILY.—For addresses of societies connected with emigration, see page 287, vol. iii. Assistance can be obtained towards paying the passage-money from some of them, we believe.

MIGNON.—The value of the coin of Pio Nono may be a few pence, or *bajocchi*. The Queen Anne farthing you do not describe with sufficient care, and about the date (1720) you must be wrong, for Queen Anne died in 1714. One copper farthing was struck in her reign.

VIXEN.—Rev. xiii. 18. Many have been the attempts to solve the enigma of this verse, amongst others is the name you mention, "Lateinos," which is an explanation of very early date. "Nero Cæsar" is considered to be the name intended by a recent high authority. Consult the Bible Cyclopedia, by Dr. Eadie, under the heading "Number," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

MOUSIE.—It would be better to consult a doctor, if you have received such an injury as you describe. Bathe your eyes with warm water.

ANNAS BOSCHAS, APRILE, J. D., and CITY OF BERLIN.—In case of agricultural labourers, &c., apply to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution, Secretary, 26, Charles-street, St. James's, S.W. For domestic servants' pensions, apply to the General Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W.

EIGGAW.—The proper meaning of the word "*clôture*" is "closure." It signifies certain rules which will prevent needless discussion in Parliament. What these rules will be in England we cannot say.

EMILIE.—Baron Stockmar is dead. You will find an account of him in the "Life of the Prince Consort," by Sir Theodore Martin.

REYNARD will find benzoline or benzine colas the only thing to take out the oil-stain now we think. It may be purchased at any chemist's.

BITTER ALOES.—We cannot give any such promise as you require of us.

AVERGNE.—There would be no harm in your asking such advice of the clergyman of your parish.

NOVICE.—We could not give any recommendation as to benefit clubs in London, nor of any elsewhere.

DATA.—The date of the Ash Wednesday in 1870 was March 2nd.

AN OLDISH SCHOOLGIRL.—You are both too young to undertake housekeeping alone, and it would be wiser and more prudent to find some respectable family with whom you could make your home for a time.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS.—The boy appears, from your account to be lazy and obstinate, and we think he would be best managed by endeavouring to appeal to his moral and religious feelings. If you could find some kind but firm master, and apprentice him to a trade, he might find a new interest, and improve in every way. We think him too old for a school.

O. M. P.—The name and address are not necessary The gentlemen must wait to be told so to do before they take any lady down to supper, if there be only two or three gentlemen in a large party.

F. BRITTIAN.—Go to a dentist and make an arrangement with him. There are plenty of good dentists who would work far more cheaply than the price you mention, and no one else can help you. If your teeth require filling, it would be better to go without a new dress or bonnet, than neglect anything so important to your health and well being.

"FAIR HELENA OF WALDECK."

See *A Bridal Song*, page 404.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 114. MARCH 4, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MY PRETTY CHARGE.

By ALICE KING.

"ONE OF MY STRAIGHTFORWARD LOOKS."

CHAPTER I.

HE was a dry-looking, little, elderly man, with something in his face and movements which brought to mind a parched pea, and yet there was a gleam now and then in his eyes, a smile now and then twinkling round his lips, that woke a liking for him, and roused up trustful feelings. And yet the proposal he was making was one that might have raised the suspicions of the most confiding woman that ever threaded a needle. It was neither more nor less than this, putting it shortly, that I should take charge of and educate a girl about whom there was some mystery, into the secret

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folds of which I was not to be permitted to penetrate.

At the time of which I am speaking—it is some years ago now—I had lost my father, at whose side I had floated on a calm lake of sunshine for the first thirty years of my life. My father had been a good man, a man whose conversation was in Heaven while he trod the earth and did his duty bravely here. God called him above rather suddenly, and yet with the soft voice of a Heavenly Master's love. I was left in sadness, and yet I was left in much thankfulness too, for I knew he was gone to brightness and to joy, and he had left me a precious heritage behind of Christian faith, and a strong cheery will to work steadfastly for God and man.

I had need of such treasure, for after my father's death my worldly portion was small. He had lived entirely on a pension for the last years of his life. In earlier days he had been in some Government office. The income had been enough to enable him and me, his only child, to spend our days quietly and in comfort, but it had not been sufficient to allow of his laying by anything for me. I had, indeed, a small sum in hand when our furniture was sold and everything was settled, but it was indispensably necessary for me to find for myself some way of gaining a living; the little money I had would soon be spent.

My father had been a highly educated man, and it had been one of his greatest pleasures and—after he gave up his place in the Government office—one of his chief employments to enlarge my mind and supply it with all kinds of knowledge. This stood me in good stead now, for it made me able to take easily and readily a situation as a governess. I went to London—my father and I had always lived in a little country town—established myself in a cheap, quiet lodging, and through some kind old friends of my father, who offered to do all they could to help me, soon got into a good connection as a teacher of music, and of French and German, in both of which languages my father had made me a proficient. I quickly grew to like my work, and to gain much sweet high influence over the young people whom I taught, not only in the way of breathing correct musical taste into their young ears, and instilling German grammar into their young brains, but in leading them to a higher harmony, a higher knowledge, even the harmony and the knowledge which belong to better things than this world can teach or give.

It was one morning, when I had been following for about a year or more the course of quiet, active work of which I have just been speaking among my many pupils, that the old gentleman of whom I have made mention above called on me. His visit was a very unexpected one. I had never heard even his name when he announced himself to me as Mr. Bridlington. He told me, however, that he had heard of me from a lady whose daughters were two of my pupils, and this made me more at my ease with him. Besides, as I have before said, there was something in his face which, plain and shrivelled though it was, excited a feeling of trust and friendliness. He began very soon to open the subject on which he had come to me. He wanted me to take the entire charge of a girl of twelve, who was, he said, the daughter of a great friend of his who had died in India, leaving his widow in such delicate health that she was unable at present to come back to England to take her natural mother's place at her child's side.

All was, so far, commonplace and simple enough in the old gentleman's proposal; but now came the strange part of what he had to say. There were, he said, certain circumstances connected with the child—circumstances the nature of which, however, he thought it best, for many reasons, not to reveal to me—which made it necessary that she should, for a certain period of time, lead an exceedingly retired, secluded life; and in order that this might be carried out more effectually, she was to go with a governess abroad and inhabit an old *château* in Normandy, belonging to her family. Here the person who had the charge of her must keep a constant watch over her, hardly ever letting her out of her sight, for a certain danger—yet a danger which, for the present, must be nameless—threatened the child, who, however, herself was not to have the faintest hint given her that this was the case.

Such was the position which Mr. Bridlington offered me, and, as well may be imagined, with the path of life that lay open before me in London, I was slow to accept it, though a very large salary was to be guaranteed me—a salary which would far exceed my present yearly earnings.

"I should like, before I come to any decision, to see the little girl," I said, not liking to refuse the old gentleman at once, his heart seemed so bent on my taking the situation, and wishing to put him off in a quiet, civil way.

"That you can easily do," he answered, with alacrity. "I will bring her to you this afternoon. She will win your heart, I know."

Not to seem morose and inaccessible to the kindly old gentleman, who, all the time he was talking to me, had been fidgetting about the room, taking up and putting down every small article in it, as though he expected to find some word he wanted to use hidden under a letter-weight or a jar, I named an hour in the evening when I should be free from my other engagements.

"And if we come then, you'll be quite sure to be in—quite sure—quite sure!" said the fussy old gentleman, with a little leap across the hearthrug. "Excuse me for saying so, Miss Allanby, but ladies are generally a little unpunctual—a little unpunctual—though the sex is adorned otherwise with so many charms."

"Oh, yes, I shall be here," I answered, smiling.

"And, when you see the dear child, you won't betray by any outward sign, will you, that you have been told anything particular about her? Ladies, with all their graces, are sometimes so excitable, so emotional!"

"I will be prudence itself," I replied.

"And," went on the old gentleman again, making a pirouette for the third time on his way to the door, and facing me once more, "and if you take the situation—as I most heartily hope you will, for there's something in your eyes that makes me sure you will fill it well—you will be discreet, won't you, and not mention even as much as I have confided to you? Ladies are, now and then, with their delightful readiness in conversation, just a trifle indiscreet. And you won't be too anxious or fussy in your position either, and worry yourself needlessly. The most intellectual ladies are, occasionally, given to being anxious and fussy."

I bowed in meek assent; though, I must say, the thought did cross me that other people in the world might possibly be fussy besides intellectual ladies.

"But I must say good morning now," concluded he, standing at last in the open doorway, and making one more jerk round to favour me with a little shower of bows. "I have an appointment at ten, and I am always the very soul of punctuality."

Then, with a final skip, he vanished, leaving me not exactly mourning his departure, for, as it was, I should be at least a quarter of an hour late for my first music lesson that day.

The hours flitted by quickly while I was engaged in active employment: there is nothing like being busy for making the time fly. When evening came, I had almost forgotten all about the old gentleman and his singular proposal: I had been, as was my wont, so entirely absorbed in my work and in those connected with it. But when I had finished my tea, and was sitting resting and thinking in the April twilight, with the breeze stealing in through the half-open window and bringing me sweet messages from the park, near which my lodgings were situated, Mr. Bridlington and the child of whom he had asked me to take charge came again into my mind. What could be the mystery which surrounded the girl? Would she be plain or pretty, stupid or clever? Would the old gentleman really bring her to see me? Such were the questions which went gliding about in my head.

Yes, there at length was a knock at the house door, and a sound of feet upon the stairs. It was a full half hour, it is true, after the time which Mr. Bridlington had fixed for his visit, but of course, with a gentleman of his punctual habits, it was his watch which must have made the mistake, and not himself. He came into the room with a few extra bows and hops, to do me special honour I suppose; but very soon after he had entered, he might have turned into a painted jack-in-the-box, and I should not have noticed it, my attention was so entirely taken captive and chained by his companion.

Alba Rothsleigh—the girl's name was in reality Alberta, after her father, whose name was Albert, she afterwards told me; but all who loved her always called her Alba—Alba Rothsleigh was more like a ray of moonlight, that comes gliding into our rooms, bringing with it a sweet, restful feeling that all have experienced, than any living creature I ever saw. She was pale, and her white frock made the likeness to a moonbeam yet more striking. I don't know how it was, but Alba was sitting by me holding my hand, five minutes after I first made her acquaintance, and she was saying to me in a softly modulated voice, which exactly suited her appearance—

"Oh! please do come and live with me while mother is away. I do so want someone to love, and I am sure I could love you."

After that I had much more talk with Alba, while Mr. Bridlington performed a sort of dance for his own special amusement among the tables and chairs; and the result of the matter was, that I turned to that gentleman, and drawing him into a window at the further end of the room, and speaking in a low tone so that the girl could not hear us, said, while I fixed on him what my father used to call one of my straightforward looks, that no double-dealer could face any more than a bat could face the noonday sun—

"Mr. Bridlington, can you assure me that the mystery which is connected with Alba has nothing dark, or evil, or mean, or dishonourable in it; nothing which has a cloud, or even a mist, connected with it in God's sight?"

"Yes, I can," he answered, his manner, for once, being very calm and almost solemn.

"Then I shall be very glad to accept the situation," I said, firmly.

(*To be continued.*)

OLD COURT CUSTOMS.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.

Coronations.

The coronation of the sovereigns of Great Britain and Ireland will afford more interesting details of old Court customs than any other event in royal lives, and therefore in this chapter I would recount some of the curious old ceremonies still extant, with some of the legends concerning their existence and origin. And here I must tell my readers that it had not been my first intention to enter so fully into the details of such a ceremonial; but on seeking for information on one or two points, such a vast store of most valuable and interesting matter was revealed to me through the courtesy and kindness of those in authority, that I quite felt it was now within my power to write an entire paper upon the subject which would interest all my readers.

It would, of course, be impossible, within any reasonable limit of time and space, to go back very far in the history of English coronations, from the early days of barbarian splendour down to the gorgeous pageantry and quaint fantasies of the sixteenth century, each in their turn presenting many incidents of deep interest to the studious reader; but a glance at the time when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne cannot be inappropriate or tedious to all of us who have lived under the reign of Queen Victoria, who has far more deservedly secured the title of our Good Queen than ever did the renowned Queen Bess. Like her predecessor, Queen Mary, Elizabeth had, a day or two before the coronation, proceeded by water to the Tower of London, sleeping there a night, and then making her state entry into and through the City of London till the Palace of Whitehall was reached, then the royal residence of our sovereigns. The procession from the Tower to the more modern and fashionable part of existing London was always considered a most important part of the ceremonies connected with the coronation.

For special reasons it was discontinued when King James I. was crowned. The plague which then raged in the city made it impossible for any crowd of citizens to assemble, and Charles I. dispensed with the ceremony on two grounds; Fuller in his history saying that "it was declined to save both health and wealth"—the infection was hardly out of the air—and the expense, being probably not less than £30,000, would have been a heavy drain on the royal exchequer. When Charles II. was restored to the throne, a very splendid progress was made from the Tower amid enthusiastic cheers. An old print of this pageant may still be seen. The record of the progress of Queen Elizabeth is full of quaint incidents and fanciful devices in honour of Her Majesty. Since the reign of Charles II. there has been no triumphal passage through the city in connection with the coronation ceremonies, though on many other occasions the sovereigns have made state visits for some special object. That of the Queen and Royal Family to St. Paul's Cathedral for the National Thanksgiving on the recovery of the Prince of Wales is the most noticeable of the present reign.

At the coronation of Queen Mary, the mass according to the ritual of the Roman Catholics had been used, but at the ceremony of crowning Queen Elizabeth some slight alteration was made in order to conciliate both parties. The gospel and epistle were read in Latin and English, while the Romish vestments were used.

It was a cold winter's day when, in 1558, the royal procession wended its way from Westminster Hall to the Abbey of Westminster; the Queen in her parliamentary robes, consisting of crimson velvet mantle trimmed with ermine, a kirtle and surcoat of the same, a cap of maintenance, and hood of crimson velvet. The streets along which she passed were lain with gravel and blue cloth, the spectators being railed off on either side by strong barriers. The proclamation, the administration of the coronation oath, the change of robes from those worn in the procession to the more gorgeous coronation mantle of cloth-of-gold, and various other details are identical with those used at Queen Victoria's coronation, and the customs of the banquet held in Westminster Hall were the same as were carried out at the coronation of George IV., Queen Mary and her husband, King William III., were crowned with much splendour, and within five years another Queen Regnant ascended the throne, and in April, 1702, the great ceremony of crowning the sovereign took place.

At this date the royal residence was no longer at Whitehall, but at St. James's, from whence Queen Anne came privately, the official ceremony only commencing at the Great Hall of Westminster, where all taking part in the procession waited the Queen's entrance, and the regalia was delivered into the hands of those appointed to carry it. A magnificent spectacle was afforded to the people who thronged the streets as the Queen passed along to the Abbey, and the ceremonies of crowning the Queen were carried out with great solemnity, the ascension of a queen to the throne being an event which has occurred but three times in the history of England. The succeeding coronations of the Georges seem to have been conducted according to the same etiquette; that of George IV. is said to have exceeded all others in the magnificence of the display and the expenses of the ceremonial. Since then the monarchs have dispensed with the procession from Westminster and with the grand banquet after the ceremony, and thus many of the most curious customs have been lost sight of, which I would now tell you of, as the claims to perform certain services at each succeeding coronation are allowed, though they may not be fulfilled; but no one who values the rights which have been the hereditary privilege of their family for many generations would willingly forego them or forfeit the right through negligence of asserting that right, and therefore we shall see how many noblemen and others were invited to send in their claims to perform such offices when George IV. came to the throne. The allegiance and loyalty of such acts of service are too sacred to all true Englishmen, and tell of such long devotion to king and crown, that it is a privilege of which they should not be deprived in modern days.

Previous to the coronation a general proclamation is issued, declaring the sovereign's pleasure touching the solemnisation thereof. Such a proclamation was made, in much the same terms, at the Council of Queen Victoria. In this proclamation all loving subjects who, by ancient custom or divers tenures, do claim, and are bound, to perform certain services, are commanded to send in those petitions at a stated time to the "Court of Claims," which meets to decide such matters. Members of the Privy Council are chosen to hear and adjudicate upon the respective claims, of which some of the most important shall be related.

The Lord Great Chamberlain of England, an hereditary office now held conjointly by Lord Carington and Lady Willoughby D'Eresby by right of succession, claims to have as his perquisite all the apparel worn by the sovereign the night before the coronation, as well as the furniture of the room in which he slept. Also he claims to serve the King with water in a basin to wash his hands before the banquet; also to have the silver ewer and basin used for his own property, in addition to a cup of Essay; and also an allowance of forty yards of crimson velvet. These claims were contested by the Earl of Derby at the coronation of George III., but the Duke of Ancaster proved his superior rights, and in lieu of taking the King's furniture or articles of dress, these fees were compounded for £200. But the gilt ewer and basin were presented, and each succeeding nobleman who holds the hereditary office has received the same, with the allowance of crimson velvet, up to the last coronation; the only alteration has been that a different sum of money was assigned in lieu of furniture. On one occasion it was £180. At the coronation of George IV. the King slept in the Speaker's house at Westminster on the night before, the furniture being sent from Carlton House for his use.

The King's champion, who rode into the hall during the banquet, claims his office as Lord of the Manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, and the same family of Dymocke, who performed the office at the time of James II., have enjoyed the privilege up to the present time. The dress and accoutrements of the champion are, indeed, a remnant of old feudal days. A complete suit of armour, helmet and gauntlet, a splendid saddle with breastplate and caparisons for the horse have to be supplied, and are by right the champion's property, together with the silver gilt cup and cover from which he drinks to the sovereign. All these claims are allowed, but compensation for the armour is made on its being returned.

The Dukes of Norfolk have many privileges. As Earl Marshal, to him belongs the jurisdiction of the Abbey and all arrangements concerning the coronation, and from him all orders emanate. As Chief Butler of England, a cup of pure gold is given to the Duke, and in right of being Lord of the Manor of Worksop, the Duke of Norfolk claimed to find a right hand glove for the sovereign's use at the time of coronation, when the sceptre is delivered to his hand. At the coronation of Queen Victoria the glove was thus presented embroidered with the arms of the Howards. Her Majesty wore it, and at the same time the Duke exercised his privilege of supporting the Queen's arm while she held the sceptre. The manor has now passed from the family of Howard and is in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle, who has undoubtedly with it this most honourable right of service.

A careful search has not thrown any light upon the origin of this manorial right, but the history of tenures in England would fill a volume in itself, and some of the oldest cannot be correctly traced. Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye are held with the condition of the owners annually presenting two flags, which must be delivered at Windsor Castle respectively on the anniversaries of the battles of Blenheim and Waterloo, before the clock strikes twelve.

The Lord Mayor of London claims to serve the King with wine in a gold cup, to assist the Chief Butler on the occasion, to dine in the hall, and to keep the cup, all which were allowed; as also a cup to the Mayor of Oxford.

We read, too, of an application to perform the office of "herb strewer,' and at George IV.'s coronation Miss Fellowes proved her right to the office, and with six maids appears to have headed the procession, strewing along the way sweet herbs from baskets.

When William IV. ascended the throne a royal proclamation announced his intention to dispense with all the ceremonies, &c., which

had been customary heretofore in the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, and with the coronation banquet after the ceremony, at the same time stating that the claims of those whose services would not then be required should in no sense be annulled, but only in abeyance *pro tem.*

Before I enter upon the subject of the last coronation, with all the ceremonies attendant thereon, let me tell of the wondrous sight which met the eye in Westminster Hall, transformed into a magnificent banqueting room; three thousand candles lighting up the scene in the evening of July 19, 1821, when George IV. held the last coronation banquet, and all the individuals claiming the offices fulfilled their respective duties. Some idea of the magnificent ceremonial attending this monarch's coronation and banquet may be gathered from the fact of the estimated expense being £100,000.

The King having slept at the Speaker's house, was guarded during the night by the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Usher of the Black Rod, who assisted at the royal toilette in the morning. The King entered Westminster Hall dressed in full robes of crimson velvet, the train of enormous breadth and length, a large black hat with white ostrich feathers and heron's plume, and taking his seat upon the throne erected at the end of the hall, awaited the coming of the dean and clergy of Westminster, who brought in the regalia and placed it on the table in front of the King. Each part of the regalia was then delivered to the peers appointed to carry it in the procession, which was marshalled in due order, and proceeded to the Abbey, through Palace Yard, &c., to the Great West Door. The whole route was on a raised platform covered with blue cloth, and protected from sun or rain by a large awning, while thousands of spectators thronged to the barriers erected on each side.

The standards of England, Scotland, and Ireland, carried by peers with attendant pages in the magnificent dress of the Elizabethan period, formed an important part of the pageant. The barons of the Cinque Ports carrying the canopy of cloth-of-gold, under which the King walked, the various officials in quaint array, and Miss Fellowes and her six maids heading the procession, and strewing the choicest herbs upon the ground.

Perhaps a correct description of the dresses worn by these herb strewers may be interesting, as I have gathered it from official records. Miss Fellowes wore a dress of white satin, which in the present day would appear very scanty in width, length, or trimming; a mantle of scarlet cloth lined with satin hung from the shoulders, while gold wheatears, grapes, and laurel leaves were mixed in a wreath for the head. The attendant maids wore white crape dresses (a material now nearly unknown) over white satin, with large garlands of flowers from the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt, chaplets of flowers in the hair, and baskets full of choice blossoms were carried between two.

While the assembling of peers and those who took part in the procession was going on in Westminster Hall, the galleries and seats were thronged with ladies, and it is stated that by 5 o'clock in the morning many had taken their places, and among them the Royal Duchesses were present, and one (the Duchess of Gloucester) had her toilette thus described:—"A dress of silver lama over French lilac, a white satin hat with large plume of white feathers, turned up with a loop and button in front;" and another is said to have worn "white satin richly embroidered in silver, rich bandeau head-dress, with large plumes of white feathers."

As soon as the procession had left the hall, the spectators hurried across through Poet's Corner to take their seats in the Abbey, and the authorities commenced their work of preparing for the banquet, which was to be ready at 5.30. Three hundred and thirty-six silver plates were laid on the tables, which extended down either side, the King's table at the upper end being laid for himself and his royal brothers. Cold meats and every description of pasty and pastry were set out. The famous gold plate service was arranged on and behind the royal table, and before the salvo of guns and the ringing of bells announced the final act of coronation, everything was in readiness, and all the attendants in their places. Gentlemen of high degree had eagerly sought for the privilege of assisting as waiters upon the occasion, and complaints were made that the amateur waiters were more intent on watching the scene than in attending to the guests. When the procession had returned from the Abbey, and the King had again entered the hall, after all the guests had been seated during the short time the King waited in his private apartments before taking his seat upon the throne, the *coup d'œil* must have been overpoweringly brilliant. The quaint dresses of days gone by now appearing among the officials who crowded the hall, the gorgeous effect of masses of colour in the peers' robes of crimson velvet, the blaze of diamonds upon the dresses of the spectators, the uniforms of many nations among the foreign ambassadors and their suites baffle description, and could not be depicted by painter's highest art. Prince Esterhazy's diamonds worn that day are estimated at the value of £100,000.

The first course of the dinner for the royal table was brought in with much pomp, and the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, and Lord Howard (deputy Earl Marshal) entered on horseback, escorting the gentlemen who carried the hot viands for the King's own table. The management of their chargers on this occasion proved no easy task. It was but a narrow passage between the tables for this most curious procession to pass along, and the horses were naturally rather startled, and became somewhat restive when prolonged applause and clapping of hands greeted the entry. On nearing the royal presence the three horsemen had to back out of the hall without turning, which was a task of some difficulty, but accomplished most gracefully.

The Earls of Abingdon and Verulam assisted the Lord Great Chamberlain as he then presented the basin and ewer to the King to wash his hands, and then the important act of dining began. The Earl of Denbigh as Grand Carver was at his post. The Earl of Abergavenny having proved his claim to be the King's Chief Larderer, performed the office by deputy, though at this distance of time it is difficult to say what the duties were. One of the privileges attached to this office was of having all the remains of the feast as his perquisites, but we read that at the coronation banquet of George IV. the spectators were allowed to finish what was left when the original guests had taken their departure. But before this I have another incident to relate which occurred as soon as the first course was removed, and this is the entrance of the Champion of England, who appeared at the lower end of the hall in the complete suit of armour before mentioned, with the Earl Marshal and Lord High Constable riding on either side. The champion offers the challenge in the following terms:—

"If any person, of what degree so ever high or low, shall deny or gainsay our sovereign lord, George IV., to be the rightful heir to the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought to enjoy the same, here is his champion who saith he lieth sore and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him." And then the gauntlet is thrown down, and again the challenge repeated. No false traitor being found to accept the challenge, the gauntlet is returned, and the King drinks to the champion out of a silver cup with cover, which is then handed to him, and he pledges the sovereign in return and keeps the cup as his perquisite, so that at the present time the family of Dymocke have a most interesting collection of these goblets. The Lord Mayor of London then offers the King a cup to drink from, followed by the Mayor of Oxford. At the close of the banquet the Earl Marshal returns thanks to the guests when they have drunk the King's health, saying he does them the hor our to drink their health and that of his good people. The style of the sovereign is pronounced by Garter King at Arms, in English, Latin, and French during the entertainment.

Among the other offices claimed and allowed upon this occasion, the Marquis of Huntly is Chief Constable of Scotland, the Marquis of Lansdowne Chief Constable of Ireland, Earl of Ormonde Chief Butler of Ireland, Duke of Montrose Sergeant of the Scullery, the perquisite of which office used to be claimed as the gift of all plate used at the banquet—a modest claim which, of course, has been long commuted. At the accession of George IV. Lord Charles Townshend disputed with the Dymocke family the right of the championship, founding his claim as heir of Lord Marmion, but it was disallowed, and remains with the Dymockes in right of their manor of Scrivelsby. The Duke of Athol presents a cast of falcons, though the office of Hereditary Grand Falconer belongs to the Duke of St. Albans. The Duke of Argyll presents a cup. The Earl of Chichester was Assistant Carver to the Earl of Denbigh; Earl of Abingdon Cup Bearer, the Earl of Verulam his assistant. The Archbishop of Canterbury claims to make a mess of pottage for the royal table in right of holding the manor of Addington, which is certainly amongst the most curious of all claims. The Earls of Mount-Edgecumbe have for many generations held the right of Server, the duties of which are not clearly defined.

The bill of fare provided for the banquet must be inserted in the account of this great day's festival: 160 tureens of hot soup, consisting of 80 turtle, 40 rice, and 40 vermicelli soup; 160 dishes of fish, 80 being turbot, 40 trout, and 40 salmon; 160 hot joints, 80 of which were venison, 40 roast beef, with three barons of beef and 40 of mutton and veal; 160 dishes of vegetables—potatoes, peas, and cauliflowers; 480 sauce-boats—240 of lobster, 120 of butter, 120 mint. Cold dishes consisted of 80 braized ham, 80 savoury pies, 80 of daubed geese, 80 of savoury cakes, 80 of pieces of beef braized, 80 dishes of braized capons, two in each dish; 1,190 side dishes of various sorts; 320 dishes of mounted pastry, 320 dishes of small pastry, 400 dishes of jellies and creams; 160 dishes of shell fish—80 of lobster and 80 of crayfish; 161 dishes of cold roast fowls, 80 dishes of cold house lamb. The weight of meat is curiously large:—7,442 lbs. of beef, 7,033 lbs. of veal, 20,474 lbs. of mutton, 20 quarters of lamb, 20 legs of lamb, five saddles of lamb, 55 quarters of grass lamb, 160 sweetbreads, 389 cowheels, 400 calves' feet, 250 lb. of suet, 160 geese, 720 capons, 1,610 chickens, 520 fowls for stock, 1,730 lbs. of bacon, 550 lbs. of lard, 912 lbs. of butter, 84 hundred of eggs; and of wine 100 dozen champagne, 20 doz. of burgundy, 200 doz. claret, 50 doz. hock, 50 doz. moselle, 50 doz. madeira, sherry and port about 350 dozen, and of iced punch 100 gallons.

In reading this enormous catalogue it must be remembered that in various apartments at Westminster—the Courts of Exchequer, of Common Pleas, &c., as well as in the galleries and lobbies of the Houses of Lords and Commons—tables were laid for the many who took part in the procession and ceremony, and the number provided for was not less than 2,000.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOMETHING TO BE DONE.

"DESSIE, I have news for you. Guess what?"

"I can't guess," said Dessie absently. "It is—I suppose—Aunt Laura, I have a letter from Ella, and she speaks as if she didn't expect me home by the end of this month."

"I don't think she does. Then you do guess my news?"

"Am I to stay here a little longer, till my foot is better?"

"We have asked leave to keep you till the end of February, instead of sending you back in a fortnight."

Dessie showed neither pleasure nor displeasure.

"Four months and a half—nearly five months," she said. "Will it be all that time before my foot is well enough to travel?"

"Your foot could travel well enough at once, Dessie. Many people take long journeys in a much worse condition. We are thinking of your education, not of your ankle, in proposing to keep you."

"O, I see!" said Dessie, with a relieved air. "I thought Herr Bücher must have said that I shouldn't be able to walk till the spring. I don't want to be on the sofa all through the winter. Does papa like me to stay?"

"He is quite willing, and so is your mother. Emmie is very much pleased."

"It's a wonder that she should be," quoth Dessie unexpectedly. "I'm sure she hasn't much reason, for I have plagued her unmercifully of late. Some people seem born to be plagues. I expect my going home will be a signal for general family mourning—not here, but there."

"I don't agree with your theory of anybody being born to do wrong, Dessie. You were born to be a comfort and not a plague."

"Haven't developed into it yet—that's all," mumbled Dessie.

"Time you should," said Mrs. Fitzroy quietly. "What do you wish about this plan, my dear? Are you in any haste to go home?"

"O no; not in the least."

"Not home-sick yet?"

"No; not at all. O no; I would a great deal rather be here. I should not care if I *never* went back again."

The words seemed to break out from beneath some strong pressure of feeling. Mrs. Fitzroy came a step nearer.

"I do not like to hear that," she said. "It shows something wrong in the home-life."

"Everything is wrong. It doesn't matter," said Dessie.

"I think it does matter, very much. Is everything to be wrong still when you go home? Dessie, are the next four or five months to be thrown away, as I am afraid the last six months have been in some measure? I hoped you would have learnt more in the time than you have done; I do not mean merely as to such things as German declensions. You are quick enough there. But about other lessons of a deeper nature you are very slow. Shall the rest of the time be thrown away still, or will you bravely set your face in the right direction, and pray, and work, and fight, that the Dessie who returns next February may be a different girl from the Dessie who left last spring?"

Mrs. Fitzroy spoke earnestly, and Dessie looked up.

"But suppose I am quite content, and don't want to be different, Aunt Laura?"

"You are not content. No girl with any sense of right and duty could be content in your place. There is a great want in your life, and you know it, Dessie, and you do wish to be different."

"Yes," Dessie admitted, after a short pause, "I suppose I do. Yes, I wish I could—but I can't."

"Why not?"

"One must be one thing or the other. I can't *be just half-and-half.*"

"No, I agree with you there. One *must* live a life to self or a life to God. Your life has been to and for self, so far. Why not now begin to live a life to God?"

"I can't," repeated Dessie, with a look of real pain.

"Why not?" again asked Mrs. Fitzroy.

"There are things in the way."

"What things?"

Dessie was silent.

"I must not press for an answer to that question, if you would rather not tell me. But whatever the things are, they must be put aside. They *must* be. You have no choice in the matter."

Dessie shook her head, and said only, "I can't."

"Cannot put them aside! Do you love them too well to give them up?"

"No, no," said Dessie half petulantly. "I don't mean things of that sort. It is something I should have to *do*."

"Something that you feel you must do before you can become a true servant of Christ. Is that what you mean? Then do it."

"I can't."

"You mean that it would be distasteful to you?"

"Yes. O I can't—I couldn't."

"Dessie, you had better stand still and look the matter in the face before you go one step farther," said Mrs. Fitzroy seriously. "There is a choice before you of one road or the other. One is the road heavenward, and the other leads away from heaven. Are you bent upon going in *that* direction?"

Dessie averted her face.

"I don't know what the 'thing' may be which you say you cannot do," Mrs. Fitzroy went on. "I cannot judge if it is really so all-important as you think it. But the fact of your feeling thus makes it an absolute necessity for you. Whatever it is, Dessie—even it be so hard a matter as the cutting off of a right hand or foot—better do, or lose, or suffer anything rather than shut yourself off from God."

Dessie was silent still. Mrs. Fitzroy stooped down and kissed her.

"I shall not mention what has passed," she said, "it is between you and me alone; but think the matter over and pray. Is that which you say you ought to do, and cannot do, *worth the cost* of being *left undone?* Weigh the pain and weigh the cost, and look the question in the face, but don't drift down the stream without realising what you are doing."

Dessie held her as she was turning away.

"But, Aunt Laura, suppose I can't—really——"

"Cannot what?"

"Suppose it is something which I ought to do, and yet can't, without somebody's leave?"

"Do your utmost to obtain that person's leave. If *your* will does not in any wise hinder the doing of this duty, there will be nothing to hold you back from beginning at once to live a life to God. Think it over, Dessie."

And Mrs. Fitzroy was gone. Dessie sat upright on the sofa, sighed heavily, and took up Ella's letter, to read anew the closing sentences. They ran as follows:—

"Our precious child is much the same. I do not enter into details for fear of saddening you; for, though you have not written to me for so long, dear Dessie, others tell me that you *do* feel for us. God has indeed sent us a heavy and life-long trial, but He will give us strength to bear it.

"You will remember, dear, the girl Anne, who was with us at the time our darling fell ill. She has lately obtained the situation of housemaid at Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton's, and I hope she may do well there. I could not feel sufficient confidence in her to recommend her again for nursery work, but in house work she may do well. I think you rather liked Anne, and may be interested to hear this.

"I was hoping to see you again before the end of this month, but now I learn that your return is likely to be put off. It is so good for you to be abroad, and you must so enjoy your cousins' companionship, that I cannot selfishly wish your visit to be shortened; but I shall be glad when we have you back. Take care of the ankle meantime. These sprains are troublesome, and yours must have been a very severe one, dear Dessie."

Dessie went through the words slowly, and then sat and thought, as bidden by Mrs. Fitzroy. Presently a look of resolution overspread her face. She drew a small writing case near, and slowly indited a letter to Anne, pressing in earnest terms for leave to make known the true cause of little Hugh's illness. By the time it was finished, addressed, and stamped, Miss Bruce came in.

"Writing home, Dessie?"

"No; I wrote home this morning—to Ella, at least," said Dessie, showing a flushed face.

"To your sister-in-law! I am glad you have done that at last."

"Aunt Laura said I ought."

"Do you want this letter posted?" asked Miss Bruce.

"Please," said Dessie laconically.

Miss Bruce took it away, not glancing at the direction. Dessie wondered whether anybody else would see it, and would conjecture why she should write. But if so, the matter was not remarked upon.

No answer come from Anne. Dessie awaited it feverishly during two or three weeks. By that time the impression of her aunt's words had somewhat subsided, and Dessie was, perhaps, rather relieved than otherwise not to be released from her promise. She felt, indeed, strongly, that sooner or later the truth would have to be confessed. But Dessie's inclination always was to be glad if she might put off the evil day.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By Ruth Lamb.

Spartan, the Newfoundland.

Amongst the many four-footed friends of whom I have delightful memories, my father's Newfoundland, "Spartan," stands out conspicuously. What a beauty he was! Large enough to serve as a steed for a little boy; gentle enough to bear any amount of pulling and hauling about by the youngsters. Black, with white breast, throat, and paws, and a tail like a great plume with a snowy tip. One could not say he wagged that tail. He waved it.

It was a sight to see Spartan stretched full length on the rug with two large cats lying across him, to say nothing of Leo, a waspish Italian greyhound, that wanted to drive away the cats and have Spartan's great body for his own sole resting-place.

Spartan could have throttled Leo and crunched up the cats with perfect ease, but instead of doing so he let them have their own way, only giving them a lazy glance sometimes, when the dog snarled and the cats swore a little more loudly than usual, as if he wondered they could be so stupid as to quarrel about trifles.

How that much-enduring beast was kissed, hugged, pulled about by his master's children! How droll it was to see him, when he missed his master, steal into the forbidden territory, the drawing-room, where hung a good portrait of him, and seem to find comfort in gazing at the copy in the absence of the original.

Spartan and his master spent several happy years together, and travelled thousands of miles in company.

Once they suffered shipwreck on the return voyage, and after an absence of several months from England. The vessel during a dense fog got aground on the "Knock Sands"—near neighbours to the famous "Goodwins."

The seamen got out the boats, but my father resolved to stay by his ship so long as there was the smallest hope, and at first refused to leave it. The men begged him to go, and at last two of them tried to force him into the boat.

Spartan was the pet and playfellow of every man on board, but he could not permit the best amongst them to meddle with his master. When the first sailor laid hold of the captain, the grand dog flew at him, and, in less time than it takes to tell, laid him flat on his back and held him until my father bade him leave go.

Then the great fellow lay down at his master's feet with a menacing air that seemed to say, "Try that again, if you dare."

The men lingered with the boats, and as the case soon became hopeless, my father at length left the doomed vessel. But he was not quite the last to quit the ship, for Spartan saw him safe in the boat, and then leaped in after him.

When telling us the story of that shipwreck and of Spartan's doings, my father's eyes used to light up with pleasure as he

spoke of the grand, old Newfoundland. And we children, never satisfied without hearing just a little more than the story, wanted to know what my father saved beside his life and Spartan when his good ship went down. A smile played on his kind face as he answered, "Well, only three things—my old violin, a MS. written by my uncle, whose namesake I was, and this."

"This" was his pocket Bible. I have it to-day—every leaf yellow, and most of them stained with salt water, his firm, handsome writing on the fly leaf. But I think there have been some salt drops on the pages that did not come from the sea. And in going over the list of articles saved from the wreck—when money, instruments, all that most men would have thought precious were lost—one reads the character of the man. Here I will stop. I began to tell about the dog, but somehow I fancy those who read Spartan's brief memoir will leave off, thinking most of Spartan's master.

Brisk and her Master.

The question is often asked, "Do dogs understand what is said?" and to this every-one will reply, "To a certain extent they do, as is shown by their obedience to their master's commands."

"He can do everything but talk," is a not uncommon remark of a dog-lover, as he pats the shaggy head of his four-footed friend and companion.

Still, no one will assert that dogs understand an ordinary conversation, though they undoubtedly often listen attentively when they are fond of the speakers, and obtain bits of information from detached words.

More than this, they obey signs in a stealthy fashion, and move as if they were treading on eggs, thus showing that they look upon a signal as an injunction to secrecy, and act accordingly.

In proof of this I will instance the doings of an English terrier of my acquaintance. Brisk has been unfortunate enough to offend her master. Being in want of something to do, she gnawed the leg of a handsome chair, and was chased out of the dining-room in consequence.

Having been accustomed to spend a good deal of her time on the hearthrug, she objects to this banishment, and as she is tolerated there when the master is absent, she is always on the look out for his departure in the morning.

She will peep in at the dining-room door and look at her mistress, as if to ask, "Is he gone yet?"

Without speaking, the lady will lift up her husband's hat or umbrella, or point to the outdoor boots by the fender; when Brisk slinks off again, knowing that if these articles are in sight, the master has not taken his departure yet. As soon as the hall-door closes, Brisk prances in, tail erect, and, manifesting her delight in every possible way, she takes up her favourite position.

But, let her mistress rise and place her husband's slippers within the fender, Brisk requires no other notice. The dog, so to speak, "has had her day," and she at once retires, knowing that the slipper-warming process always precedes, only by a few minutes, the arrival of her master.

If the lady, when conversing with a friend, introduces the words, "The master will soon be home," or, "I believe the master is coming," Brisk immediately rises, walks to the door, and manifests great discomfort until it is opened and she can get out of the room.

Yet the lady merely introduces a remark about the master's return in the course of conversation, and without looking towards the dog or varying her tone. Brisk may be stretched apparently asleep, but she never requires a second warning.

Again, if the lady makes any allusion to her intention of going out when in the dog's presence, Brisk follows her everywhere, dogging her footsteps and never losing sight of her for a moment, lest she should be left behind. But let her mistress say, "I shall take an omnibus," and Brisk gives it up as a bad job and retires to her own quarters sulky and disgusted at being disappointed of her anticipated run.

Visitors to Brisk's mistress are often amused by seeing the effect produced on the little animal by these apparently casual allusions, and are convinced that this dog not only pays attention to the conversation, but understands certain portions of it in which she is indirectly concerned, though of the greater part she can comprehend nothing.

Musical Animals.

Dogs and other animals are very variously affected by musical sounds; some manifesting dislike, others enjoyment when within hearing of music. I knew one dog that, when requested to sing, would stand on his hind legs and go on whining and howling for almost any length of time, and while the performance was attended to he manifested great enthusiasm. But he also enjoyed real music very much, and showed signs of pleasure when the piano was played, getting as near to it as possible. Occasionally, however, he would *take a part* without being invited, much to the discomfiture of a singer, who would wonder where the extraordinary accompaniment came from. I have a lively recollection of his volunteering assistance when we were singing a hymn one Sunday evening, and of the way in which it was brought to an abrupt conclusion, by the sight of our doggie on his hind legs, and the sound of his whines ringing out above every human voice.

A black cat belonging to a friend, in whose house I was a guest some years ago, had a strong dislike to music in every shape, but especially to singing. Having noticed this peculiarity, I am afraid I teased poor pussy a good deal by my endeavours to produce a manifestation of her feelings with regard to vocal music, and when she was stretched comfortably by the fire I used to begin to sing, taking care to shut the door first. Puss would jump up, rush to it, and finding the means of egress cut off, would run wildly round the room as if in distress until I ceased. Not to irritate the creature too much, I generally made my vocal performance a very short one.

On an exceptional occasion I thought I would try the cat's powers of endurance a little longer, and went on singing, when, after vainly trying to escape, the creature sprang at me, placed one paw across my mouth, and clung to my dress and neck with the rest of her claws in such a fashion that I was only too glad to cease my song and so pacify the desperate animal.

When pussy's claws were disengaged I was not a little relieved, and I need hardly say that this was the last time I ventured to experiment on the cat's patience. My friend was also much alarmed, and I have no doubt thought, as I too did, that I had escaped almost better than I deserved, under the circumstances, for I had only a few scratches.

Nugget and his Tune.

A pug dog, the pet of a lady in this neighbourhood, has a favourite tune which he distinguishes from all others. Nugget is a musical animal, and has a way of putting in occasional notes of his own when his mistress plays the piano. But when she commences *his* tune, Nugget becomes greatly excited. He first capers up and down the room, and then, running to the side of the player, he stands on his hind legs and accompanies the music in a style peculiar to himself and most amusing in its effect on the listeners.

Nugget's mistress or any other performer may play the piano by the hour, and the dog manifests only an ordinary amount of interest. But no matter how suddenly *his tune* may be introduced, Nugget shows his appreciation of it by going through the performance already described.

The lady attributes the dog's *fondness* for the tune to the fact that when he was a puppy her little niece used to play it upon the piano, singing only the word "nugget" again and again to the music. As, however, the pug recognises the tune itself, when simply played, from all others, it is quite evident that he has a musical ear, and is not in any way guided by words.

VARIETIES.

How Guilt Fell Out with Shame.—Guilt and Shame were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both—Guilt gave shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After a long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forth alone to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages of vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.—*Goldsmith.*

The Difficulties of Falsehood.—She who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task she undertakes, for she must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.—*Alexander Pope.*

A Glorious Victory.—A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another girl than this—that when the injury begins on her part the kindness should begin on yours.

The Importance of Trifles.

"Being in the country," says a French writer, "I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. For the want of a latchet of small value, the wicket of a barn-yard leading to the fields was often left open. Every one who went through drew the door to, but as there was nothing to fasten the door with, it was always left flapping, sometimes open, sometimes shut. So the cocks and hens and chickens got out, and were lost.

"One day a fine pig got out and ran off into the woods; and after the pig ran all the people about the place—the gardener and the cook and the dairymaid. The gardener first caught sight of the runaway, and hastening after it, sprained his ankle, in consequence of which the poor man was not able to get out of the house again for a fortnight. The cook found when she came back from the pursuit that the linen she had left by the fire had fallen down, and was burning. And the dairymaid having in her haste neglected to tie up the legs of one of the cows, the cow had kicked a colt which was in the same stable, and broken its leg.

"The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, to say nothing of the pain he suffered; the linen which was burned and the colt which was injured were worth much more. Here, then, was a heavy loss as well as much trouble, plague, and vexation for the want of a latch which would not have cost threepence."

A GIFT.

BY

HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

WHAT'S the best thing I can offer
As a gift for you to-day?
Any present I may proffer
You will value it, you say.
That is very sweetly spoken,
Yet, however that may be,
I should wish to choose the token
Carefully—so let us see.

Shall I send a nosegay, dearest?
Ah! the summer flowers are dead,
And the leaves are in their serest,
And the fruit has lost its red;
And, besides, the flowers would perish,
Lose their scent, and fade and die;
But a gift for *you* to cherish
Should be more than petals dry.

Shall I send a *pretty* present,
Something tasteful, something rare;
Something to the senses pleasant,
Something quaint, or something fair?
Yet, perhaps, *you* would not choose it,
If the choice could rest with you,
And some day perhaps you'd lose it,
Or the thing might break in two.

Shall I send you for your reading
Some loved book of noble thought,
Spirit-stirring, spirit-leading,
Teaching what you would be taught?
Yet perhaps upon the morrow
I might learn 'twas yours before,
Or some day a friend might borrow,
To return it never more!

What if I to-day should send you
Something of my very own,
No one else can give or lend you,
No one ask for on a loan—
Something that will still be waking
When the flowers in dust are strewed,
Something far too strong for breaking,
And you *can't* lose if you would.

Love I send you, very tender,
Everlasting, ever true,
That will show you how the sender
Thinks and cares and feels for you;
And when life is at its dreariest,
Or when outside things look grey,
May my fadeless present, dearest,
Point you to a brighter day!

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROSES AND RUE.

DAMARIS awakes the next morning feeling that something pleasant is going to happen. She wakes betimes, too. It is to be a grand, a memorable day for St. Aubin, and she must be early astir to cut roses for the *fête* in the valley below. She has barely finished her dressing when Jacqueline comes to the door with round smiling face to tell her that the girls from the valley have come for flowers.

Damaris finishes her dressing in haste, seizes her scissors, and runs out to the terrace, below the balustrade of which the lace-maidens stand waiting in the morning sunshine. At a little distance is a group of shy youths in clean linen blouses, with low hand-barrows, on which they are wont to trundle their vine-clearings. This morning they are laden with baskets. Pulcherie Coton, the prettiest and the brightest of the maidens, with the warm blood mantling in her dark cheeks, explains to the *demoiselle anglaise* how that the lads would come to carry the roses. And Damaris, laughing inwardly, pretends to take their presence quite as a matter of course, and includes the lads with the lasses in her morning greeting.

Never has the sun risen more resplendently over the walls and towers of the old *château* than he rises on this day which is to witness the seigneur's return. The waters leap and laugh, the birds sing deliriously, as Damaris, a little in advance of the small train of villagers, crosses the bridge into the gardens.

Little bursts of song break from her lips as she springs from bush to bush, and the roses, deep red, pure white, pale yellow, gold, and delicate pink, fall in a rich harvest before the progress of her scissors.

They carry them away in armfuls, they fling them lightly into the baskets, and the fragrance of them arises like incense into the clear morning air. All the way across the bridge, and along the path over the dark rocks, a little track of stray rose-petals tells of the havoc that has been. Finally, her own task for the present finished, Damaris leans with folded arms over the terrace balustrade to watch the little cavalcade wind downwards amongst the bushes. Finding ready echo in her own heart, their light laughter is wafted upwards to her ears, and then comes the refrain of the song she had heard on the first day of her arrival at St. Aubin:—

"Hélas! que les rochers sont durs!"

Les rochers! There are none in her life; she has forgotten even what the shadow of them is like.

Softer grows the sound of voices, dying away in the mellow distance. All articulation is lost, but Damaris can supply the words—

"Chaque garçon qui veut aimer, cherche sa peine."

Her thoughts float away to 'Lisbeth, poor 'Lisbeth! lying in her bed, possessed by that wild sweet dream of Jean Perrot and her bridal morn, which never can have earthly dawning.

Then another sound breaks upon the morning air: the clear strokes from the bell in the belfry of the little church on the opposite hillside. The sound smites the air with a premonitory thrill. Damaris has heard that it is rung in that way when an immortal spirit is passing from earth. There comes a chilly feeling even into this sun-dazzled air. But she will not admit that she feels it so; she will have no sad thoughts on this golden morning. The day which brings the seigneur to hamlet and *château* must be one of unclouded sunshine.

So she begins to sing a merry little chansonette she learnt to please the old Marquise, and quickens her dancing steps to keep time with it as she turns to enter the *château*. Angelique meets her in the doorway, Angelique with a face more solemn even than usual.

"Mademoiselle was kind to her; mademoiselle will like to know the news which *la mère* Suzanne has brought up to the *château*. 'Lisbeth is dead."

"Dead!" echoes Damaris, and again a chill comes over the ecstasy of her anticipations.

"She died just at sunrise, mademoiselle. And to the last she believed it was the day of her bridal that had come. She seemed to see him, Jean Perrot, standing by her bed, and thought he had come to fetch her. '*C'est lui!*' she cried, mademoiselle, '*c'est lui!*' She made an effort to rise and follow, and *la mère* Suzanne says the joy in her face was wonderful to behold for one moment, then her arms fell, she threw back her head, and so died."

Damaris passes on to her room in a dream. Poor 'Lisbeth! Nay, happy 'Lisbeth! her illusion is no longer a delusion. She has passed the barrier of death. Safe on the other shore she has found the lover of her youth.

But Damaris is young and full of life, standing, too, on the fair threshold of an inner world brighter by far than words can picture. She feels as though a cold hand has been laid on her shoulder drawing her back, while something whispers it is ever thus with all earthly things.

"Oh, I wish it had not happened today!" she cries; "I wanted it to be all joy. And now—oh! poor, poor 'Lisbeth!"

After the first shock the feeling passes. Damaris is too young, too light-hearted, too healthy for it to be lasting. Only across the many duties of the day there will now and then break the thought, "Poor 'Lisbeth!"

Breakfast over, Damaris goes down into the valley, as she has promised to help to weave the garlands and direct the taste which disposed of them and a plentiful drapery of flags and streamers. Listening idly to the chatter of the girls as her fingers deftly weave together a bright medley of roses, she hears them tell how *la mère* Suzanne has had poor 'Lisbeth clothed in her bridal dress, and how the myrtle-wreath is to be placed with her in her coffin. She thinks of the stiffened form lying so calmly on the hard bed, with the pillow and bobbins laid aside for ever, and she wonders at the sad irony of circumstances which have brought this toilsome life to a close on the very day which is to usher in a brighter and more hopeful future.

"Will you not go to see 'Lisbeth, mademoiselle?" asks one of the girls, when their midday respite from their labours comes. With curiosity excited by the particulars which remove this event from all common deaths, and the callousness of youthful indifference to the sorrows of the aged, the maidens are all flocking to the cottage of *la mère* Suzanne. But Damaris declines the invitation to accompany them, and steps aside instead to the home of Marthe Coton, whither Jacqueline follows her with a little covered basket from the *château* containing her luncheon.

By four o'clock everything is in train for the reception of the seigneur and his brother. Monsieur le Curé, who is to head the procession that goes forth to meet them, has the address quite ready, written out in round handwriting, for his eyes, even with the aid of spectacles, are not what they used to be, and his hand is apt to shake under excitement. All the women of the village in gala attire are to follow him, and the pipers engaged by the Marquise from Chambuisson are to head the men with banners and vine-wreaths.

Damaris would like to be a spectator of the scene, but the descent from the *château* is too difficult for La Marquise and La Duchesse to undertake. So the ladies of the *château* are to listen to the arrival from the terrace above, and receive the seigneur there when he comes. So Damaris, perforce, must return to the *château*.

She had seen the carriage from Chambuisson containing the Duchess and her god-daughter wind through the valley before luncheon, but was not near enough to see what either of the guests of the old Marquise was like.

When she enters the *salon* ready dressed for the evening, La Marquise presents her affectionately to her friends. Inwardly, Damaris cannot help wondering how the Duchess has made the ascent of the rock, or how it fares with the bearers, as the ascent has really been accomplished. She is a large fair woman, solid and white, with benignant blue eyes and a magnificent presence. It is, however, upon Mademoiselle St. Cyr that Damaris bestows the most eager inspection. She has not admitted, even to herself, that here is a possible

rival in the regard she so highly prizes, yet her first searching glance certainly betrays some such feeling. In Mademoiselle Leonie she discovers the very antipodes of herself, a fact which at once reassures her. A slender, pensive, dark-haired girl, as fair and fragile-looking as a lily.

There is a glow in Damaris's face, and the ruddy evening light bronzes her thickly-waving hair. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than the two present as they stand for a few seconds side by side. The one possesses strong, if not ruddy health, and the blood mantling underneath her clear skin bespeaks reserves of energy and power, and a warm, generous, loving, though somewhat impulsive nature. The other, on the contrary, is pale, shy, and reserved. Somewhat like a flower which has been too long sheltered from the light and sunshine, with a timidity that is child-like, and a gentle supplication in her glance that wins Damaris's heart at once.

"It seems to say," says Damaris to herself, funnily, "'please forgive me for being an heiress; I cannot help it—it's not my doing.'"

Her eyes, strangely enough in conjunction with her black hair, are of a clear pale blue; they seem made rather to reflect the expression of others than to give forth any of their own.

Almost immediately after the entrance of Damaris they all go into the *salle à manger* to dinner. The meal is more of an affair of state on this evening than it has hitherto been at the *château*. It is barely over when the first distant sound of the pipes draws them all to the terrace. La Marquise and her friend keep to the sheltered end, however, where a thick screen effectually shields them from the air and sunlight. Damaris and Leonie St. Cyr lean over the balustrade to look down into the valley below, eager and curious to see and hear all that they can. Someway, before she is hardly aware what she is doing, Damaris finds herself talking to this girl, this acquaintance of scarcely two hours' duration, about the peasantry of St. Aubin, of their toils and their sorrows, and their endurance of the yoke which has been only so lately lifted from their lives by Monsieur St. Just.

"He must be very good," says Leonie; but Damaris quits that part of the subject abruptly, and introduces the pretty legend of the valley instead. So entreating are Leonie's eyes, so undivided the attention she gives, that Damaris is led on to speak of 'Lisbeth's sad story. Their acquaintance is advancing with rapid strides, when a burst of glad cheering rends the air, and then again the pipes take up the strain. The sound is close below them now, by the foundations of the old *château*.

"Let us go in," says La Marquise. "Etienne and Jerome are sure to enter by way of the escalier."

The *salon* is in shadow, for twilight has come on rapidly after the sun was once hidden behind the distant hills. Damaris draws herself a little apart from the rest, so audible to her is the beating of her own heart that she fears others may hear it also. This home-coming, in which everyone seems to vie with the other in doing honour to him whom she has the privilege to call friend, far exceeds all she has ever dared to wish for him.

The sound of the pipes winds upwards, nearer and nearer. Now is added the distant tramp of many feet. But while the noise is still distant, Monsieur St. Just and his brother, accompanied by Monsieur le Curé, enter the *salon* from the interior of the *château*. A sudden tremor seizes Damaris, and being close to the window-seat, she avails herself of its friendly support behind the screen of falling curtains. A little later she regrets her own foolish timidity which led her into hiding. It does not seem to be known that she is in the room. No one notices, no one observes her, and to come forward of her own accord and claim a greeting is impossible. Some hitherto unknown feeling keeps her rooted to her seat until the opportunity is past and gone. She takes herself severely to task for her weakness, but tells herself that the evil is now irremediable. So she shrinks further back into her retreat, though not a word escapes her of all the greetings and introductions that follow the arrival. She notices the *empressement* with which La Marquise presents Monsieur St. Just to Leonie, and marks Leonie's timid acknowledgment, as though she were half afraid of the goodness of which she has heard so much. Even while his head is bent over the little limp hand extended to him, the seigneur's glance wanders round the room, and then is sharply withdrawn.

Damaris cannot think that she has been perceived in her far corner, for she could not surely have missed the faintest sign of recognition.

This fortnight's absence, which in the passing has seemed so small a thing, occupied as her mind has been, now that it is at an end appears suddenly to have sprung a gulf of separation. She has an instinctive feeling, as true as it is inexplicable, that the Monsieur St. Just who has returned is not the friend of whom she took leave at the Gare of Chambuisson. There is something new and repellent in his face, which she is quick to feel without comprehending. The pallor upon it is something more than the pallor of fatigue, and, in spite of its whiteness, there seems to be an unnatural excitement burning beneath.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO COOK FISH.

FISH is expensive, and it is unfortunate that it should be so. It requires no care or rearing; it abounds without any trouble of ours, and all we have to do is to catch it, cook it, and eat it. If ever any people in this world ought to have a good supply of fish it is we English folks, who live in a tight little island with the sea all round us, and who have, moreover, learnt more than any other nation how to make the winds and the waves obey us, and the sea yield its treasures to us. Yet we have been victimised in this matter, and have not been allowed to make the most of our advantages.

We hope, however, that things will soon be made right. People are beginning to see that they have been imposed upon, and fortunately they only need to be thoroughly convinced of an unpleasant fact of this kind in order to make them take steps to remedy the evil. They have gone a little way on the right road, and we trust they will go further, and as we are looking forward to the time when fish will be easily obtained by everybody, we must learn all about it in good time, so that we shall be able to make the most of it when we have it.

One reason why fish is valuable is that it furnishes food for the brain. In these days a great many people are overworked. It is quite a rare thing to meet with a person who does just as much work as is good for him, no more and no less; for we live in an age of extremes, and have either to be out of patience with those about us, because they are idle and do not appreciate the dignity of work, or we are anxious about them because they work beyond their strength. Unfortunately, too, the overworkers are just the individuals who ought to take care of themselves; they are fathers and bread-winners, who have anxieties and responsibilities which make them weary and old before their time.

Girls may not be able to remove care from those they love, but they can help them to bear it by taking pains to prepare food which will supply the strength which is so much needed. Believe me, both energy and the power of endurance depend very much more upon the kind of food we eat than we have yet realised, and the sooner we acknowledge this the better.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley once wrote a poem in which he said,

"Men must work, and women must weep."

Now I believe and hope that the majority of women would, instead of weeping, set to work and help when trouble came. Sympathy is not worth much unless it passes into action. Girls who would, when their fathers were overworked and ailing, content themselves with weeping instead of trying to restore them by placing good food before them—beef-tea, meat, or fish—would not be worth the salt with which they would have savoured the food if they had prepared it. Such girls would not, however, be likely to attend our cookery class, and therefore we need not trouble about them, but turn our attention to those who will act more reasonably.

We must not suppose, however, that all fish is equally valuable from the point of view of nourishment. Fish which are of an oily nature, for example, such as salmon, herrings, and eels, are more nourishing than white fish, such as sole, turbot, plaice, &c. The latter, however, possess the advantage of being more digestible and less perishable than the oily kinds. Turbot or sole would not spoil so quickly as would herring, mackerel, or salmon.

One of the disadvantages connected with the use of fish is that it spoils so quickly, and it must be fresh and in good condition or it is worthless. It is very necessary, therefore, that the cook should know how to choose what is good in this direction. Here, as in so many other cases, a little experience is worth any amount of theory. The very best course which a girl could pursue to gain what was required would be to go every day to the fishmonger's and select for herself the fish which was needed. We may tell her that fish should be plump for its size, that it should be in season, that its eyes should be bright, its gills bright red, its flesh firm; but if she once came to understand what fresh fish looked and smelt like, she would need none of these hints, and could no more be induced to

purchase a stale specimen of the finny tribe than she would buy a feather to trim her new bonnet which had been out in a shower of rain.

The fact is, that it is very easy to deceive a novice in marketing, and if a fishmonger chooses he can generally do so with impunity. The gills should be bright red, not brown, we are told; but that is delusive, for it is said that a bright colour is often imparted artificially. The eyes should be full and bright; but what is a bright eye when there are scores of fish to choose from? A girl becomes confused, and is scarcely able to distinguish between slight degrees of variation. True, the smell of fish is an unmistakable test of its quality, but to try even this requires experience. Yet one sign of freshness may be given which even a novice may discern—that is, the stiffness of the fish. If ever you see a fish lying on the slab which looks as if it were cut out in marble, and in which the tail stands out firmly, instead of hanging down, you will be sure to find the fishmonger in a jubilant state of mind, and when you speak to him he will tell you his fish is not fresh only, it is all but alive. Flabbiness is a sure sign either of staleness or of the fish being out of season, and fish in this condition is not only worthless, but may be injurious.

The most popular way of cooking large fish is to boil it. It is so usual to put fish into cold water and bring it gently to the boil, that I dare say you will be astonished when I say that in my opinion, and that of a great many people who know very much more about cookery than I do, the same rule should be followed in boiling fish that is observed in boiling meat, and for the same reason. I hope you remember that when we were talking of boiling meat we said that meat was first put into boiling water to harden the surface, and so keep in the goodness; afterwards it was to be drawn back and simmered gently till tender. Salt meat, on the other hand, was to be put into tepid water, or, if very salt, into cold water, in order to draw out a little of the salt, which might harden the meat.

Now, we wish to keep the goodness in fish as in meat, and therefore we put it into boiling water. But as fish is more delicate than meat, we must be careful to put it into the boiling water very carefully, and then to draw it back immediately and keep it below boiling point until it is cooked. We ought to put a good handful of salt or a little vinegar into the water with it, as that will help to harden the outside quickly, but if we allow the water in the pan with the fish to boil quickly, our fish will be spoilt.

The only exception to this rule of putting fresh fish into boiling water occurs in the case of mackerel. The skin of this fish is so tender that if put into boiling water it would break. It is therefore put into tepid water, and must not be brought to the boil.

It is not possible to say how long fish must be boiled, because that must be determined by the thickness and, if I may use the word, the texture of the flesh, as well as its weight. It will vary from six to fifteen minutes per pound. We may know when it is done by pushing a skewer through the thickest part of the fish; if it goes through quite easily, and the flesh feels soft, it is done and should be taken up immediately, for every minute in which it continues to boil now will spoil it. Perhaps it cannot be served immediately, but that is no reason why it should be left in the water, for it may easily be lifted in the strainer and laid on the top of the fish kettle with a hot cloth over it. It should be laid here in any case, that is, whether it can be served immediately or not, to let the water drain from it, and when this is accomplished it can be placed on a hot dish, covered with a napkin or fish paper, garnished neatly, and served.

It is very desirable that fish should be of uniform thickness throughout, for if one part is thick and another thin, the thin end will be in rags before the thick part is cooked through.

White fish, such as turbot or brill, should be rubbed over with lemon-juice before being boiled; this will help to whiten the fish and so improve its appearance.

Fish well broiled is exceedingly tasty and delicious. This mode of cooking is usually chosen for small fish, such as herrings or mackerel, or for slices or fillets of large fish. Before being broiled the fish should be dipped in oil, or dissolved butter, and it should be seasoned with pepper and salt. The gridiron should, of course, be scrupulously clean, and the bars should be greased and warmed before the fish is laid upon them. The fire also should be clear and bright. It is convenient to broil fish on a gridiron which folds over, so that the fish can be turned without being touched. When a whole fish, such as herring or mackerel, is broiled, it should be split open down the back, wiped with a clean cloth, not washed, brushed over with oil, seasoned with pepper and salt, and then be laid with the fleshy part to the fire first.

Baking is not so usual a method of dressing fish as it deserves to be. This mode is specially suited to round white fish, such as haddock, gurnard, or codling, and with it great care is needed to keep the fish from getting dry. To this end it must not be overcooked. A greased paper should also be laid over it in the tin, or it may be covered with egg and breadcrumbs, the object in both cases being to keep in the juices of the fish. Round fish are excellent stuffed with veal forcemeat and baked. Baked fish should be basted occasionally whilst it is being cooked.

A very excellent and pretty-looking dish may be made by filleting flat fish and baking it. I daresay you know that to fillet fish is to take the flesh from the bones in fillets. The fishmonger will undertake this business if asked to do so, but it is much better done at home, because there is no waste. The fish must first be cleaned and skinned; the head, tail, and fins must be cut off. A deep cut must then be made down the centre of the fish, along the backbone, and the knife slipped in underneath and drawn under the flesh to separate it from the bone all the way down. When half the flesh is thus lifted, the fish should be turned round and the other half treated in the same way, and when one side is filleted the fish should be turned over, when the other side can be operated upon. In this way we shall have four fillets from each fish. At first, it will be found a little difficult to get the flesh quite clean from the bones, but persevere; skill will come with practice.

We will suppose that we have successfully filleted a pair of moderate sized soles, and consequently that we have eight long fillets and a quantity of bones, &c., at our disposal. How shall we proceed?

First, we take the bones and trimmings and put them into a saucepan, and let them stew down gently to make fish stock. There is a good deal of nourishment in these trimmings, and, of course, as our object is to supply nourishment, we cannot afford to throw any away. Therefore, we simmer the stock for awhile, and then strain off the liquor, and use it instead of water when we come to make the sauce for our fish. I cannot speak of the sauce now, although I hope that shortly we may have a lesson on sauces, but I may say in passing that all fish sauces should, when it is possible, be made of fish stock instead of water.

As for the fillets, we first smooth them on both sides with the flat blade of a knife, and then either roll them like a rolypoly pudding, or else fold them loosely over. In either case we must remember to keep the side of the fillet which was nearest the bone to the outside, otherwise they will not keep their shape. We sprinkle a little salt on each fillet, and squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice over them to keep them white; lay them in a well-greased baking-tin (of course, if we have chosen to roll the fillets, we must stand the little rolls on end in the tin), lay a sheet of buttered paper over the fish, and bake in a quick oven until a skewer will pierce them to the centre with ease. We drain them on kitchen paper, place them on a dish, pour the sauce over or round them, and serve. They will be done in about six minutes.

Is not this an easy way of cooking fish? It is such a good way, too. The fillets look well and taste well; there are no bones, and everything is excellent all round.

Of course, a little pains must be taken to dish the fillets neatly. If they have been simply folded over, they should be arranged in a circle, with one fillet overlapping the other, and the sauce or cooked vegetables may be put into the centre. If they have been rolled, the rolls may be put on a dish and small heaps of different colours may be put on the top of each by way of garnish. A little hard-boiled yolk of egg, a teaspoonful of green parsley, a slice of pink ham, or a little red chili, all chopped small, will answer the purpose excellently, and if the colours are contrasted prettily, and the sauce is put round neatly, the dish will look quite unique.

There is still another way of baking flat fish which renders it so savoury and delicious that I must describe it. Sole cooked in this way is called *sole au gratin*. *Au gratin* is a phrase usually applied to food which is coverod with breadcrumbs and baked until brown. In preparing it we may either keep the fish whole or fillet it as in the last recipe.

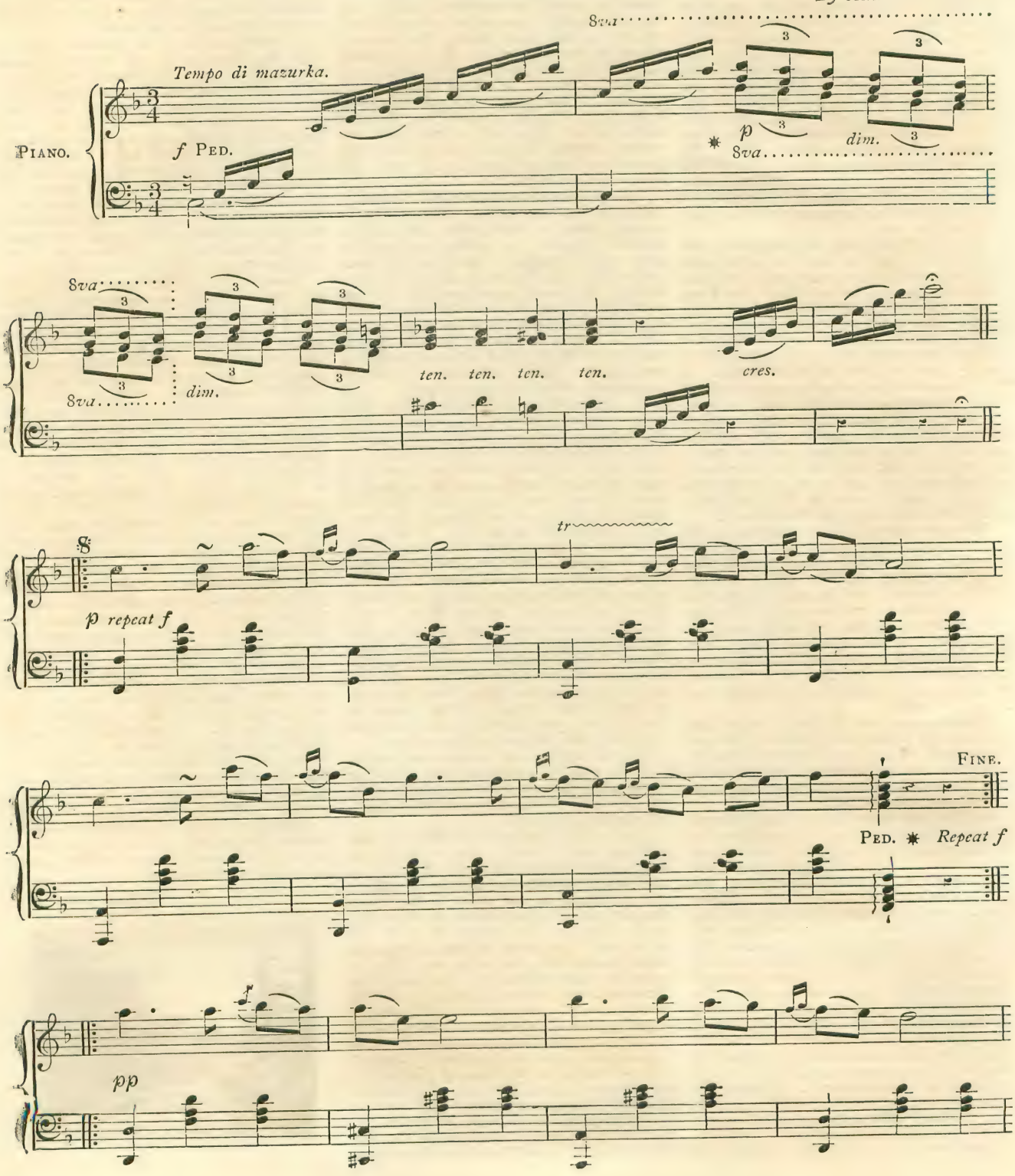
Take a moderate sized sole, wash and skin it, and dry it in a cloth; cut off the fins with a sharp knife, and nick the fish in two or three places on both sides. Procure a quarter of a shalot, four small mushrooms, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a slice of bread which has been rubbed through a sieve to make fine crumbs, a little lemon-juice, half a teacupful of strong gravy, and a little pepper and salt. The mushrooms, parsley, and shalot must all be chopped finely, and the breadcrumbs must be put on a tin in the oven until lightly browned. Butter a flat baking-tin and sprinkle over it half the chopped mushroom and shalot, and a little pepper and salt, squeeze half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice over; lay the sole upon the savoury mixture, sprinkle the remainder of the ingredients over it, and add a little more lemon-juice and the gravy, and a small piece of butter placed here and there on the fish. Sprinkle the breadcrumbs thickly over all, and bake in a quick oven. When soft in the thickest part, it is done. It will take about ten minutes, but it must on no account be overcooked. Serve on a hot dish, and garnish prettily.

There is still another favourite method of cooking fish—namely, frying it, but there is so much to be said about this that I must leave it till our next lesson.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

L'ALLEGREZZA.

By ANNIE E. NASH.



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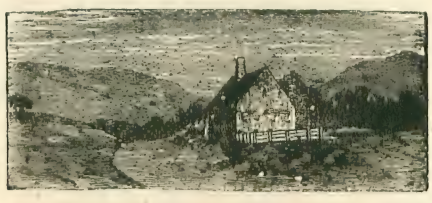

TIDES.

ON a brown rock off the Land's End a beautiful sea anemone had planted herself. She was very delicate and lovely, and when fully opened resembled not a little the gorgeous flower called the night-blowing cereus, only that instead of yellow she was tinted with shades of the tenderest apricot colour, almost approaching to pink. As the movement of the water swayed her transparent petals from side to side she looked like some strange ethereal flower, and very exquisite.

So thought a humble black king-crab, who lay in a nook amongst the rocks on the sand beneath her. He could see her every morning as he went out for his breakfast, and longed that he might go up and speak to her.

"I wonder if she would think me very impertinent if I went and talked to her? I'll try, anyway." And he marched along, with his heavy armour apparently weighing him down at every other step. Soon he raised himself, and, touching one of her petal-like arms very gently, said—

"Beautiful Actinia! may a humble shell-fish venture to address you?"

"Who are you?" said she (for sea-anemones have no eyes, though they can enjoy light, like other flowers).

"Only a king-crab," he answered, very meekly, for he felt so black, and hard, and ugly compared to her, that in his humility he almost doubted if she would notice him.

"Oh, indeed!" she replied. "Well, it is a comfort to have some one at any rate to speak to; for really, what with having to shut up on account of the low tide half one's time, and, when the water does cover me and I am fit to be seen, being deprived of all society, my time and beauty are entirely wasted, and I lead the life of a stone!"

"I am truly sorry to hear how dull you are," said the crab. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Come and tell me all the news you can!" she answered, peevishly, for she thought, "Better this ungainly fellow than no one to admire me;" but she little knew what a true unselfish nature lived under the dark shell of the king-crab.

"This tide business is a dreadful trouble," she said, discontentedly. "I wonder what occasions it. I like being in deep water, where I can always be unfolded, because I know I am really worth looking at!"

"That you certainly are!" said the crab, with honest admiration; "but I think I can explain to you what occasions it, if it would amuse you to listen."

"You may as well tell me," the anemone answered, rather wearily. With this very poor encouragement the crab proceeded, for he loved her so much that in his heart he could find no fault with her, and thought all she did perfection.

"The earth is like a ball turning round always on a stick, or axis, passed through its centre: the moon travels round the earth, and the two together make what is called a system."

"That is very stale news," laughed the anemone. "I know what you are going to say—that the moon attracts the water!"

"On the contrary," quickly responded the crab, "that is a well-known mistake amounting almost to a superstition of bygone ages, and I will show you how that idea originated. As the earth is larger and heavier than the moon, one would weigh heavier than the other. If I could put them in miniature each at opposite ends of a stick, and if I tried to balance them on my claw, we should find that, owing to the earth's greater weight, I should have to put my claw, not in the middle of the stick, but closer to the earth than to the moon. This would be the balancing point, and the centre of the system of the earth, and the moon, round which they revolve, is always in a line with each."

Here the anemone seemed a little more interested, for she unfolded every tiniest petal as if to catch every word. Encouraged by this, the king-crab continued—

"As the earth turns separately from the moon it brings its great seas and oceans every now and again opposite this centre of the system, and the moon also, they being in the same line. The waters rise and expand to this centre (but not to the moon) as they pass over them, so making a tide till they are past; and when the centre and the moon have reached the opposite side of the earth, the same sea, not having forgotten its motion, tries to rise again, and this forms a second tide. So this is why there are two tides in the twenty-four hours—a real, and what we may call a false, tide."

"Then the moon has really nothing to do with it beyond being in a line with the centre of attraction?" remarked Actinia, gracefully waving her pink arms.

"None whatever," answered the crab; "but as no one can see the centre point, and the moon can be seen, it makes people say the tides are caused by the attraction of the moon—a power that I, for one, believe she does not possess."

Just then a handsome spotted dog-fish swam past, gently touching one of the anemone's arms in recognition.

"Ah! is that you?" she said, "I thought myself quite forgotten by my old friends."

"That would be impossible, fair Actinia," said the dog-fish, with the easy grace of a refined and thoroughbred manner, for his family being a very old one were looked up to as extremely aristocratic. "My mother and sisters are spending such a pleasant time among the rocks of the great seaweed forest that stretches westward to the Bahama Islands, and are wishing so much to see you, that I came over to try and persuade you to drift over there next time the undercurrent sets in that direction."

"How very kind of you!" said the delighted anemone. "I hope it will come soon, for I am dying to get out of this dull place."

The king-crab hearing this felt a little disappointed to find that he must have succeeded so badly in amusing her, and could not help wishing also that he was as handsome and attractive as the dog-fish, for whom the anemone showed so decided a preference, and of whose charms, after his visits, she was never tired of talking. However, he continued to do his best for her, finding it such a pleasure to minister to her in any way, for he loved her so dearly.

At last one morning, when he came to the accustomed rock to bid her "good-morning," he was startled to find she was gone. Slowly and sadly he was turning away when a friend—a merry old porpoise—came swinging along past him.

"Your pretty lady-love has deserted you, I fear," he grunted out.

"Have you seen her?" eagerly asked the crab.

"Oh yes! more than two miles from here, floating away lightly with the westward current, and milord dog-fish in close attendance. I wonder you aren't jealous." And the porpoise whisked and flapped his tail about.

"Ah, no!" answered the king-crab, "jealousy is such a vulgar thing, and but another word for selfishness. If you really love anyone very much you would enjoy to know they were happy before all things; their happiness would be your first object, obtained at no matter what sacrifice to yourself. I know she is happy, and though I miss her sadly, and should dearly like to have given her the pleasure, I am very glad the dog-fish—who is a right good fellow—has taken her where she so longed to go, and I hope he and his friends will be very good to her and take great care of her."

"Ah well!" said the porpoise, rolling about, "that may be all very well, but I always thought she treated you very badly, and I can't make you out!" which, of course, he couldn't, seeing that the porpoise was like the generality of the world, by whom real love with its unselfishness is rarely understood!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GOVERNESS MARY.—We advise you to take a situation as governess pupil in a good school for some years, and not to think of going abroad, unless with good introductions and a safe and respectable home previously provided ready to receive you.

HENRIETTA.—Read the series called "Stars of Earth," beginning at page 79, in vol. i. You will find it most instructive. Also the "Home Naturalist," price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

H. P. L.—The word should be spelt without the "e"—"aging."

LOTTIE.—Your pupils should learn their letters, and to spell small words. You can also teach them easy pieces of poetry, and read to them every day. You will find the Kindergarten toys and games very useful to you, if you can procure them.

JEM.—All would depend on the kind of situation you wished to get, as, of course, the more highly women are educated, the better salary and place for which they would be suitable. All situations are now very difficult to obtain.

MURIELLE.—No one could be too highly educated. We think that you had better take your parents' advice, and endeavour to pass your examination. Consult a doctor for your digestion, which is weak.

ORIANA.—There are such a number of schools and colleges offering exhibitions and scholarships, and your question is so vague as to locality, that we think you must procure the list, published by the Woman's Education Union, of all of them, price 3d., published at the office, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, London, S.W.

AN ANACHRONISM.—"The Heavens and the Earth," by Milner, price 2s. 6d., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would be a suitable book on astronomy for beginners. The "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s., would help you in natural history.

LESSONS.—We cannot tell you how long you ought to study in the evening, as you do not tell us how old you are, nor in what way you are employed during the day. "I wish I were" is the correct form of speech; not "I was."

VICTORINE.—"A New Companion to the Bible," price 2s. 6d., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., will be very useful in helping you to give your Sunday-school lessons.

AN ÆSTHETIC SHAM.—We have read your letter carefully, and are disposed to think that, considering the state of your eyes, you would be better at home, where you might carry on your studies with more care for your general health. You write a beautiful hand, and your letter is good.

WORK.

WINIFRED ST. MAUR.—We think a pearl-grey would be a useful wedding-dress for you, as you could retrim it afterwards with grenat, cardinal, or blue; also with black Spanish lace. It is also a good colour for dyeing. The same colour might be chosen for the bridesmaids' dresses, with cardinal trimmings. The mantelpiece border might be worked on diagonal or serge; it need not match the brackets.

J. B. S.—See pattern for a jersey jacket in crochet at page 223, vol. ii. Use it, leaving out the sleeves. Full instructions are given.

KITTY FISHER.—Unfold some of the paper rosettes, and you will then see how they are made.

POPPY.—For an article on "How to Work in Leather," see page 261, vol. iii.

FLORENCE MARIGOLD.—You have not kept to the same seam. Stitch all the way down the back of your sock; the same stitch must always be purled in every turn.

ANN BRIDGEN CUCKFIELD.—Read the article on "Patchwork" in vol. i., page 206. You will find

any number of designs given. We could not say what the price should be.

NELLIE.—Put the empty reels into a bag to amuse babies with. They may be also strung together on strong wire to form the supports of "what-nots."

DEBENHAM.—You should have the white fur jacket cleaned, not dyed, but a furrier only could tell you whether it be worth the spending of money upon it. We cannot tell you "what improvement you want to make in your writing." Is it a conundrum?

DAFFODIL.—The cheapest framework for a screen is an ordinary clothes'-horse, covered with coarse cotton, and having hinges attached to it instead of the usual straps. The 10th of August, 1863, was a Saturday.

IMP.—We do not act as agents for the sale of crewel work. The only way of disposing of it is through the "ladies' work" societies, or else through the different fancy shops.

M. P. B.—Read "How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, and 264, vol. i.

AMY.—The pair of wings may be turned into a beautiful fire-screen by putting the two long sides together, and stretching out the shorter sides as far as possible. Fine wire should then be run through each wing to keep the feathers in place. The handle is put on over two stiff circles of card, and may be made of wood or ivory as you desire.

K. A. T.—The "Queen of the May" begins on the 22nd page of vol. ii., and ends at page 439.

COOKERY.

LOVER OF THE SEA.—Francatelli gives the following recipe for "Mehl-Prie": Take two ounces of corn-flour, add one pint of milk, two oz. of loaf sugar, and a few drops of vanilla. Stir the whole over the fire for ten minutes, and pour into custard cups; serve when cold.

SCROGGINS.—We find it difficult to imagine anyone leaving out the flour in a cake, especially a "pound" cake, which would naturally contain flour. We think the next time you attempt cooking you should try to obtain advice from your cook.

SNOWDROP.—Boil your plum-puddings in a cloth and basin, keep them in a moderately warm, dry cupboard, and they will be good for a great length of time.

MARTHA.—"Kálopps" is a Swedish dish, which resembles stewed beefsteak. It is thus made: Take one pound of steak, cut into small pieces, and beat until quite tender with the rolling-pin. Put enough water into the saucepan to cover the bottom, and place in it row after row of meat, a few bay leaves, some slices of Spanish onion, a peppercorn or two, and a little flour. Add half an ounce of butter, and let the whole simmer for an hour; then serve while hot.

ART.

A POOR IRISH GIRL.—Satin, if of good quality, needs no preparation for oil-painting. Use "Roberson's medium." Many people prepare the satin with a little white of egg for water-colours. You write a very pretty hand; do not let it become too large.

MARY.—The wood does not require any preparation if you use the colours thick enough. Your account shows that you had mixed them with far too much water.

MARTHA W.—You will find Mr. Staples's articles excellent, and safe guides in becoming a good artist, as he has so carefully gone through the minutiæ of the work to be done. Go on with the water-colours in both branches. 2. Wash the face in tepid water, with a transparent mild soap.

L. H. S.—You do not mention what kind of wood you paint upon. Many people use bookbinder's varnish for wood, which might suit you, but without more information we cannot advise you. The gentleman of whom you speak is a German by birth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NORTH-COUNTRY LASS.—Use a little gum arabic water to stiffen your black lace.

ALLIE.—Many thanks for your enclosure, of which we unfortunately can make no use.

WINDMILL SAIL.—The lines beginning "Where is the man who has the power and skill," are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury. They are probably derived from two older poets—Aaron Hill and Sir Samuel Tuke. The expression is not quite correctly quoted. It is:—

> "Loveliness
> Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
> But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

It is from "Autumn," in Thomson's poem of "The Seasons."

SWEET.—Read "The Eyes and the Eyesight," by "Medicus," page 805, vol. ii.

ELLEN READE.—Many thanks for the kind letter you have written. We are indeed glad to hear that you have derived so much benefit from our paper. Your enclosure is full of good thoughts, and is a prose paraphrase of Miss Havergal's poem.

A WORKING GIRL.—You appear, from your own account, to be really a "West Indian," by right of your father's birth.

JEANIE TINDALL.—If your bookseller cannot procure the numbers for you, write for them to 56, Paternoster-row, enclosing the price and postage.

LEIGHTON.—We should advise you to have a tin vessel made, or a glass to fit the terra-cotta vase, in which to put the water. The terra-cotta itself is too porous, and the water when used for flowers would spoil it.

CARP.—Keble is the author of the lines you send us. You will find them in the *Christian Year* for the Fourth Sunday after Easter.

TRANSITIVE OR INTRANSITIVE.—All passive verbs are, of course, transitive. See "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Joseph Angus, page 196, paragraph 265.

PATTY.—The National Hospital for the Relief and Cure of the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen-square, Bloomsbury. "In Memoriam" wing for poor gentlewomen able to contribute a portion of the bare cost of their maintenance. Secretary, Benj. Burford Rawlings, Esq. We advise you to visit the hospital and make inquiries for yourself.

SNOWDROPS AND PRIMROSES.—Taking it for granted that you became engaged with the consent of your parents or guardians, you have no right to break it on account of any loss of fortune only on his part, when that loss is not such as to reduce you both to beggary, and make you a burden on your family. In his case he has sufficient left to support you had you no fortune of your own. But with so handsome a provision as you also have of your own, your jilting him would be to your dishonour.

NURSEY.—1. The duties of a "lady help" depend on the position in the household she assumes. A visit to the office, 163, Oxford-street, would be useful to you, and you would then find out if it would be suitable for your purpose. 2. The London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, E., receives sister probationers, and their salary begins six months after admission at £25 per annum. They are required to remain three years in the hospital. For the Great Ormond-street Hospital for Children see page 271, vol. iii. We think that for your purpose St. Mary's, Paddington, would answer best.

EEA.—The quotation, "Ye shall not know summer from winter but by the green leaves on the trees," does not appear in the Concordance of the Scriptures, and we think you are mistaken in "being sure" it is in them.

IRENE LONG.—Fasten the ferns on with gum, made very stiff, and use as little as possible.

L. PENZER.—"Readings for Winter Gatherings," by the Rev. Canon Fleming, in three series, 1s. 6d. each, are published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

KENILWORTH.—The address is quite correct—Kenilworth, Cavendish, Victoria, Australia. Kenilworth is a pastoral settlement half a mile south of Cavendish, the latter being a postal township 200 miles from Melbourne.

ELEANOR "wishes to know if she has done wrong in not acknowledging a gentleman who has several times moved to her." Her style of expressing herself is very unique and ambiguous. What did the poor man continue "moving"—his chair? You do not "acknowledge" him—you recognise him and acknowledge his attentions. We imagine that your acquaintance bowed to you, and although it was not his business to bow first—which is the prerogative of the lady—it is a rule of good breeding always to return what is meant as a polite salutation.

JESSIE EATON.—Nine o'clock p.m. is not "too late an hour" for the retiring for the night of a girl of thirteen. You say, "What age would it be considered too young for a girl to leave school?" Supposing, for instance, that she went to school at ten years old, she would be "too young to leave school" at eleven. If you mean to ask for how many years should a girl be at school, we should say that must depend on a variety of circumstances—the means for keeping her there, her health, the progress she makes, and the need of her presence at home. But she should continue a regular course of studies until she be of age, including those of housekeeping, cookery, home nursing, plain sewing, and cutting out.

EARNEST BLANCHE.—You have plenty of time in which to grow very tall indeed, being only fourteen at present, and we do not think you need be desperately anxious. You spell well, and write fairly for your age.

SPANISH REPTILE.—We know of no preventive of sea-sickness. To partake of a moderate meal some time before sailing, and to adopt a recumbent position, is the best advice we can give. Your suggestion is quite an unsuitable one, as our readers are English and not French.

DAISY.—Your letter was somewhat long, but we struggled through it with all the patience we could command. We sympathise with you in your "affliction," as we are sure it is such to you, and would be so to any young girl. Redness of the nose, though sometimes arising from indigestion, is often caused by cold feet and a lack of proper underclothing. Wear flannels next the skin and woollen stockings, and keep yourself as warm as possible. Avoid anything indigestible.

ROYAL NAVY.—In reading fiction you must be guided by your father's and mother's wishes. A good selection of books will be found at page 122, vol. ii., from which you may select if they do not object to them.

PRISCILLA.—We think it would be extremely "forward" if you made any young man a present, unless he were a relation, or you were betrothed to him. You should "avoid the appearance of evil," not only for your own sake, but as an example to others.

A LITTLE BOY.—You do not mention in your question what kind of beans you wish to sow. Mazagan and dwarf cluster beans are sown in November on light dry soils, but not until January or February on heavy soils. From February to June sow at intervals long pod and Windsor varieties for succession. To preserve eggs, see pages 271 and 668, vol. ii.

EVELYN.—William Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, fell at Quatre Bras, commanding the avant-garde under the Duke of Wellington, 16th June, 1815.

RAYONETTE.—Consult an encyclopædia or biographical dictionary.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—The reason of the non-flowering of your fuchsia is that it has not sufficient light. You had better move it to "the sunny room," and let it stay there; and cut the top of the plant off also.

H. S. C. C.—Various herbs and plants seem to have been in use at Easter throughout England. Tansy was used in memory of the bitter herbs amongst the Jews. Broom, box, and lavender were also employed, and as there were no palms in England, for Palm and Easter Sundays other *greenery* was adopted—box, yew, and willow branches—the first and last of these being generally seen everywhere, and in many cases being called "palms."

IDA.—See page 293, vol. ii., "A Word with the Nervous," in which article you will find your case exactly described, and from which you will obtain comfort and health. Do not despond.

IRENE.—You will find poulticing to be the best cure. Use bread and water only, with cold water bandages, to reduce the inflammation of the joint.

LALLA ROOKH.—There are several editions of Miss Ingelow's poems.

M. L.—The various orders of Good Templars have each their own rules, by which you must be guided if you join the society.

GUERNSEY GIRL.—Tortoises are fed on the young buds and flowers of the dandelion, on clover, young leaves of scarlet-runners, the inner leaves of young cabbages, flowers of the convolvulus, lettuce, white roses, and a light green milky weed, common in all gardens. But all tortoises do not make the same choice of food, one as another. They are fanciful, and must cater for themselves. Do not keep them in a yard where there is no choice to be made, and a scanty supply of flowers, weeds, or vegetables. When they hibernate, put them into an open box filled with hay, in which latter cover them well and place the box in a lumber or trunk-room, inspecting the box when near the waking-time.

GERTRUDE L. observes, "I hope my contribution to the GIRL'S OWN will be good enough to insert." The lines enclosed, having no rhymes, and being written for the most part in heroics, are apparently intended for blank-verse. If so, we must draw attention to the respective lengths of the several lines quoted, and the words where they should end, the breaks all falling in the wrong places.

> "And see that His own seal is set on ev-
> Ry work that we behold; Some minor strains
> Through our own lives will run; For grief, and care,
> And pain, all join to make an air that world-
> Lings hearing halt to note. Then all their soul
> Hardened by the crust, That sin and worldly
> Things do wall around, This wall our melo-
> Dy shall pierce, and so their souls shall blossom
> And bud forth," &c.

Your sentiments are excellent, but you should study the art of metrical composition. Consult the London Directory for some foreign library, as we cannot advertise for other firms. Having criticised your composition we refrain from giving your name; and hope our lesson will not wound your feelings.

JEANNETTE.—The distinction in Scripture between a parable and an allegory is said to be that a parable is a supposed history, and an allegory a figurative application of real facts. An allegory is called a continued metaphor. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and Spenser's "Faerie Queen" are celebrated examples of the allegory.

H. E. M. S.—You are too young at fifteen to leave school, no matter how well you write. Yours is now a fairly good roundhand. Of course, if short-sighted, you should wear spectacles.

NELLIE HART.—Wearing gloves, when convenient to do so, is the best cure for redness of the hands. Girls of your age are often troubled with red hands, but generally with proper care the hands become whiter in due course.

MINERVA.—You remind us of a little boy who, determined not to read the alphabet, at last burst into tears, and with sobs objected, "I can't say 'A!'" Have you not demonstrated that you already know the name about which you inquire, when you say, "Kindly tell me the name of Miss F. Montgomery's book, 'Misunderstood?'" We appreciate the compliment conveyed by your wish that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "came out faster." Unless shot out from the press by Martini guns, we do not see how that could be accomplished.

A VENTNORIAN.—The summers at Sydney, Australia, are warmer than in England, and the winters milder; frost and snow being unknown.

PEKINGESE.—Address, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall-bridge-road, London, S.W.

JEANIE SMITH.—Read "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii. Your plans for self-improvement seem well formed, and you will do well to secure an extra hour by rising earlier.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAVIE.—Washing the hair frequently will strengthen it.

SNOWDROP.—Have your black and white prints washed in cold water, rinse also in cold water well blued, wring very thoroughly, and dry quickly. Eighteen is the age at which girls generally leave school.

JUANITA.—By "red veins in the eyes" we suppose you mean what are called bloodshot eyes, which may be caused in many ways, too numerous to mention. Hold the eye, closed, in an eye-bathing glass, or egg-cup, filled with water so hot that the little finger can scarcely be held in it. This will drive back the red particles in the blood of the eye-ball. Repeat the bath till the redness has disappeared.

TRUE LOVE.—If your guardian has consented, even though "friends" may object to your marriage, there is nothing to prevent it. The grave difficulty, however, lies with your own conscience, and we advise you to read 2 Cor. vi. 14th verse, very carefully, and pray much for guidance before you decide.

MERRY BELLS.—It is a Roman superstition. Ovid says, "The common people profess it is unlucky to marry in the month of May."

JUNO, RABBIT, R. H. C., M. F. M., LALLA ROOKH, and PERILLA.—The drying and curing of skins is not a pleasant process, but many small kinds may be made useful should their owner know what to do with them, and will undertake the trouble. If the skin have been already dried, soak it in clean and, if possible, running water, for twenty-four hours, working it with the hands repeatedly during the time, till it becomes quite soft. If the skin be soft and fresh, it will only need washing to remove all the dust and dirt, and careful scraping to remove any particles which may have adhered to the skin. Allow the soaked skin to drain until most of the moisture have evaporated, and then lay it on a firm table, with the hair underneath. Then prepare the following mixture:—Alum 5 lbs., salt 2 lbs., coarse wheatmeal 2 lbs. Powder all the ingredients carefully, and mix gradually in a stoneware jar, or wooden bucket, with enough sour milk or sour buttermilk to bring it to the consistency of cream. Then taking some of it rub it thoroughly into every part of the fleshy side of the skin, using as much force as possible to drive the mixture into the pores. Give the skin as much rubbing as possible. Repeat this process daily for eight or ten days, laying the skin away each night, with plenty of the mixture to cover it, and folding it together with the fur side outwards. When it appears sufficiently tanned, wash as at first, in clean water, repeating the washing until there be no salt left in the skin, because, if any be left, the skin will grow damp on every moist day. The last process is to apply a strong solution of alum without salt, and lay the skin to dry, exposed to the sun, if possible. When dry it will be as hard as a board. Now roll it up into a tight roll, with the fur outside. Take a wooden mallet and beat it till it becomes less stiff. Open it out and stretch it as follows:—Get any blunt instrument with a rounded edge—a large shoemaker's rasp, for instance—and, laying the skin on the floor, proceed to work it from the centre to the sides with the blunt end of the tool, steadying the skin by placing the foot upon it, using the tool with the right hand and holding the skin with the left. When thoroughly worked all over, smooth with pumice-stone, and it is finished. The above is an excellent recipe, and not difficult to carry out. We have seen quite a handsome rabbit-skin rug, the skins in which were cured by the young brothers and sisters of a large family.

YOUNG SUFFERER.—We should advise you to wear flannel, use warm stockings and strong boots, avoid over-fatigue, and take cod-liver oil, which you may procure at a moderate cost at any good fishmonger's. Thank you for your kind letter.

MARY SMITH.—We advise your husband to appeal to his father's kindness and affection for him; which will be a surer method of obtaining any "rights" than by trying to enforce them in any way.

JOAN DALE.—The battle of Otterburn (or Chevy Chase) was fought in the year 1388, on the 15th August. In the second volume of the "Book of Days" you will find a long account of the ballad, the battle, and the relics which remain of it.

DAISY.—To restore the whiteness to pianoforte keys which have become discoloured, leave them exposed to the light for a time. See also page 494, vol. ii.

HENSTRAWY.—Many thanks for your kind letter, its good wishes, and warm commendations, which we have read with ease, owing to its legible hand-writing.

SOME DAY.—There is a British consul at Bordeaux, which is not very far away. Wax the floor with turpentine and beeswax.

HOLLY.—Nothing will take the mildewed spots out of gloves, we are told on good authority. You might try to dye them with Judson's dye.

C. A. R.—Send the dress to a proper cleaner's, as you will probably spoil it entirely in washing it at home.

MARIE.—Peace was proclaimed in April, 1856, but there was no special national thanksgiving after the close of the Crimean War.

OCEAN GIRL.—We think your mother is quite right in wishing to settle your money on yourself with a remainder to your family in case of your death. Your husband, if there be no children, should only have a "life interest" in it. In all cases, we advise girls as young as yourself to submit themselves to their lawful guardians, and we do not think any man of honourable feelings would endeavour to persuade you to do otherwise.

HAPPY ELIZA.—We are glad to have a letter from one who seems so pleasantly situated, and is so happy-hearted as you appear to be. The "poetry" is not suited to our pages, and instead of trying to compose any more, we should advise you to endeavour to improve both your writing and spelling. A little turpentine or benzine will take out the stains from your black cloth jacket. Apply it with a clean flannel.

INTERESTED INQUIRER.—Recent travellers make frequent mention of the "Golden Gate" of Jerusalem, in the eastern wall of the Harem, which has been closed for some centuries. It has been pronounced, by many authorities, to be of late date, and of Roman architecture. See the "Biblical Geography and Antiquities," by Dr. Barrows, pages 49 and 567, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 6s. 6d.

ISABELLA WIDDRINGTON.—Artists' gold-paint, price 1s., is the bottle which you mean, we think. Inquire at any artists' colourman's.

SEA ANEMONE.—The name of the Scotch song is "Duncan Grey." Your quotation is the chorus.

FOLLY.—The proper address would be, "The Rev. Henry Smith." There is no need for sending the small present without your name; your clergyman will be pleased to know who sent it.

SILVERE BELLE.—The disputes on the character of Shakespeare's wife have been many, and the same has been the case with regard to the wife of Milton; but if we may judge from the most recent researches, there has been a favourable change in the opinions of historical writers about both. It seems strange that we should be so much in the dark about the family-life of our two greatest authors.

M. BIGGS.—If you inquire of any good artists' colourman he will give you the address, or supply you with th materials you require. Clean the ivory with a little wet whiting, rubbing gently with the grain.

BESSIE HILL.—For bleaching skeletonised leaves, use four ounces of chloride of lime, and a pint and a half of cold water, mixed. When settled, pour off the clear liquor and cork up closely in a bottle. Procure a wide mouthed jar, and put a teaspoonful of this bleaching liquid to half a pint of water, and in this immerse the leaves until they become white. They should then be washed carefully in cold water. The instructions for the first process of taking the pulp from the leaves will be found on page 64, vol. ii. It takes a long time to accomplish the work satisfactorily.

KATIE.—Obtain a little tripoli powder from the chemist's, and put it on the white spot on the table, mixed with a little water. We will not forget your prettily-expressed wish.

URSULE.—If the marriage be legally performed in France, according to French law, it should also be repeated at the English Embassy, we believe; but on all such questions take legal advice.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

BY DORA HOPE.

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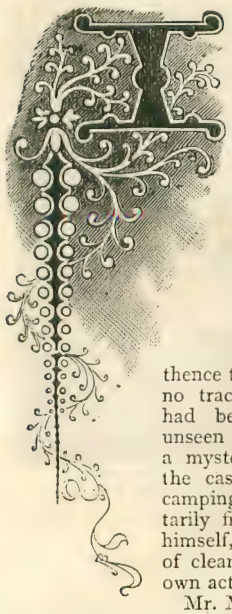
"HE WAS SHIVERING WITH COLD."



It was, indeed, true that Margaret and her husband's journey to Edinburgh had been for nothing. For Tom, taking advantage of a delay in the arrival of the police, and profiting by an unsecured window and various ledges and pipes at the back of the house, had managed to make his way down into a yard and thence to the street, leaving no trace behind. How he had been able to escape, unseen and unheard, was a mystery. The worst of the case was that, by decamping, he had thus voluntarily fixed the guilt upon himself, and the last chance of clearing him was, by his own act, removed.

Mr. Macander treated the matter with characteristic coolness. He reasoned that if he pressed the case on and had the young fellow traced and brought to justice, the expenses would be so considerable as to overbalance the satisfaction of it. Whilst, on the other hand, if he allowed the matter to drop, the thief would probably suffer more by privation and constant anxiety, and fear of being caught, than if he were sentenced to a term of imprisonment. So he decided to hush the matter up, which without much difficulty he was able to do.

There was no object to be gained in staying longer in Edinburgh, for Tom would certainly not be remaining there, so Margaret and Wilfred returned sadly home, thinking that Tom would be as likely to make his way to London as anywhere else.

Margaret was cut to the heart to see that Wilfred's mind towards Tom was somewhat changed, and that he was, to say the least, less confident of his innocence.

"You do not know him as I do, Wilfred, or you would see that his very nature would revolt against such a thing as he is suspected of," she said, vehemently, when they were left alone in the railway carriage by the exit of some passengers. "He is hasty-tempered, and very thoughtless, and perhaps a little bit selfish, but beyond that—oh, Wilfred, he is the very soul of honour!"

Wilfred sighed and hesitated before answering. "We can none of us tell the strength of our own virtue till we have been tested by sharp temptation," he said. "I think we should be very slow to judge harshly anyone who falls, in remembering that we ourselves might have fallen lower still, if equally tempted."

Margaret could say no more in defence of her brother. She knew quite well that everything pointed to his guilt, and she had nothing to justify her in her faith in him, save the loving instincts of her own heart. So she fell to talking of how they could tempt back the lost one, guilty or not, and what they should do for him if he came. They composed an appealing advertisement, to be inserted in the "Agony Column" of all the papers, and they made schemes for inquiring in all directions, covertly, so as not to excite suspicion. And, never doubting that they should soon hear of him, they began hopefully planning for his future.

It was irksome to Margaret to have to settle down again to household cares, whilst her mind was constantly at work with the lost brother, as the time went on. The day after their return home was Tuesday, synonymous in her mind with "washing day," for, in common with her neighbours, Margaret had a washing day, though she had expected to leave that unpleasant institution behind her in the country.

The back kitchen and wash-house boasted a convenient little washing-machine and wringer, which saved a great amount of labour and time. The linen was sorted on Monday, and all except the fine, coloured, and flannel things were put to soak. The coarsest things were put in a separate pan, and all were covered with warm water, in which one or two tablespoonfuls of extract of soap powder had been dissolved. This was found to have great cleansing properties, without in any way injuring the clothes. If for any reason Anne was without this extract she would prepare some soap jelly (as being the best substitute), by shredding yellow soap into a jar, and pouring on it boiling water, in the proportion of a gallon to a pound of soap. This was set aside for the night, and on Tuesday morning was fit for use, as a jelly.

Anne had not been accustomed to laundry work before coming to Margaret, and at first, with the view of saving herself trouble, she would postpone the washing of the different things as long as possible, till they were very much soiled and very hard to cleanse. Then, the quickest way appeared to boil them all up in the copper together, by which the stains were fixed, instead of being removed. Experience presently taught her that it is really less trouble and much better for the clothes to wash them before they become extremely soiled, and also that stains such as tea, &c., must be loosened by washing in cold or lukewarm water, before attempting to boil them out.

After being washed in the machine, it was only the most dirty of the things which required boiling. These were put in cold water in the copper, which, gradually coming to the boil, drew out all the impurity that previous washings had failed to remove.

Again Anne was at first very free in her use of the blue bag, hoping thus to hide the traces of careless washing. When this last was improved, she was content with the blue water only tinged with colour, and each article was passed separately and quickly through it, thus preventing the blue from settling in the creases. The coloured things were twice washed, and once rinsed in water containing a teaspoonful or so of salt, to secure the colour.

Starching was a great stumbling-block at first, and Anne herself was obliged to own that there must be something radically wrong in her method, when one day Margaret found her standing dejectedly at her ironing-board, whereon lay various "fine things," some as stiff as boards, others limp, and others again in patches of alternate limpness and stiffness.

Margaret was thankful that Joanna had expounded to her the mysteries of starching, and proceeded to practically demonstrate the same to Anne.

"You must wash the starch out of all these, Anne, and I will soon show you how to manage them properly," she said. "See, you must mix the starch very smoothly in cold water, in which a little borax has been first dissolved. That gives the things a nice gloss, and prevents them sticking to the iron. Then you dip the laces and muslins in, and afterwards rinse them a little in a basin of clean, cold water. That is clear starching. When all such light things are done, you pour on to the cold starch a little really *boiling* water. That makes it into a sort of jelly, which is fit for everything else requiring stiffening.

"These also require a slight rinse in clean water afterwards. Some time I want you to try, instead of using borax, stirring the starch with a wax candle till a little of it is dissolved. It is said to be even better than the borax. Now, if you make your starch as I have shown, you will have no more difficulty, I think."

By rising half an hour earlier than usual on Tuesday morning, Anne was able to do the small household wash herself without extra help, and without the other work of the house getting into arrears. She "sprinkled and folded" on Tuesday evening, mangled on Wednesday, and ironed on Thursday, so that there was not a very great amount of extra work on either day. Margaret was particular that all clothes should be brought in from the garden early in the afternoon, before the arrival of possible callers; if they were not dry, the process was completed in the back kitchen, where hooks were placed for the lines.

Though all this caused some extra trouble and discomfort, still the saving of expense and superior whiteness and preservation of the things were so considerable as to render it quite worth while.

Apropos of the laundry, Margaret was particular not to keep any soiled linen in the bedroom baskets. Every morning their contents were removed to a large one kept in the box room, for the custom of having a full basket constantly in one's bedroom is neither wholesome nor clean.

Margaret had her own ideas, too, about ventilation, perhaps planted in her mind by the lectures on hygiene she had attended some years before at the old Monkstown home. She could perceive no reason why one's first impulse on entering a bedroom in the morning should be to throw open the window, with a sniff of disgust at the close and stuffy air. Unless the night be damp or foggy, the windows should remain always open, provided the doors are shut. But there is a popular prejudice against this best and harmless form of ventilation (for the idea of its giving one cold is a fallacy, as long as there is no draught); so the bedrooms of Roseneath Villa were all furnished with ventilators, whilst the fireplace registers were always open. On a fair night, however, Margaret raised her window a few inches, in addition, with the result of always having a sweet fresh air in the room.

Dorothy Snow, Margaret's old school friend, now lived with her parents in one of the suburbs of London; she frequently found her way over to the little house in Bayswater. She arrived shortly before luncheon one day some weeks after the expedition to Edinburgh.

"I cannot bear people who drop in unexpectedly, at luncheon time, can you?" she said, as she greeted her friend. "But as I've brought you two presents, perhaps you will excuse it this once. One of them is something to eat, or rather to drink, and I propose that we have some as an adjunct to our luncheon."

"Oh, what can it be? Nothing spirituous, I hope, for I am a teetotaler, you know," remarked Margaret.

"No, it is only some real Spanish chocolate which Uncle Will brought me, and if I might have a little earthenware pot at this fire, I could prepare it in the correct fashion, which I am sure you would highly approve of. It has a delicious faint, cinnamon flavour that one does not often get in England, I think."

Margaret was accustomed to her friend's impulses, and departed to get the necessary cooking appliances. Dorothy threw aside her hat and mantle, and began breaking up 2 oz. of the chocolate in a mortar; this she put in the pipkin, with a pint of cold water, and stirred it over the slow fire till it was the consistency of custard.

"There, that is ready, but it requires sweetening to my taste," said the impromptu cook, pouring the fragrant compound into two cups. "Now, if we were abroad, we should have

little biscuits fastened in rows on paper, and glasses of cold water with the chocolate; but feeling rather famished, I should prefer some of that nice-looking potted meat, please."

"Ah, I have just invested in a mincing machine and cannot think how I ever managed without it," said Margaret. "All scraps of meat of all kinds, and bacon and ham and everything of that sort, are minced up together, and seasoned with pepper and salt, then pressed into small glass pots, a very little liquefied butter poured on the top, and it is a capital dish for breakfast or luncheon. Fish is very nice in the same way, and for a hot dish of mince the machine is most useful. But, Do, I do not wish to appear grasping, only did you not say you had *two* tokens of affection for me?"

"Yes, here is the second; it is for the piano, and I hope you will always use it, for really you do not take half enough care of that instrument. Why, it stands against an outside wall, and I have often seen it open on a damp day, with a draught from the window or door blowing right on to it!"

"Poor dear thing, it never occurs to me how delicate it and the rest of its race are, and I do rather neglect it, I know. But what can this long strip be for?"

"It is made of wash-leather, embroidered, you see, and it is to lay on the keys, before closing the instrument. There is a piece allowed to hang down in front of the keys, as well as to be on the top, and it keeps out damp and dust, and prevents the ivory going yellow. As you have to keep your piano in a room that is inclined to be damp, it would be best to get a set of glasses, one to be placed under each corner or foot, and pull it a little way out from the wall, for damp is the very worst thing for it, and sudden changes of temperature are almost as bad."

At this moment Anne appeared at the door with a note for Margaret. It was a rather dirty and disreputable-looking missive, on the outside, at any rate, and Dorothy Snow watched with surprise how Margaret first flushed rosy red, and then turned very pale as she read it. They were still sitting at the luncheon-table, though Anne had begun to clear away the things.

"Who brought this note, Anne?" asked Margaret, with a suppressed eagerness in her tones.

"A poor-looking, ragged child, m'm, and I hope she won't come hanging about the place, m'm, for she answered me quite impudent when I asked her who she come from, and I'm sure her hands were that dirty, I thought twice before I took the note from her. Some of them beggars I expect, m'm, from the looks of her."

Dorothy was not without a fair share of the curiosity of her sex, but it seemed that Margaret was not inclined to gratify it on this occasion. Wondering at her friend's unaccustomed reticence, Dorothy soon took her leave.

It was not remarkable that Margaret was discomposed, for the dirty little missive was in Tom's handwriting, and signed with Tom's name.

He was in London, he said, and craved to see her; he would be at a certain spot at seven o'clock that evening, and if she had any sisterly feeling left for such a miserable fellow, he asked her to be there to meet him. "But do not tell a single soul that you have heard from me," the note went on. "If I find that you have even hinted it to Wilfred or any one, I shall make my way abroad, and you will never hear from me again."

This was decidedly awkward, and Margaret's delight at hearing from her brother was almost checked.

"Seven o'clock is our dinner hour, and how strange Wilfred will think my being out!" she mused. "Well, I must leave a note to explain, yet I dare not tell him the truth till I have Tom's permission. It is just like a boy to fix upon *the* most inconvenient time!"

She wrote a few lines to Wilfred, saying vaguely that a poor person had suddenly sent for her, and she did not like to refuse so urgent a call; she would explain fully on her return, which would be before long. Thinking how her husband would rejoice with her when he knew the truth, she set out, and seven o'clock found her at the trysting-place. But there was no Tom. She paced up and down for some minutes, and began to grow hot and uncomfortable, for perhaps that poor wretched tramp who had been there crouching against the wall all the time might be seized with a design upon her purse; she wished he would go away; at any rate, she could not wait much longer, for he was looking at her—nay, approaching her—and saying in faltering tones, "Don't you know me, Madge?"

Could this pale, gaunt creature, with shabby clothes and hollow eyes, be indeed her bright handsome brother? Yes, there was still the old, frank, straightforward look, though the face was pinched and thin.

"It's no wonder you don't know me," he said, quietly. "I've been ill, and six weeks roughing it does alter one; but, Madge, say you trust me; I can't bear it if *you* are against me."

She threw her arms round his neck and kissed his poor pale cheeks again and again. "My darling boy, I shall always trust you, as I always have done. But why did you leave us? We could soon have cleared you if you had only stayed."

"No chance of that," he answered, with decision. "I know the fellow who took the notes, and he put those three in my desk; but I could not prove it. Besides, Madge, I would not have done so if I could; he shall never be found out if I can prevent it. I can't tell you why, but I'd endure anything first. It was foolish to run away, and cowardly, I daresay, but you don't know what it was, Madge—I couldn't bear it," and his eyes filled with tears.

There was much to hear on both sides. He told how he had been living as best he could, selling one by one his few valuables, and earning a few pence as porter and errand boy. The little girl who had brought his note, the child of parents as poor as himself, was a staunch friend, he said. She had tended him during his illness, and was always eager to share with him her scanty meals.

Tom, on his side, learned Mr. Macander's view of the matter, and that his father remained abroad with the idea that he, Tom, might be making his way out to him.

The clock in a neighbouring church rang out eight.

"Oh, I must go home now," said Margaret, startled to find the time had flown so," but you must let me tell Wilfred, and then you shall come home to us till we decide what can be done."

Tom drew his arm from hers, and a hard look came over his face as he asked, "Does he believe me innocent; or does Joanna, or any *one* of them but you? No, Madge, you can't say they do," he went on, passionately, "and it's not likely I shall come begging and praying them to help me, whom they think a thief!"

Arguments were of no avail; nothing would induce him to alter his mind, and Margaret, bewildered as to the right course to take, and afraid of losing him, reluctantly promised to keep his secret. She pressed upon him all the little money she had with her, the tears raining down her cheeks as she parted from him. "Good-bye, dearest darling brother. How can I leave you like this!" Taking a wrap from her shoulders, she folded it about his neck, for he was shivering with cold, and with one last embrace she ran off home. No girl in London was so miserable as she, she thought, for her brother was almost starving, and she was going to deceive her husband.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Third: The Mavis or Thrush—The Blackbird.

"All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning blithe to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The grey-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a thrush amid the limes."

"Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade
The cushat croodles am'rouslie,
The mavis down thy bughted glade
Gars echo ring frae tree to tree,
Thou bonnie wood."

I THINK it no waste of our precious space to quote the above verses. They prove that, whether in Scotland or England, the mavis or thrush is one of the especial favourites of the pastoral poet and lyrist. And well the bird deserves to be. No sweeter song than his awakes the echoes of woodland or glen. It is shrill, piping, musical. Tannahill says he "gars (makes) echo *ring* frae tree to tree." That is precisely what the charming songster does do. It is a bold, clear ringing song that tells of the love and joy at the birdie's heart. If that joy could not find expression in song, the bird would pine and die, as it does when caught, caged, and improperly treated. When singing he likes to perch himself among the topmost branches; he likes to see well about him, and perhaps the beauties he sees around him tend to make him sing all the more blithely. But though seeing he is not so easily seen. I often come to the door of my garden study and say to myself, "Where can the bird be to-night?" This, however, is when the foliage is on orchard and oaks. But his voice sometimes sounds so close to my ear that I am quite surprised when I find him singing among the boughs of a somewhat distant tree. This is my mavis, my particular mavis. In summer he awakes me with his wild lilts, long ere it is time to get up, and he continues his song "till the star of evening climbs the grey-blue East," and sometimes for an hour or more after that. I think, indeed, that he likes the gloaming best, for by that witching time nearly all the other birds have retired, and there is nothing to interrupt him.

In winter my mavis sings whenever the weather is mild, and the grass is visible. But he does not think of turning up of a morning until the sun does, and he retires much earlier. I have known my mavis now nearly two years, and I think he knows me. But how, you may ask, do I know that it is the selfsame bird? I reply that not only do the members of my own family know this mavis, but those of some of my neighbours as well, and in this way: all thrushes have certain ex-

pressions of their own, which, having once made use of, they never lose. So like are these to human words, that several people hearing them at the same time construe them in precisely the same way. My mavis has four of these in his vocabulary, with which he constantly interlards his song, or rather songs. They form the choruses, as it were, of his vocal performances. The chorus of one is, "weeda, weeda, weeda;" of another, "piece o' cake, piece o' cake, piece o' cake;" of the third, "earwig, earwig, earwig;" and of the last, sung in a most plaintive key, "pretty deah, pretty deah, pretty deah."

On frosty days he does not sing, but he will hop suddenly down in front of me while I am feeding my pet Newfoundland.

"You can spare a crumb," he says, speaking with his bright eye; "grubs are scarce, and my poor toes are nearly frozen off."

Says the great lyrist—

"May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?"

I am lingering longer with the mavis than probably I ought, simply because I want my girls to love the bird as I love him. Well, then, I have tried to depict him to you as he is in his native wilds; but see him now at some birdseller's door in town. Look at his drooping wings and his sadly-neglected cage. His eyes seem to plead with each passer-by.

"Won't *you* take me out of here?" he seems to say, "nor you, nor you? Oh! if you would, and were kind to me, I should sing songs to you that would make the green woods rise up before you like scenery in a beautiful dream."

The male thrush is the songster, the female remains mute. She listens. The plumage is less different than in most birds. The male looks more pert and saucy, if that is any guide.

The mavis is imitative of the songs of other birds. In Scotland they say he *mocks* them. I do not think that is the case, but I know that about a week after the nightingales arrive here my mavis begins to adopt many of their notes, which he loses again when Philomel becomes mute. And I shouldn't think that even my mavis would dare to mock the nightingale.

I have found the nest of the mavis principally in young spruce trees or tall furze in Scotland, and in England in thick hedges and close leaved bushes; it is built of moss, grass, and twigs, and clay-lined. Eggs, four or five, a bluish-green colour with black spots. The missel thrush, or Highland magpie, builds far beyond any girl's reach, high up in the fork of a tree; the eggs are very lovely—whitish, speckled with brown and red. I do not recommend this bird as a pet. He is too wild.

The merle, or blackbird, now claims our attention. He frequents the same localities that the mavis does, and is by no means a shy bird even in the wild state, though I imagine he is of a quieter and more affectionate disposition. It is my impression that he does not go so far away from the nest of his pretty mate as the mavis, but then, perhaps, if he did he would not be heard. The song is even sweeter to the ear than that of the thrush, although it has far fewer notes. It is quieter, more rich and full, more mellow and melodious. The blackbird has been talked of as "fluting in the grove." The notes are certainly not like those of the flute. They are cut or "tongued" notes, like those of the clarionet.

You can tell the difference between male and female easily enough, because the former is black with a yellow crocus-coloured bill, the latter a dark brown with a lighter bill.

The blackbird thinks that soft grass is more congenially comfortable than clay, so she lines her nest with that. She likes to be the same height from the ground, however; but a few summers ago I had a nest in the grass on a bank. It did well, and the young were half-fledged, but on going to look at it one morning I found the weasels had been before me, and had sucked the blood of every one of them. In canary breeding we often find a wilful hen, who *must* have her nest in a certain part of the cage, and nowhere else. We also find wilful pigeons. Perhaps this unfortunate blackbird was wilful, and the catastrophe points a moral.

The blackbird is far more imitative than the mavis, and can be taught quite a deal in the way of music. In order to teach him you must get one about two months old, or only a very little more. You must always feed him yourself, and coax and talk to him, and in every way teach him to love you. He must be kept in a room by himself, where he can hear no other bird or any unseemly noises. The tune must be whistled to him or played on flute or ocarina, note by note and bar by bar; the result, if persisted in, will be charming. But whether you care to teach him or not, you will find in the blackbird a most loving companion and pet.

THE THRUSH.

Either blackbird or thrush *can* be kept in a wicker cage, but there are regular cages for each of them procurable at any bird shop. Be sure to get a big, roomy one.

Now as regards the care of these birds while kept in a cage. When you get the cage, which *must* be before you get the bird, put clean, dry gravel in the bottom; cover this with dry grass or hay, which must be changed every day, if possible, or the odour will be unpleasant; fill the water glass with pure, fresh water, and put German paste in the food tin. Keep this state of affairs always up. Everything must be clean and dry and tidy. As a change of diet, oatmeal draggled with water may be given, and stalish bread soaked, the water squeezed off, then mixed with milk. Also little bits of lean meat cut fine, and garden snails, small slugs, and worms. In cold weather mix a little nicely bruised hempseed with the food. Break the snail before you give it to the bird. In summer ripe fruits, especially cherries, will be greatly relished.

Do not forget to change the water and food daily, and to clean the dishes. Do not forget the bath, either, of which these birds are very fond. Remember, if you be kind to the bird, whether mavis or thrush, it will love you and reward you with its song. There is many a poor, hard-working girl in our towns and villages who has nothing else to love her but her bird. Well, it is pleasant to have even that. But there are hours in every girl's life, whether rich or poor, when it is very pleasant to know there is one tiny heart that throbs only for her.

MY PRETTY CHARGE.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER II.

It seemed but yesterday that I was going my round of commonplace daily work through the London streets, and yet here I am, settled down and feeling quite at home in a foreign land, and in a quaint old house that might have dropped out of a fairy tale, watching over a child who was as winsome as a fairy princess, and who had a secret hanging round her. I could hardly believe that it was all a bit of reality, and yet I was by this time as used to my position as if I had been born to it.

When I thought it all over, as I did now and then, when I was sitting by my pupil as she drew or read—and her whole mind was so immersed in what she was doing that she did not speak—I could hardly give myself any distinct reason for having accepted this post which was so foreign to my former antecedents. The strong interest and liking which Alba excited in me the moment I saw her and talked to her had, no doubt, much to do with the matter, and perhaps also a thread of romance which was woven in among the fibres of my nature, though no one ever suspected it—and I was universally called a most eminently practical and work-a-day sort of person—may have had something to do with it too. My dear father, who knew me as no one else ever could or did, would sometimes say to me—

"Janey, little woman, you are like a book with a useful commonplace binding, but with some of the pages inside printed in a foreign character which only a few can read."

Mr. Bridlington had accompanied Alba and myself on our journey, and had not left us till he had seen us safely established at Belleville; that was the name of the old *château*, our present home. That journey with Mr. Bridlington was, if truth must be told, an experience that I should not exactly wish to repeat. He was always either rushing into wrong railway carriages, and having to be pulled out by frantic guards just as the train was moving, or kicking over a travelling bag upon the platform and sending bottles and packets of sandwiches flying wildly in every direction; or leaving his great coat at the hotel, and going in hasty search for it just as the train was starting; and all the while he was favouring Alba and me with such speeches as the following:—

"My dear Miss Allanby, calmness is the first great indispensable quality in a good

"I WONDER WHAT SHE COULD POSSIBLY WANT."

traveller, perfect self-possession and calmness, and this is what ladies, with all their many delightful faculties and acquirements, never have much of. That was why I came with you; I could not trust you by yourselves."

"Alba, my dear, you must strive to cultivate in your character, as you grow up, presence of mind; it is a thing which women don't often possess; but you may learn a little about it now by watching me on this journey."

But when he left us finally there was a serious gentleness in his face, a moisture in his eyes, which made me like him, in spite of all the trouble he had been giving me ever since we left London.

"God bless you," he whispered to me, "for taking charge of the child. It is a good, Christian work you have undertaken. Lead her every day and in everything to the Master."

And, in truth, it was a sweetness and a joy to me to lead little Alba up towards the heavenly kingdom, her young feet were so ready to go that road. Among all the girls who had been my pupils, I had never found one whom it was so easy to influence for the right, and whose nature had so many fair flowers indigenous in its soil. Her name, Alba, suited the gracious whiteness of her whole character as no other name could have done; and still better fitted her than my other favourite comparison for her—the comparison which had struck me when I first saw her—and which likened her to a moonbeam. Her nature, to its most inmost depths, had a crystal clearness and candour about it such as I have seldom seen, even in very young, simply brought-up children, before or since. She had her faults, it is true, like all other children, and indeed all men and women — such as a certain want of firmness, a certain too great credulity, but they were the faults of a mild, loving, yielding disposition, and they almost made me regard her with greater affection. I had good hopes, too, that a strong, brave, religious faith, which I was day by day building up as a bulwark around her character, would gradually work a beneficial change in her in this respect. For the last three years, since her mother left her, she had not received, from the different people who had had her in their charge, so much care as could be wished in this all-important point. In intellectual subjects, also, Alba had been a little neglected, and it was his consciousness of this fact which, no doubt, made Mr. Bridlington so anxious to put her under my sole charge. Her swift, lively young intelligence was, however, quickly waking up as I let the full light of knowledge stream in upon it.

Thus time flowed on peacefully in the old *château* where the child and I lived together, its course marked only by the simplest events of our simple daily lives. Now we were busy over Alba's lessons, which were, after all, more like playwork than downright teaching, her mind was so bright and receptive. Now we were sitting in the big, old-fashioned garden, where it was all like one wide wilderness of sweets, where the tangled bushes made networks of delicately tinted, varied foliage, and the flowers shone in great rich masses of colour. Now rambling through beautiful Normandy, where the summer peeped at us from among the rosy orchards, and beckoned to us from the deep green valleys, and laughed at us from the tinkling streams, where grey ruins on hill tops told their own silent stories in the sunshine, where billowy cornfields and meadows flecked with cattle or white sheep made one sweet pastoral poem that spoke of God's love and man's labour. Now pausing, for we had learned something of the patois of the district, to chat with a peasant woman at her cottage door, who looked, in her high white cap and short red petticoat, and spotless kerchief pinned across her breast, as if she must have just stepped out of a picture. Every day, as I watched my pupil and listened to her, my heart took her further and further into its most hallowed chambers; every day I wondered what danger could possibly threaten a creature so fair and sweet, and how any faintest shadow of mystery could possibly hang around her. I performed most faithfully and exactly the duty Mr. Bridlington had laid upon me of keeping an incessant watch over Alba, but there was in truth no difficulty in the task, for she and I were constant companions. At length the end of the summer came, and not the smallest thing had happened to give me the slightest clue to the strange words which the old gentleman had said to me about the girl.

One evening in September, when the wind was just beginning to have a note of winter in its voice, as it went in and out among the trees in our avenue, and picked off a withering leaf here and there and tossed it away scornfully, Alba sat on a camp-stool close to

the front gate of the *château*, sketching. She had shown more talent for drawing than for any other accomplishment, and so I had striven to cultivate her powers in this respect, and she was beginning to show, by the skill with which she handled pencil and brush, that I had not taught in vain. I stood by her as she worked, and every now and then her clear, star-like eyes would glance up at me, and she would pause in her work and talk to me a little. She had got used to speaking to me of all her most secret thoughts and feelings and fancies, and she would relate them to me whenever they came into her little head, as simply and easily as a bird sings. To-day her words were chiefly about her mother, of whom she retained a most vivid remembrance, and of whom she would often speak to me.

"Do you know, I had a dream about mother," she said, rather thoughtfully, "this morning just before I woke; it was a happy, pretty dream I know, but I can't distinctly recollect it; it is, somehow, all confused in my mind with the morning sunlight which was coming in at my window when I first opened my eyes, and the note of a blackbird who was sitting in a tree just outside."

"You must try to be better and better, and cleverer and cleverer, that your mother may have still more reason than she used to have to love her little Alba when she comes home."

"When mother comes home, when mother comes home," sang the child, making the words into a little tune, and keeping time to it with her small feet. Then a slight shadow passed over her face as she added, in a low tone, "But when will that be?"

Strong as Alba's affection was for her mother, she neither wrote to her herself nor received any letters from her. Mr. Bridlington had forbidden any such correspondence being carried on. He said that he would do all the writing to Mrs. Rothsleigh, and at regular intervals he sent Alba news of her, now saying that her health was a shade worse, and now a shade better. I always wondered a little at this arrangement, but the old gentleman insisted on it. Indeed, neither Alba nor I knew Mrs. Rothsleigh's address in India.

"I hope she will come back to you very soon," I answered; "but I daresay I shall be sad enough when the day comes, for then I shall very likely have to leave my child."

"No, no," she cried, flinging one arm round me, "I will have mother and you too; then I shall find it doubly easy to be good."

After that she returned to her drawing, and I took a few turns up and down the avenue. Once when I came back towards the entrance gate and the place where she was sitting, the girl startled me a little by saying—

"Just now, when you were at the further end of the avenue, a woman came and stood close to the gate, and looked in for a minute or more. I wonder what she could possibly want? I half thought of asking her, but before I could get up and go to her she had slipped away."

"What sort of a looking woman was she?" I asked, rather uneasily.

"Oh! there was nothing particular about her. She wore a grey cloak, and had a thick veil down, so that I could not see much of her face."

Mr. Bridlington's words did, certainly, come into my mind, but after a few minutes' thought I felt that I was troubling myself unnecessarily. What could be more probable and natural than that a lady, who had driven out from the town of Avranches, which was not many miles distant, should pause to look at the picturesque old *château*. Indeed, I had seen tourists doing so two or three times this summer.

Just at this moment one of the servants came to call me in to see a young woman who wanted to take the situation of cook in the *château*, as our present one was going to leave. The girl begged me to make haste, as the young woman was, she said, in a hurry to get back to Avranches that night.

"Come in at once, Alba," I cried, as I went; "it is getting late and cold for you to sit out."

"Yes," answered the child, in her usual docile way.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK AND WORK-SHOPS.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE THROWING-MILL AND DYE-HOUSE.

There is something rather puzzling in the term "silk-throwing," and we have to go back to our Saxon ancestors for the origin of the word. The Saxon *thrawan* meant to twist and turn, and amongst our Scotch neighbours we sometimes find the term *thrawn* applied to individuals who are crooked in person or ill-tempered and contradictious in their ways. Additional point is given to the latter mode of using the expression when we understand that, in silk-throwing, the combined threads are twisted in an opposite direction from that in which the separate strands or *singles* were twined in the earlier operation.

But we have only seen the raw silk unpacked and sorted. Clean and dainty as it looks, it must be washed as soon as it leaves the sorters. After a careful ablution in soap and water, at a temperature of 110 degrees, it passes from the drying-room to the winders.

The winding machinery consists of a number of light reels called *swifts*, which by a simple contrivance can be made smaller at will, so as to stretch hanks of varying sizes. From these the silk runs on to bobbins to be cleaned.

"What!" says a young reader. "More cleaning, when the silk, pure and pretty-looking to begin with, has already been washed?"

The next cleaning is, however, of a very different character, and is to remove knots and inequalities in the thread. The bobbins are fixed on spindles, which allow them to turn round without the smallest strain, and from these the threads pass through the cleaners to other bobbins at the opposite side of the frame.

This is a pretty and delicate process. The cleaner consists of two upright steel blades set edge to edge, and so close to each other that no knot or inequality can pass. Thus the thread is stopped between the blades, and the inequality must be removed and the ends joined before the silk can pass on its way to the opposite bobbins.

Doubling, as in cotton, is the combining of a number of strands—two, three, or four being joined, according to the purpose for which the silk is to be used.

Thus far the work has been done by women and girls, except that a few little boy half-timers may be seen amongst the younger hands. But the spinners are youths and men. The machines are high, having three tiers of bobbins, about fifty in each row, and the spinner stands on a little platform, which forms the top of a double set of short steps. This little double step ladder runs on wheels, and a slight movement of the spinner propels it from place to place—wherever the bobbins are requiring his attention. Its height, three steps from the ground, enables him to reach the top tier of bobbins with ease.

The silk is, of course, twisted in the spinning and throwing processes. In the latter it is carried from the bobbins to the reels, and thus again formed into skeins or hanks.

By a beautiful mechanical contrivance, called the self-acting count guider and stop motions, the length of silk run off is registered. When the exact quantity—2,000 yards—has run off, the machine moves the guider, and alongside the first skein runs off another and another until the reel is full, when the machine itself comes to a standstill.

This ingenious piece of mechanism seems almost human in its way of working, or perhaps one may say it is more than human in its unvarying exactness.

The fineness of the silk must be determined before the hanks are made into bundles, for a bale of raw silk often contains as many as eight different qualities.

This is not done by touch or sight, but by weight, and as each skein contains exactly the same length of thread, it is classed according to the number of deniers or drams which it weighs. The weighing-machine is such a delicate little thing—just a small spiral spring attached to a registering frame.

Though all the bands and inferior portions of raw silk are put aside—nothing but the best quality being operated upon in this mill—we are much struck with the economy practised on all sides. Every bit broken off when a new join is made, and the ends of threads used in tying the hanks—in short, every scrap is preserved. There are pins in the walls, across which the workers hang these odds and ends, which are passed into the waste bags and utilised elsewhere.

Sitting in the window recesses, women and girls tie up the hanks as they leave the reels, and when sorted, by weighing, they are made into bundles for sale, after which they go into the dyer's hands.

The terms used in connection with the manufacture of silk are quite different from those applied to cotton. No one seems to know whence they are derived, and some of them are not to be found in any dictionary.

For instance, the lengthway thread or warp is, in silk, called "organzine," and receives more twists per inch in the throwing than does the "tram," or weft.

The male overlooker in each room is called the steward, and he is the only grown-up man amongst the female hands employed there. There are, however, four women in each large room, called "danters," who superintend and instruct the younger hands and beginners. It does not seem very difficult to guess the derivation of this title, though Webster and the other great "men of words" tell us nothing, nor even mention the word.

It is evidently from "to daunt," or keep in check, these women being answerable for the order, industry, and good conduct of those committed to their oversight.

All the workers are paid by time, none by piece—a wise arrangement, considering the delicacy and costliness of the material which they manipulate.

If piece-work were given the hands might be tempted to hurry it in order to get a greater quantity finished, and in silk the smallest flaw causes a great reduction in value. One of my companions took up a thick hank, and as he passed it through his fingers he pointed out one tiny knot which had escaped in the cleaning process.

"See," said he, "a buyer, noticing that, would knock off eighteen pence a pound in the price on account of it"—an illustration which enabled us learners to appreciate the necessity for all the care taken to insure perfect evenness in the thread.

Half-timers begin to learn at ten years old, and at the end of a month get from a shilling to three and threepence per week, according to proficiency.

They *may* reach five shillings, and at thirteen years old they become full timers. The wages of good hands vary from 8s. 6d. to 11s. per week. The women who tie the hanks get eight or nine shillings per week.

Girls who work amongst silk have many advantages over those in cotton-mills. The exquisite cleanliness of the workrooms, the absence of oily smells, the comparative freedom from noise, the beauty of the material, and the fresh, pleasant atmosphere so different from that of the heated cotton-mill. In the latter, however, the work is much more regular, and not liable to the same interruptions, the production of silk fabrics being affected by the ever-varying fashions in a much greater degree than the materials made from cotton.

The young people we saw were fine specimens of healthy, modest, intelligent-looking English girls. The employer remarked of them, with pardonable pride, that there was not one amongst them whose character would not bear looking into, and that most of them were joined members of some Christian congregation. As we passed up and down the long rooms we saw the bright young faces, and heard the sweet voices making pleasant melody, as they sang hymn after hymn together, while the busy hands kept at work, and the attentive eye was scarcely turned, save for a moment, from the frames they were tending.

I wished much to make the closer acquaintance of these young folk, and it was with no little regret that, a few weeks later, I was compelled to decline a kind invitation from the millowner to be present at a tea-party he was giving to them. A postscript—"The above request comes from the workpeople"—made it very hard indeed to send the negative which could not be helped.

Before passing out we cast one more glance at the bundles of hanks, and are bidden to notice the beautiful beaded appearance of the twisted silk which, when held up to the light, looks like a fairy necklace, or cobweb strung with hoar frost. The thread is very sensitive to changes of temperature. Though it does not need great heat, a certain amount of moisture is favourable to it and greatly assists the working. A keen March wind will diminish the quantity that can be turned out in the same time by about a fourteenth part.

So we turn our backs on the throwing-mill, I carrying with me three dainty hanks—of China "organzine" and "tram," and "organzine" made from Japanese silk, which even my inexperienced eye can now pick out from the produce of other countries by its peculiar tint—less white than Chinese, less yellow than some French and Italian; though some of the latter is now very like it, as Italy had to obtain fresh supplies of eggs from Japan, when her own worms were destroyed by disease a few years ago.

Though the dyeing of silk is not done by female workers, we should have to leave out a very important link in the manufacture were we to pass the door of the dye-house without entering. Those neat bundles which we saw made up, change hands before they come here to receive a thousand different shades and colours.

"What!" say you again. "Talk of a thousand hues, when you may number the primitive colours upon your fingers! Impossible!"

By no means impossible. The varieties and combinations produced by the dyer's art seem almost countless, so numerous and beautiful are they.

Before any of these hues can be given to the silk, the bundles are undone, the hanks shaken out lightly, tied together in dozens—the band used being of a particular kind or colour to denote the owner—and then slipped into coarse white-netted bags. Through the meshes the suds can pass freely to the skeins within, for the silk has now to undergo another washing and boiling process to separate it from the animal gum put in by the original spinner—the silkworm. I was told that out of every sixteen ounces of China silk there are three and a half of this gum. In some cases the whole of this is boiled out; in others a portion is left in, according to the kind of silken fabric which is to be made from the thread.

The great dye-house is furnished with rows of bright copper baths, containing many coloured liquids, and offering a combination of odours, in which a powerful acid predominates. The first bath, however, is filled with thick suds of a creamy colour and consistency, caused by the gum aforesaid. The suds are boiled by steam, a pipe being turned into the bath when it is ready charged with bags of silk, soap, and water.

"We used to have a fire below," said the master of the dyeing establishment, "but we had a great quantity of silk spoiled through the ignorance of one of the men. He put in the soap, which he allowed to sink to the bottom of the bath and form a thick layer. It never mixed with the water, but burned to the bottom; the silk stuck to it, and was scorched in turn. So from that time I have boiled the thread by steam only. Before we leave this creamy-looking mixture, however, I must tell you something of its value. Perhaps you would think that having taken so much pains to separate the gum from the silk the suds would be worthless. On the contrary, they are simply invaluable to us for mixing with the aniline dyes. By putting a pailful of the suds to each foot depth in the dye-bath the other ingredients amalgamate without being curdled by the vitriol, as would otherwise be the case. So, you see, along with the silk itself the little spinner has furnished us dyers with the only material yet discovered which enables us to use these beautiful aniline colours."

By means of the gummy suds the silk absorbs the dye, and it is a curious fact that all the researches of chemists have failed to discover any substitute.

Rods are passed through the skeins of silk and placed across the baths containing the dye, each portion of the hanks being immersed in the liquid until the whole are equally coloured.

To remove the moisture after being dripped, the silk must not be wrung, or the colour would be streaky; so it is dried by a very ingenious contrivance. The hanks are packed in thick masses round the inside of a sort of metal drum, which, when full, is set whirling at a prodigious speed. The motion makes the water fly out of the silk, and we see it escaping through perforations and running in a rapid stream from the bottom of the drum.

But when dry the silk is not bright. Like our linen before it is ironed, it has a rough, stiff appearance, but, unlike our linen, the ironing process cannot be made available to restore its beauty. This is done by very rough usage indeed, and here we have a proof of the wonderful strength and tenacity of what looks only the size of a rather coarse hair after all its combinations.

When brightening is done by hand the hanks are hung on a wooden pin, like an extended arm. The workman slips a rod through the bottom and then pulls, drags, and twists the mass of skeins with all his might again and again, shifting the position and repeating the process, till an ignorant looker-on would think that half the threads must be broken.

If the reeling were unevenly done, this might be the case; but it is not. So the strain is resisted by the mass—not by isolated threads—the whole of them remain intact, and the silk under this violent treatment becomes soft, bright, and beautiful, like the daintiest floss in appearance. Brightening is also done by powerful machinery, which renders the operation a much more rapid one; though it increases our wonder that the thread can bear the wringing of those great steel arms.

We—for I have a young friend as much interested as myself, who is delightedly absorbing all the information so kindly given, and who is another descendant of that same Huguenot ancestor, and very proud of it—we, I say, now glance at the materials used to produce the colours.

That dirty pool of brownish black is a compound of muriatic acid and old iron. In other words, muriate of iron, and is the first bath used for black silk dyeing, though other ingredients follow this.

We are let into a secret about the weighting of black silk in dyeing, and are astounded to find that 14 oz. of pure silk become 32 oz. by the addition thus made; and that it is possible to make a pound of silk into 90 oz. of what is called such before it leaves the vats.

I look bewildered, and ask if such a thing as real black silk is still in existence, and am told "Yes," and that feminine purchasers are alone to blame for the adulteration. If we will pay the price for honest silk, and not insist on having an appearance which does not properly belong to it, but is only a sham, we can still get a pure and durable article.

The substances used present very varied appearances. Here is a bright green substance glittering like metal. This is used for dyeing majenta! Those sparkling brown granulates make a fine naval blue. This coppery-looking stuff is from carbolic, and makes a fine orange colour. We see huge piles of logwood, and find that as it dries the surface exhibits a variety of hues, just as a drop of gas tar does when floating on water and revealing its hidden treasures of colour.

The master of the place, genial and kindly, tells us funny stories about silk, and of the secrets of his trade.

Of the tricks of the working dyers too, who, being much plagued by a number of lads who persisted in snowballing them on their way to work during the late cold winter, caught some of the offenders and tinted their cheeks, noses, and hair in a manner Nature never dreamed of. Though it is fair to say this was only done after much patience had been exercised, and threats and remonstrances proved unavailing. It, however, cured the culprits, who were obliged to go to work with their queer-coloured faces, and suffered so much from the jokes of their companions that they have ever since been anxious to give the dyers a wide berth.

We now reach the office and inspect the pattern-books. It is only needful to see the samples ranged in order to realize that an allusion to thousands of shades is no exaggeration. Here are, for instance, thirty-two shades in a row of a single brown, so close that it is difficult for the inexperienced eye to detect a difference between any one and its next neighbour; so distinct, that if the latter were woven in place of the former a stripe would be plainly discerned. Think of all the varieties in any colour and of thirty-two shades in each variety, and you will soon count your tints by the thousand.

We leave the dyeing establishment, further enriched by the gift of a pattern-book full of exquisite shadings, and as we pass along to obtain some needed refreshment and an interval of rest, we review what we have seen and wonder at the very pleasant memories we carry away from the dye-house. There is still plenty of delightful and profitable girls' work in connection with silk to be seen after dinner.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME AGAIN.

MARCH winds were announcing themselves by boisterous gusts on the first day of the month, and dust, equal to many a royal ransom in value, if the old adage be true, scoured and swirled through London streets, as Mr. Henry Fitzroy, with tightly-buttoned coat, reached his front door at a pace that was almost a run, dashed inside, and slammed it in the face of the blast.

"It *is* an evening," quoth Mr. Fitzroy. "Cutting! Hey,—Edith!"

The drawing-room door opened and Harry came out.

"Dessie come?" asked Mr. Fitzroy. "I could not be home sooner."

"Just arrived. The train was punctual."

Mr. Fitzroy pulled off his overcoat and strode into the drawing-room with a "Well?"

Dessie had not known before how fond her father was of her. She could not feel, in this moment of meeting, that she would have been content never to see her home again. Rather, she wondered how she had been content to remain so long away.

"Well?" Mr. Fitzroy said again, releasing her from a hearty greeting. "Well, my dear, we are glad to have you back. And you have enjoyed yourself immensely, of course?"

"O yes, especially the first few months, papa."

"Ah, true, the ankle lately has been a hindrance on sight-seeing. Stand off, and let me see you. Grown, certainly."

"Six inches at least," said Dessie, with an attempt at merriment.

"Well, no; not more than five and a half, I should say. But seriously, I think she *has* grown, Alicia."

"I don't see much difference in height," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "She is thin."

"She is altered," said Mr. Fitzroy, surveying her all over with an air of mock dismay. "She is altered—changed—transformed — developed — metamorphosed. Didn't I know it would be so? The grub has become a dragon-fly. The chrysalis is a butterfly. The hoyden has grown into a real live young lady."

"I don't think I feel myself one," laughed Dessie.

"If you are not sensible of the fact, *I* am. Positively I have a sense of alarm.

Hair smooth, collar straight, dress whole, buttons and strings not lacking! What *have* they done to you? All individuality destroyed. It reminds one of the little boy with the lisp, who was left by his fond mamma at school, and by dint of great pains and trouble was cured of the weakness. Fond mamma, coming to the school to see her darling, exclaims in dismay to the schoolmaster, 'O Mithter Thmith, what have you done to that *beautiful* lithp?'"

"I thought the remark was, 'O, he hath lotht that beautiful lithp,' papa."

"One version is as good as another, my dear. Want to sit down? How is the ankle?"

"It isn't good for much yet," said Dessie. "I can walk, and that is something, but I have to count my paces and measure my motions. If I do too much, I am back on the sofa for a week."

"It has been a bad business," said Harry.

"I had nobody to blame but myself," remarked Dessie. "And the odd part of the matter was that up to the moment before the accident I really did not know I was afraid. I suppose one never does quite know oneself. It was just a sudden feeling of fright, that made me jump up; but I am not given to sudden frights as a rule. If Miss Bruce had done it, nobody would have been surprised."

"How do you like Miss Bruce?" asked her father.

"O I like her, papa. She is so good and unselfish and clever, that one can't help liking her. I did not think I should at first, and we had some battles, but I came off worst in them. She is as firm as steel over lessons, and I respect her the more for it, for it must be a tremendous effort to her. She has no bones naturally. They are all acquired."

"Dessie herself, but with a difference," murmured Mr. Fitzroy over this speech; and when Dessie went off to prepare for dinner, accompanied by Edith, he rubbed his hands together and said, "She'll do."

"Dessie is greatly improved," said Harry.

"She'll do," repeated Mr. Fitzroy. "It is satisfactory. I never was quite sure what turn in life Dessie might take. Truth to tell, I was always rather afraid it might be a 'girl of the period' turn, or else an extravagant patronage of ultra-æstheticism. There was no knowing. But she will do now."

"She does not look well or in good spirits," Mrs. Fitzroy said.

"Not in good spirits? I should have said she had kept the old sparkle. That is what I am so glad to see. I was half afraid Sid and Laura might squeeze all the fun out of her."

But Mr. Fitzroy began to have doubts as to the unchanged flow of spirits, before the evening was far advanced. Dessie seemed to be under a weight of some description—a weight which they could not fathom. They could not know how she dreaded to meet Cecil and Ella, how she shrank from seeing little Hugh, how the thought of the disclosure which must soon be made pressed upon her. She laughed and talked and jested; but the laugh was often forced; the talk often dropped into silence; the jest was often laboured. All through the dinner she had upon her a strange sense of unreality and dread, with regard to past, present, and future; and that sense she carried into the drawing-room. Sometimes all in connection with little Hugh and her own long absence seemed like a dream. Sometimes the truth of his condition and of her impending confession rushed over her, with a force which threatened to break down self-command altogether. For though she had not yet obtained Anne's leave, and had not yet determined on the precise steps that should be taken, she had come at length to a clear understanding with herself that in one way or another the truth must be made known.

They had been for some time in the drawing-room, after dinner, when the door quietly opened and Cecil entered.

The slowness of his movements struck Decima at once and forcibly. In old days he had been, like his father, impulsive and eager in action and in speech. Now he moved like one with a burden on him, and his tread had a certain heaviness about it, in marked contrast with the old buoyancy. The grave set of his lips scarcely relaxed for a moment into a smile, as he came forward and kissed Dessie, then turned away, and let himself into an easy chair, with a wearied look.

"Ella asked me to step in and bring a welcome from her to Dessie," he said.

The welcome was a serious one. Silence seemed to have fallen upon the whole party with Cecil's entrance.

"How is Ella to-day?" asked Harry, finding Dessie unexpectedly dumb.

"Not very well. She wishes Dessie to go and see her in the morning."

"Dessie will go, of course," said Mr. Fitzroy. "What hour?"

"Any time. Between eleven and twelve might be best."

"Tired this evening?" asked Harry kindly.

"Not particularly."

Another pause. Edith and Harry exchanged glances of some surprise at Dessie's evident constraint. Cecil seemed suddenly to awake to the fact that he was acting the part of wet blanket upon what ought to have been a cheerful gathering.

"Dessie, I can't see you well in that corner," he said, turning towards her. "Ella will want to know if you are at all grown or altered. Come a little more forward, and let me have a good view."

He was not in the least aware that it was the most cruel request he could have made. Dessie was in the midst of a hard fight to keep back a threatening overflow of tears, and observation was the last thing she desired. But to speak without betraying herself was impossible. She stood up, as he wished, biting her lips vehemently, and struggling to control the muscles of her face.

"She is transmogrified into a young lady," said Mr. Fitzroy.

"Yes—so I may tell Ella, I think," said Cecil, surveying her. But as he looked, a change of expression came over his own face, and he stood up to lay a hand on her arm, with a surprised, "Why, Dessie!"

Harry and Edith exchanged glances again.

"Dessie, is your foot paining you?" asked Mr. Fitzroy kindly.

Dessie shook her head.

"You are not sorry to come among us all again, are you?" asked Cecil, holding her arm still, and scanning her face.

"No—Cecil, let me go—*please*——"

"It has been a little hard to say good-bye to all the Heidelberg cousins, I dare say."

"Yes—no—it isn't that. O Cecil—please——"

Dessie could not, with her utmost efforts, restrain one passionate sob. She tore herself away from him, and was gone. Cecil stood still, with a stirred look on his grave face.

"Why, that isn't *Dessie!*" ejaculated Mr. Fitzoy. "What has come over the girl? Have they bewitched her?—or is she breaking her heart at parting with Emmeline?"

"No, no, it is not that," Cecil said sadly. "Don't you understand? It is—our little Hugh."

"I saw it as soon as you came in," said Edith. "Your face seemed to upset her directly."

"My face!" repeated Cecil. No one offered any explanation, but after a break he said, "Yes, I have been very down-hearted to-day. I hardly ought to have come, but Ella wished it."

"I hope Dessie will not upset Ella," Edith remarked.

"I am not sure that Dessie's feeling will not be rather a comfort to Ella," said Cecil. "She was a good deal hurt at Dessie's seeming indifference. Strange—never writing all those months!"

"Dessie hates to be betrayed into any show of feeling," said Mr. Fitzroy. "She will find it hard to forgive herself for this evening. Sit down, Cecil."

"Thanks, no—I must not stay," Cecil answered. "Ella ought not to be alone longer. But I should like a word with Dessie before leaving. Don't go, Edith,—I will find her."

He had not to search far. She was only across the passage, standing in the dining-room, with its lowered gaslights, her back to the door. Cecil's touch caused a start.

"I must say good-night, Dessie," he said. "May I tell Ella you will come to-morrow morning?"

Dessie's "yes" was hardly audible.

"I am afraid my coming in rather upset you. It brought to mind all the trouble about our darling, did it not?"

Another sob answered him.

"I was sure it must be that. But don't be too distressed for us, dear Dessie. It will be a comfort to Ella to know that you feel for her."

"Please don't say any more," was the response to this.

"Shall I give Ella your love?"

"Yes."

"Don't cry, Dessie. After all, there is much to be thankful for."

He kissed her kindly and was gone. Dessie presently returned to the drawing-room, and no allusions were there made to what had passed. But she was thankful when night came and she could indulge her distress unseen.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMEN OF INTELLECT.

JANE AUSTEN.

PERHAPS there is no name in history connected with so much well-won celebrity, yet of which there is so little to relate, as that of Jane Austen. Everyone has, I suppose, heard of her, many of us have read her works; no one with any aspirations after a literary career, or after a good taste and judgment in literary matters, but would study her exquisite English; and few, I should fancy, even in this age, where a somewhat different school of novelists finds highest favour, can fail to appreciate her fictions as fictions merely. Yet the first twenty-five years of her life were spent in a country parsonage; she never, so far as I can gather, visited London, or any town larger than Bath, Southampton, or Winchester; the society she frequented was chiefly that of her own relations and her country neighbours; she seems to have been brought into communication with very few of the celebrities of that day—to have been personally acquainted with none. Essentially domestic in her affections and in her pursuits, entirely free from the restlessness of ambition, writing merely for her own amusement, and in her humility unconscious of the place she was worthy to take, Jane Austen furnishes an instance of the compatibility of high literary talent with the most genuine womanliness.

Her father, the Reverend George Austen, was descended from a family long established near Tenterden, in Kent. He was educated by his uncle, Mr. Francis Austen, and seems to have possessed no mean abilities, for he obtained a Fellowship from Tunbridge School, and another subsequently at Oxford, and himself conducted the education of his children, preparing two of his sons for the University. In 1764 he was presented to the livings of Deane and Steventon, in Hampshire, and in the same year he married Cassandra, daughter of Thomas Leigh, connected with the family of Leigh, in Warwickshire, and Rector of Henley-upon-Thames.

Jane was born in 1775, and was one of seven children. She had five brothers: James, ten years older than herself, an accomplished, well read man, whose taste in literature seems to have assisted her in forming her own; Edward, who was adopted by his cousin, Mr. Knight, to whose estates of Godersham, in Kent, and of Chawton, in Hampshire, he afterwards succeeded; Henry, who in middle life became a clergyman; Francis, who died in 1865, aged 93, G.C.B. and Senior Admiral of the Fleet; and Charles, also in the Navy, who also attained the rank of Admiral, and died of cholera in the Burmese War, 1854, aged 73. Jane Austen had only one sister, Cassandra, three years older than herself, to whom she was devotedly attached. In "A Memoir of Jane Austin," written by her nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, the following account of the two sisters is given:—"Their sisterly affection for each other could hardly be exceeded. Perhaps it began on Jane's side with the feeling of deference natural in a loving child towards a kind elder sister. . . . . In childhood, when the elder was sent to school . . . . the younger went with her, not because she was thought old enough to profit much by the instruction there imparted, but because she would have been miserable without her sister, her mother observing that 'if Cassandra were going to have her head cut off, Jane would insist upon sharing her fate.' This attachment was never interrupted or weakened. They lived in the same home and shared the same bedroom till separated by death. They were not exactly alike. Cassandra's was the colder and calmer disposition; she was always prudent and well-judging, but with less outward demonstration of feeling, and less sunniness of temper than Jane possessed. It was remarked in the family that Cassandra had the *merit* of having her temper always under command, but that Jane had the *happiness* of temper that never required to be commanded."

In treating of the life of a celebrity one does not usually dwell for long on facts of family history, on domestic details, or on descriptions of the country in which he lived; there are generally too many incidents of a more stirring character to occupy our interest and our attention. But in the case of Jane Austen no adequate sketch of her history could possibly be given without reference to these comparatively minor matters. Her life was essentially the family life—bound up with that of her brothers and sister, her nephews and nieces; her country home was her world, her country neighbours well-nigh her sole society. And it is all the more interesting to note this as showing what a woman may achieve for posterity—almost unconsciously as it were—without the wish, perhaps without the power, to court publicity.

There is, moreover, a certain curiosity, common to most of us, to ascertain the ordinary everyday life of those whose names have become public property; we like to see them sitting by their fireside, or strolling in their garden; we like to know how they spent their day, and what were their favourite haunts and occupations; it seems to bring them nearer to us—to make us realise that they, no less than our little selves, had irrational likings and dislikings, had tempers and trials, had whims, fads, weaknesses. And, therefore, when Jane Austen's biographer devotes a page or two to the description of the pretty village and the old-fashioned garden, the turf terrace and the rustic shrubbery, and of the country in which the parish of Steventon was situated—a country of no prominent beauties, yet pretty enough with its undulating ground, its winding lanes, and its hedgerows full of timber—we feel that he is not wasting time over trifles nor demanding too much of our interest and sympathy.

Jane Austen seems to have been a woman singularly free from whims and weaknesses. That same calm, happy temperament which made her a stranger to all restless seeking after fame and acquaintance with the outer world, made her a cheerful, sympathetic, beloved home-companion, and though she lived to astonish the public and posterity, she was, nevertheless (to apply a description from the pen of one of our greatest novelists), "one of those benignant, lovely souls who . . . make a happy difference in the lives of those close around them, and in this way lift the average of earthly joy." She seems also to have possessed the happy faculty of doing well everything that she undertook, no matter how trifling. Her nephew says that no one could throw spillikins into a more perfect circle, nor take them off with a steadier hand. She was an adept at cup-and-ball, and used frequently to amuse herself at this simple game when her eyes were too weak for her to read or write. Her handwriting was remarkably clear and firm, and she was a skilful needlewoman, both at plain and at fancy work.

The Austens appear to have been looked upon as people of some importance in the neighbourhood of Steventon. Mr. Knight, the patron of the living and the chief landed proprietor in the parish, was their cousin, and being a non-resident, the Austens came to be regarded in some measure as the representatives of his family and estate. Though not rich, the income derived from the two livings of Deane and Steventon, which Mr Austen supplemented by taking pupils, enabled him to bring up his family in comfort; and it is mentioned by Jane's biographer that Mr. Austen kept a carriage and pair, though in those days the state of the country roads rendered this less of a luxury, or even of a convenience, than a sheer necessity.

As has been already said, Jane Austen seldom went beyond the circle of her own relations for her society, but these must have been the means of occasionally introducing a pleasant little variety into her life. She was very intimate with some cousins of the name of Cooper, who lived at Bath, and it was by visiting them there that she gained the accurate knowledge of that place and its society, which enabled her to write "Northanger Abbey" long before she went herself to reside at Bath. Another cousin with whom Jane appears to have been intimate was a certain Comtesse de Feuillade, who had been educated in France, had married a Frenchman, and had been left a widow during the Revolution of '89 to '94. We can imagine how the presence of this lady of varied experiences must have tended to enliven the quiet family party at Steventon, how she descanted to those staunch Tories of the horrors of republicanism and the atrocities of the Reign of Terror, how she startled these country mice with French phrases and French fashions. She gave her cousins lessons in French, it being from her that Jane acquired her knowledge of that language, and she finally married Jane's third brother, Henry Austen.

About the time when Jane was just grown up her sister Cassandra became engaged to a young clergyman, who, going out to the West Indies as chaplain to a regiment, died there of yellow fever. This tragedy of her early years seems to have left a life-long effect upon Cassandra, for she never married.

"Of Jane, herself," says the biographer, "I know of no tale of love to relate. She did not indeed pass through life without being the object of strong affection, and it is probable that she met with some whom she found attractive; but her taste was not easily satisfied, nor her heart to be lightly won. I have no reason to think that she ever felt any attachment by which the happiness of her life was at all affected."

The same authority informs us, with reference to the early age at which she attempted original composition, that:—

"There is extant an old copybook containing several tales, some of which seem to have been composed while she was still quite a girl. These stories are of a slight and flimsy texture, and are generally intended to be nonsensical, but the nonsense has much spirit in it. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is the pure and idiomatic English in which they are composed, quite different from the over-ornamented style which might be expected from a very young writer. . . . Between these childish effusions and the compositions of her living works there intervened another stage of her progress, during which she produced several tales, not without merit, but which she considered unworthy of publication . . . these tales were generally burlesques, ridiculing the improbable events and exaggerated sentiments which she had met with in sundry silly romances. . . . It would seem as if she were curiously considering how she ought not to write before she attempted to put forth her strength in the right direction."

In 1796, when barely twenty-one, she began under the title of "First Impressions" the novel which she afterwards published as "Pride and Prejudice," completing it in August, 1797. In the course of the ensuing year she wrote "Sense and Sensibility," which was followed in 1798 by "Northanger Abbey." Yet she seems to have written solely for amusement, and with no thought of future fame; indeed, at no time of her life does she appear to have been fully conscious of her great literary merits.

In 1801, Mr Austen being now an old man, resigned the living of Steventon, and removed with his wife and daughters to Bath, where they remained till his death. At the time of the removal, which, to a person of her home habits and domestic affections, must have been particularly painful, Jane Austen was five-and-twenty. To judge from the portrait prefixed to the memoir of her, she must, I think, have been a very pleasing-looking if not a very pretty woman, and it may not be out of place here to quote her biographer's description of her personal appearance, though it applies to her when at the age of thirty-two.

"In person she was very attractive, her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion she was a clear brunette with a rich colour; she had full round cheeks, with mouth and nose small and well formed, bright hazel eyes, and brown hair, forming natural curls close round her face. At the time of which I am now writing she was never seen, either morning or evening, without a cap. I believe that she and her sister were generally thought to have taken to the garb of middle age earlier than their years or their looks required, and that, though remarkably neat in their dress, as in all their ways, they were scarcely sufficiently regardful of the fashionable or the becoming."

Jane Austen was not what would be considered, in these days, an accomplished woman. She was, however, fond of music, a taste which does not seem to have been much appreciated by those with whom she lived, as we are told that she used to get up very early in the morning to practise, so that she might avoid annoying the other members of the family. Thanks to her early intercourse with her cousin, the Comtesse de Feuillade, she could read French easily, and she understood a little of Italian. She was, too, I should imagine, a thoroughly well read woman in the literature of her mother-tongue, and though, to us whose libraries are enriched by so many precious products of the genius of this country, her taste may appear a little antiquated and pedantic, we must remember that she was but appreciating some of the best prose and poetry then extant, when she acknowledged Johnson, Crabbe, and Cowper as her favourite authors. Yet, woman of intellect though she unquestionably was in her own particular line, she was not a woman of wide intellectual sympathies. Though she lived during perhaps the most thrilling period of European history, she seems to have cared little, and to have troubled less, about either domestic or continental politics. The traditions of her family were Tory, but from no quarter can I gather that her hopes or her fears, her enthusiasm, or her antagonism were actively roused by the events of the time.

It was while living at Bath that Jane Austen made her first attempt to obtain publication for her writings; an attempt which in her case, as in that of nearly every author who has afterwards attained celebrity, failed of success. So early as 1797 her father had endeavoured to come to some arrangement with a London publisher, but had been met with a summary refusal; and now in 1803 she sold the MS. of "Northanger Abbey" to a Bath publisher for the sum of £10. So unenterprising, however, was he that he preferred incurring the loss of the actual purchase rather than risk the publication of a work by an unknown hand. The MS. remained in his possession for fourteen years, when it was bought back by Henry Austen, and was published after Jane's death in 1817.

In 1805 her father died, when she removed with her mother and sister to Southampton. But a town never seems to have been to them a congenial home, and in 1809 they took up their abode at Chawton, in Hampshire, a house which had been placed at his mother's disposal by Edward Austen, who had now assumed the name and had succeeded to the estates of his cousin, Mr. Knight.

Between the date of her leaving Steventon and that of her settling down at Chawton Jane had not written a single word. She now resumed her pen, and having revised "Sense and Sensibility" and "Pride and Prejudice," the first was published in 1811, the second in 1813. At Chawton, too, and between 1811 and 1816, she wrote "Mansfield Park," "Emma," and "Persuasion." Of these three works, written when her powers were at their best, and which are unquestionably more highly finished works of art than her earlier fictions, "Mansfield Park" was published in 1814, "Emma" in 1816. "Persuasion" did not make its appearance until after her death. Of the terms she made with her publisher we have no certain knowledge, but for the whole four novels published during her lifetime, and which won her such well-merited fame, she never realised a greater profit than £700.

One little fact connected with the composition of these tales, which, for more than half a century have delighted readers of all ages, is worth mentioning, as evidence, I think, of Jane Austen's placid temper and her power of concentrated application. They were all written in the common sitting-room (for she had no private study to which she could retire), in the presence and amid the occupations of her mother and sister and friends, and not unfrequently, I suspect, subject to the interruptions of her young nephews and nieces, with whom she appears to have been an especial favourite. Her interest in and her affection for the pet personages of her stories is almost pathetic in its *naïveté*—though it is not hard to believe that it is a common phase of feeling in a novelist who has spent much care and thought upon the creations of his brain. In a letter to her sister, dated 1813, just after the publication of "Pride and Prejudice," she writes: "I want to tell you that I have got my own darling child from London. . . . Miss B. dined with us on the very day of the book's coming, and in the evening we fairly set at it, and read half the first vol. to her. . . . She really does seem to admire Elizabeth. I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her*, at least, I do not know." And again, about the same time, alluding to the praise her book had met with from a friend, she writes:—

"Her liking Darcy and Elizabeth is enough. She might hate all the others if she would."

Evidently the heroine of "Pride and Prejudice" was a great favourite. For my own part, were I called upon to pronounce critically upon Jane Austen's works, I should say that "Mansfield Park" and "Persuasion," for careful delineation of character, for close study of the workings of the human heart, and for an exquisite polish of style, rank highest in the list of her works. It is quite possible, of course, that to many a devourer of fiction in these days Jane Austen's novels may appear tedious; but giving my young readers the benefit of my own taste and experience for as much as it is worth, I can only say that when quite recently I read "Mansfield Park" for the first time, I felt no inclination, either to skip a word or to lay down the book until I had finished it.

Jane Austen's novels, however, did not, like those of some other writers, take the public by storm; they made their way slowly, though very surely, and this without drawing upon their author personally any of the notice which they themselves attracted. Indeed, among the common run of readers it was not unusual to meet with criticisms of which the following are specimens, and which Jane amused herself by collecting.

"One lady could say nothing better of 'Mansfield Park' than that it was a mere novel. Another did not like 'Mansfield Park.' Nothing interesting in the character, language poor. One gentleman read the first and last chapters of 'Emma,' but did not look at the rest because he had been told it was not interesting."

But Jane Austen could afford to be amused by the coldness of commonplace critics, when against such depreciation she could set the admiration of Coleridge and Sir James Mackintosh, of Guizot, who wrote: "My delight is to read English novels, particularly those written by women; *c'est tout une école morale.*" And of Walter Scott, who admitted that he had read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of "Pride and Prejudice."

In 1816 her health began to fail; she still, however, continued to write, which was to her less of a labour than of an amusement, and towards the close of that same year she completed "Persuasion." In the following May, yielding to the entreaties of her relations, she went to Winchester, to place herself under the best medical treatment. Her sister accompanied her, but, in spite of every care and attention, she continued to grow worse. On the 18th July, 1817, she died, aged only forty-two, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral. There is a little anecdote related of her grave which brings home to us significantly the seclusion in which this remarkable woman was content to live. A gentleman being shown over Winchester Cathedral, requested that Miss Austen's grave might be pointed out to him; the verger on complying with the request asked: "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady? So many people want to know where she was buried." And, adds her biographer, "During her life the ignorance of the verger was shared by most people; few knew that there was anything particular about that lady."

I cannot better conclude this little sketch of Jane Austen's life than by quoting the two highest encomiums that have perhaps been ever passed upon her writings. Lord Macaulay, in his essay on Madame D'Arblay, says:—

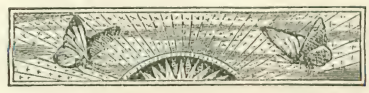
"It is the constant manner of Shakespeare to represent the human mind as lying not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second. But among the writers who, in the point which we have noticed, have approached nearest to the manner of the great master, we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen, a woman of whom England is justly proud."

And Archbishop Whately, in an article on her works in the *Quarterly Review* for 1821, says:—

"Miss Austen . . . has not been forgetful . . . of saying as little as possible of her own person, and giving a dramatic air to the narrative by introducing frequent conversations, which she conducts with regard to character hardly exceeded even by Shakespeare himself."

And since in the judgment of the brilliant essayist and of the great logician Jane Austen is permitted to approach thus near to the mighty master of human character, it would indeed be both needless and presumptuous in me to add another word either in praise of her works or in extension of her fame.

HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.



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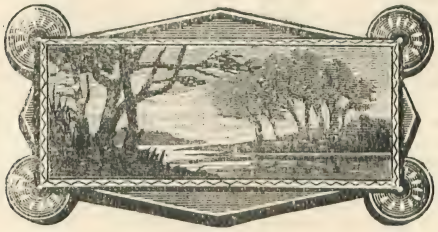


THE sun from on high his glory flinging,
Filled all the land with a golden glow,
And the glad light fell o'er a mother singing
A tender lullaby, sweet and low—
"My lamb! my lamb! may the Shepherd behold thee,
As He did the little ones of yore,
And safe in His loving arms enfold thee
For evermore! Oh, for evermore!"

Ah me! ah me! o'er the brightest morning
The storm may break and the storm-clouds fly;
And the fairest flowers life's path adorning
Spring up and blossom but to die!

The sunlight fades and the shadows thicken,
A chill wind blows from the far-off shore,
And the mother's arms—to her heart sore stricken—
Shall clasp her darling, ah, nevermore!

But as the bright arch through the storm comes shining,
And tells of the mercy that cannot cease,
So now, through the storm of her sad repining,
There came a glad whisper of hope and peace—
"Thy lamb that was lost, lo! the Shepherd found it,
And safe to His own green pastures bore;
And the everlasting arms are round it
For evermore! Oh, for evermore!

R. C. T.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXV.

"MADEMOISELLE, why are you in hiding?"

It is Monsieur le Marquis who comes to her with this laughing query, who slips into the vacant space by her side, who begins to chatter pleasantly and easily to her at once of the events of the day. Now at last Monsieur St. Just must be aware of her presence. He does start restlessly from his chair, but it is to lean upon the chimney-piece, to bend down over Leonie St. Cyr, and begin abruptly to question her about the events of the day in a voice that quite frightens the shy little convent recluse.

Damaris, feeling suddenly hurt and wounded all over, turns to Monsieur Jerome and lends a ready, although obtuse, ear to all his gay nonsense.

La Marquise is in a state of hardly-subdued and self-congratulatory delight. She casts a significant glance towards La Duchesse, whose attention, however, is absorbed by Monsieur le Curé, who is extolling St. Aubin in his usual florid style.

This unsatisfactory state of things has been brought about in fewer seconds than it has taken to tell, and all the while the sound of the advancing pipes has been growing louder and louder. There is a general move to the terrace. Monsieur le Marquis rises to follow. Damaris retains her seat.

"Mademoiselle, you are coming too?"

"I think not; I am tired."

"I thought you possessed never-ending reserves of physical strength for an occasion of this kind."

"The demand has been great to-day."

"Nevertheless, I don't believe the supply is exhausted."

"You doubt my word, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Not your word, but your willingness for some reason. Nevertheless, you cannot escape. I can assure you the *demoiselle anglaise* has a place in the people's hearts as well as in Monsieur le Curé's address."

"Had Monsieur le Curé the bad taste to mention my name?" she asks, with vexation.

"The good taste, rather, as Etienne and I both agreed."

"I have no wish to be given that to which I have no claim."

"Then you must come and make your own disclaimer, or you will be credited with everything, mademoiselle," he answers, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Once on the terrace, the novelty of the scene delights Damaris, and makes her forget her own mortification and disappointment.

All around and above is the clear purple twilight of the mountain world on a summer's night. Beyond the dark waving sky-line of the tree-tops the moon comes floating upwards, swimming in a pale sea of gold, which interfuses itself with the purple atmosphere.

Below the balustrade, closely compacted, with the glare from a hundred torches falling upon their upturned faces, stand the peasantry of St. Aubin—men, women, and children, even to babes in arms. The moonlight from above and the torchlight from below meet and mingle, producing a strong yet soft radiance, which envelopes the group on the terrace. Foremost of it, leaning upon the balustrade, as though his slight form needs its support, is the seigneur. Into the stillness of the night the clear tones of his voice fall, but there is a sharpness in them which at once strikes the sensitive ear of Damaris, as though he were doing violence to his own instinct of reserve in order to meet and to gratify his people.

The few words he speaks to them, although appropriate, and full of a generous hope for the future, have no spontaneity in them. It is so evident that to speak them at all, even to act the part he is doing in the evening's proceedings, is almost a greater effort than he has strength for.

Damaris is conscious of experiencing a keen thrill of disappointment. She has hoped so much from the hearty way in which he took up their cause. And now, in the very moment of his triumph, and of their grateful recognition of his exertions on their behalf, he is doing desperate violence to his feelings in order to play his part with any show of interest.

When his voice ceases, the people respond with ringing cheers. Monsieur St. Just retreats to the shelter of his mother's screen, but Monsieur le Curé, coming to the front, leads the cheers again and again, encouraged by the delighted "Bravas" of Madame la Marquise and her friend the Duchess.

Leonie becomes quite excited. Seeing Monsieur le Marquis leaning over the balustrade close by, his handsome face lit up by the glow from within which the seigneur's impassive countenance had lacked, she is encouraged to address him and ask him to point out to her in the group below the different owners of the names mentioned by Damaris in her narrative. He hardly knows Marthe Coton from pretty Marie Linnot, the village belle; but Jerome is wiser than to lose the advantage which a seeming knowledge would give him, and ere long he and Mademoiselle St. Cyr become quite confidential and communicative with regard to each other's opinions of the *fête* and the *paysans*. From them it is an easy step, easy to Jerome at least, back to the old days that he and Etienne can remember, when they first saw Leonie St. Cyr with her big doll on her knees. Leonie laughs brightly at this reminder, and her girlish laughter vanquishes much of the shyness and reserve engendered by her secluded convent life, as far as Monsieur le Marquis is concerned, at any rate.

"How much more agreeable he is than his brother!" is her conclusion of the evening's experience, "and what a great pity it is that he has not the estate as well as the name of St. Aubin! He is so much more interested in the people. If he had been in the seigneur's place to-night, how much more heartily and sympathetically he would have responded to them when they cheered him!"

So Leonie, in her youthful inexperience, judged as the world, which is much older, does, by words and appearances, instead of by deeds.

Madame la Marquise speaks in a low voice to Monsieur Etienne when he steps back from the balustrade. Damaris, listening, catches his spiritless reply.

"Let Jerome tell them; I can do no more."

"Nay, if you refuse, I will do it myself," returns La Marquise, but, nevertheless, she calls Jerome to her side.

"Take me forwards to the balustrade, Jerome; I wish to speak to the people."

He readily undertakes to aid her.

Monsieur St. Just is left alone under the shadow of the thick vine tendrils. A sudden impulse takes Damaris. With beating heart but resolute step she draws near enough to speak to him. But not all her resolution, not all her longing, can keep the hurt pride out of her voice.

"Monsieur, have I unwittingly offended you?"

"I have no right to complain of anything you choose to do," he says, coldly.

"But have I done anything at all at which you can take offence?"

"Nothing, certainly, at which I mean to take offence."

If he were carved in stone he could not look nor speak more frigidly.

Damaris hesitates, bites her lips to restrain the proud rebellious feeling that is surging upwards in her breast. Putting a great restraint upon herself, she continues—

"If, without knowing, I have done anything hurtful to your feelings, I am very sorry, monsieur."

An instant's silence, then from out of the darkness a voice—

"As I told you once before, mademoiselle, the *rôle* of penitent is not one that you can play to advantage. Nor can I, in this instance, believe it to be other than assumed."

Damaris recoils, involuntarily and haughtily, but just then a loud shout bursts upon the stillness of the night—

"La demoiselle anglaise! Dieu lui bénisse!"

Followed by loud and prolonged cheering. Another instinct is upon Damaris that bids her escape the publicity at variance with every tortured feeling of which her heart is full. She takes a step or two forwards to shelter herself from notice by the screen of leaves, but her forward movement brings her so many inches nearer to Monsieur St. Just, whom, just for one second, she has quite forgotten. The flowing skirts of her dress sweep over his feet. He rises quickly and draws himself apart. The suspicion is forced upon Damaris that he does so to escape her contiguity. Can he think for one moment that she has sought voluntarily to diminish the distance between them? Such is the agony of humiliation awakened by the thought, that, for a few seconds, every sight and sound is blotted out from ears and eyes but the internal tumult of pride and pain. Then the clamour of the peasantry makes itself heard once more, and through it Monsieur le Marquis's winning voice as, with outstretched hand, he bends above her under the shadows.

"Mademoiselle Damaris, il vous faut venir."

Damaris, white and trembling, gladly avails herself of his support, and suffers him to lead her forwards. Close by the balustrade sits La Marquise in her wheeled chair. She leans forwards as they approach.

"*Petite*, you are wanted. Come here."

La Marquise has been issuing her own invitation to the people to go round to the kitchens of the *château*, where the servants have orders to supply them with wine, in which she wishes them to drink the seigneur's health, and prosperity to the valley and the lace trade. But when Damaris went to tender her pitiful little olive-branch to the seigneur, Marthe Coton caught sight of her, and reminded the rest of the share which the *demoiselle anglaise* had had in bringing about the event they were celebrating to-day. So they cheer vociferously until Monsieur le Marquis leads her forwards, and La Marquise holds her hand whilst she bows and smiles her acknowledgments. Then Monsieur le Curé comes up to speak to her, and Leonie. She is quite drawn into the little circle, and astonishes herself at the power of self-command which that little incident under the vines has enabled her to assume. Here she is talking and smiling, responding and suggesting, as though no bewildering sense of wounded pride and misconception of her actions were swelling at her heart.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE FRIEND, ENEMY, AND COMPANION OF TRUTH.—The greatest friend of Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice; and her constant companion is Humility.

DAILY HAPPINESS AND DAILY BREAD.—She who has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than she who is in want of necessaries for the body; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of her who begs her daily bread.—*Colton.*

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

THE MUSIC OF A CHEERFUL HEART.—When the poet Carpani inquired of his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was always so cheerful, the great composer made a most beautiful reply: "I cannot," he said, "make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

THE GOOD-NATURED FAIRY.—You remember the fairy who was so good-natured that any weapon aimed at her changed its quality: stones became balls of silk, and arrows became flowers. The moral of the fable is evident. Be but liked and you will not be censured for your failings (if you have any), nor envied for your good fortune.—*Sharp.*

JUDGES OF CHARACTER.—It is a curious fact that children are the best judges of character at first sight in the world. There is a Scotch proverb, "They are never cannie that dogs and bairns dinna like," and there is not a more true one in the whole collection.

THE POWER OF LOVE.—No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with a single thread.—*Burton.*

THE BEST OF ALL PLEASURES.—The most delicate and the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—*La Bruyère.*

THE PILOT CASTAWAY.—One of the saddest things about human nature is that one may guide others in the path of life without walking in it herself—that she may be a pilot and yet a castaway.

PRAISING PEOPLE TO THEIR FACES.—Praise not people to their faces to the end that they may pay thee in the same coin. This is so thin a cobweb that it may with little difficulty be seen through; 'tis rarely strong enough to catch flies of any considerable magnitude.—*Fuller.*

THE GREAT ENEMIES TO PEACE.—Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us, viz., avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride, and if these enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—*Petrarch.*

WHAT TO SPEAK ABOUT FIRST.—If you have two topics to talk to a friend about, one of which interests her the most, while the other interests you the most, begin with that which interests her the most. It will put her in good humour; it will confer pleasure.—*Bentham.*

TRULY GOOD.—A good mind is a kingdom in itself, it is true; but there is no mind truly good but that wherein Christ dwells.—*Leighton.*

THE TRUE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.—The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to bring entertainment to them. A woman thus disposed, perhaps, may not have much learning or any wit, but if she has common sense and something friendly in her behaviour, it conciliates people's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company, but one may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where she cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where she can. Now and then you meet with one so exactly formed to please that she will gain upon every one that hears or beholds her. This disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world and a command over the passions.—*Addison.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

LOUIE BACHE.—For recipe for lemon sponge, see pages 352, 399, 494, vol. i.

MARIE.—You will find an excellent recipe for Christmas plum-pudding on page 38, "Christmas Roses"—the Christmas number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Read also "Bread and Bread-making," pages 350 and 439, vol. i.

M. M. D.—For a recipe for making toffee, see pages 15 and 170, vol. i.

KATHLEEN.—Slices of bread-and-butter for tea are now generally rolled. If the oven be too hot when a cake is first put into it, the crust forms too soon, and the cake will be cracked on the top.

R. R.—To make Bath buns, make a hole in the middle of a pound of flour, into which put a tablespoonful of yeast and a cup of warm (not hot) milk. Mix these with a little of the flour, and leave it in a warm place for an hour to rise. Then rub in 6 oz. of cold butter and four eggs, well beaten; mix all well with the rest of the flour. Again set it in a warm place to rise, and when well risen—which will be in about an hour—put it with a spoon in rough balls on well-greased tins, at two inches distance from each other respectively; the paste being rather thin, it will sink down into the proper shape—flat on the under side, and round and rough on the other. Then sprinkle some powdered loaf sugar on the top. Some people put caraway seeds in the mixture at first. Bake in an oven moderately warm, or rather brisk.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LITTLE HOUSEWIFE will find bath-brick or rotten-stone available to take grease out of a brick floor. There is nothing better than a poultice of bread and water, linseed, or scraped carrots, for boils.

A GIRL OF FOURTEEN.—You do not mention of what material your antimacassar is composed—whether silk or linen. But we should advise you to send it to a regular cleaner.

ETHEL.—You cannot remove spots when the colour is gone. You must have the material re-dyed.

NANCY BELL.—Rust may be taken out of steel by immersing the article in a strong solution of cyanide of potassium, say about ½ oz. in a wineglassful of water. Then clean it with a paste of cyanide of potassium, Castille soap, whiting, and water, mixed to the consistency of thick cream, and applied with a brush.

R. S.—Any of the numberless polishes and glosses, sold in bottles for cleaning kid boots, will revive the leather of old bags, and make them look like new. If the gilding be only dirty, wash with curd soap and warm water; and if that process does not answer, rinse the articles in vinegar, and dry them in sawdust.

SNOWDROP.—Directions for preserving fruit are given on page 560, vol. i.

ART.

LITTLE SHY GIRL.—The "School of Art" recipe for fixing crayon drawings is given at page 639, vol. ii. Why do you drop all the "n's" in your letter, and write "as" instead of "has"? Your brother probably requires some simple home tonic, such as those described under the heading "What May be Done with Simple Herbs," page 581, vol. ii. He should go to bed early, and leave off drinking tea at night.

GIPSY.—1. We have seen a notice of a kiln for firing china, invented by an American lady; but you could only find out by inquiry if it have yet reached England. 2. Read the articles on "China Painting," pages 74 and 340, vol. i., for full instructions.

FLIM.—We must confess we do not in the least degree comprehend your question, "When it was finished I had to coat the painting with size, so I began, but the paint got washed off, so I left it, and the vase now looks all right, but I don't believe it is all right; so please I should like to know the cause and the remedy." You appear to have painted a vase, but you do not say what with. If it looks all right, why do you require "a remedy"?

FRANCIE MABEL.—Mix the Indian ink in a bottle with sufficient water to make it as thick as you would require for plan-drawing.

MUSIC.

ELLA.—New settings of Scotch melodies come out nearly every month. The particular setting which you require would be easily found by inquiry at a good music publisher's.

MURIEL.—You appear to become over-tired through long practising. An hour and a half a day, divided into two portions, would do you more good than your own plan, and be less fatiguing.

MARY.—Bonavia Hunt's "History of Music" is a very good one; it is published by George Bell and Sons. We should make use of a pair of fine tweezers to try and eradicate the irritating hairs. There is no other safe remedy.

QUEENIE KING.—Inquire at any large shop where they sell musical instruments. You will find addresses in a directory. See directions for clearing the voice at pages 319 and 409, vol. i.

B. M. G. and ONLY AN IVY LEAF.—We do not give addresses. Our music reviews are thoroughly trustworthy. We advise you to consult them for the best "new music."

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.—Read Lady Coutts Lindsay's articles on the violin. Madame Norman-Néruda is, perhaps, the best female violinist at present.

JUNO.—We advise you to remain in England to prosecute your musical studies, as we are assured, on good authority, that nothing is gained by going abroad, unless you be very far advanced indeed.

EDUCATIONAL.

PERPLEXITY.—We advise you to study book-keeping, as your handwriting is quite good enough for office work.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—The full address of the secretary of the Wesleyan College is, the Rev. G. W. Olver, The College, Southlands, Battersea, London, S.W.

QUEEN RUNIGUNDA.—You will find the address of several foreign libraries in a London Directory, and the subscription is generally moderate. There are several new editions of French and Italian books, issued in a cheap form, from 1s. to 2s. the volume.

DESSIE.—You might study for the examinations at home, and write to the address you quote for full particulars. From all we hear, we think that situations as nursery governess are very difficult to be obtained, and if Kindergartens increase there will be fewer openings for them still. If a nursery governess be acquainted with that system, she will have a better chance of finding employment.

FERN.—A list of the governors of Christ's Hospital having presentations for the year is published annually in March, price 1s., and a general list, 2s. 6d. Apply at the hospital.

ANNIE.—You must have been misinformed. Private schools could not be interfered with in that manner by the State.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYPATIA and LADY KATHLEEN DARCY.—We hope "Hypatia" will visit the Children's Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, The Bank, Highgate, N., if she has time to do so, and has any toys, &c., to bestow. One of our girls is very anxious to interest some one in the welfare of this hospital, as she has left England, and is no longer able to visit it as she has been accustomed to do for some time past. We will forward her letter to "Hypatia," should she wish to see it, and would send us her address. "Lady K. Darcy" should paste her scraps on some pages of coloured glazed calico, and make them into a scrap-book, which she may send or take to the above address.

GUINEVERE, BLITZMADCHEN.—The explanation of the phrase, "Pouring oil on the troubled waters," is given on page 63, vol. iii. It is only analagous with "A soft answer turneth away wrath"—not "derived" from it, nor is it a "Bible text," as "Blitzmädchen" imagines.

ROSE.—We do not give addresses, which would be really advertisements. You would probably find a "fairy pool," such as we have described at page 783, vol. ii., would be much enjoyed.

A SWEDISH MAIDEN.—Many thanks for the recipe. Any of our girls can send us a story, but, of course, we must select the best for our amateur page. Your writing and spelling need improvement.

AUGUSTA B. M.—Re-trim your black cashmere dress with black watered silk, if it be good enough; if not, some fancy brocaded material would answer.

OLD MAID.—Cake and wine are not offered on any occasion. Afternoon tea appears to have taken the place of all such refreshments. Bride-cake is only sent to relatives, or very intimate friends.

EMILY.—We do not require the stamps, and hope you will not continue to forward them, though we must thank you for your intended kindness.

MOTHERLESS MARY.—No. 1 appears to be a coarse furniture lace, No. 2 is a fine Torchon, No. 3 a coarse English pillow lace, No. 4 English thread, No. 5 Honiton, No. 6 common guipure, No. 7 appears to be Brussels, but the piece is so small that we cannot be quite sure about it. We could not give the price of laces, as both the demand for them and the fashion vary, and the condition of the lace must be perfect.

BESSIE STOKES.—We are much obliged by your kindness, while we are sorry to decline.

E. J. R.—We fear you will be disappointed if we adopt Hamlet's "Words, words, words," as the best criticism on your composition. Another time we advise you to select some central idea or fact on which to write. Your letter is beautifully written and well expressed.

WINNIE B.—The text will be found in Ecclesiastes ii., 3rd verse.

ROSIE.—It would be impossible to preserve a delicate fern during the winter in a greenhouse that is "not heated in any way."

VERITAS.—Our young friend's perplexity does not surprise us, although quite wrong in the conclusion at which she has arrived. First of all, she must not overlook the grand fact that nothing happens by chance, and thus neither the circumstances of our birth nor position in life. Let her study the following statements of Holy Scripture in connection with each other and the question she has raised:—Rom. xiii. 1-7; Rom. ix. 21; 1st Tim. v. 17, and vi. 1; 1st St. Peter ii. 3; 1st Cor. xv. 41; and 1st Cor. iv. 7. It is not necessary to multiply passages to show that the various ranks and conditions of men are such as a Divine Providence has ordained, and all are honourable where the fear of God is the rule of life and conduct. He is not the God of confusion, but of order, and this order is maintained in the heavenly bodies, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and in the glorious world above, where there are archangels as well as angels, and elders as well as other saints. Thus He has seen fit to appoint, and who may question His wisdom or justice? But while recognising these distinctions as divinely ordered, we must not overlook the injunction—"Condescend to men of low estate," "unto all well-pleasing," "be pitiful, be courteous," "there are many members but one body," and "God has set every one of them in the body as it hath pleased Him." There is the head, and there are the feet. Doubtless Christians are "all one in Christ Jesus," and in Him there is "neither male nor female." Yet "Veritas" could scarcely argue from this fact that she was at liberty to act towards any man—who happened to be a Christian—as if he were an equal! There is a oneness and an equality as "members of Christ" in a certain sense, but they are not those of social position in this life.

R. C.—We are glad to hear that you have found "How to Form a Small Library" so useful to you in making a choice of books. You ask a number of questions, only two being allowed; but as you live in a foreign land, and really need the information, we will do our best to answer all of them in a few lines without breaking our own rules. "Green's History of the English People" is most interesting and readable. Encyclopædias, as a rule, include biography. To the questions in general we can answer "yes" with great truthfulness; but one of our rules is "that we do not answer questions which are of the nature of an advertisement."

ZOE MIDLAW.—We disapprove of anything clandestine or underhand. No man who respected a woman would ask her to meet him, or to be engaged to him under such circumstances; and we think no girl who respected herself would consent to such meetings.

A FLIRT.—The lists of successful candidates at the various military examinations are always published in the *Times*.

ONE WHO IS CONCERNED.—If possible, consult a doctor about your shoulder. You should be careful always to sit straight on your chair. You would also derive benefit from lying flat on your back on the floor for at least an hour every day. Calisthenic exercises might also be useful. There is nothing improper in sending a Christmas or New Year's card in return for one that has been sent to you.

FRANCEE.—We do not give private addresses, nor recommend teachers.

A STUDENT.—You can obtain the information you require by procuring the *Cambridge Examiner*, an educational paper published on the 15th of each month. Address, the Editor, the *Cambridge Examiner*, 21, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, London, W.

A. S.—Olive oil is ordered by medical men in some cases, but cannot be taken instead of cod-liver oil.

IVY.—1. Address the Secretary, Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C. 2. For St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., address the matron. No one is taken for a less period than one year, which the matron may make fifteen months if she please. Board and lodging are included, as well as £10 and a uniform.

PSYCHE.—We can only advise you to consult a surgeon.

IRENE.—The name of the authoress of "John Halifax" was Miss Muloch, now Mrs. Craik.

BLUE PETER.—You will find the kind of training you require at the Female School of Art, 48, Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

E. M. C.—We should advise you to try to obtain a situation as under-nurse, under a good head nurse, where you would have a careful training to commence with.

W. ALEXANDRA.—We believe it is necessary to make personal application for the office of stewardess to the various steamship companies; but there are not many vacancies to be obtained.

A WILTON SUBSCRIBER.—Write to the Secretary, General Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W. This society grants pensions to certain classes of domestic servants.

CATTERINA.—In order to read aloud well, and to interest others, it is needful to be interested yourself in what you read. Your trouble arises from lack of attention, and from allowing your thoughts to wander. A celebrated preacher once gave as a rule for acquiring a perfectly distinct utterance, "Take care of the vowels, and the consonants will take care of themselves," meaning that, if the vowels are sounded clearly and sharply, the speech will be rendered distinct.

ALICE M.—*Che sara, sara*, "What must be, must be," is the motto of the Russell family.

LADY VIOLET.—We should think the height of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales was about 5ft. 4 or 5 inches.

BEATRICE B.—Reading aloud is one of the most delightful ways of passing the evening at home; and your father would probably enjoy both reading and being read to. An illustrated paper furnishes much amusement, and a subscription to a good library is always well-spent money. We have answered your little sister's letter, which was very *naïve* and charming.

PATIENCE.—Æsthetic is a word of many meanings at present. In the end we think it will mean a great improvement in all our surroundings in daily life, and a greater knowledge of what is beautiful and true in ourselves, our houses, and our dress. The dictionary says, "Æsthetics: perception of the beautiful." If you were to learn book-keeping, you would secure a better position eventually.

SYBIL.—We have looked carefully through all the family mottoes, without finding the one you send us, and we think you must have made a mistake in copying it, as it is quite untranslatable. The last word is either Latin or Italian; the first word we cannot make out.

ORIANA.—A fault so candidly admitted and forgiveness so sweetly asked deserve our kindest reply. We quite forgive the "horrid letter." We shall forget everything save our admiration for our friend, who can so generously acknowledge that she was in the wrong.

UNE REVEUR FILLE.—"Tuba" means a trumpet, and is also the name of a powerful reed stop in an organ. The words of "Darby and Joan" are by F. E. Weatherly, the music by J. L. Molloy.

AN ANXIOUS WIFE.—We think you can do nothing except induce your husband to make a will in your favour, as regards your own property, which became invested in him at your marriage.

E. J. W.—Under the circumstances, however painful to your feelings, you must remain with your poor mother. Think of her with infinite pity, as one who is bound by a terrible chain of sin, and give her your tenderest care and your earnest prayers. Be sure that the path of duty, however hard, is also the path of blessing, and that unless we carry the cross we shall in no wise wear the crown.

CURIOUS.—There is nothing to prevent your calling on your friends, but you must state your wishes to the lady with whom you are staying, and inquire if she has formed any other engagement for you, and if it will be convenient to her to allow you to go on a certain day.

M. J. W. (Oxford).—We have read your historical tale with much interest. It is well written, and the descriptions are graphic and faithful. We see much promise for the future in it, and advise you to "go on and prosper."

MINNIE B. (Dudley).—We transcribe your note, as we think it deserves the space.

"Sir, I am just going to write a letter to you. I think it is *abominable*, for I have written to you several times, and you have not answered me even once. I have written to you so many times that I am nearly sick and tired of writing, for I shall not write to you any more. I have seen questions answered a great deal more simple than I have asked for. I have asked how to clean artificial flowers, and that is not simple at all; but more, I shall decline taking in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and I shall not write to you any more, so good-bye *for ever*.

I remain, yours truly, MINNIE B.

We hope we have the sympathy of our readers in this trying withdrawal of patronage. The worst of it is, that we do *not* know "how to clean artificial flowers." We once knew a very poor lady, who stiffened the leaves of her flowers with gum, and cut off the edges when they became rough. She also used rouge, or carmine, to colour the leaves of her roses, we believe, but she was the only person that we remember who ever tried to improve artificial flowers when worn out. We hear that they are often sent to charitable institutions with worn out fashionable dresses, &c., and we do not know of what use they could possibly be.

LITTLE ALICE.—The wheel barometer is on the syphon principle, with an open end, and a float on the surface of the mercury. The float is connected by a string which passes over a pulley, with a weight at the other end. The motion thus imparted to the pulley, as the float rises or sinks with the mercury, is recorded by the pointer on the dial. This is the ordinary weather-glass.

DOROTHY.—We think that your laundress must use washing-powders, as soda will not cause clothes to drop into holes. Handkerchiefs with black or coloured borders should be washed separately without soda. Black wool, thread, and silk stockings must all be washed in cold water, without soda.

BLACK COAL.—Be patient, your education is not far enough advanced for you to earn anything yet; and at fifteen you are too young to leave the shelter of home. Whatever the trouble may be, you must not try to run away from it, nor leave the place where God has placed you. Take up the Cross, as Christ's true soldier and servant, and bear the trouble patiently, which will be to His honour and glory.

AN ENGLISH MOLLY.—Wet the hair with a little beer or gum-water, either of which will keep it in curl.

M. M. P.—We have endeavoured to assist you to find someone to take up your work, by recommending the hospital in our correspondence as worthy of help.

CARPE DIEM.—1. It is probably the deprivation of meat which has made your parrot pick out his feathers. Give him a bare chicken or mutton bone to pick sometimes, and to keep him amused let him always have an empty reel, which he will enjoy picking to pieces. 2. The opaque and transparent colours may easily be distinguished from each other, as the latter absorb the light, while the former reflect it. Carmine, lake, brown-pink, Prussian blue, and sap green are transparent; while vermilion, chrome yellow, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, and emerald green are opaque.

MAY BIRD.—Read "Grasses and Ferns for Ornamental Purposes—Pressed," page 566, vol. i. In this article you will find answers to your queries.

YOUNG SPECTACLES.—Ammonia and spirits of wine will both clean gilding, but must be used with caution if the filigree be the ornament of a brooch.

GORDON PLAID.—In case of croup apply hot salt to the chest and throat, the best thing to put it in being a woollen sock or stocking. Make the salt hot in the oven, but beware of burning the child with it. Ipecacuanha wine should be given every quarter of an hour until vomiting be produced, but you must consult a doctor as to the dose required, which will be regulated according to the age of the child.

NANCY.—The author of "Shall I Wasting in Despair" was George Wither, 1588—1667.

LITTLE JUDY.—Your black cashmere polonaise will look well with a grenat or a pink sateen skirt, but we should advise your having black sleeves and a plastron of the gathered sateen let in in front, like the centre figure on page 281, vol. iii. We have to thank you for your kind and appreciative letter, which is beautifully neat and well-written.

M. T. T.—Achilles is fabled to have been treacherously slain by Paris, who wounded him with an arrow in the heel, the only portion of his body which was vulnerable.

PRETTY PUSS.—To "have some hemp in your pocket" means to have luck on your side in the most adverse circumstances. The phrase is a French one, "*Avoir de la corde dependu dans sa poche*," and refers to the popular idea that hemp brings good luck. You will find many patterns of work in "My Work Basket." Your letter is a very nice one, and not at all "bad." The spelling is good and the writing fair. You have reason to be proud if you "wrote it all by yourself."

CRIMSON CAMELLIA.—The change of temperature has caused the leaves of your camellia to fall. After a rest, with a little care, it will recover itself.

LA MASCOTTE.—For the origin of the House of Brunswick see page 112, vol. iii.

NELLIE.—The 25th of November, 1869, was a Thursday.

BUSY BEE.—1. Clean your jet necklace first with a soft damp cloth, and then rub with a soft flannel and a little sweet oil to restore the polish. 2. Use camphorated chalk for your teeth.

OLIVETTE.—"The Misses Rayne request the pleasure," &c., is the correct form.

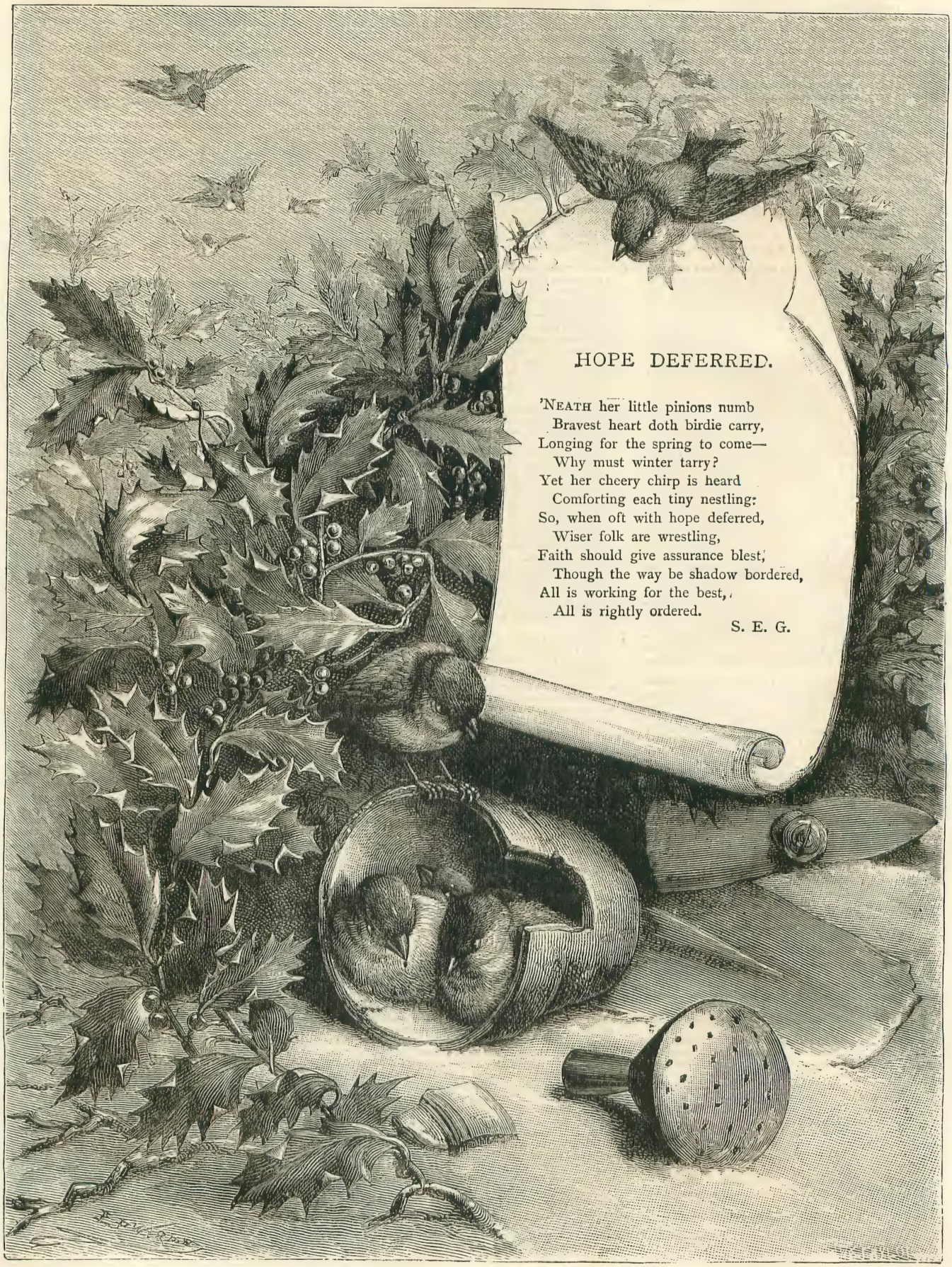
LILAC.—The best material for a bathing-dress is a dark blue serge.

FRANCOIS.—Your question has been already answered on page 255, vol. iii.

CHARLEY.—Pronounce "Celtic" as if written "Seltic."

DARLING.—It depends very much upon circumstances whether or not you should rise from your seat when shaking hands with a gentleman. In the case of a very old person, one very much your superior, or a very intimate friend, you might do so, but in ordinary cases it is not usual nor proper in the upper ranks of society.

MARGARET W.—The poem on "Pride" which you have sent us is much better than the specimens we generally receive. The rhymes are very fair throughout, and the ideas moderately original, but the subject is ill-chosen for the present day, and the poem fails through being too ambitious. Instead of Goldsmith's "Traveller," take some poet nearer our own day for your model, and you will have a better chance of appreciation.



HOPE DEFERRED.

'NEATH her little pinions numb
  Bravest heart doth birdie carry,
Longing for the spring to come—
  Why must winter tarry?
Yet her cheery chirp is heard
  Comforting each tiny nestling:
So, when oft with hope deferred,
  Wiser folk are wrestling,
Faith should give assurance blest,
  Though the way be shadow bordered,
All is working for the best,
  All is rightly ordered.

S. E. G.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—No. 116. MARCH 18, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MY PRETTY CHARGE.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I had done talking to the woman, and had arranged all about her taking the situation, which was a much longer business than such an affair would have been in England, what with the Normandy patois the girl spoke, what with the ways of foreign servants, which are so different from our own, I went to look for Alba in her own room, which was a pretty looking dressing-room opening out of mine. Somewhat to my surprise, however, she was not there. I went downstairs, expecting to find her in our sitting-room; I had been so long with the cook, I thought that she had changed her dress for tea, and was gone down

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to read till I came; but Alba was not in the sitting-room either. I then naturally supposed that she had not come in; the pleasure she took in her drawing must have led her on to stay out working at her sketch. The smallest disobedience was very unusual with her, but on this occasion she must have followed her own inclination.

The veil of twilight was beginning to fall over the garden, the evening wind had a chilly touch in it. The child was not very strong; nothing could be worse for her than to remain sitting out so late; I must call her in immediately. So down the avenue I hurried, with a word of quiet reproof ready for her; I must prevent her love of drawing leading her to do this again. I went to the front gate, where I had left Alba sitting, but no little figure was to be seen there bending over her sketch-book; the camp-stool she had sat on was there, and so were all the drawing materials she used, but there was no Alba. It was very unlike her, leaving all her things thus untidily scattered about, she was generally so neat in all her ways; she must surely be only gone for a little run in the garden to warm herself after sitting still so long, and meant to come back quickly and gather everything up and return indoors.

Full of this idea, I went along the walks of the garden, which were numerous, and wound in all directions among the trees and flower-beds, calling to her; but turn which way I might, and repeat her name as often as I might, I could see nothing save the branches waving and the petals of the flowers quivering in the evening air, could hear nothing save the wind, which was rising, sighing as it swept down the avenue, and rustling the leaves with an impatient touch.

My mind began to grow rather disturbed, still my fears, as yet, took no distinct shape. Alba must have gone indoors after all; I had known her at times wander about those rooms of the rambling old *château* which we did not inhabit, and amuse herself, in the twilight, with all sorts of fancies. There was no doubt she was now thus employed; I would go in and look for her, and call her down to tea, which must be ready by this time; so I went back to the front gate, picked up the camp-stool and the drawing materials, and returned once more to the house, arranging, as I went, in my head a little lecture which I would bestow upon my pupil for all the trouble she was giving me.

Only three rooms in the *château*—a sitting-room and our two bedrooms—had been furnished and made inhabitable for the girl and me by the introduction into them of a few bits of modern decoration. The rest of the apartments in the old house were left unused and uncared for, filled with relics of a past generation who had once lived, and loved, and laughed, and wept within these walls, but who had now faded into nothing but a memory. These lofty, spacious old rooms were all one dim vision of tarnished gilding, of dusty mirrors, of torn silk hangings, that stirred drearily in the wind which found its way in through the ill-fitting casements. Through the desolate *salons* I went, along the winding, empty passages, into the antechambers, where no gold-laced servants were waiting, into the cheerless little boudoirs, where no fair lady sat, and smiled, and chatted. Every minute I called out "Alba! Alba!" but I could hear nothing in answer except the creaking of a door on rusty hinges, or the rattle of a window-frame as the wind shook it, or the hollow echo of my own voice and footsteps. Now I started back at what seemed to me a tall figure in grey, with a pale face, coming to meet me through the uncertain twilight, and then found that it was only my own reflection in one of the pier-glasses which glimmered here and there; now my dress, as I hastened along, brushed a heavy satin window-curtain, that rustled like the train of one of the grand ladies who used to tread these floors; now, among the shadows which were gathered in a distant corner, I caught sight of something which made my heart give a great throb of joyful relief, something which was, I fancied, the child lurking there to spring out in another moment with a merry laugh, but when I came nearer it was only some high, old-fashioned screen or book-case; now a grotesque head, carved on a cornice, peeped at me inquiringly, as though it wanted to know what I was doing there.

"Alba! Alba!" I cried still, in tones which grew shriller and shriller as my uneasiness increased, and the deserted walls repeated the sweet name mockingly.

At length I stood still in the midst of the lonely rooms, and a great terror came over me. The child certainly was in neither the house nor garden. Where could she be? What could have happened to her? Had her disappearance anything to do with the mystery concerning her of which Mr. Bridlington had spoken? Had the woman whom she had seen standing at the gate anything to do with it? Such were the questions which were whirling hither and thither through my troubled brain. Oh! why had that foolish old man not given me, at least, some notion of the nature of the danger which threatened her? If he had only done so, I should have known better how to guard the child, the child whom I was learning to love so well, so well.

With thoughts like this in my mind, I now ran down into the kitchen where the servants were, with the faint hope that they might be able to tell me something that would give me a gleam of light. The housemaid, a lively Parisian, was arranging her coquettish little cap before a glass, and yawning to think that there was no one by who had taste enough to admire it; the cook, a sturdy, large-limbed Norman peasant, was clattering about in her wooden shoes with a pail and a broom in her hands.

"Have you, either of you, seen anything of Mademoiselle Alba lately?" I asked breathlessly.

The housemaid gave a little toss as though she did not like being disturbed in her congenial occupation, and answered carelessly—

"I have not seen her, mademoiselle, since she was with you at the gate when I called you in."

The cook raised her dark, heavy brows in some surprise at the question, and replied—

"But what should Mademoiselle Alba do down here among my pots and pans; she scarcely ever enters the kitchen?"

"I cannot find her anywhere in the garden or the house," I exclaimed. "Oh! will you, both of you, come out with me and search for her in the neighbouring roads and fields? Oh! it is growing so dark, so dark; for pity's sake be quick, be quick."

Thus adjured, the two Frenchwomen, who had kind hearts of their own, and who had acquired a certain liking for the child and me since they had lived with us—for Alba was always gentle and gracious by nature with those of inferior station, and I had striven to be to them a just and friendly mistress—speedily followed me out of doors. How fast the night was coming on! I could hardly now discern the shapes of the trees at the further end of the avenue; how fast the night was coming on, and there was no kindly moon to give help! Yet, nevertheless, we searched on all sides through the gathering gloom, each of us going a different way; but when we met again at the avenue gate we met in blank silence, for each could see that there was no little figure at the side of the others

Hitherto I had not wept at all; I had buoyed myself up, almost unconsciously, on a frail raft of hope; but now every plank of it seemed slipping from beneath me, I sat down upon a stone step at the gate and burst into a flood of tears. The Parisian stood behind me, going through a mute pantomimic representation of despair; the Normandy peasant gazed at me with a half-stupefied, half-terrified stare. At length in all the bewildered gloom of sadness I got hold of a thread of prayer, and held by it till I was calmer. I began to think, or at least to try to think, what I had best do, but no answer came to the hopeless question, except the dreary moan of the wind, except the murmur of the leaves, which seemed to be telling each other dismal secrets.

Just then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking up, saw, by the light of a lantern which she held in her hand, the bronzed face of an old farmer's wife of the neighbourhood, with whom the child and I had often chatted in our walks, bending over me.

"What is the matter, mademoiselle?" she asked, her rugged, weather-beaten face all quivering with sympathy.

I told her the story of Alba's disappearance in a few words. She thought for a few moments over it, and then said—

"I came back late from Avranches market this evening, it took me so long to sell my eggs to-day; all the hens in the neighbourhood have suddenly become quite *enragées* about laying, and that has made the price of eggs go down; I had to go from door to door with my basket, like a dog looking for his master. As I came home in the twilight, I met a carriage driving very quickly towards Avranches. I wonder whether that could have had anything to do with the carrying off of the child? It passed so rapidly, and the light was getting so dim, I could not see who was in it."

Her words sent a flash of hope through heart and brain.

"How can I get a carriage to take me at once to Avranches?" I cried, springing up.

"But, mademoiselle, there is not a carriage to be got nearer than at Avranches itself," replied the old woman.

"But is there no sort of conveyance? I will go in anything—anything!"

"If a lady with white hands like you, mademoiselle, could condescend to drive in such a thing, there is my little green cart that I go to market in," said she, reflectively.

"Oh, Madame Dindon, I do not care what it is, if only it will take me quickly to Avranches!"

"Well, you shan't go with old Fanchon that I always drive myself, we'll put in Alouette, he'll fly with you, and my Loulou shall drive you. It's rather a crooked road to go in the dark, and Alouette has a fancy, now and then, for darting down byeways, and Loulou is just a little too active with his whip; but *courage*, mademoiselle, you will reach there all right."

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK IN THE MISSION-FIELD.

II.—China.

CHINA — the land where tea grows; and pig-tails. That is all that many people either know or care about it.

And yet China is an enormous kingdom, with nearly four hundred million inhabitants —a third of the whole population of the globe. Of every three children born into the world one first sees the light in China; of every three who die one is a Chinaman who closes his eyes on this life, with no hope for the future beyond an unhappy wandering amongst other restless spirits, till some of the innumerable rulers of heaven and hell whom he worships shall think proper to send him back to this life in the form of an animal or reptile. Many have not even this doubtful hope of immortality, but believe that death ends all things.

And China is not only a large, but a very ancient and interesting land. Nearly five hundred years before the birth of Christ, when England was unknown, inhabited by savage tribes, and overrun by wild beasts, the Chinese were a great nation, listening reverently to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of their great teacher Confucius.

At the time of the birth of our Lord the belief that a great king was about to be born was universal amongst all civilised nations. China so strongly shared in the general expectation that the time for His appearance was come, that an embassy was sent to travel westward till they should hear some news of the Messiah. Had they travelled a little farther they would probably have reached the Holy Land in time to worship the infant Saviour with the shepherds and the "wise men from the East." But in India they fell in with the Buddhist priests, who told them that their god, Buddha, was the king they were in search of, and they sent teachers back with them who introduced the religion of Buddhism into China.

But "how are the mighty fallen!" These people, once the foremost in knowledge and enlightenment, are now slaves to the most debasing superstitions. Their objects of worship are almost innumerable.

There are three principal religions—Buddhism, Tauism, and Confucianism. The services performed by the Buddhist priests are wholly unintelligible to the people, as the language employed is really the original Sanskrit, written in Chinese characters, which will convey the *sound* though not the *meaning* of the words. The Buddhist priests are detested by the people, though all classes resort to them in case of illness, or when for any reason they require a religious ceremony.

The Tauists are fewer in number, but in many respects resemble the Buddhists. There are two sects, whose customs are somewhat different. The priests of the one class do not live in monasteries like those of the other religions, but remain among their own people. Some shave their heads, and live only on vegetable food. Their religious services consist of chants and recitations, with the burning of incense and offering of gifts to the gods, common to all.

The priests of Confucianism, or "the sect of the learned," are a numerous and influential body. They are always educated men, and of respectable families; while the priests of the two other orders are not so particular, and frequently join the priesthood solely as a means of earning a living, or in some cases to avoid detection for some crime they have committed. The religion of the priests of Confucianism consists solely of the study and distribution of the works of Confucius—the "classics," as they are called. These sacred writings are a series of moral reflections, many of them very good indeed, as far as the social relations of life are concerned, but there they stop. Of immortality and a spiritual life Confucius knew nothing, and could teach nothing. The doctrines he taught were obedience to parents and to the laws of the country, careful cultivation of the ground, polite manners, economy, and so on, all bearing upon their temporal welfare, but absolutely nothing is found in his writings which can satisfy the cravings of the soul for a higher life.

These are the three main religions of China, though there are many sub-divisions. There are gods and goddesses innumerable, all of whom have their votaries and special festivals. There is a god of fire and a goddess of sailors, a god of play-acting and one of gamblers, one of babies, and one of thieves, and endless others, and every man, whether Buddhist, Tauist, or Confucianist, worships the divinities whose assistance he specially requires.

There are two objects of worship, however, found in *every* Chinese household—the Ancestral Tablet and the God of the Kitchen; the worship of both is universal, however various the other gods may be. The former is a piece of wood or paper, on which the names of the deceased ancestors of the family are painted. It is usually hung on the wall in one of the dwelling rooms, but wealthy people sometimes have a small temple adjoining the house, where they keep and worship this sacred treasure. Incense is constantly burnt, and dishes of rice and other food offered before it for the use of the spirits whose names are inscribed on it.

The god of the kitchen is believed to ascend to heaven once a year to report the conduct of the family over which he presides, so the offerings of food and incense are unusually large at the close of the year, just before his annual visit, to propitiate him, and induce him to give a favourable account.

The Chinese attribute all illness either to the anger of some offended deity or to the malice of evil spirits. There are seventy-two malignant spirits, and the first care of the friends of the sick person is to find out, by the aid of charms, which it is who is causing the illness. If they decide that it is a good spirit who has been offended, they try to win back his goodwill by offerings of food, paper money, and incense. If an evil spirit has been at work, the priest must be called in, who exorcises it by all kinds of extraordinary rites. There are goddesses who preside over a few special diseases, such as small-pox and measles, and if these break out there is no difficulty in finding out to whom to apply for the cure.

The gods and goddesses are always treated with great politeness, as they are rather "touchy," and, if offended, are apt to show their displeasure in disagreeable ways, by causing illness or misfortune of some kind.

Occasionally a feast is prepared, to which a select number of spirits are invited, and hot water, towels, and cosmetics are provided for their use after their long journey from the spirit land, and the table is spread with all kinds of dainties. After a time, when the spirits are supposed to have finished their repast and gone home again, the family invite their neighbours to help them eat what is left —that is to say, all the material part of the food, the spirits having dined on the intangible, spiritual essences.

Some generous people provide occasional feasts for the unfortunate spirits condemned to hunger in the lower world. These "gentlemen of the lower regions," as they are politely called, are supposed to be wandering about naked and hungry; they are the spirits of lepers and beggars and thieves, so a very inferior repast is considered good enough for them. They are supposed to be quarrelsome and altogether badly behaved, so some god is usually invited to be present at their feast to keep them in order. But, in addition to their other misfortunes, some of these unfortunates, as a punishment for their sins, have lost their heads, and consequently have no mouths wherewith to partake of the dainty dishes. To meet this difficulty a few dishes of gruel are provided, and it is thought that with the aid of spoons they can manage to eat this soft food through their throats.

It is almost impossible to realise that grown-up people can believe in these absurd superstitions, but their faith in them seems to be perfectly sincere, though at the same time the majority of the people are more or less educated, and the upper classes are by no means indifferent to science and art. Perhaps one of the most curious customs, as showing the extraordinary mixture of credulity and shrewdness in their mind, is that observed at an eclipse of the sun or moon. The people believe the luminary is being devoured by a ravenous monster, and all haste is made to the temples to save it from destruction by offering incense and going through a formula of recitations and singing, which, strange to say, is always successful, for the partially-devoured sun always emerges again safely from the jaws of the monster. What makes this custom so very extraordinary is that there is an Astronomer Royal at Pekin, who so far understands the science as to be able to predict exactly when the eclipse will take place. A notice of the precise time is sent to each town, that the chief mandarin (Government official) may be present in the temple in his official robes, and have everything in readiness for the ceremony.

In accounts of religious ceremonies in China, one always hears of the offering of "mock money," or clothing. This money is made of paper covered with very thin tinfoil. Some of it is left the natural colour, to represent silver, and some painted a yellowish colour, for gold. When these coins are burnt it is believed that the smoke ascends to the spirit world, and being claimed by the person for whom it is intended, changes back into the coins the paper represented. The clothes, umbrellas, and other articles offered in the same way are simply paper representations of ordinary garments.

When the head of a family dies, very long and expensive ceremonies are performed. His spirit is supposed to require material comforts the same as on earth, so a paper sedan chair is burned, that he may not have to walk to his destination; but as it is doubtful whether servants will be provided in the spirit land, four small paper figures of sedan bearers, and one other attendant with an umbrella, are burned also. A table is arranged in the room on which are a bowl of rice, a cup of wine, and a pair of chopsticks, that the spirit may come back when hungry and find everything prepared. There is also a small bowl and chopsticks provided for the use of a little imp who

is supposed to be told off by the king of Hades to attend on each newly-arrived spirit, and the surviving relatives supply him with food and burn paper money for his use in order to ensure his being attentive to their departed relative; but even with the assistance of this guide they think he would be very likely to lose his way if they did not keep sticks of incense constantly burning to light his road. It is generally believed that he arrives at his destination after forty-two days, and only then becomes aware of his own death.

There is no idea of the dead being happy and at rest; on the contrary, they must have all their material wants provided for, and sacrifices constantly offered to the ten gods of hell to preserve them from tortures. At the end of five generations they will probably be born again into the world, either as human beings, or as birds or beasts, according to their merits.

What a miserable destiny, to die thus with no hope! Yet we, having received and rejoiced in the good news of a loving Father and a glorious home awaiting us in heaven, are content, since we are safe ourselves, to let hundreds of these poor Chinese die every day in darkness and despair, with no voice to tell them of a Saviour, and no hand to lead them into the paths of peace.

A few brave and devoted missionaries there are, but in that great land their small numbers are like a drop in the ocean. It is said that if all the Christian ministers of all denominations in England and America were to go to China they might each have a congregation of four thousand souls. Women are much wanted, earnest Christians, who would speak to the women of China, and help to raise them from the state of degradation to which they have fallen, and our missionaries write that a way is open before them, but they are constantly hindered, and even have to give up most favourable openings, for want of help.

One missionary says:—"For ten years I have been praying for a lady missionary here"; another from Chung K'ing: "It is a great pity there is not a lady missionary here; yesterday I had to speak to twenty women who came in," and messages in the same strain are coming from all quarters.

Work amongst the women of China is in some respects easier than that carried on in India. They are not confined in zenanas, but come and go as they please; but there is, nevertheless, much greater restraint than among Europeans, and our male missionaries find considerable difficulty in getting any communication with them, as the sexes live so much apart, and never appear together in public. The women have a hard life, and very little pleasure. The girls rarely receive *any* education; even that of the boys is very limited, to our ideas, consisting, as it does principally, of learning by heart the writings of Confucius.

Infanticide is much more common in some localities than others. In some provinces it is still much practised, and is regarded with indifference both by the Government and the people. Occasionally proclamations are issued forbidding the drowning of girls, but no steps are taken to find out or punish the offenders. Some sell their children for slaves, instead of drowning or leaving them to die by the roadside. Perhaps the chief reason for infanticide amongst poor people is the practice of binding girls' feet, which makes them unable to walk, and consequently unable to earn their own living.

In some parts of China *all* the women bind their feet; in others only one daughter in a poor family would have small feet. It is considered as a mark of gentility, irrespective of the wealth of the family. When the child is about five years old its feet are firmly compressed by means of a long bandage wound tightly round and round the foot from the ankle to the toes, and back again. This checks the circulation and stops the growth. The foot eventually shrivels up, and the ankle becomes large and swollen, giving just the appearance of a club foot. Bandaging causes the poor children very great pain; for months they have no rest night or day, and, in fact, their ease and comfort in life is practically over when the compressing begins, for on such small feet it is impossible to walk properly, and their movements are little better than staggering. Short narrow shoes are worn with very high heels, so that the wearers stand almost on tiptoe. The shoes of a full-grown woman are about three or three and a half inches long, sometimes even smaller than that.

One of the greatest, if not absolutely the greatest, evils in China is the opium smoking, and medical missionaries acquire a considerable influence among the people by helping them to give up the habit. It takes such a hold upon them that it is as difficult to cure as the habit of drinking in England, for when a person has once given way to it the craving is almost impossible to resist. In the houses of the upper classes a room is frequently set aside for opium smoking, and provided with beds, or a raised platform to lie on, for people do not smoke opium as they do tobacco, in the course of their ordinary pursuits, but recline and give themselves up to the enjoyment of it. The poorer people go to the opium shops, which are open to all, like our public-houses. The smoking of opium ruins the health, causing great weakness and indolence, and consequent neglect of business, and great poverty is almost always the result. The people themselves are so fully aware of the evil effects of it that they come eagerly to our medical missionaries, and beg earnestly for medicine to help them conquer the habit, as they believe that foreigners alone possess the antidote to opium.

This belief makes an opening for missionaries in many places where they would not otherwise be received at all. The medical missionaries are looked upon with wonder and admiration by the Chinese, whose knowledge of the science of medicine is very small indeed. In some places hospitals have been established, and the patients who come to be cured by the "fore gners" receive religious instruction regularly while there; but wherever the missionary goes his healing art is only used as a means to an end; the saving of souls is his object, but he cares for their bodies as a sure means of winning their gratitude and gaining an influence over them.

One of the great hindrances of the missionary is the difficulty of the language. There is no regular alphabet, but each idea is represented by a different sign, in exactly the same way as the ancient Egyptians and many other nations used hieroglyphics. To read ordinary Chinese books it is necessary to learn three or four thousand of these signs, but there are many more. The spoken language is also very difficult, as different modulations of the voice will entirely alter the meaning of many words; and most of the Chinese have such a dislike to foreigners that they will not listen to anyone who does not speak their language fluently. The people receive books willingly, so that, if funds were forthcoming to supply them, and men and women to undertake the task, there is no reason why Bibles and other religious books should not be distributed and read throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Chinese books are very strangely printed to our ideas. They begin where ours end, and read in lines up and down, instead of across the page, beginning at the right hand bottom corner. The name of the book and the number of the page are written down the right hand margin, and what we should call foot-notes are placed at the top of the page.

So little understanding have the Chinese of a spiritual life that the language actually does not contain words by which to express the sacred truths of the Bible. Thus, there is the greatest difficulty in translating the Scriptures intelligibly, even with the aid of learned Chinese scholars.

Native teachers are particularly useful, as they are naturally conversant with their countrymen's superstitions and beliefs, and after a thorough training in the doctrines of our faith, and reasons for our belief, they are better able to combat the old ideas than any foreigner could do. They must be well educated in the Chinese classics, or they will be simply a laughing-stock to the upper classes.

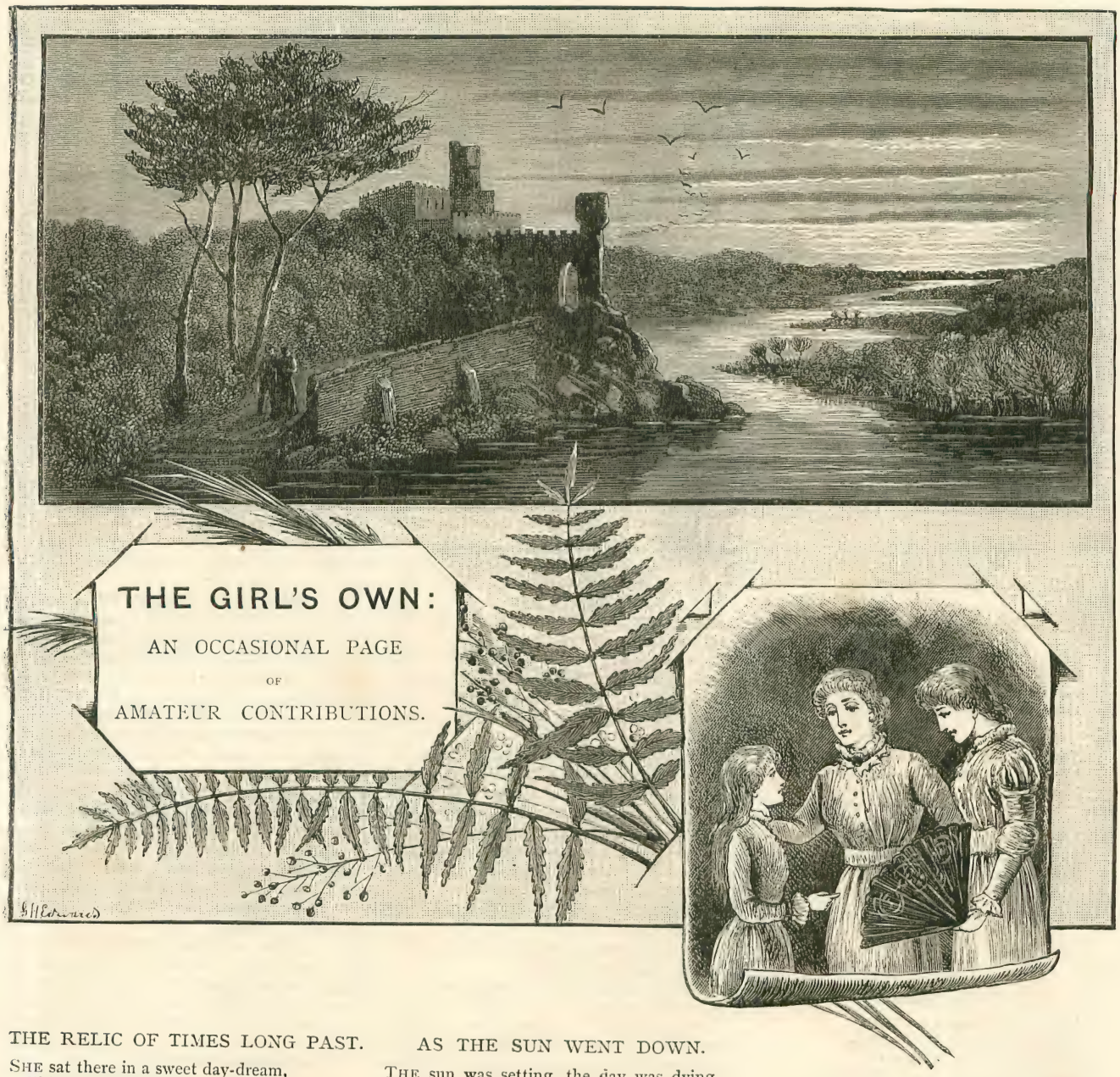
The money required for the support of these native teachers seems to us absurdly small, and a very pleasant way for a Sunday-school to help on the missions is to undertake the support of one or more of them entirely, and receive in return periodical accounts of their welfare and the work they are doing. This can be arranged for, and all particulars obtained by application to one of the missionary societies, some of whom also publish large maps of China, which can be hung on the schoolroom walls. In one school with which I am acquainted, in addition to the map, the names of the evangelists they support are written up in large Chinese characters, and the interest in the work is kept up by frequently reading small items of news about them, or about the part of the country where they are at work, and giving the children the opportunity of sending little presents to their *protégés*. Failing this united Sunday-school effort, three or four girls might, by aid of collecting-cards or boxes, small sales of work, and little personal self-denials, between them make up the sum of £5 or so a year, which is sufficient to support one native missionary for that part of the year during which he can engage in evangelistic work.

Much more might be said about these extraordinary people. Their mode of eating with chopsticks, their peculiar dress, their marriages, arranged entirely by a "go-between," or professional matchmaker, and other strange customs, are most interesting and well worthy of study, but a description of all would fill volumes, and there are many books published from which girls can find any information they can wish about them.

One thing more we must say in closing. Money is greatly needed for the Chinese missions. They have been too long overlooked, and greatly need help, but the missionaries in their letters beg earnestly that we will not be contented with giving money only, but will also help them with our prayers. Native Christians, and particularly native preachers in China, are beset with temptations hardly comprehensible to us, and the missionaries ask us to pray that they may have grace given them that their light may shine brightly and lighten that dark land. Many girls make a list of subjects they wish to remember in their prayers, one or two for each day of the week.

Dear girls, when thinking for whom you need to pray, remember our millions of sisters whose sad lot has no hope of heaven or love to God to brighten it. Therefore pray for them and for the missionaries of China.

MARY SELWOOD.



THE RELIC OF TIMES LONG PAST.

SHE sat there in a sweet day-dream,
Thinking of years that had fled;
Fancied she heard the voices
Of friends that had long been dead;
Fancied she saw the shadows
Of friends long fall'n asleep;
And she sat till the twilight passed away
In a day-dream sweet and deep.
She gazed on the relic of times long past
With a thoughtful smile in her eyes,
When a little child stepped through the door:
"Grandmamma, dear!" he cries,
"You have slept so long, the tea-bell rings."
And the little one led her away,
Humming the tune of a childish song
With infant voice so gay.
She bends her ear to the simple strain,
She strokes the golden head,
She thinks there was never a child so dear,
And silently then she said:
"Oh! the past may be sweet to think upon,
But the present must have its due;
I'll cease to regret that the time is past
When *I* was youthful too."

WINIFRED (aged 9).

AS THE SUN WENT DOWN.

THE sun was setting, the day was dying,
And peace and calm were all around;
I could see the church from my open window,
And hear the distant organ's sound.

Thus it was the day was dying,
As I strove to conquer a darling sin,
And still, as the struggle went on within me,
The tones of the music came chiming in.

They rose and fell as the day was dying,
And the sun in golden light went down,
And ever and aye, to my eager fancy,
They seemed to murmur, "No cross, no crown."

The rays of light in the distant heaven
Seemed unto me like a crown of gold;
But over it all a cloud of darkness
Slowly, softly, steadily rolled.

The strain came fainter, and fell to silence,
I closed my eyes, and bowed my head,
And ere I raised it my cross was taken,
The strife was over, the day was dead.

HELEN JOURDAIN (aged 20).

TO DEAR BABY ON HIS BIRTHDAY, MAY 19TH.

CHILDHOOD'S sunny path thou'rt treading
'Neath thy tiny feet,
Flowers fair their fragrance shedding
Thus thy coming greet.

Haste not, sweet boy, but linger long
In this fairy way,
Singing thy happy, winsome song
With the birds of May.

When loving hands remove the thorns,
Every flower is sweet;
Thus thy birthday gently dawns
With each joy replete.

Brightest child! thou laughing treasure!
May thy cup e'er be
Brimming full with draughts of pleasure,
Gladdening thine and thee.

INGEBORG (aged 18).

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE WITH THY LIKENESS."

Oh, what sweet comfort do these words impart,
And how they cheer my tired and weary heart!
But for their sweetness sure I must have died,
Oh, cherished thought! "I shall be satisfied."

What though the world is vain and friends forsake;
What though my heart with grief should well nigh break;
There comes a time when every tear is dried—
Then—not till then—shall I be "satisfied."

For thee Christ suffered weariness and pain;
Oh, then, sad heart, be bright and brave again!
He knows the way, He for His own hath sighed.
"Come, follow me," and be thou "satisfied."

Dost thou on earth expect a perfect rest?
True peace is only found upon *His* breast;
He'll ever prove thy best Friend and thy Guid,
He'll lead thee home, there to be "satisfied."

F. W. R. (aged 18).

THE RIVER.

Hastening onward, hastening ever,
Always moving, stopping never;
Still 'tis hurrying, still 'tis rushing
Toward the sea.

Eddying forward, splashing, leaping,
Always murmuring, always keeping
Time, as still it onward rolleth
Toward the sea.

Now 'tis hidden 'neath the willows,
Now 'tis glistening like the billows,
Now with lowly murmur creeping
Toward the sea.

Life is like that mighty river,
Always moving, stopping never,
Hurrying on tumultuous ever
Toward the sea.

Lily L. Lyth (aged 14).

DAYBREAK.

'Tis early summer morning,
The glorious sun is dawning,
Each cloudlet blushes red.
The mist lies on the mountain,
The foam floats o'er the fountain,
The lark sings overhead.

Bright sunbeams dart in showers
From cloudy turret towers,
Down to the slumbering earth.
The streamlets rush and rattle,
The flowers play and prattle,
The wood is filled with mirth.

Sea-billows broad are breaking,
And sunny gleams are waking
On every heaving wave.
A radiant golden glory
Rests on the forehead hoary
Of snow-peaks, stern and grave.

The waves and whispering woodland,
The dreamy, drifting cloudland,
Murmur their morning prayer.
Oh, mortals, lift your voices,
For all the earth rejoices
That God has made it fair.

"Mabel" (aged 19).

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

M. LE MARQUIS'S CONFESSION OF LOVE.

The torch-light flickers and fades from shrubs and creepers as the people file round to the basement of the old *château*. Now and again a happy sound of voices comes from the distance, and dies away in rude chorus.

How beautiful the night is in its purple calm! How fair shines the moon over the tree-clad hills, above the depths of shadow which cloud the valley, guarding the silent dead where *la mère* Suzanne rocks herself to and fro in her loneliness and sorrow!

In the *salon* gleams the soft light from shaded lamps, and coffee stands waiting for the assembled guests. Damaris slips quietly in and takes up her usual post at the urn.

La Marquise's chair is brought in by Jerome, the rest all following, La Duchesse talking quite briskly for her, and Leonie animated and excited. Only Damaris notices that, of the original company, one claims no cup from her hands. No one remarks his absence, until La Marquise exclaims—

"Etienne is not here. What is become of him?"

Jerome supposes he is tired after his journey, and has retired.

"Surely not! You only suppose, silly boy. Go and see."

Monsieur le Marquis finds his brother in the library, seated before a desk strewn with papers, on which falls the light from a shaded lamp. Monsieur Etienne's fingers stray amongst the papers nervously as his brother comes in with the message from La Marquise.

"What, Etienne, at work already, on this first night! Surely your work is not so urgent."

"Beg my mother and La Duchesse to excuse me. There are arrears of correspondence to be attended to."

"Let them wait until to-morrow. No post leaves in the morning."

"They cannot wait until to-morrow. If I had your easy habit of deferring things, our little world would soon come to a standstill."

"At least, I may bring you some coffee?" queries Jerome, with undisturbed good-humour.

Monsieur Etienne's attention is apparently absorbed in his papers. Jerome returns to the *salon*, makes light excuses for his brother, begs a cup of strong coffee from Damaris, and carries it off. In no way abashed by Etienne's displeased silence, he sets down the cup immediately in front of him, lest it should escape his attention, and departs, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

Left alone once more, Monsieur St. Just drains the cup and sets it aside, then plunges afresh into his papers. They are the sheets of MS. transcribed for him by Damaris during his absence, according to his arrangement, which he had found within his desk in methodical order. The very sight of her handwriting, of her suggestive notes on the margin, brings vividly before his mind the image he is striving to banish. Irritated beyond measure, and angry with himself because he cannot compel his brain to consider the weighty matters treated of in these pages to the exclusion of every other, but is continually tormented by a pair of pleading eyes full of a questioning pain, which interpose themselves between his gaze and the written characters, he pushes the papers aside with an impatient gesture and rises to his feet.

When he and his brother met the day before, Jerome was eager to discuss the subject matter of the letter he had sent, and Etienne had carefully schooled himself to dismiss it with a few remarks. The Marquis was elated at the thought of the disinterested and meritorious action he contemplated, and confident of gaining his brother's full concurrence and assistance. It was something, surely, to bestow himself and his many fascinations, his advantages of position, &c., upon his mother's penniless *protégée*. He could not all at once understand Etienne's chilling indifference to the rhapsodies in which he indulged.

"Bah! Jerome, let all that pass for granted. I have heard that all men are fools under circumstances of this kind, but they need not expose their folly. You have said more than enough of your own feelings, but concerning those of Mademoiselle Hartley you have been absolutely silent. How does she regard this proposal of yours?"

Jerome was rather taken aback by this direct question, but his easy faith in himself soon made him equal to the emergency.

"Why, favourably, of course."

"You have ascertained that fact from herself?"

"From whom else could I ascertain it?"

"You may be deceiving yourself," said his brother, in a harsh, grating voice; "you are always sanguine of attaining whatever you fix your mind upon."

Jerome replied with a calm, full smile.

"In this case I can hardly be mistaken. Mademoiselle Damaris is most favourably disposed towards me. We are the best of friends."

Monsieur Etienne responded curtly. "I understood from your letter that you were more than friends."

Jerome laughed.

"Well, then, lovers, if you prefer the term."

"And she, you say, has accepted you as such?"

Monsieur St. Just's head was averted, but the impatience with which he awaited his brother's reply spoke in the nervous grasp of his fingers upon the ivory paper-cutter with which he was toying.

"You had better ask her," returned Monsieur Jerome, a little sulkily. "As far as I understand her words and her actions, she does."

Snap went the paper-cutter, broken in the middle. Jerome exclaimed at the accident. Monsieur Etienne tossed the two ends viciously out of the carriage window.

"It is no matter," he said; "a rotten old thing. One finds nothing genuine nowadays. The truest line that any poet ever has written is—'Things are not what they seem.'"

"You bought it for pure ivory?"

"Yes; and it turns out to be nothing but vegetable."

If at that moment he could have snapped Damaris in two and tossed her from him, as he had served the paper-cutter, he would have done so without scruple, and would have eased his mind thereby of a cruel disappointment.

In barely more than a week she had been caught and won by the specious outside fascinations which pleased the shallowest members of her sex. Nay, he must not be unjust. Probably her liking for Jerome had been growing through long past months, and he only had deceived himself in supposing that all those delicate little reserves in her manner to him had meant anything but the most ordinary interest. Had he ever yet been successful in inspiring anything but a miserable and morbid affection? Had he not vowed, also, that he never would seek to do so? Never win any bright young life to link its fate with his, only again to wreck it. Ought he not to thank God that Damaris had been spared this misery?

All this passed rapidly through his mind while he was striving to collect his thoughts to reply to his brother's last remark concerning Damaris.

"As you say, Jerome, this is hardly a matter in which you can be mistaken. No gentleman would assume what does not absolutely exist in such a case, nor allow his wishes to deceive him."

Jerome moved uneasily. He had not meant to deceive his brother, but all at once it became clear to him that he was unintentionally doing so. However, it could not much matter. He felt as morally certain of Damaris's feelings as he did of his own. All was sure to come right eventually. So secure did he feel of Damaris herself, that he had waited to view the proposed alliance in the light of his mother's and brother's opinions before thinking it necessary to appeal to her. They got on so capitally together now, since he had ceased to persecute her with even the mildest of flattery. He liked her all the better because she would stand no nonsense of that kind. From the calm paths of friendship into the quicksands of love was only one step, and that she would agree to take that step whenever he chose to ask her he never doubted for one moment.

"I cannot, of course, be mistaken," Jerome returned for answer, with his usual modest assurance. He believed that he had wholly won Etienne's support and approval, and did not trouble himself with a second thought concerning either. That Etienne had the smallest personal interest in the matter would have astonished him greatly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECRET OF JOY.

WHEN our friend Alexander—some of you, at any rate, know him—was railing against the world as a vale of tears, his sister Mary put her hand on his mouth and said—

"Hush, Alec; it should rather be called Happy Valley."

On the whole, girls, I agree with Mary. If we can only find out the secret of joy, nothing will ever again seem dismal, and no one will ever again be able to make us wretched. Life will then become an affair of perpetual sunshine, and all work will prove easy, for we shall do everything with a light heart.

Some people have no need to inquire after this secret of joy, for they have been sent here with a happy disposition ready made. They are always in good spirits, and it would be unnatural for them to be in anything else. Sometimes, indeed, they push their good spirits to an extreme, like the man who left torches to be burned at his funeral, which he had stuffed with fireworks, and who died laughing at the thoughts of the confusion which would upset the ceremony.

But most of us have been born under less cheerful influences, and Divine grace may supply what has been denied by nature. Fortunately, joy may be cultivated, and only those who are dull and stupid need ever be habitually melancholy.

It is a mistake which has been often exposed that joy is to be found as a rule with wealth or success. If fortune is unkind in one way she makes it up in another, and when she assigns a humble position she very often compensates for it by giving a joyful heart.

Joy—just as is the case with love—is one of the treasures no money can buy. A man in a fairy tale is described as sitting surrounded by the tokens of great wealth—gold dishes, costly carpets, embroidered hangings, beautiful paintings, magnificent statues, carved furniture, and everything else you could imagine—and knowing that in five years all would turn to dust, leaves, and dry sticks. You may guess he was not happy, and a great many of the rich folk of the world are in very similar circumstances. No; joy does not go with wealth. I have seen a poor widow woman sitting by her handful of fire more joyous in the best sense than if she had owned a silver mine or than if her hovel had grown to be a palace.

Jane said to me the other day that she would be happy were she only shining in society; the quiet atmosphere of home—for some reason or other—appeared to her slightly depressing. As she was speaking I thought of what a great novelist, giving the essence of his own experience, wrote in one of his letters. "I never go," said he, "into what is called society that I am not weary of it, despise it, and reject it."

Real happiness seldom stirs far away from our firesides. One of the authors of whom Germany has most reason to be proud, when once on a journey was received everywhere with enthusiasm, but amidst all the demonstrations of joy and affection we find him telling how he was always thinking of his quiet little home, and of his wife darning stockings by the lamplight. Every moment of his domestic life was like a festival, but all the honours and attentions heaped upon him did not afford a single moment of real happiness.

Happiness, girls, does not lie outside of ourselves but in ourselves. The poet Burns has put this truth in a stanza which has been often quoted, and which will be none the worse for being quoted again:—

"It's no in books, it's no in lear
To make us truly blest—
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich or great,
But never can be blest."

Dr. Johnson has said much the same thing in plain prose. "The fountain of content," he remarks, "must spring up in the mind, and she who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but her own disposition will waste her life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which she purposes to remove."

Joy often depends on very little things. Blanche knows that. Did I not meet her a fortnight back in the wood waiting patiently for the pleasure of seeing someone who shall be nameless pass half a mile away? Her cousin Alice knows that. Did I not fall in with her a little farther on, and on the same day, too, holding a long melodious dialogue with a blackbird? I myself know that. Is it not a fact that when these two girls left my neighbourhood a paradise was changed as by the touch of an enchanter's wand into an utter desert?

You will notice that happiness does not always depend on physical health, though the possession of physical health is much in its favour. And it never—no, never—has been known to accompany an unhealthy and guilty mind. What an argument this is in favour of uprightness and purity! Everyone wants to be happy: let everyone then seek to be good.

Care, of course, will sometimes come even to the most contented. When that happens, a short and easy rule is to sleep over it. Many a worry which is heavy at night is very light in the morning. Besides, if Monday, say, brings bad news, why should we not have good news on Tuesday, and better still the day after?

To assert, Jessie, that the light of your life has gone out may be true of the present moment, but wait a little and it will be re-lit, and the world, which seems now so dark and dreary, may be once more bright and joyous.

We sometimes make ourselves very needlessly miserable. Edith celebrated her last birthday with her head buried in her hands, brooding over the past, and thinking of all that might have been. It was a useless expenditure of time. Up, Edith! the present is the real thing, and its beauties are still to be enjoyed. "Violets plucked, the sweetest rain," says the old ballad, "Can ne'er make grow again."

Accommodate yourselves, girls, to circumstances, and spend no time in grieving that things do not come exactly as you would have them. Let me recommend as your example that philosophic farmer who, when unable to work on account of the weather, stayed contentedly indoors and played on the flute.

We often put a barrier in the way of our being happy by indulging in misplaced anxieties and perfectly useless fears. In the battle of life, don't be at all afraid of being hit and still less of being badly wounded. In a real battle, it is said, every man has on an average shells to the amount of something like fifty pounds sterling fired at him, and they seldom do him a halfpenny worth of damage. It is just the same in the struggle for existence.

Gloom and depression often proceed from weariness, and have a physical, not a spiritual origin. Rest and change of scene are then what we need. There is Ellen, who the other week went away thoroughly tired out and dejected; but how full of joy, how ready to look cheerfully on everything she was when she came back! Three weeks before she was the picture of melancholy: now she is as merry a girl as you could see in a twelvemonth.

The art of joy is decidedly worth cultivating. The habit, says someone, of looking on the bright side of things is worth ten thousand pounds a year, and Polly, who is entitled to an opinion, says the calculation is not at all wide of the mark.

And when the art is acquired, it is our duty to impart joy to others, and try to make the world to them still more bright and pleasant. There is a striking story in the "Talmud" of a sage who once met one of the old Prophets: it was in a market-place crowded with people.

"Who out of this multitude lives a useful life?" asked the sage.

The Prophet pointed to two common-looking tradesmen who came walking along chatting pleasantly together.

The sage rushed after them and asked, "What are your useful works?"

They, very much puzzled, replied, "We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said for us is that we are always of good cheer and are good-natured. When we meet anybody who seems sad we join him and we talk to him and cheer him so long that he must forget his grief. And if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them and persuade them until we have made them friends again. This is our use in life."

Such, girls, should be our life, too.

JAMES MASON.

MY GARDEN.

I LOOKED out on the cold, dark ground,
With icy fetters firmly bound,
I listened to the dreary sound,
  As biting north winds sighed.
And then I said, "Can this be true?
Are these the garden-beds I knew,
That glowed with flowers of every hue,
  In golden summer-tide?"

All, all is dark, and chill and dead,
No blossom dares to lift its head,
The beauty and the glow are fled,
  Nature is clad in gloom.
Oh, what shall break the stubborn spell,
And penetrate each earthy cell,
And bid the hidden seedlets swell,
  And struggle from their tomb?

Is it the breath of summer air
Will make again my garden fair,
And bring forth perfumes, fresh and rare,
  From newly-opened flowers?
Are gentle showers from cloud-dimmed skies
The mystic tears from whence arise
The glory, that with sweet surprise
  Shall deck my garden's bowers?

"THE GARDEN BEDS I KNEW."

What makes the fragrance? Who can say.
What dyes the tints like rainbow's ray?
What moulds the buds and blossoms gay
  From earth's unlovely sod?
Beyond our reasoning and strife
An answer comes, with meaning rife:
One holds the mystery of life,
  And He is God.

M. M. POLLARD.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CHILD.

THE walk to Ella's, though short, was longer than any that Dessie had yet taken since her accident. This, however, was not known by her home people, and she did not call attention to the fact. She had promised Cecil to go to Ella, and go she would. Also she found it generally taken for granted that nothing must stand in the way if Ella wanted her.

On the whole, she was glad to find that she must pay her visit alone. Mr. Fitzroy had an engagement. Harry, now started in his medical career as assistant to Mr. Crewe, had his regular work. Mrs. Fitzroy was a prisoner with neuralgia, and Edith was busy. So Dessie started unaccompanied.

By the time she reached the house her foot was aching considerably. She had to wait alone in the drawing-room for some minutes, and each minute her heart sank lower, though she was fully resolved not to be again overcome, as on the evening before. A soft footfall at length sounded, and Ella came in with the kindest of sisterly greetings.

One glance showed Dessie the change which had taken place. No longer a bright young girl, Ella seemed to have gained ten years in age since last the two had met. She was very pale and worn, and, while her expression was sweet as ever, the habitual look of patient sorrow was exceedingly touching.

"I am glad to have you back again, Dessie," she said affectionately. "I hope you will be very often in and out. This has been a long year, has it not?"

Dessie had nothing to say but, "Yes."

"We shall look upon you as quite a travelled lady. You enjoyed Heidelberg very much, I am sure. And Emmie and you are, I suppose, fast friends by this time?"

"Yes," Dessie repeated.

"She is a dear girl, and I am glad you should have such a friend. How do you like Harry being permanently at home? Pleasant for you all, is it not?"

Dessie could only say, "Yes."

"How is mother this morning, dear?"

"Quite well. At least, she has face ache."

"And Edith?"

"Edith has—is—all right."

"And you are able to walk again nicely. I suppose the foot is hardly so strong as it used to be?"

"No," Dessie said.

"These sprains almost always leave a weakness. You will have to be careful for some time. Would you not like to put up the foot on the sofa now for a little while?"

"No, thanks."

A brief pause followed, and Ella's hand was laid on Dessie's.

"This is a trying visit to you," she said, in a low voice. "Dessie, you *do*

feel for us? I always thought it must be so; and now—since yesterday evening—I know it."

"O Ella——"

"You did not write to tell me so."

"I—couldn't."

"I used to wish you would. But that does not matter now. Our little darling was so fond of you, that I could not bear the thought of your not caring."

Dessie shivered at the sound of the "was." It seemed to bear reference to a past and not a present existence.

"Where is he?" she asked, in an abrupt tone.

"In the nursery. Would you like me to send for him?"

Dessie made no answer, and Ella considered.

"I think it is best," she said quietly. "You must see him some time, Dessie dear, and the longer you wait the worse it will be. The change in him cannot but give you pain. I should like the first time to be over."

She rose and rang the bell. Dessie suddenly had a sick dread upon her, and a feeling that she *could* not see little Hugh just then. But she would not say so to Ella; she squeezed her hands together and was silent.

"Tell nurse to bring Master Hugh," Ella said to the servant, and in a few minutes the door again opened to admit a respectable middle-aged woman. Ella rose, took the child from her arms, and brought him to the sofa where Dessie still sat.

"See," she said, in a low voice; "there is nothing to shock you, Dessie. He looks very peaceful."

There was indeed nothing repulsive about the little one's appearance, though the vacancy of the upward-turned eyes was in painful contrast with the sparkling intelligence of those eyes in earlier days. But the extreme thinness and powerlessness of the child's frame, the heaviness of the wasted arms, and the whiteness of the blue-veined skin, struck with a new terror to Dessie's heart. And almost worse than that altered little face, was the long and mournful gaze which Ella fixed upon him as he lay in her arms. Presently she looked up.

"I am forgetting. Shall I send him away, Dessie dear?"

Dessie could not speak. Ella stood up and gave the child back to nurse, a little fretful moan from him accompanying the change.

"He's very weakly and fractious to-day," nurse said. "He don't seem to like to be stirred for anything."

"I think Mr. Crewe will be coming in by-and-by, nurse."

Ella saw them out of the room, and came back to Dessie.

"I have been thoughtless," she said; "I forgot how new the sight was to you, or I should not have kept him so long the first time."

Dessie turned away her head and said nothing.

"It has not been always so bad as this," continued Ella gently. "For a time last autumn there really were signs of improvement, and at times he seemed quite to know me. But lately——"

"What makes him so thin? I thought he was well—strong, I mean," Dessie said, forcing out the words, and speaking in an unnatural tone.

"Not *well*, Dessie; he never has been well since the illness, though for some months he seemed to be growing stronger. But he does not gain ground now. I could not bear to have you told while you were away. He has been much weaker of late, and Mr. Crewe thinks badly of his general health."

"But that is only just now," said Dessie, huskily—"just the cold—the spring, I mean. He will get on soon, and by-and-by he will be really stronger, and then he will be different—like himself again."

"I am afraid not. Mr. Crewe gives no hope at all that there could ever be complete recovery. Some improvement, of course, we might expect, but not recovery. He could never be like other people. So I think we ought to be thankful, Dessie, for *anything* that will save him from such a life." Ella's voice sank to a whisper, though the clear tones did not falter. "It would be a living death, not life. We ought to feel that the other will be truer mercy."

"Ella, *don't!*" Dessie broke out. "How you can——! He will be better some day—he *must*. And oh, Ella, I promise you I'll do everything I possibly can to make him happy. I'll just *live* for Hughie. And you know so much *can* be done in these days for that sort of thing—so much more than used to be. People understand it better now. And I'll learn the very best way of managing, and I'll spend all my time in looking after him, and surely, surely, in time he will learn—he will understand."

"It is very sweet of you, darling, to feel so," Ella answered. "I know you would do all you could. But, humanly speaking, I believe there is not the slightest hope that his mind could ever be what it was, even if he were to be strong in bodily health. We have had consultations of leading physicians, and I have insisted on hearing the worst. I would rather look the truth in the face, and not indulge in vain hopes. And that worst is, Dessie, that if my little Hugh lived to grow up he would be a life-long idiot. I could not have spoken the word to you a few months ago. I can *now*, for I know it will not be."

"But Ella, Ella, nobody knows," said Dessie, almost choked. "Nobody can tell. And by-and-by, when he is stronger——"

"He will never be stronger. Don't you understand, Dessie? Baby is dying."

The words came so calmly that Dessie was stricken dumb by them. She gazed, with parted lips, in bewildered horror at the young mother's pale face.

"You must not grieve too much for him," Ella went on, after a short pause, steadily, though faintly. "For his sake it is better so. And however heart-rending for us, still even I can hardly wish it otherwise—at times. I love him too dearly. Life would be so burdensome, so joyless, so utterly sad to him. Better far that he should be gathered early into the Saviour's fold. He will not be like this—*there*. It would be cruel to wish to keep him."

"I do—I do wish it," said Dessie, passionately. "I don't believe a word of what Mr. Crewe or any of them say. If he were to get strong I *know* he would come all right in time. I am perfectly sure of it. I would look after him, and teach him, and take care of him, and oh, I would be so patient! Ella, *don't* say he will die!"

Ella only pressed Dessie's hand silently, but offered no contradiction of her earlier words. Dessie gave herself a kind of impatient shake, and sat upright.

"I don't mean to believe it. I can't, and I won't. Things are often different from what people expect. I am keeping you away from him all this time."

"I am very glad to have you with me, dear," Ella answered, as Dessie stood up. "Come again and see me. You will not mind so much another time—it will not be new to you," added the poor young mother, her voice faltering.

Dessie went heavily home, with aching ankle and still more sorely aching heart. But beside the pain lay strong resolution. Ella and Cecil *must* know the truth. She could no longer endure to meet them, day after day, without confessing the burden which lay upon her. If they could not forgive her, could not thenceforward receive her as a sister—better even that, than to have love and kindness, to which she felt she had no right, daily showered upon her.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

NOTICE OF VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER.

After so Long. Word by Helen Marion Burnside. Music by Louisa Gray.—Sweet, tender words, rendered the more telling by the smooth and sympathetic character of the music. The song is written in the keys of E (compass from B to E) and G (compass from D to G). There are no difficulties or strain for the voice, and the song will be received with pleasure.

When the Crimson Sun was Low. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Louisa Gray.—The story of a "brave boy" and "maiden fair with golden hair," playing at "skipper and wife," drifting in an old hull out to sea, when the "Crimson sun was low," and coming to an untimely end, with their saddened parents watching the ebb and flow, with ever present memory of their lost ones. All this is simply told, and Louisa Gray has been very happy in composing music so descriptive. The accompaniment is very good and effective, adding another pleasing song to this lady's graceful compositions.

I Heard a Wee Bird Singing. Words by William Jerdan, Esq. Music arranged by A. C. Mackenzie.—Light and agreeable song in four flats, written in 3-4 time. The subject of words and music is bright and softly joyous.

Always True. (With violin accompaniment.) Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—A song of more than usual merit. The style is good, and the change of key and time is very effective. The accompaniment of the violin adds greatly to the charm of the song, and when sung with suitable voice and feeling will be pronounced a favourite.

Marian May. Ballad. By Herman C. Merivale. Music by Seymour Smith. Written in two keys: F from D to F, and G from E to G.—In this song Herman Merivale has depicted a young maiden wooed by "high and low," and rejecting all with pretty pride, until Robin returns from sea to win his old playfellow. The accompaniment is very simple and in character with the words.

Our Skipper's Wife. (A yarn). Written and composed by Frank L. Moir.—A right thrilling description of the danger and rescue of the brave skipper with his loving wife, who clings to him in peril, ending in the joyful "Yeo-yo, yeo-yo" of the "lads who pulled with right good will" as the shore is reached. The theme and accompaniment are simple and telling.

I Dare. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Harvey Löhr.—A bold martial song, dashing in style and in good keeping. It is written in four flats in the bass clef. The accompaniment speaks the sentiment, and greatly adds to the effect of the song.

Watching at the Gate. Ballad. By Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—A song to be welcomed in drawing-room and evening gatherings. This song is written in three keys: No. 1 in D, No. 2 in E flat, No. 3 in F. The character of the song may be gathered from the title.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The Night Watch (*El Sereno*). Words by F. Frankfort Moore. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A tragic tale of "fair Seville." The music is superior, and the accompaniment a little difficult, but very graphic and well marked. The "Ave Maria" of the watchman from the "distant street" comes in well at the close of each stanza.

Whispers. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Stephen Adams. This is one of Stephen Adams's best songs set to words of an old story by a well-known writer. "Whispers" is written in two flats, and of moderate compass.

The Miller and the Maid. Written and composed expressly for Miss Mary Davies by Theo. Marzials.—The song is written in three flats, and merely requires to be sung with taste and archness to become the favourite in the drawing-room, as Miss Davies has already stamped it in public.

My Great Grandmother. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—We recommend this song to the notice of our readers, who may not have already heard it, as one sure to please. The ring of words and music is good, as may be gathered from the names of writer and composer. A choice for all voices can be made, as the song is written in four keys: No. 1 in A, No. 2 in B flat, No. 3 in C, No. 4 in D.

METZLER AND CO.

Who Knows. Music by F. H. Cowen. Words by F. E. Weatherly. For soprano or tenor in F, mezzo-soprano in B flat, and contralto or baritone in C. A simple but sweet melody, with easy and well-written accompaniment.

The River Sings. Air from *Saint Ursula.* By Frederic H. Cowen. Words by R. E. Francillon.—A sacred cantata set to secular words. The music is flowing and expressively harmonised.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Sacred song, for contralto. Composed by Frederick N. Löhr. Words from the 23rd Psalm.—Appropriately set to sweet, calm music, suitable for harmonium as well as piano. We highly recommend this "sacred song."

The Vesper Hour. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Frederick N. Löhr.—Another of F. Löhr's quiet, yearning songs, accompanied by a fly leaf of chorus (*ad lib.*) for female and mixed voices.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

The Phantom Ship. Words by George Weatherly. Music by Luigi Bordèse.—The extremely graphic words of George Weatherly have been most sympathetically wedded to music, and the "Phantom Ship" will create the desire for an *encore* whenever heard well sung.

In Our Wherry. Words by George Weatherly. Music by C. Moroni.—Another of G. Weatherly's wholesomely-written songs, accompanied in a light and graceful style in the key of C, and of moderate compass.

GODDARD AND CO.

The Better Land. Poetry by Felicia Hemans. Music by Charles Rawlings.—Felicia Hemans's words are sure to speak to the heart, and the writer of the music has succeeded in interpreting them in gentle song, with no difficulties either for voice or piano.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Four Proverbs in Song. Words by F. E. Weatherley. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—

No. 9. *Never too Late to Mend.* Set in two keys: No. 1 in E flat, compass E flat to F; No. 2 in C—C to D.

No. 10. *There's Many a Slip.* In two keys: No. 1 in F—C to D; No. 2 in G—D to E.

No. 11. *Where There's a Will.* In two keys: No. 1 in D—D to E; No. 2 in C—C to D.

No. 12. *The Gray Mare.* In two keys: No. 1 in E flat—B to D; No. 2 in F—C to E.

These songs are written in a cheerful and easy style, and we believe have found high favour with the general public by the talented ladies' names affixed to them.

Four Sacred Songs. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by J. L. Roeckel. Each of them set in two keys:—

No. 1. *Cast Thy Bread on the Waters.* No. 1 in C—C to E; No. 2 in B flat—B to D.

No. 2. *He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.* No. 1 in G—D to E; No. 2 in F—C to D.

No. 3. *Arise, He Calleth Thee.* No. 1 in E flat—E to E; No. 2 in C—C to C.

No. 4. *Thou Art the Way.* No. 1 in F—C to E; No. 2 in E flat—B to D.

Very suitable for Sunday, and within the compass of most girls who have a knowledge of singing.

The Old Refrain. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Berthold Tours.—This is a pretty and pleasing melody, well adapted to the charming words by the different changes introduced. It is set in two keys: No. 1 in D, compass C to F sharp; No. 2 in C—B flat to E.

The Kingdom Blest. Words and music by Cotsford Dick. Set in two keys: No. 1 in C, compass A to C; No. 2 in E flat—C to E flat.—This is a fine song, requiring a good and melodious voice; the last verse is especially grand in conception and idea.

Two Songs. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Milton Wellings—*Love that Slumbers.* In two keys: No. 1 in C, compass C to D; No. 2 in E flat—E to F. *I Love You Best.* In two keys: No. 1 in F, compass C to F; No. 2 in E flat—B to E.—These two songs by this popular composer are pleasing in style, and within the compass of moderate singers.

VARIETIES.

ALWAYS BUSY.—Employment, which has been called "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered as the mother of misery.

WIND AND RAIN FORETOLD BY CATS.—Good weather may generally be expected when the cat washes herself, but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her *tail to the fire.* In Germany if it rains when women have a large washing on hand, it is a sign that the cats have a spite against them because they have not treated the animals well. An enemy to cats may reckon upon it that she will be carried to her grave in wind and rain; and in Holland if the weather is rainy on a wedding-day the saying is that the bride has neglected to feed the cat. English sailors do not much like to see cats on board ship, but least of all do they care to see them unusually frisky, for then they say "the cat has a gale of wind in her tail."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two fav'rite, fragrant, flow'ring shrubs; the first we gain
By fighting 'gainst a foreign foe in fierce campaign:
The second we may not enjoy till gentle Peace
Has bidden angry War's loud drums and clarions cease.

On northern heaths a blooming shrub is seen,
Whose leaves are used as substitutes for tea,
Or brewed in boiling beer (when fresh and green)
To make it from intoxication free.

A wayside plant, with many-blossom'd head,
Each flow'r holds several flow'rets of its own;
King Mithridates was the first, 'tis said,
To make its useful qualities well-known.

Botanically speaking, is there not
One proper definition of a plant
Whose flow'rs, on stems all shooting from one spot,
Stand, some upright, some drooping, some aslant?

Often explained, yet still not understood,
To me the loveliest flowers owe their birth;
The unseen source of all their strength and food,
For, without me, they perish from the earth.

The two first letters of an English tree,
Whose snowy blossoms gleam like frosty rime;
Its dusky berries yield a juice, maybe,
That you will gladly drink at Christmas-time.

In summer's sultry hours these cool fresh leaves
Are often grateful adjuncts to our meals;
And in their juices chemistry perceives
A mild narcotic, soothing while it heals.

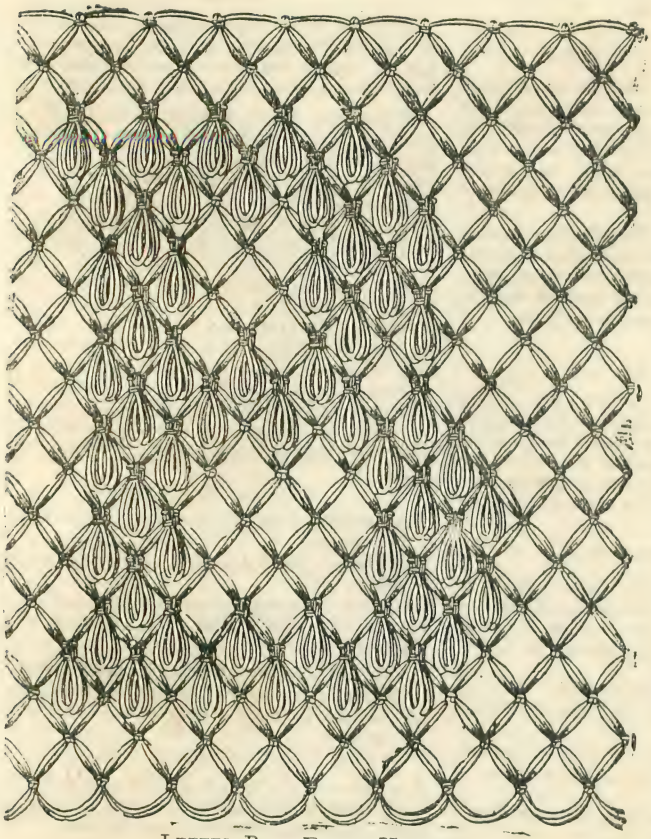
XIMENA.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MODEL.—People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy.—*Goldsmith.*

HOW GOOD WOMEN TREAT THEIR ENEMIES.—A good woman is kinder to her enemies than a bad woman is to her friends.—*Bishop Hall.*

MARRYING WITH SENSE.—An Athenian who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money rather than upon money without a man."

MY WORK BASKET.



LETTER B IN FANCY NETTING.

A doubled strand is required for this netting, with a mesh of proportionate size. Any netter will find it easy to reproduce the pear-drops which dot the initial itself; they are formed by winding the thread or silk twice round the mesh after the stitch is completed, and securing those pendant loops by a knot. To allow them to fall nicely they are each separated by a plain stitch. All letters can, of course, be represented in the same pretty style, besides many simple patterns, as the diamond, star, &c. Indeed, cross-stitch designs would be a guide for borders and powderings executed in this method.

Such initials are used for sachets, night-dress bags, pillow cases, cushions, &c., but to show up well should always be lined with some bright-coloured sarsanet or sateen.

KNITTED CHECK PATTERN.

This coloured block pattern recalls the various tartans and devices from Scotland, but here, to prevent the extra thickness gained by carrying the wool across at the back, each check is made separately on the bias, and deftly knitted together. Hence, while the Scotch mode rather tightens the material, this new slantwise way gives it a great deal of elasticity, so much so, that when used for stockings, one-third of the ordinary stitches may be suppressed.

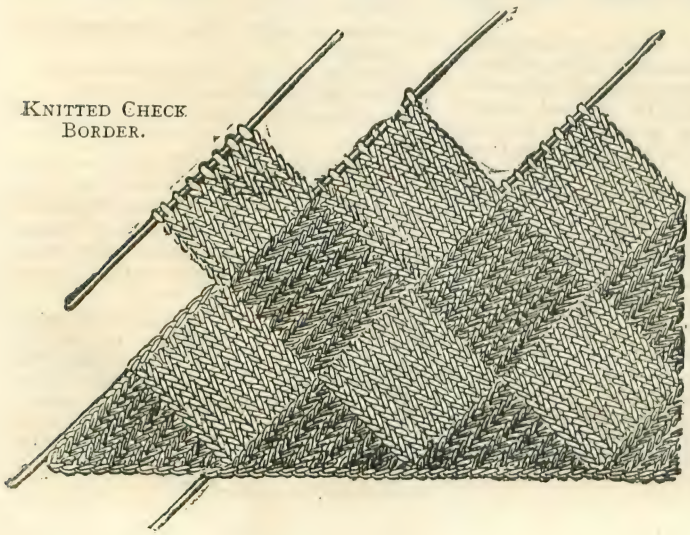
In the cut, the blocks are eight stitches square, and of two colours; but when selected as borders for petticoats, quilts, &c., much larger squares can be obtained by calculating from twelve to sixteen, or twenty stitches, and taking coarser wool. Also more diversity may be introduced into the colouring by the blending of several contrasting hues, or the artistic shading of one colour, from the lightest to the darkest shade, and *vice-versâ*. Even when executed in a single tint the blocks can display change, by intermingling with the plainly-knitted checks others of purl, ribbing, moss-stitch, &c. To work the pattern, take any number divisible by eight, according to the size required For the four checks of the illustration cast on thirty-two stitches, and set them, if for large work, by one plain and one purled row. 1. Half squares.—Knit plain, with the darkest colour eight stitches; leave the remaining twenty-four aside, turn the work, and with a third needle purl back, taking the last two stitches together. Repeat this at every alternate row, till there is but one stitch left on the needle. Thus in the third row you will knit seven, in the fifth row six, in the seventh row five, in the ninth row four, in the eleventh row three, in the thirteenth row two, in the fifteenth row one. Your reductions have been made on one side only. Now, with the needle which bears the one stitch, pick up and knit seven stitches along the opposite side, which will bring you back to the twenty-four stitches. In raising the loops, take up the *back* part of every other stitch. Leave this needle untouched. The first triangle is complete; proceed to the following one by knitting off eight more loops, and decreasing them as before; pick up the stitches of the straight side again, leave them on the needle, and continue in the same way to make two more triangles with the sixteen remaining stitches.

Second row. Complete squares.—The first row has produced four triangles, on each of which has been left a needle holding eight loops. These sets of loops form the foundation of squares which, sloping in a reverse direction, fill up the spaces between the triangles. They are likewise made separately, and joined to the side of the half-squares whilst working. Proceed thus:—With contrasting wool purl the eight loops of either the first or the third triangle; it does not signify at which end you commence. Knit back seven of the stitches; then slip the last loop off on to the needle already full. With the needle now at liberty, lift up the back part of the first stitch on the decreased side of the next triangle; pass the eighth, or unknitted loop, on to its own needle again, and knit the two together; but *from the back*, for the last loop of the square being made, always falls *over* the picked-up stitch. Return by purling, and continue in each knitted line to raise a stitch from the side. As eight are to be picked up, every alternate loop will, of course, be taken. Remember, also, to seize the front part of the side loops, to avoid showing any ridge. When the first square is completed, leave the eight loops, as before, on the needle, and proceed to work on the loops of the following triangles in the same manner.

Third row.—Here we have another series of squares or diamonds fitting into those below; they are executed on a like principle, but in a contrary direction, their slope corresponding to that of the triangles. Raise eight loops with the dark wool again; this time on the right instead of the left side of a block; purl them, turn, and knit together in the ordinary way, the last loop of the light square and the first loop of the fresh one, taking care that the latter falls well over. Take two together, thus, at the commencement of every knitted line, and when the block is made, leave the loops on the needle, and pass to the next square.

The second and third rows comprise the whole work, and having repeated them as often as desired, make the top straight by introducing triangles, as at the lower edge.

The numerous needles will be found rather troublesome, especially at the beginning of the work. To obviate this drawback each square may be cast off as it is finished, and which does not prevent the stitches from being picked up, just as if the needle were there.



KNITTED CHECK BORDER.

HANDKERCHIEF ORNAMENTS.

The sprightly little designs, figs. 1 and 2, give an idea of one popular style of ornamenting a gentleman's pocket-handkerchiefs, more especially when their owner is of a sporting turn of mind. The hare's and

FIG. 1.—OUTLINED HARE'S HEAD.

hog's head, each completed by a semi-wreath of foliage, may be copied in coloured cotton or washing silks; the hues chosen according to the deep border which generally frames these handkerchiefs, whether in silk or linen.

FIG. 2.—OUTLINED HOG'S HEAD.

Naturally the embroidered corner will always be the one that so carelessly, yet so intentionally, escapes from the breast pocket of the fashionable coat. The same taste for animals' heads is noticeable in many other etceteras; a cat or a dog, closely worked in crewel or chain stitch, peers from slippers, handkerchief and tie cases of padded satin, and even scent sachets have lately been decorated with velvet *appliqués* of mastiffs, spaniels, &c. The two heads, figs. 1 and 2, are quickly executed in outlining with the ordinary twist stitch.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A GERMAN GIRL IN ENGLAND, AND NOTES ON GIRL-LIFE IN GERMANY.

MANY years ago, when I was still in my native country, a letter was brought to my father which changed the whole current of my life. It came from England, and contained an invitation for him and me to come on a visit to a friend of his. This gentleman was an architect, who had some time previously settled in London with the hope of introducing improvements in building and fitting houses, especially with the view of smoke abatement, and thus delivering the great city from the terrible red fogs. He wished us to witness his success. Although a very young girl at that time, I was considered one of the most brilliant pianistes of Germany, and Mendelssohn, who was then the conductor of our concerts, advised my father to accept the invitation, which would prove of great advantage to me. His advice prevailed, and we left home for England one fine morning in the month of May.

As we were coming up the Thames I was struck with the beautiful green colour of its banks; the grass seemed like emerald when compared with the dull verdure of the Continent. Having just left behind us the blue and silvery clouds of Germany, I could not understand the dinginess of the sky as we were getting into the City, and when we reached St. Paul's I could not contain myself any longer, and exclaimed, "What a dirty church! Why don't they have it cleaned or painted?" Some friends took me into Hyde Park, but seeing so many strangers without one sympathising face produced a feeling of isolation which I did not care to renew merely in order to see a crowd. A London crowd, whether in the park or in the streets, has a very sombre appearance to an eye accustomed to the many-coloured uniforms in Prussia, where policemen, park-keepers, postmen, beadles, tax-gatherers, and many others retain the uniforms worn by them during their past military service.

I was surprised at the smartness of the English servants, though at that time the march of intellect with regard to dress was slower and did not induce them to copy their mistresses as they do now. They wore, according to fashion, large bonnets and caps, the latter being made of plain muslin, in shape like those worn in almshouses at the present time, and those girls who pretended to superior taste had them made of white blonde. The latter not being a washing material, they were compelled to wear them long after the white had changed into *couleur Isabeau*. German servants in those days always went bareheaded, and dressed in coarse clothes; it is only of late years that a modification has taken place, for now on a Sunday the grub of the week changes into a butterfly, and generally wears a hat with a white feather.

Long after my arrival in London I used to shudder when passing certain street corners, where people apparently afflicted with dreadful mutilations were stationed to solicit alms. Some of them had but one arm, others had lost a leg, and many had their heads and one eye bandaged with cloths that showed the wounds were of recent occurrence. I reflected that there was a whole colony of English in my native town, each one of whom had the usual number of arms and legs, and pondering further on the subject I asked my friends the reason why so many of the lower class should be deficient in this particular. They replied laughingly, "You will find out some day;" and when I did I could not but wonder how the police had so long allowed the imposture of these mendicants, few of whom had been in the wars. Another fraternity was at that remote time left almost unmolested, and had gained a Continental reputation on account of the dexterity of its members; this was the London pickpocket clique, a species of gentry my father was determined to baffle. Like most Germans, he was addicted to smoking, and had brought over with him a meerschaum and a beautiful tobacco-pouch, neither of which he would suffer out of his sight. He carried them in his coat pocket when out sight-seeing, and to prevent any inquisitive eye from peering at its contents he held the pocket, and frequently had his hand upon it, and yet one fine evening upon returning home *that same pocket was found to be empty*.

Our letters of introduction procured us many acquaintances, not only amongst the learned professions, but also among soldiers and artists. They invited us to dinner and evening parties, and I was much struck with the formality of the former and the free-and-easy nature of the latter. The ceremony which here accompanies the process of eating is wholly unknown in Germany, where people of the highest rank dine without any mystery —their curtains being opened wide to let in the light of day—at three o'clock, and, when the meal is finished, again resume their business or pleasure. As every joyful event in Germany is celebrated by a *musical festival*, in this country it is by feasting. An English gentleman has many opportunities for displaying his social qualities as an entertainer, and I was surprised to see how agreeably he does it. Having frequently heard it asserted in Germany that all English people suffer from *spleen*—a disease supposed to cause deep melancholy—I was unprepared for the hilarity that prevailed at every private party, and soon became convinced that the English are quite as lively as any people abroad, though less noisy in the manner of their demonstration. I was delighted with the first ball, so different from the absurdly formal affairs I had been accustomed to in my own country; there a lady is whirled round the room several times, sometimes without a word of conversation, which is against etiquette; she is then led back to her mamma, but her partner does not offer her his arm, as this would be considered too familiar. He merely touches the tips of her fingers, as if afraid of catching the measles by coming in contact with her. The absence of all formality in England had the charm of novelty for me, and as both my father and myself spoke French fluently, we got on very well with that language and broken English.

What I admired at my first and every other party was the beauty of the dresses, which was not so much owing to the material as to the taste with which they were arranged. I also came to the conclusion that, in spite of the expensive material of my own dress, which was of blue Chinese crape, without any trimming whatever, I looked like a country girl, and resolved it should not happen again. They never had in Germany any pretty trimmings or ornaments, by the aid of which they make in this country the most charming costumes for young girls of very inexpensive materials. Many years ago they did not know the flounced and kilted skirts worn now; the fashions were then the reverse from what they are at the present time. Dresses were short and very full, having no gores, but being pleated all round the waist; bodices were long and very pointed, and in the evening gauze crape and blonde dresses were worn over satin and silk of a different colour, as white over blue, cerise over white, black blonde over pink, according to the taste of the wearer.

My father brought three special letters of introduction from our Military Governor, Prince Frederic of Prussia, before whom and the Princess I used to play from the time I was twelve years old, so that they took an interest in me. One letter was for the Duke of Cumberland, a second to Baron Bülow, Prussian Ambassador in London, and the third for the Countess of Jersey, who was a personal friend of the Princess. She invited me to her balls and routs, that I should see London life, and engaged me to accompany the family to her country seat in order to instruct her daughters in music. We first went to Brighton, where Queen Adelaide, who was then staying at the Pavilion, wished to hear me play. One evening when Lady Jersey dined with the Queen I drove to the Pavilion, and was shown into a large room where the whole Court and visitors were assembled, besides a band, which accompanied some of my pieces. The Queen came and talked to me very affably, and the ladies and gentlemen went about chatting as at any private party.

When the Queen retired, and I prepared to leave, a footman requested me to step for a moment into Mr. Mari's office, where the French confectioner, who had been playing in the band, presented me with a large bag filled with such beautiful bonbons as I have never seen before or since. Queen Adelaide sent me next morning, through her private secretary, her thanks for the amusement she

had derived from my performance, and also a present.

Owing to her beauty, riches, liberality, and tact, the Countess of Jersey was at that time the most powerful lady in England, being chosen by general consent as leader of fashion in anything relating to etiquette, taste, and dress. Her establishment in the country was conducted in almost regal style. During the whole winter there were daily arrivals and departures of visitors, with a good sprinkling of English and French royalty. Lady Jersey was the last of that *grande noblesse* of which the Duke of Rutland was the male representative. He never laid aside for *one* evening his dignity, but always wore the Order of the Garter, and it was the custom at that time for every young lady to be presented at Belvoir Castle, his country seat, before being presented at Court. Lady Jersey always spoke French to her children, her visitors all spoke French, and so little English did I hear during this first winter that when asked in London whether Queen Adelaide was pretty, I replied: "She has an *earthquake* in her face," meaning an eruption.

What impressed me most with the grandeur of an aristocratic establishment in England was the large retinue of servants required, which at Lady Jersey's amounted to more than seventy, while in Germany a lady of the same rank assured me she could not do with fewer than eight servants! As Lady Jersey took a prominent part in politics, the greatest statesmen, both English and foreign, were visitors at her country seat, as well as many of the heroes of Waterloo, with the Duke of Wellington as their chief. It was very interesting to me to see these great men, several of whom had lost an arm on the battlefield, in a drawing-room. One thing struck me as a fact, viz., that these warriors, who undoubtedly well knew the sound of the trumpet, had little ear for peaceful music or languages. One of them, who had been for years Ambassador at Paris, spoke French "*comme une vache espagnole*," and another gallantly asked Lady Jersey to waltz with him to a march which I was playing. They waltzed innocent of their mistake, to the end of the march, when both thanked me "*pour cette jolie valse*."

As I passed ten winters with Lady Jersey, and lived during the London season with some friends belonging to the middle class, amongst whom I visited a good deal, I had ample opportunities for observing that a high-class education, including the accomplishments of music, languages, and ornamental needlework, *now accessible to all*, was at that time almost entirely confined to the aristocracy or other rich people. Private tuition was very expensive, and the boarding-schools, as a rule, inferior, the mistress considering Brussels carpets and light pastry of more importance than a solid education.

I was struck with the size of the English soldier, which forms a great contrast to that of the Prussians, who are mostly small men. The Pomeranian regiments are exceptions, as in that district men and geese grow to a prodigious size. The pay of a Prussian soldier is twopence halfpenny a day, on which he does not wax fat and kick, but fights well in battle; and, what is still more important, he furnishes out of his slender pay an outfit for any Prussian princess on her marriage day. It was the custom many years ago, and probably is so now, to keep one pfenning from every soldier's pay in order to procure a suitable marriage portion for a princess. As a German pfenning is a tenth part of an English penny, the soldier suffers no great loss, and has the satisfaction of endowing a young lady who gets nothing from the nation.

It appeared to me at first that Englishmen had a very cold manner when meeting a long-absent friend by merely shaking hands with him, saying, "How are you?" while under similar circumstances two Germans would rush into each other's arms with such vehemence as to endanger their mutual equilibrium. Of late years this custom has, however, been abandoned in favour of the English one, which they copy exactly, as they think, for when I last visited the Rhenish provinces all my brother's servants shook my hand cordially, which I ascribed to family attachment. On my arrival at Berlin my sister's servants greeted me in the same way, and when I called on a lady, the young girl who opened the door shook my hand violently, saying in German, "I am so pleased you have come to see *us*," which convinced me of their endeavour to give me an English reception. This conviction was strengthened by what followed, for I was scarcely seated in the drawing-room when the servant entered and, putting two bottles of beer on the table, said, "I know this is your favourite beverage in England." The lady, praising her intelligence, said she spent all her spare time in reading.

When visiting Germany during the late war, I found but few changes. Education has been there compulsory as long as I can remember, and the schools were always first-rate and under Government. It may not be uninteresting to my young readers to know how girls are brought up in that country, and I will begin my description from their babyhood.

It is generally asserted that all babies are alike, but no one who ever saw a German baby would say it is like an English one. It is the best imitation of a chrysalis; and if a gigantic chrysalis had a nightcap on, it would be difficult to distinguish it from a German baby. This strange appearance is owing to its being swaddled, which is done by winding many yards of bandages round its body over the long gown, which is turned back like the ends of a treacle pudding. The baby's arms and legs being thus confined, it can neither move nor kick, but can merely eat, drink, sleep, and grow fat. At a very early age the children get accustomed to discipline by being sent to those schools known in this country under the name of Kindergarten, and when at home they are also required to conduct themselves in a very quiet manner. German mothers have such a dread of encouraging vanity in their little girls that they do not even dress them becomingly. Instead of the little girls in England with pretty curls or wavy hair, with flounced dresses and embroidered underclothing, you meet in Germany little prim figures, their hair tightly plaited into two pigtails, and their dresses reaching down to their heels. As the climate is very severe in winter, you will learn with horror that these little children wear *black or green cloth trousers!* There are exceptions, but as a rule German mothers do nothing to improve the looks of their girls except preserving them from the sun and taking great care of their hair, which grows long and silky. To crush any tendency to vanity in the bud they hang up their looking-glasses so high, and in such a slanting position, that the least attempt made by a young girl to see merely the tip of her nose would produce giddiness and perhaps a fall.

The schools in Germany would be perfect but that the girls' health suffers from overcrowding and overwork. Besides their own language, they learn French and English, botany, arithmetic, singing, drawing, history, and geography—such geography as enabled the Prussian officers to find at once the shortest road to Paris during the last war, while the story goes that some of the French soldiers, with the brave Garibaldi at their head, rushed into Switzerland, shouting enthusiastically, "*A Berlin, à Berlin!*"

The work German girls have to do at home does not consist in learning by heart; they have very little of that, but their chief work is to write essays on any subject. This occupies them till bedtime, and as they have no time for relaxation, the school authorities supply them with this by teaching them skating, swimming, and gymnastics. For the latter, they wear a peculiar costume made of brown holland trimmed with red braid, fitting so tightly that it is a puzzle how they get in or out of it. Music is a passion in Germany with young and old of all classes, and even babies in arms wag their little heads on hearing some pretty melody. Girls begin to learn scales and exercises at a very early age to make the fingers flexible, and no matter what their occupation is they always continue their musical studies, even when preparing for Confirmation and Communion. This involves a long course of religious instruction, and takes place when the young girl is about fifteen or sixteen and leaves school. She is now considered a young lady, who accompanies her mother in her walks, her visits, and to parties.

As most gentlemen in Germany derive their income from the Government, which gives them enough for comfort but not for extravagance, their wives are obliged to be very careful in their expenditure, and their daughters are brought up in strict economy. Therefore after a German young lady has left school her real work begins. If she happens to have a great talent for music everything else is given up, and she devotes all her time and energy to the cultivation of that talent, until she appears as one of the great players of Germany. If it seems likely she will remain a mediocrity, she is not encouraged in throwing away her time in musical practice, but she then qualifies herself for being a help to her mother by learning cookery, dressmaking, ironing, pickling, and preserving vegetables for the winter.

As a rule German gentlemen do not care for beauty in a wife if not accompanied by more enduring qualities, and they are very cautious in choosing a partner for life. Before ingratiating himself with the young lady the gentleman first asks her father's consent to visit at his house that he may observe the young lady in her domestic relations towards her parents, sisters, brothers, and servants. If her conduct towards them is irreproachable, and he thinks she will make a good wife, he engages himself to her by exchanging rings, for in Germany men all have wedding-rings. The young lady then begins to make her trousseau, which is no trifle, for not only has she to provide her own wardrobe, but all the furniture, household linen, ornaments, crockery, pots and kettles—in short, everything necessary for the new establishment. In fact, unless the outfit of a German bride is large enough to fill one of Pickford's vans, it is described by the gossips as a very shabby affair!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EMIGRATION.

PUZZLED.—We should advise you to fill up the schedule sent to you by the society. Canada is now considered an excellent field for emigration, and as a dressmaker you might find work very easily. A society has been recently formed in Montreal for the protection of female emigrants, and for providing them with a home on arrival, until they find work. The address of the Hon. Secretary is, Mrs. Mussen, 8, Prince Arthur-street, Montreal. You might write to her and make inquiries.

THE GREEN SHORES OF ERIN.—Read the answer to "Puzzled." Write to the Hon. Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W., or to the British Female Emigration Society, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., Secretary, Miss Tipple. The latter society supplies supervision to the female emigrants during the voyage.

EDITH WYNN.—We have read your letter with much interest, and we think you would do well to emigrate; and as you seem willing to "turn your hand to anything," you ought to be very successful! The Women's Emigration Society will give you every information, and its report for 1881 will give you an idea of the work which the society is carrying on. Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, is the secretary.

MAID OF ATHENS, A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (Wellingboro), MARY W., ALICE, LESTY, and CAMERON.—No assistance is given by the colonies of Victoria or New Zealand towards emigration. Free passages are granted to Queensland to women between seventeen and thirty years of age, and they are forwarded up the country free of expense, within fourteen days of landing. Emigrants who pay their passage are entitled to grants of land in South Australia, Tasmania, and Manitoba. We are much interested in "Mary W.'s" letter, and advise all our querists to write to the Women's Emigration Society, which makes arrangements for sending out women of all classes, respectably and safely.

EDUCATIONAL.

MONA must write to the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.; the fee is 10s. The Examining Board gives first-class certificates, which are everywhere recognised as guarantees of a good and general education. The examinations take place half-yearly.

OSE.—For French Correspondence Classes, address Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay. Terms for the course, 10s. a year. Address all articles to the Editor, "GIRL'S OWN PAPER," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

UNA.—It is usually some time before the lists are published; but you will be informed by post of the result if you be a candidate.

EXAM.—If preparing to be a teacher, you can enter for the examinations held at midsummer and Christmas by the College of Preceptors. Three grades of diplomas are granted—Associates, Licentiates, and Fellows.

A BENDORIAN. — Your little pupil perhaps needs companions in his studies. Children, boys especially, are roused to exertion by emulation.

E. W.—The letters "A. U. C." mean *Anno urbis conditæ*—"from the founding of the city," meaning "Rome."

E. STANLEY.—We think you would like Green's "History of the English People," which is a most interesting one.

LIZZIE and IRIS IDA LEA.—We should endeavour to secure an hour and a half's quiet reading and study after the boys have gone to school in the morning. Divide the day's work carefully, so as to have a time for everything; and set one day apart for mending the clothes. Go to bed early, and rise at 7 a.m. Read history, biography, and poetry; and buy yourself a small dictionary, so that you may have it to consult on any doubtful word.

ZETA.—You will find the *Cambridge Examiner*—a paper published on the 15th of each month, excepting July and August (price 5s. 6d. per annum)—an invaluable help in preparing for an examination. Direct to the Editor, 21, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W.

TARANTELLE.—You are almost too young to take a class in the Sunday-school at thirteen years of age; you must have so much to learn yourself. Pitman's system of shorthand is, we believe, considered the best at present.

THE ELDEST GIRL IN THE SCHOOL.—We recommend this young lady to cultivate a little more modesty, for we have seldom read a more self-sufficient and impertinent letter from any little schoolgirl. We are nevertheless quite willing to set her right as to the mistake she has made, and refer her to the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Let her turn to page 115, and under No. 8 she will find the rule with which she was unacquainted. The word "benefit"—like allocate, consummate, radiate, or subjugate, &c.—is accented on the first syllable. We think she has somewhat mistaken her position as a learner, not a teacher, of the Editor.

WORK.

SIS.—The colour of the silk you send us is very pretty, and instead of dyeing it, we think you had better make it up with some velveteen of a darker brown. The figure on the extreme right in the illustration on page 136, vol. iii., will form a good model for you from which to make it.

JANE BUSYBODY.—The instructions for working *point de neige* stitch will be found on page 160, vol. ii. Worked in pretty colours, you will find it suitable for your purpose.

ELLEN DUKE.—You will find directions for a stitch called *point de neige* on page 508, vol. i. Also directions for a shawl-stitch on page 275, vol. ii.; either of these are suitable for a shawl.

LITTLE EMILY.—The knitted leaf-edging, illustrated on page 461, vol. ii., is very similar to your pattern, and is much prettier. You will also find it easier to knit.

EVELYN GRANVILLE.—We doubt very much that you would wear a jersey knitted by yourself. They are so moderate in price; it is not wise to take the trouble of making one, especially as the fashion for them is past.

E. W. (Bramber-street).—The name of the lace is "Macramé." The thread used is made for the sole purpose, and sold at any fancy-work shop by that name, where you may also procure an instruction-book. The pillow is heavy, and may be made by yourself of dry sand enclosed in a stout cover. We do not answer privately.

LOUISE BEATRICE T.—Your certificate will be sent. Empty cotton reels are saved, first, for a baby to play with, and, secondly, to make into whatnots and bookcase supports, by putting strong wire through them, adding shelves, and afterwards varnishing them.

E. K. C.—The pattern of a petticoat in crochet is given on page 93, vol. ii.

IGNORAMUS.—Grey or brown cashmere, trimmed with watered silk of the same colour, would be a pretty and useful wedding dress. There is nothing to prevent the wedding party all going to church in the same carriage if they wish so to do.

BLANC-MANGE and WATERLOO.—The numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in which the crewel work articles were published are still in print. They are in the monthly parts. The dates are February 28, 1880, March 20, 1880, and April 24, 1880. You will require three parts, price 6d. each. Write to 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

ART.

ROSS.—The School of Wood Engraving is at 124, Kennington-park-road. The fee for yearly instruction is four guineas. The hours are from 10 to 4 daily, and twice a week from 6 to 8. Girls over sixteen are eligible.

MABEL A.—It is usual for artists to have an agent in London who is a carver and gilder, who frames their pictures and sends them to the Academy, or the other exhibitions. You had better adopt this plan, and bring your picture to London to be framed by a person who understands the rules of the various exhibitions.

DOROTHY GOTTLIEB.—We do not know of any book of the kind. You must buy each photograph unmounted, and put it into a book yourself. There is no history to any of the pictures you mention. Thank you for your kind commendation of us. We do not mind the "hard remarks." You must remember that there are "many men of many minds," and what pleases you may be displeasing to someone else.

VIOLET.—In vol. ii. you will find an excellent series of articles on "Sketching from Nature," which will be very useful to you. At any large artists' colourman's you can find drawings from which you can study figures, and afterwards you will find it good practice to study from plaster casts.

S. O. (Charing Cross) sends us the following additional instructions about "Smoke drawings," for which he has our warmest thanks:—"If the smoke of burning camphor be substituted for candle smoke, the surface will be more smooth and even, and by passing the finished drawing through a little compound tincture of benzoin (Friar's balsam) in a dish the drawing will remain fixed, after drying in the air, and can be placed in an album without fear of injury. The colour is also improved." This answers the questions asked by "Selim," "Isa," "Boz," and "W. T. Fielding."

MYSIE.—Read "Tile Painting," page 728, vol. ii., and "Terra-Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. Proper china colours must be used for china painting.

CHRYSOTHEMIS.—We think that you forget how much time we should have to give to such a society, and we are already overburdened with work. The Girls' Friendly Society is an organisation for the purpose of befriending working girls of good character. They are called "members," and now number about 50,000, with 10,000 ladies called "associates," who work amongst the girls. The central office is at 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

COOKERY.

ESTELLE.—"Cocoanut rock" is made as follows:—Peel and grate a fresh cocoanut, take the same weight of finely powdered white sugar, and mix well together. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and with it form the cocoanut and sugar into a firm paste. Rub a bright tin slightly with butter, cover it with the paste, and put it into a slow oven for half an hour. If there be any fear of too great heat from the oven, put white paper between the tin and the paste.

LUKEY.—For a recipe for "Devonshire Junket," see "Useful Hints."

SENGA.—"Simnel cake" is composed of dried fruits, chiefly currants, almonds, candied peel, and a little flour. These ingredients, when thoroughly mixed and well baked, keep a long time.

T. O. P.—Oranges may be prepared for table in the following manner:—Cut gently through the peel only, from the point of the orange at the top to dent made at the stalk at the bottom, dividing the outside of the orange into cloves or sections; seven or eight in number. Loosen the peel carefully, and take each section off, leaving it only attached at the bottom. Scrape the white off the orange itself, and turn in each section double to the bottom of the orange, so that the whole looks like a dahlia or some other flower.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG MATRON.—1. We think you had better obtain some numbers of vol. ii., THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, as you require so much information that we have already given. Two articles on the drawing-room are contained in the numbers for February 19 and March 12, 1881, which may be obtained at the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. Serge is one of the best and cheapest materials for curtains. In "Crewel Embroidery for Dresses," page 230, vol. ii., you will find both designs and instructions.

M. J. P.—To clean marble, see page 655, vol. ii.

ROLEVINA.—Clean the Indian silver with borax and water. Only one side of the flannel patch should be herring-boned. A percolator coffee-pot—to be obtained at any tinsmith's—is the best for making coffee. Put the coffee in the well, place the perforated part upon it, and pour the boiling water on very gradually. Then put on the lid, and stand the pot on the hob while it runs through. The respective proportions in making coffee are—one oz. of coffee to a large breakfast cup full of water.

MILLICENT.—We do not quite understand what your difficulty is with your jellies. The more carefully they are strained, the clearer they will be; and they require to be several times run through the bag to make them at all clear and bright.

MUSIC.

EVA.—You had better secure the services of a good tuner to attend to your piano. The room in which you keep it must be damp, or it is placed, perhaps, against an outside wall.

E. P. S. (Truro).—For the prices of mandolins you must consult a seller of musical instruments. This instrument forms a charming accompaniment to the voice, and in Rome is constantly heard in duets in company with the guitar.

CLIO.—We think it quite possible to excel in music as a mechanical art without having much ear or musical ability. Careful practice and a determined effort will overcome even natural defects.

A CORNISH LASSIE.—The cheapest method of obtaining some music is at a secondhand music dealer's. Clean the brushes with flour.

LIEDER OHNE WORTE.—We certainly advise you to enter the National Training School for Music. To be allowed to compete at the examination for entrance you must be nominated by one of the founders of scholarships. The list of these will be found in the "School Directory," price 6d., to be obtained at the School, Kensington Gore, W.

LADY CHARLES.—1. We have not given any papers on playing the Zither in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. 2. Do you mean the song, or the book which is called after it?

GLENDARROCH.—We do not give addresses which are merely advertisements. There is a cheap edition of Heller's works. The name "sable" as applied to paint-brushes appears to be a misnomer, as they really are made of badgers' and camels' hair; the former are more valuable than those of camels' hair, and have the most "spring." It is the cheapest plan in the end to use the best brushes. The finest hair of any kind is selected for them, and they are more carefully and firmly manufactured.

LINNET.—The label pasted inside your violin may be that of the seller only, not the maker. The labels are not trustworthy. "Fecit" means "he made it."

SENTIMENTALIST.—"Op. 24" means the twenty-fourth work of the writer, "opera" being the Italian for work or composition. Use the studies of Kalkbrenner and Cramer. See "My Work Basket," page 204, vol. iii.

MARGARET CONSTANCE.—Read "How to Play the Piano," by Madame Arabella Goddard, page 164, vol. i., and "How to Improve your Pianoforte Playing," page 2, vol. ii.

ZERLINE.—Any of the convalescent homes would probably be glad to receive old music. A full list of them will be found in Guide II. (price 6d.) of the "Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," published by Messrs. Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly, W.

DOT.—If you have not been used to a metronome, we do not advise you to begin to use one. The mark is

given on most difficult pieces of music, and you have nothing to do but to set the instrument. From 50 to 66 is slow time, from 69 to 96 is moderate, and from 100 to 138 the various degrees of *allegro*, or quick time, while 160 marks a rapid movement. These are the degrees of speed marked respectively by the Italian words *adagio*, *moderato*, and *presto*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. A. W.—A new volume commenced with No. 92, Oct. 1st, 1881. Do not waste your time in future, as you evidently will never become a poet, judging from the specimen you send us in your note.

DORA THORNE.—We are not much in favour of keeping English birds captive, nor of encouraging those who trade in them. But it sometimes happens that those who live in the country have young birds thrown on their hands from various causes. A rook requires a large wicker cage, and both animal and vegetable diet. See also page 251, vol. iii.

ONE OF THE MUSES.—In "The Men of Old," by R. Monckton Milnes, there are some lines very like your first quotation, which, perhaps, are misquoted, as poetry so often is.

PETITE MECHANTE.—The food of "love birds" should be mixed. They require fruit, and a certain proportion of hard food, such as almonds, &c.

L. C. M.—Many thanks for the recipe. Your writing is very neat and small.

HELEN.—Charles Kingsley is the author of a book of the kind. The best "History of Greece" is Arnold's, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 6s.

FRANK.—Irish ferns might be grown in the garden. Choose a sheltered spot until they be rooted.

L. G. M.—Amongst the names of the ancient writings known to the Jews, but not preserved in the sacred canon, are "The Book of the Wars of the Lord," see Numbers .i. 14; the "Book of Jasher," Joshua x. 13, 2nd Sam. i. 18; and the "Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah and Israel," 1 Kings xiv. 19, 29. The first also the "Book of Gad," 1st Chron. xii. 14. The first is supposed to have been a military journal, the second a collection of national ballads, the third the biography of King David, and the last named was evidently a collection of public journals, perhaps written by the Secretaries of State. The spelling of your letter is shocking.

A WAX DOLL.—The person who makes wax flowers may help you to mend your doll, but, if possible, we should take her to a manufactory, of which there are many in London.

ADITHA.—White of egg is used to clean the bindings of books, and the white Roman binding may be cleaned with a clean flannel and some warm soap and water.

NEC SORTI, NEC FATO.—If older than yourself, or of higher rank, you should rise, but if one of your own compeers, bow and sit still.

YUELEC.—The "Oyster and Parched Pea Club," of Preston, dates from 1771. There is a very long account of it in the "Book of Days." Its origin appears to have been purely convivial, and the original members met every Monday evening.

DAMARIS.—The mathematical instrument makers treat vulcanite as brass. For flat work they use water of Ayr stone, wet and smooth, and afterwards rottenstone and oil. Lamp black and oil are also used to polish it. Brushes are not suitable to it, the lathe being the best appliance for giving a fine polish.

BERTIE.—You would find a full account of the Congress in the newspapers of the day, which you might obtain by advertising. The best articles on the subjects of knitting and darning of all kinds can be found in this paper. See pages 287, 486, in vol. i. for stocking knitting; also see pages 270, 314, in vol. i., for plain and Swiss darning, &c. Diagrams are annexed, which fully explain the methods of working.

LOST IN A FOG.—Perhaps your husband and young son miss the presence of young and enlivening society. You must always remember that "three" is said to be "no company." Have you neither nieces nor cousins who would be glad to come to you on a visit?

MAUDIE.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We are indeed glad to hear that our advice has been so useful to you.

CARMINE.—Do not cut your bread at dinner; it should be broken, but certainly not "crumbled," by the fingers. Your writing for fourteen years of age is excellent.

LITTLE LILLIE.—The lines you quote are by Montgomery, and may be found in most hymn books.

M. W. B.—We sympathise much with you in your affliction. Electricity is said to be good for deafness, but should be applied by a medical man. For "Ginger Nuts" see page 494, vol. ii. Your writing is good, but a little careless, and the "s's" and "t's" are very ugly.

HEARTACHE.—We always regarded the proceeding called "cutting" people as one only worthy of savages, and quite unbefitting those who call themselves "Christians." Remember that the measure of our forgiveness is, "As we forgive those who trespass against us." If you have been "cut" by somebody, you will not make matters better by cutting anyone else, especially people whom you have to "meet constantly in society." Consider the matter quietly, and on your knees. Think where you have been in fault toward the person who has "cut you." If unconscious of having offended your old friend by any word or act, write a kind frank letter, and ask her to tell you her ground of offence, so that, if a third party have made mischief, or told any untruths, you may have an opportunity of removing the painful impression made.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.—The Rev. Joseph Cooke's "Monday Lectures," published by Ward and Lock, are popular and eloquent disquisitions on the subjects of materialism and scepticism. Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" (3s.), published at the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and "Butler's Analogy" (3s. 6d.), at the same address, are also standard works. With reference to your assertion that, according to the Christian belief, "millions of people must be lost entirely, because they are unbelievers, such as the Indians," and "who had never heard a word about religion," you have been sadly misinformed. You cannot have read your Bible, or you would know that we are distinctly told that "these (the heathen) having not the law, are a law unto themselves" (Rom. ii. 14), and will therefore be judged after a special manner, and not as those who have heard and refused the Gospel of Christ. We judge from your letter, its spelling, writing, and diction, that your education has been much neglected.

HERENA INGARIKI (New Zealand).—We are always glad to hear from "our girls," especially when they write such kind, well-written, and ladylike letters as yours. That you can write such a letter at fourteen years of age proves that your education has been well attended to, and that you have been industrious and faithful in your work.

EXPECTATION AND REALISATION.

TWENTY-ONE.—Your idea of going into apartments is a good one. Try to procure them in a house where other gentlemen are living, as that would be a check on your unhappy brother. We should think from your account that he was not quite sane, and that your mother would do well to have advice as to his state of health, of mind and body.

A QUESTIONER.—There are several swimming-baths in London where ladies can have lessons. At Queen's-road, Bayswater, and at the baths in Marylebone-road there are usually mistresses during the season.

E. M. M.—We do not quite understand your query, nor where your difficulty lies. The statistics of the rate of mortality are so carefully prepared that we do not feel the least doubt as to their reliability.

MARIE BROMFIEL.—We advise you to see a doctor. Such drowsiness as you speak of is sometimes a forerunner of disease, though it may be also caused by foul air, charged with carbonic acid gas.

JOSEPHINE.—It is not usual to introduce people more than once. Old-fashioned people, tenacious of the rules of good breeding, write the name of the friend with whom they, or their correspondent, are visiting, on the envelope, but many persons very improperly omit doing so, and thus assume the ownership of another person's house.

GRACE DARLING.—Thank you for your kind and appreciative letter. We advise you to read "How Can I Look My Best," by Medicus, page 180, vol. i. Take the advice he gives in the last paragraph but one.

GIPSY QUEEN.—The registers of births, marriages, and deaths are kept at Somerset House, and may be searched over any period not exceeding five years on payment of one shilling. The registers date from July 1st, 1837.

HENRIETTA S.—Why not adopt the old-fashioned plan of putting naughty little children in a corner? From four to six years of age they do not require any other punishment.

DESOLATE AND OPPRESSED.—We sympathise much with you. Your brother, instead of becoming all that was chivalrous and tender, as the sole protector of his mother and sisters, has allowed himself to degenerate into a bully, and uses language he would not dare to use to a man. Has your mother no male relative whom she could get to take up his abode in the house, at least, for a time? The presence of a man would keep him in check, perhaps. We fear there may be another reason for your brother's ill-behaviour—he may be falling into intemperate habits.

NIEMAND.—Many thanks for the recipe contained in your kind and beautifully written letter. We are glad to hear our paper has been such a comfort to you.

DIANA CAREW.—Use some simple liniment, such as opodeldoc, and apply hot flannels. Such pains in old people are often rheumatic. Your writing lacks firmness, and needs more light and shade. The up and down strokes are of the same thickness.

TOOTS.—The "maidenhair fern" should be allowed to die down. Do not give it much water, only sufficient to prevent dryness.

SORROWFUL ELLA.—We are very sorry for your trouble, but we do not think the pumice-stone was to be blamed, as it would not make hair grow. Try not to worry yourself about it.

HORIBILICRIBRIFOX.—We cannot give you the dates you require, and we think you had better begin an autograph book, instead of putting autographs in your birthday book.

MERRY MAY.—Send the satin to a good cleaner; if it be good you will only spoil it by inexperienced treatment at home. Read "How to Model a Rose in Wax," page 355, vol. i. We do not think such an article would be of general interest to our readers.

ONE TOO MANY.—As a rule, we consider that the wedding ring should not be removed after death. Very few years will elapse before it will probably become valueless to the living, in the usual order of things. In answer to your question, we should imagine that the son will not care for them, and consequently the daughters may each take one. There is no "right" in the matter.

A CANADIAN.—Read "Flowers in the House," page 420, vol. i. Your "poetry" is very faulty in composition, and very unoriginal in idea. The first and third lines are uneven throughout, and the beat or emphasis never falls in its right place.

ANNIE DAVIS.—We have already published two of your compositions in the Amateur Contribution page; the last in our issue for November 12th. You must not expect too much at our hands, nor be selfish towards other contributors.

STULTA PUELLULA.—We are glad to hear that the "Winter of your discontent" is past, and that more sunshine has been vouchsafed in your life. Do not forget to cultivate a happy spirit, and a bright way of looking at all things. Try to obtain a healthy soul in a healthy body.

PUZZLED.—We do not undertake to solve problems nor puzzles. You must think our time of little value, either to ourselves, or to others.

NAN LEE.—The following is a form of prayer very commonly used by individuals before the commencement of Divine Service:—"Lord open Thou our lips, fix our thoughts and purify our hearts, that we may worthily magnify Thy holy name, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

A MIDSUMMER DAY.—For the information you require see page 543, vol. i. Age of candidates from fourteen to eighteen.

A POOR LAME GIRL.—For a cure for perspiring hands, see pages 383 and 624, vol. i.

A BLACK HEN'S CHICKEN.—We should say that it would be better for you to marry whichever of the two you love the best. "Twenty years older" is almost too great a disparity; but we could not advise you to marry a man much younger than yourself.

LIZZIE.—The backs of the cards may be scraped off with the aid of a penknife. We think you will find no difficulty if you try.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—Many thanks for your kind letter, which we value the more as it is written simply with the view of giving us pleasure and encouragement. We envy you the sunshine of which you speak, and the lovely blue sea and sky.

HANNAH W.—We believe that all the creditors share alike; but we advise you to consult a lawyer on the matter.

AITHME.—See page 240, vol. ii., for a recipe to clean ivory. Many people save their empty cotton-reels for the parrot to pick, to prevent his picking off his feathers. A recent authority says that the only way to cure a parrot of this habit is to give him a large room or attic to fly about in, as the irritation of confinement originates the trick.

NELLIE HART.—Borax and water is said to be a good thing with which to clean filigree-silver. Your writing is not very good for fourteen.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LA MARQUISE APPEALS TO PETITE.

DAMARIS accompanies Leonie to her chamber door that evening, and there pauses to say good-night. The girl lifts her eyes so entreatingly as she prefers her request that she will "come in and talk for a little while before going to bed,"

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"'NOW WE CAN TALK SPLENDIDLY,' SAYS DAMARIS."

that Damaris is fain to yield. The maid is there, preparing her young mistress's toilet for the night.

"Give me my *peignoir*, Marie; now you can go to *ma marraine*, I shall not need anything else. Do please sit down," she adds, turning to Damaris as the maid departs.

"Let me brush your hair for you, shall I?" says Damaris, seizing one of the little ivory-backed brushes placed ready for service upon the table.

"Oh, but I did not expect to make use of you when I sent Marie away," Leonie exclaims, shyly. "I thought we could talk better if she were not here."

"There is nothing more conducive to conversation than some light and pleasant occupation," returns Damaris, as she takes her stand behind Leonie's chair.

Leonie, still politely protesting, begins to remove the pins and combs, and shake down her silky black hair.

"Now we can talk splendidly," says Damaris, as she runs her fingers through the long shining tresses. They are so clinging and soft, so altogether different from her own crumpled, wilful locks, that she feels a delight in letting them coil round her fingers, and in placing them in various positions.

The real Damaris being behind her chair, Leonie addresses herself to her reflection in the glass.

"I want you to tell me all that you can about the dear old Marquise, and Monsieur St. Just, and Monsieur le Marquis."

Damaris catches herself smiling back again into the pale little face which the mirror shows to her just beneath her own, and wonders at the *naïve* audacity of the child.

"I should hardly know where to begin or where to end if I were to attempt to do that," she says.

"Is there, then, so much to tell?" asks Leonie. "You know all about them, and I know nothing. I have been shut up closely in a convent, and there we never spoke of things that take place beyond the walls. I never even heard of these friends of *ma marraine* until just before we came to visit them, and they seem to me so different from what she said they would be, and I am puzzled."

"How different?" asks Damaris, passing the brush smoothly and lightly over the glossy head.

"She told me that Monsieur St. Just is good, oh, so good! like one of those saints whose festivals we used to keep, like St. Francis de Salles, whose picture hung over the door of our chapel, and which we wreathed with roses on summer *fête* days. *Mais*, mademoiselle, I have great fear of him. When he speaks to me I tremble and shrink—and I never shall like him, never. Yet he is good."

"*Pauvre petite!*" says Damaris, with caressing touch.

"Is it not true then, mademoiselle?"

"Is what not true?"

"Monsieur St. Just's goodness."

"Truer than I can tell you, truer than your *marraine* can imagine."

"Then I ought not to be afraid of him?"

"No; and yet I think it is very natural that you should be."

"*Mais, pourquoi*, mademoiselle?" says Leonie, lifting her head so suddenly that she nearly subjects her face to the passing of the implement which is in Damaris's hands. "Is it that you have fear of him yourself?"

"No, oh no! But then I am older than you, and have known him longer."

"Is it then knowing him that makes the difference?"

"I think so."

"But how dreary it must be, the getting to know him! Did not you find it so?"

Damaris laughs and colours. Then with her two soft palms she replaces the little black head into position.

"I found it very pleasant," she says. "We were good friends from the first."

"What!" with a quick jerk, which again interferes with the progress of Damaris's task. "Had you never any fear of him?"

"Never."

"Perhaps you will teach me not to be afraid either. There, I will hold my head quite steady now."

Presently, with a little sigh, she continues:

"If what *ma marraine* has said of Monsieur St. Just be true, then it must also be true about his brother."

"What has La Duchesse told you of him?"

"That he is not good—not at all good. It is such a pity, because he is so nice. Do you not think so, mademoiselle?"

"That he is nice? Indeed I do."

"But *ma marraine* says one must not think so, because he is wicked."

Damaris laughs, and to herself admits that La Duchesse has not been wise is giving that warning to a girl reared as Leonie has been; to one who has never been allowed to judge for herself, or taught to discriminate between good and evil. It was unreasonable to expect that now, on the most momentous occasion of her life, she should be able to exercise that nicety of decision which nothing but self-reliance and experience can teach.

"Mademoiselle Leonie," begins her impromptu attendant, "one of our English poets has written a sentence which is very true of what the world thinks generally of people situated as is Monsieur le Marquis. He says: 'People with nought are naughty.' This, doubtless, is the opinion of Madame la Duchesse."

"And Monsieur le Marquis is poor—he has nothing?"

"Next to nothing, I believe."

"But people ought not to think badly of him on that account."

"Certainly not; but many do."

"I will not."

"Let me advise you to wait awhile before you form any opinion of the sons of La Marquise. Watch their actions, and do not be misled by their manners or words."

"But, mademoiselle, is it that in society people say and seem what they are not in reality?"

"Sometimes—nay, very often."

"That is just as it was in the convent. I thought in the world it would be quite different."

"Convent walls, although they are supposed to shut out the world, often shut in the very quintessence of the worldly spirit. I, too, was partly educated in a convent in Paris."

"Were you? Oh, I am glad to hear that. I shall feel that I know you better now."

"We must not compare our experiences to-night, however. It is getting late, and I am going to leave you."

"I ought not to keep you. But you will come again, will you not?"

She lifts her delicate cheek for Damaris to kiss; and so the girls part.

Once within her own room, Damaris shades her light and goes to one of her windows. The long dark outer wall of the *château* is visible to the left, flanked by the opposite tower, which rises tall and stately with its pennons of ivy tossed in the night wind. Near to the angle formed by the tower, three long lighted windows break the blank surface of the wall. They are the windows of the *bibliothèque*. Monsieur St. Just is still astir, still at work, notwithstanding the fatigue which had been so evident to all, and which he had pleaded as his excuse for retiring. It is close upon midnight, and the upper room of the tower, corresponding with her own, is shrouded in darkness. Monsieur le Marquis sleeps the sleep of the just. He is neither anxious nor fretted about ways and means, nor solicitous for the dissemination of great truths, nor eager to collect, sift, and appropriate the buried lore of past ages. This little planet may whirl on with him through space, but he never cares to inquire concerning the eternal laws which regulate its existence. So long as the sun shines for him, and the earth yields its produce, and the days dawn for his pleasure, and friends are agreeable, and night brings its due of rest and oblivion, he will remain untroubled.

But towards those lighted windows Damaris's poor heart yearns with a longing that sweeps out of it all the accumulated pain of that evening's experience. If she might only reason with him, convince him that, for the sake of the good he may accomplish, it is wrong of him to be so unsparing of his health and strength, to forego the rest he needs in order to indulge his insatiate craving after knowledge. He is toiling, too, as she knows, with another motive than the mere love of study. He toils and watches that the other may sleep and enjoy. And Damaris thinks harder thoughts of Monsieur le Marquis than she is able to do in his gay, good-humoured presence.

She keeps her watch until the light moves and she sees it shine from the lower windows of the tower, which are on a level with those of the library. Then she seeks her own couch. But sleep, so long neglected, will not come at her call. She tosses restlessly upon her pillows until after the summer dawn breaks, thinking of 'Lisbeth, of the *fête*, and turning over and over again in her own mind the events of the evening, asking herself could anything have been

altered in them, could any difference in her conduct have produced other result? Wearied out at last, just when the world's grey eye was opening, she sinks into a deep, unrefreshing slumber, which is disturbed at length by Jacqueline.

How different is this awakening from yesterday's!

Now she rises with the feeling of having to take up again a burden which she has only been able to lay down for awhile, and which she must bear through many weary days of self-torture.

Her first care is to go down to the valley to see 'Lisbeth and *la mère* Suzanne.

The rose-garlands of yesterday's *fête* hang withered from their poles, but every *paysan* she meets has a smile on his honest, sunburnt face, and an air of brisk alertness begotten by the lately-given hope. So she comes to the cottage where 'Lisbeth lies with a cross on her breast, and the faded myrtle-wreath at her feet. Patiently and pitifully she listens to all *la mère* Suzanne has to tell, and looks upon the sacred mystery of death through brimming eyes. Her presence and her sympathy comfort the poor bereaved old soul. She carries away with her, too, almost as much comfort as she leaves behind, for the difficulties which beset her own pathway seem to decrease in magnitude after she has beheld the restful quietude into which all 'Lisbeth's sorrows had been resolved.

"So that one wins peace at the last," says Damaris to herself, as she re-treads the path to the *château*. "What can it matter how thickly one's steps are beset with thorns?"

La Marquise has made an effort on behalf of her guests, and all are assembled at the twelve o'clock *déjeuner* when Damaris re-enters the *château*. It is later than she had supposed, and, casting aside her hat, she hurries at once to the *salle à manger*.

"*Petite paresseuse!*" is the playful greeting of La Marquise.

"*Chère maman*," says Monsieur le Marquis, "I can avouch that Mademoiselle Damaris does not deserve the impeachment. If we could only have the history of her early morning hours, I believe it would be a reproach to us all."

"Explain, *petite*. Refute the statement of this saucy boy, who thinks that he knows everything. What have you been doing?"

"Madame," says Damaris, returning the greetings of La Duchesse and Leonie, and the stiff bow of Monsieur St. Just, "I have been down to the valley."

"Picking up dead rose-leaves as trophies of the *fête*?"

Damaris has no answering smile for Monsieur le Marquis's idle question as she takes her seat at the table.

"No, monsieur. I have been at the cottage of *la mère* Suzanne."

Over the light chatter and the summer morning sunshine falls an instant's hush. Then Monsieur le Marquis—

"There, did I not tell you so, *chère maman?*"

But a voice, with whose changed tones Damaris is hardly yet familiar, says harshly—

"You have a strangely unwholesome taste to go there, mademoiselle."

Damaris seems as though she does not hear, while she turns at once to answer a remark of Leonie's.

She is thankful that the general conversation takes a turn which does not necessitate her taking part in it. She subsides into silence, toying with the food on her plate.

The question under discussion is what is to be done with the next few days? How are they to be used to the best advantage in making La Duchesse and Leonie acquainted with the neighbourhood of St. Aubin? Jerome takes the most active part in proposing excursions here and there to various points of interest, suggestions that are subjected to so many of La Marquise's modifications and objections that the original schemes dwindle into nothingness. She, seconded by La Duchesse, artfully manœuvres to draw Etienne into the discussion, and to get him to express some opinion or desire, while he as studiously holds himself aloof as Jerome eagerly puts his own views forwards. Leonie listens, with alternate delight and disappointment swiftly succeeding each other in her ingenuous countenance. Some of Monsieur le Marquis's propositions sound so perfectly delightful to her unsophisticated ears that she cannot think why the elder ladies persist in throwing cold water upon them.

At last they rise from table without having absolutely decided upon anything.

"Don't go, Etienne," says La Marquise when, having wheeled her back into the *salon*, he is about to slip away to his solitude and his books, which seem to have resumed their old usurpation of his time and thoughts. "We must decide something for to-morrow, if not for to-day."

"I leave you a good substitute for myself," he says. "Jerome is far more able to direct your excursions than I. You may safely trust him in a matter of this kind. Have the goodness to excuse me," he adds, bowing abstractedly to La Duchesse; "I have arrears of work after my absence."

The Duchess being a ponderous person, and slow of motion mentally and physically, is not so quick as La Marquise would have been in her place to invent an excuse to detain him, and before she can frame the smallest, he is gone, leaving Jerome master of the field and of circumstances.

This, often repeated, throws La Marquise into despair, and at last she bethinks herself of enlisting Damaris as coadjutor. She reverts in her own mind to those early days at the *château* when Monsieur St. Just appeared to delight in their society, when, to use her own words, he had seemed to be amused by *petite's* drolleries. Her guests have been several days at the *château* when it occurs to her all at once that since their coming *petite* has been less entertaining than she used to be. Pleased with her own depth of penetration, which has been so quick to detect this fact, La Marquise instantly sets to work to remedy it according to her own fashion of doing things.

It has been arranged that on the following day Madame la Duchesse shall be introduced to the valley. Monsieur le Curé has considerately invited the whole party to a *déjeuner* in his picturesque *maisonnette* on the other side of the valley. All have accepted his proffered hospitality save Monsieur St. Just, who pleaded his usual excuse. After Monsieur le Curé has bowed himself away, Damaris is listlessly preparing to follow Madame la Duchesse, Leonie, and Monsieur le Marquis, who are going to walk in the *château* gardens, when La Marquise detains her.

"Stay, *petite*, I want you."

"Certainly, madame."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

We are making a "good beginning." The appeal for "The Home" has already brought forth fruit, and as we are writing this on the 2nd of March it will be understood that no time has been lost, since the appeal was only made within the last few days. Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise has kindly consented to be the lady patroness. The Lady Mayoress is on the committee, and several influential ladies, wives of our City magnates, have already joined it, and promised to help in furnishing stalls. The letters from "our girls," both to the Editor and Miss Tidd, are numerous, and all contain either offers of work or aid in money. Our grateful thanks are tendered to each and all. Several kind letters have been received from servants, who regret their inability to render substantial assistance. We reply to them that we will "take the will for the deed," but would not encroach on their modest resources. "A Mother" also makes a suggestion which may be acted upon without the separate stalls she proposes. There will be a stall for useful articles, and if she and other "mothers" will contribute to it, they will be adding greatly to the good work. We shall also welcome, as she suggests, contributions from "the brothers" who now and again run through our "G. O. P." The working party at the office of the Society progresses, and a lady generously proposes that a working party with which she is connected in the country shall devote a portion of its time to our bazaar. We are in great spirits. We append a list of the donations received up to the present time:—Miss De Bois, 5s.; Miss Self, 10s.; A Maid of Kent, £1; A Lancashire Shop-girl, 10s.; Miss Spencer, 5s.; Oakleaf, 2s. 6d.; Queranda, stamps; "One of Our Girls," stamps; A Schoolgirl at Darmstadt, stamps. A Reader of the "G.O.P.," stamps; One Poor Herself, stamps; Miss B. M. Loane, 5s.; Miss Smith, 2s. 6d.; Miss Urquhart, 5s.; Miss Chirnside, 3s.; Sarah Price, 5s.; "Mopsey," 10s.

A BRIDAL SONG.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

Crown the bride with roses,
Blushing, red, and white;
See no thorn reposes
'Neath the garland light.
Naiad from the fountain,
Gnome from out the mine,
Elf from Waldeck's mountain,
Quit the Aar and Rhine.
Leave your old dominions
With your Princess sweet,
And with unseen pinions
Fan her coming feet.
For Leopold of England,
Good Albert's noble son,
Fair Helena of Waldeck
Has truly wooed and won.

Crown the bride with roses,
Blushing, red, and white;
See no thorn reposes
'Neath the garland light.
As in legends olden,
Bring rare gifts to both;
Bless the circlet golden,
Emblem of their troth.
Give the mystic token
Charms to keep it bright,
Holy and unbroken,
Rounding pure delight.
For Leopold of England,
Good Albert's princely son,
Fair Helena of Waldeck
Has surely wooed and won.

MY PRETTY CHARGE.

By ALICE KING.

CHAPTER IV.

NOT half an hour had elapsed when I was sitting in the green cart at Loulou's side. Madame Dindon's farm was not far from the *château;* I had walked there with her, that I might start more quickly. Away we went, clattering out of the stony courtyard of the farm, with good Madame Dindon standing by, lantern in hand, smiling and kissing her finger tips, and wishing me "bon voyage," with the bells on Alouette's collar jingling impatiently, with Loulou's whip cracking as if it had been a toy rifle.

Now we were out in the road, and the lights of the farm were left far behind. Urged onward by Loulou's whip, which certainly possessed to the full the animation attributed to it by Madame Dindon, the powerful bay horse went forward in long, swinging strides, making the little cart behind him sway from side to side as if it were a nutshell. Onward, onward we sped through the night, past the trees in the hedgerows, their dim outlines looking, in the gloom, like vague phantoms; past the little clusters of bright lights which showed where a farm or a hamlet lay; past a tall church spire, which, in the dimness, as we flew by, appeared to have assumed strange, gigantic proportions, and to tower up almost into the sky; past gateways, through which the forms of the feeding cattle took monstrous unearthly shapes in the darkness. The whistling wind, as it swept by, seemed to be having a race with us; the rain began to rush down in sharp, swift showers; little fountains of fiery sparks broke from beneath Alouette's hoofs as he sped; and onward, still onward we flew through the night.

I could not think; I had but one distinct feeling in my mind, and that was a burning longing to hasten onward. All the way I asked for Divine guidance. I did not know what I should find at the very next step I might take; I shrank from asking, but confidence came to me in answer to my supplication. And still we flew on through the night, and the wild wind was our companion.

At length the outlines of houses, seen on either side of the road, showed that we were drawing near Avranches at last. Just then the sky cleared for a few minutes, and the late moon, which had just risen, shone out. The town rose before us like a sudden revelation of wonder and of beauty, its spires all crowned with silver, its dwellings all bathed in brightness, a sea of radiance flooding it round about. It was a scene for the eye to rejoice in, but within me it was still all gloom, still all bewilderment, still all heavy sadness.

We were rattling over the paved streets of the town by this time. Now that I had reached Avranches, which I had been so longing to reach, what was I going to do there? This question was quickly and practically brought before me by Loulou. He pulled up in the chief square of the town, and turning to me, with the raindrops that hung on his cap glistening in the lamplight, in the midst of which we now stood, and his rosy face shining with satisfied pride at the coachmanship he had lately displayed, asked:

"Where shall I drive you, mademoiselle?"

Forced thus into rapid decision, I answered—

"To the best hotel."

I did not know any of the inns in Avranches. We had gone from the railway station to the *château* on our first arrival, and had not paused in the town. It was therefore left to Loulou's discretion to decide which was the best.

A few minutes after we were standing before the door of an hotel. Out hurried the inn porter bowing and smiling, and expecting, from the clatter of the cart-wheels, and the jingle of Alouette's bells, and the cracking of Loulou's whip, to see an English lord or a Russian prince drive up; but when he caught sight of my equipage he paused doubtfully, retaining the string of polite phrases which were on his lips.

"Can you tell me whether there is any child in the hotel?" I asked.

The words came blundering out of my mouth, born of my trouble of mind, without my stopping to consider their vagueness.

"Any child, any child," repeated the porter, meditatively; then with a little caper he cried, "Ah, I know whom madame means; it is the English lady in the first *étage*, who has two babies, and two nurses, and two perambulators, and three baths, and five air-cushions, and a little spaniel dog with ears as long as that" (the porter's hand made a lengthy sweep downward); "the dog will eat nothing but Marie biscuits; a box of them, as big as that" (the porter's hand made a vast circle in the air), "is taken about everywhere for him; the lady's maid showed it me. That is the party madame is looking for, is it not?"

The discursive nature of this answer to my question made me see how wide of the mark it had been. I began now to make much more exact and pertinent inquiries, but they proved utterly without success. It appeared certain that the child had not been brought to this inn.

We now went on to another hotel. Here my questions were more circumstantial, and I gave a close description of Alba's dress and appearance. The porter, who seemed an intelligent man, said at length—

"Yes, I am sure, madame, that I saw just such a young girl as you describe arrive here this evening with the servant of a lady who is in the hotel; I remember noticing that the poor little thing looked as if she had been crying."

I sprang out of the cart, all trembling with joy and excitement, but feeling that no time must be lost: prompt action must now be my watchword.

"What is the number of the lady's room?" I asked, as I entered the hall of the hotel.

"Number twenty-one, madame," was the reply.

"I will go up alone," I said, as I saw that a waiter was preparing to accompany me. "I am a friend of the young lady, I need no announcing; I can find the number myself on the door."

So saying, before any further objections could be made, I sped away upstairs.

I was standing before number twenty-one now, my heart beating like some restless machine; but there was no time to linger to recover calmness; I opened the door and entered. The very first thing that met my eyes was my child sitting on a low stool at a lady's feet. I did not pause to see what manner of woman this lady was. I spoke no word of excuse or explanation; I only rushed forward with a cry, and caught my child in my arms.

After that I must have lost consciousness for a few minutes. When I came to myself I was lying on a sofa, with Alba standing by me, and with a face which was strangely like Alba's bending over me.

"But who is she?" I heard the owner of this latter face asking

"She is my own dear Miss Allanby," replied the child.

I sat up; a full sense of everything coming back to me.

"Let me have the child at once," I said; "she was consigned to my care by Mr. Bridlington."

"Mr Bridlington!" repeated the lady, staring at me with the most utter surprise and bewilderment in her face. "But have you not been appointed by Sir Giles Overton to hide my child from me, her mother?"

"Sir Giles Overton!" exclaimed I in my turn, gazing at her with a yet more blank astonishment than her own in my eyes. "Who is Sir Giles Overton? I never even heard his name. And how," I added stammeringly, "can you be Alba's mother? She is in India."

"But mother has come back unexpectedly," here interposed the child, flinging her arms around me. "Miss Allanby, darling, I must tell you all about it, and then mother and you must be ever, ever such friends."

The lady—Mrs. Rothsleigh, she really was—now sat down by me. We both saw that we were labouring under some strange mistake, and began to talk freely and eagerly together, for we felt we could trust each other, though we had not thought so a short half-hour ago. Then slowly we managed to unravel the whole mystery, which, reduced to a few words, was simply this.

Alba's father had a rich near relation named Sir Giles Overton, who, when Mr. Rothsleigh died, had very much wished to get the child into his own hands, her mother being in India and in very delicate health, which might, probably, bring her life to an end before she could return to England and claim her daughter. Sir Giles was an old bachelor, and it was his intention, no doubt, to make the girl his heiress if he could have brought her up according to his own will. But Sir Giles, though a wealthy man, was a man of notoriously evil, dishonourable character, and Mr. Bridlington, who was a very old, dear friend of Mrs. Rothsleigh, knew that she would strongly dislike and object to her daughter being even temporarily under his guardianship. Mr. Bridlington had, therefore, hit upon the expedient of keeping the child out of Sir Giles's way by sending her

"AND CAUGHT MY CHILD IN MY ARMS."

abroad with her governess to a retired district in France. Mr. Bridlington had, however, thought that my female mind would be too much flurried and troubled if I knew the whole state of the case, so he had kept the fact of Sir Giles Overton's existence concealed from me. As Mrs. Rothsleigh was also a woman, and moreover a woman in very weak health, he had hidden from her Sir Giles's intentions with regard to the child, and the fact that he had sent Alba to reside in the old French *château*. This was why he had forbidden the girl to write to her mother.

Mrs. Rothsleigh's health had improved unexpectedly, and she had started for England, sending a telegram, just as she set off, to Mr. Bridlington to announce the fact. Hereupon Mr. Bridlington, in a state of frantic excitement at the news, despatched a telegram to meet Mrs. Rothsleigh at Marseilles, and to explain to her, in some degree, the condition of matters with regard to her daughter—a telegram which, however, in his hurry and confusion of mind, he had expressed so blunderingly, that Mrs. Rothsleigh had gathered from it exactly the reverse to the truth, namely, that Sir Giles Overton was trying to hide her child from her in the *château* of Belleville, in Normandy.

This had made Mrs. Rothsleigh hasten at once to Avranches, and send her confidential servant to watch at the *château*. She was the woman who had lingered at the gate. When I had left the avenue the servant had no difficulty in leading away the docile, trustful child, by telling her that her mother had come back suddenly and was waiting at the end of the lane to speak to her. When Alba found that she had been hurried into a carriage and driven off, instead of finding her mother, she had begun to cry bitterly, but her tears had soon been dried in her mother's arms. The child had tried to explain to her mother that it was Mr. Bridlington himself who had brought her to the *château*, but Mrs. Rothsleigh had supposed that the girl had been cheated by some specious story invented by Sir Giles.

Several years have passed since that night at Avranches, and from that time forward I have never left my Alba and her mother. Alba is now a very white rose of English early womanhood, and old Mr. Bridlington, as he watches her ways among the tenants and the poor on her property left her by her father, and her bearing in society, is inclined to think that he has at last found a woman who may be entrusted with a secret.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

MORALISTS, satirists, and divines have been eloquent in depicting the defects of woman, with the manifold evils that flow therefrom; but very few comparatively have taken the same amount of trouble to point out her many virtues. Without taking either side, it may be useful to insist on the surpassing influence exercised by her upon the world in general, and mankind in particular.

In trying to prove how great woman's influence can be, when used either for good or evil, we begin by saying that we are no advocate for "Woman's Rights," as commonly understood in our day. Certain rights, of person, of property, of privilege, we are ready to maintain, but for equality of position, whether in professional or political life, we are no advocates. We do not wish to see women becoming solicitors, surgeons, engineers, and members of Parliament, or in any other form of public life heretofore held by men.

It is urged that the introduction of women into public life would soften its asperities and smooth its ruggedness. This may or may not be the case, but with all due deference to such opinions, we maintain that woman's place in the world is to be domestic, and her mission at home, although of course there are exceptions to this as to every rule, to some of which we shall afterwards refer.

In order that woman's influence should be for good, it is necessary that girls be trained to be thoroughly truthful, free from all vulgar pretensions, active, helpful, and charitable in thought, word, and deed. Such girls make good sisters, good wives, and good mothers. They are congenial companions to their husbands, wholesome guides and instructors to their children, and capable of aiding and strengthening all with whom they come in contact. If young girls could have the true friendship of one such noble specimen of their own sex, it would be the strongest earthly safeguard they could possibly possess.

The influence exercised by women upon manners has long been notorious, and to them must be attributed in a great degree the laxity, as to speech and behaviour, of modern customs. When women permit themselves to be approached and addressed in a free and easy manner by their male acquaintances, without showing that they resent such freedom, certain it is that this liberty will very seriously affect the behaviour of men, and lower their estimate of womankind. Thus, it behoves all mothers, wives, and sisters to set a good example in themselves. The old must be honoured, the weak assisted, the illustrious deferred to, and without any distinction all persons respected. Women have this matter entirely in their own hands, and can compel men to be well behaved, and the men who know how to treat women will soon learn to behave politely to each other, and thus all classes will be benefited.

Literature also is greatly influenced by women. They read much more than men, having more time to devote to this kind of recreation; therefore they decide to no small extent what books shall be written and circulated. Unfortunately by their predilection for certain styles, the supply of sensational novels in the present day has been multiplied and their quality deteriorated.

Speaking of woman's home influence, it has been said that the most conspicuous test of her goodness is cheerfulness; it is the sunshine of life, and blesses the world by its power of producing happiness. Home is where the heart is, and it is woman's work to keep the hearts of husband and children where she is. There can be no doubt that wives have great influence over their husbands; they can aid them in all their good resolutions, and by quiet, gentle encouragement bring out their better qualities, and by their own bright examples implant in them noble principles, which are the seeds of the highest virtues.

Innumerable historical instances of such true wifely influence might be given, but we must content ourselves with a few. Luther said of his wife that so great was her influence for good over him, that he would not exchange his poverty with her for all the riches of Crœsus without her. Tom Hood, in one of his letters to his wife, says, "I never was anything until I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since." Prince Bismarck, when speaking of his wife to a friend, said, "She it is who has made me what I am." And Lord Beaconsfield, in his dedication to "Sybil," says, "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering, to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose good taste and judgment have ever guided its pages, to the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife."

Of mothers' influence—the strongest of all—many examples might be given did space allow. Mothers, above all, need faith, and genuine loving trust in God. A life of glad acquiescence in His will, lived daily in the presence of sons and daughters, is an immense power for good. Such mothers had Washington and the Wesleys.

Of sisterly influence, too, examples are not wanting; we will, however, mention only two. That of Caroline Herschel over her brother, the great astronomer, whose grand achievements in science can be traced in a great measure to her willing help and good advice; and of Dorothy Wordsworth over her brother William, whom she inspired to renewed efforts, when he was depressed by hostile criticism, and bewildered by the abstruse speculations in which for a time he was involved. He says he was indebted to her for—

> "Those sweet counsels between head and heart,
> Whence genuine knowledge grew."

He also acknowledges her service to him in the following lines—

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

If we turn to Bible history, from Eve downwards we have striking examples both of good and bad influence. Rebecca was beautiful, and in some points good, but her influence over Jacob led him to deceive his father, betray his brother, and to be exiled from herself.

Jezebel's influence over Ahab led to the murder of Naboth, and to the destruction of herself and her family. On the other hand, Esther's influence over Ahasuerus resulted in the saving of the lives of the Jews throughout all Persia. St. Paul attributes the beautiful character of Timothy to the careful training of his mother and grandmother.

To return to secular history, it was through the influence of Queen Philippa that Edward the Third spared the lives of the noble citizens of Calais; and what more striking proof of woman's influence could we have than that exercised by Joan of Arc over the French? They had become inert and dispirited, and scarcely cared even to try and save their country, when a woman's heroism and self-denial awakened the whole nation, and resulted in the expulsion of the English from France.

To Catherine de Medicis's evil influence may be attributed the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. Of Madame Maintenon it is said that during part of the life of Louis XIV., ministers, generals, affairs of state, justice and religion were all in her hands, and these reins she held for upwards of thirty years. No more stupendous event ever was chronicled in the world's history than the first French Revolution, and yet no event was ever more largely influenced by women. One generation worked at the causes, and the next guided the effects. The Pompadours and Du Barrys crushed out the old monarchy. To deck *them* with jewels, and load *them* with luxuries, the poor were ground down and starved, and a fierce hatred of the upper

classes generated, which culminated in the Reign of Terror. During that terrible time woman's influence permeated every phase of society; they spoke at the clubs, decided the fate of prisoners at the tribunal, and were worshipped as "goddesses of reason!" Yet even in that dark time there are traces of their softening influence; for example, that of Eléonore over Robespierre, of Lucille over Desmoulins, and of both his wives over Danton.

Of all the heroines of the Revolution, Madame Roland was perhaps the greatest. In contrast to her previous quiet, uneventful life, at its outbreak she became one of its leading spirits. All the letters urging on the destruction of the monarchy and the establishment of the republic, which roused the nation, and were renowned for their power, were written by her, although they bore her husband's name. But she little anticipated the terrible crimes which were to usher in her great desire; and afterwards, when too late, used every effort within her means to check the outrages, and we all know how, in the end, she fell a victim to the cruelty of the very party which she had in so large a measure been the means of bringing into power.

In writing upon woman's influence we cannot close without mentioning the deservedly honoured names of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, to whose unremitting labours much of the greatly-needed reform in prison discipline throughout Europe is due; of Miss Robinson, who has done so good a work among our soldiers; of Miss Weston among our sailors; of Miss Marsh, who devoted her life and talents to improving the lives and morals of navvies; and last, but by no means least, of Miss Florence Nightingale, famed for her labours in reforming the sanitary condition of the British army. To this end, she visited and inspected civil and military hospitals all over Europe. Her labours during the Crimean war are too well known to require comment, and yet pages might be filled with accounts of the marvellous influence she exerted. Her health at last succumbed to the physical and mental strain to which she subjected herself, and for years she has been a confirmed invalid; however, it may not be so generally known that her sick-room has been and still is the scene of arduous and constant labour for the improvement of the health of the soldier, and its result may be seen in the present condition of hospitals all over Europe and India as contrasted with those of former days.

Having tried thus far to give some little account of what can be done by woman's influence, we will conclude by saying that although we cannot all do great works, yet, in order that we may be beneficial to the world about us, we must strive so to live as to merit the praise bestowed upon Mary of old by our loving Saviour: "She has done what she could."

"Go forth! and in thy Saviour's strength
Thy voice shall yet be heard,
And wandering souls shall turn and bless
A feeble woman's word."

M. K. M.

NEW MUSIC.

ENOCH AND SONS.

If Sighs had Wings. Music by Ciro Pinsuti. Words by Edward Oxenford.—We can recommend this charming song as being likely to please, the light style of the accompaniment suiting the words, and within the capabilities of many of our girls. It is set in two keys: No. 1 in D, compass C to F; No. 2 in C—B to E.

WEEKES AND CO.

Day Dreams. Music and words by Natalie.—This is a very pretty and flowing melody, and to those who are fond of dreamland it will become a favourite. It likewise has the recommendation of being easy

GODDARD AND CO.

Sweet and Low. Words by Alfred Tennyson. Music by C. A. Rodbard.—A very charming and graceful song, words and music well adapted. The symphony between the verses is characteristic of the rocking of a cradle.

Sing Me the Songs I Used to Sing Words by John Saffery. Composed by Alfred Rawlings.—A cheerful and good song set in the key of G♯.

Mélodie for Violin or Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.—A very pretty little piece well adapted to moderate performers on either instrument.

A. COX.

You Needn't Say a Word. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Madame Sainton Dolby.—This indefatigable song writer has portrayed a somewhat wayward little sister, whose very desire that "not a word should be said" proves a sense of wrong doing, which although very prettily told and sung, should not be imitated. Madame Sainton Dolby's style is always pure and musical.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Auntie. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by A. H. Behrends.—A charmingly-written little song, full of tenderness, which well pictures an auntie's love. The music is simple and pleasing, written in the key of F.

FREDERICK N. LÖHR has done good service in editing a series of two, three, and four part songs for equal and mixed voices, for the benefit of schools. Small size paper, good print, and very reasonable, the prices ranging from threepence to fourpence each copy. The airs are all good, mostly well known, and selected from composers of standing. Forsyth Brothers are the publishers.

THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c

In Imitation of "The Homes of England," by Mrs. Hemans.

IN the stately homes of England
Stately the maidens grow,
And wonder in their silken ease
To hear of human woe;
And many a noble spirit strives
To do her woman's duty,
And cast in furrows by the way
The seeds of love and beauty.

In the cottage homes of England
Dwell maidens bright and fair,
Though early may the youthful brow
Be shadowed by world-care.
How soon they learn to give their strength
To prop the old and weakly,
How soon the hopeful heart is tamed
To bear life's crosses meekly.

How blest is many a hearth to-day
In daughters, whose one dower
Is affluence of love, that makes
Their lives a silent power!

Who, Una-like, control the strong,
And loose and bind at pleasure,
Who meet life's rapids with a song,
And well employ its leisure.

How tender is their task when age
Creeps o'er their parents kind,
And feet they must be to the lame,
And eyesight to the blind.
Ah, then they feel how strong the tie
That binds each to the other,
How large the debt the child must owe
To father and to mother!

May God bless the homes of England!
And each one do her part
To serve Him in her low estate
With steadfastness of heart.
With His love all the rest will come,
The little sphere increasing,
Until it touch the eternal home
And end in joys unceasing.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

All kinds of suggestions have been made during the past few weeks to women and girls on the subject of "dress," and it remains to be seen whether English manufactures and English fashions will be benefited by them. One letter to the daily press says that "Englishmen are the best dressed men in Europe, and they do not go to France either for their fashions or their materials, and Englishwomen might be the best dressed women in the world if they would only trust to their own sense and judgment, and adopt a style of dress suitable to the English climate and the character of the people. What we have to guard against in our climate are sudden changes of temperature, damp, and east winds. Thick and warm fabrics, such as are best suited to our looms and to the wool grown in this country, are also best suited to the women of this country." Having read thus far, I paused to think the subject over, and was not long in coming to the conclusion that, not only do English women make use of the woollen fabrics of their own country, but that they have been singularly happy in originating fashions where they can be used. The waterproof first, and the ulster afterwards, bear witness to this fact, and in both of these garments the Englishwoman has set the fashion to the world. For their manufacture no cloth but the English is good, and no makers are so highly thought of. The same is the case with regard to tailor-made jackets and dresses, and the much-maligned Englishwoman was undoubtedly the original inventor of the famous "Jersey," which gave employment and brought wealth to so many within the last few years. In a similar way I can recall that the Gainsborough hat, which brought straw head-gear back to favour, was originated in England, and perhaps my readers will remember other instances of the same kind.

As to the desire for "perpetual change," of which we all stand accused, I think in this perhaps we have something to learn from the Americans, who are singularly conservative in many ways; and when a shape or material has been found to be really good, they use it for years, without ever changing. In fact, as regards underclothes, we do not change much ourselves, and the chief alterations lie in the outer-dress.

While writing on this subject I must not

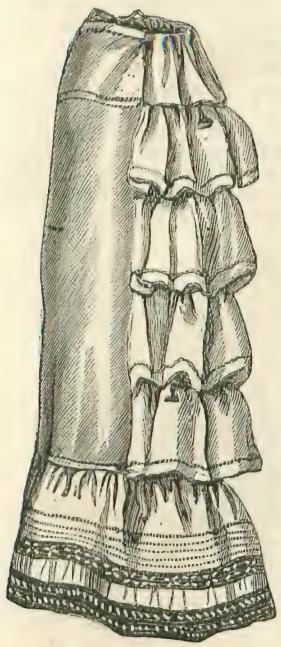
forget to say that many people cannot wear the thick tweeds, cloths, and heavier textiles which are so easily carried by others. They are not physically capable of carrying them, nor would they be either suitable or economical wear for a middle-aged or married woman in London, though excellent for the country and for the use of young people. Heavy clothing is not always warm, nor does it wear the best; and while cashmere continues to be the excellent material for use which it always has been, it is hopeless for anyone to preach against its use. The English manufacturers must learn to make it, as well as their French neighbours.

The real dress reforms that are needed are the entire abolition of tightlacing, the adoption of better underclothing by everybody, which should be so arranged as to ensure an even temperature all over the surface of the body, and a great decrease of weight and bulk. Nothing better than the merino woven "combination garments" has ever been introduced which achieves both purposes, and armed and defended by them we can afford to reduce our weighty petticoats to one only, which should be of some material like felt, which can be closely gored to abolish gathers at the waist. The gored chemise is also an excellent revival of an old shape which our grandmothers wore; and in cutting out drawers we should adopt their plan also of making them with a yoke-top and as few gathers as possible. The needful under-garments are thus reduced to five, and much comfort and health will result from this diminution.

For these early spring days the tweed and light cloth tailor-made cashmeres are in universal favour for young ladies. They are simply made with coat bodices, and worn with either kilted skirts or box-plaited ones, and a plainly-folded scarf-like drapery. They do not require a mantle over them, and on chilly days many young ladies cling to the fur cape, to add to their warmth. One of the simplest and prettiest of these dresses was made of dark blue cloth, with three box-plaited flounces lined with crimson. The folded panier-like scarves, extending from the front to the back, were of blue, lined with crimson, and the bodice of dark blue with facings of crimson. A small muff like the dress, and a small "Princess" bonnet of blue velvet or silk, with bunches of leafless crimson roses, finished the costume.

NEW DRESSES.

The embroidered dresses have become so popular now, especially in Paris, that no doubt we shall see many of them in England, and as they are easy of manufacture and charming in wear, I must tell "our girls" all about them. The material generally used is a fairly good cashmere or French merino, and the nature of the patterns to be worked is seen by our illustration of the pretty girl caught in the shower. The work is really English embroidery, and the same that we have done for so many years on mull muslin, cambric, and calico. The holes are cut, and sewn over and over with silk or filoselle of the same colours as the dress, and the edges of flounces, over-skirts, and basque trimmings are all button-holed round. The effect is pretty, and the work on the soft material is quickly done. The hat worn by the figure in the oval shows the best shape of the larger spring hats. It is of felt, trimmed at the side with a looped knot of cord, and round the crown with an ostrich feather.



THE NEW PETTICOAT.

The large illustration, with its three figures, nearly explains itself. The figure in the background is dressed in a walking costume, consisting of a light cloth jacket, the skirt being made of kilted flounces and gathers. The hat worn by this figure is one of the pretty round Spanish hats which are so fashionable this spring. It has no trimmings save the two silk pompons in the front. The standing figure wears a dress made of black satin and silk, trimmed with black Spanish lace. This dress will be found a very useful one to those who have an old one to re-make up, or who have two impossible old ones which they cannot join. Although given as a long dress, the petticoat is short; and instead of a train, a drapery at the back is easily added to the basque. The kneeling figure wears a well-cut princesse costume made plainly, with puffed sleeves and a striped scarf.

A very pretty new style for a bodice has been introduced, which is a compromise between the full bodice of last year and the plain bodice with basques. The back is tight-fitting, and has a basque, which may be cut in tabs or tails, as desired. The front is cut rather longer than ordinary, and is made without any plaits or fitting. It is confined to the waist by a waistband, which comes from the side seams, under the arms. The extra fulness and the absence of any defined lines are very becoming to the figure of a young girl.

Striped materials are much in favour, and, when well arranged, nothing can be more artistic and pretty. When made in two colours, they form the most elegant of kilted skirts. Checked woollen stuffs have returned to us with the spring, and they, either with the stripes or the spots, come and go continually amongst us, each year or so ringing the changes on some of them. They appear to suit everyone, and have done so from the time that figured textiles were made. The colours worn in these materials are generally browns, russets, and golden browns, with crossed lines of buff, bronze, yellow, and dull red. In other materials neutral tints prevail, and bronze and mahogany are great favourites for general use.

The sateens and cambrics are perfect works of art, which might have been expected, judging from the beautiful show made of them at the grand entertainment at the Manchester Town Hall.

The patterns are, as usual, floral, but the pencil of the designer has been dipped in magic, so lovely are the forms and colours. Those with black grounds are very economical for wear, and as the flowers on them are singularly pretty, they will be great favourites. The advantage to those who patronise them will be the manner in which they will wear without soiling, thus saving the labour of the laundress; indeed, they should

A NEW SPRING DRESS.

be sent to a cleaner's instead, who will do them far more justice. The lace trimmings render them very pretty, and if we make our purchase of lace carefully, we shall be amply rewarded. With a little care in washing the lace when soiled, our lace may be made "as good as new" many times during our summer's campaign. These dresses need careful wear, and should be ironed on the wrong side when tumbled. Sometimes a little extra stiffness may be imparted to them by ironing them on a towel or cloth dipped in starch and wrung partly dry.

In our two smaller illustrations we show the new way of making a petticoat, and the method of putting on the flounces at the back. These petticoats are peculiarly suited to the tall, slight figures of some young girls, as they give a more substantial appearance, and take away the look of thinness which is often painful to see. The dress shows a very pretty way of making a spring dress, viz, three kilted flounces and a polonaise, plain in front, gathered behind, and drawn back into a single puff, the pocket being added between the panier scarf and the puff at the back.

USEFUL HINTS

SODA PUDDING.—Quarter lb. suet, ¼ lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. currants, ½ lb. flour, 1 egg, half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and a little milk. This pudding may be either steamed or boiled.

TO REMOVE MARKING INK FROM LINEN.—Apply iodine to the spots, and then take out the stain of iodine with bisulphate of soda.

SWISS FRITTERS.—Cut the crumb of a French roll into square slices half an inch thick. Beat up an egg with a little nutmeg, cinnamon, and sugar, and soak the slices of roll in the mixture. Then fry them till they be turned to a nice light brown.

A PLAIN PUDDING.—Weigh ¾ lb. of any scraps of bread, crust or crumb, cut them into small pieces, and pour boiling water upon them, allowing them to become well soaked. After standing until the water be cool press it all out, and mash the bread smooth with the back of a spoon. Add a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, sweeten with moist sugar, and add ¾ lb. of cleaned and well-picked currants. Mix well, butter a pan, and lay the mixture in it. Flatten all down with a spoon, lay some pieces of butter on the top, bake in a moderately hot oven, and serve hot.

TO CLEAN BRASS INLAID WORK.—Dip a piece of felt into a mixture of Tripoli and linseed oil, and polish. If the wood be rosewood or ebony, polish with finely-powdered elder ashes, or make a polishing paste of rotten-stone, a pinch of starch, sweet oil, and oxalic acid mixed with water.

COLD VEAL DRESSED WITH WHITE SAUCE.—Thicken half a pint of new milk with flour and butter rubbed together very smoothly. When hot, put into it some thin slices of cold veal without fat or brown outside. Simmer very gently until it nearly boils. Then add to it the yolk of an egg well beaten with half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Stir all up together, simmer a short time longer, and serve with sippets of toast round the dish, and, if liked, a little fried bacon.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—The Pharmacien's Journal of Antwerp recommends that, if the ink stains be aniline, they should be moistened with strong alcohol, mixed with acetic acid. Pyrophosphate of sodium is also recommended for general use for the same purpose. A little tallow should be dropped on the ink stains, and then they should be washed in a solution of the sodium until the grease and the stain have both vanished. If not successful the first time the process may be repeated.

CARROT PUDDING.—Take ½ pound of raisins, ½ pound of currants, and the same of suet. 1 oz. of lemon peel, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour. Boil and pulp two large carrots, and add to the pudding, which requires two and a half hours of good cooking.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY IN SPRINGTIME.

By MEDICUS.

"Don't forget to mention the cold, bleak winds of spring when you write your article for your girls to-morrow, Monsieur Medicus."

Something—I do not know what—whispered this to me last night just as I was setting out to pay a visit to a friend of mine—a ten miles scamper across a bit of as stiff hunting country as there is anywhere between Dorking and Dartmoor. But Polly and I were fresh, so we scorned the beaten track, and even thought it good for the health of both of us not to fight shy of the fences nor to go very far out of our way to avoid a five-barred gate.

Forget the cold winds of spring? Was it likely, with what sailors call "big guns" blowing, with the leaden sky all blotted and blurred, with the horizon close around us, a drizzling, penetrating Scotch mist driving in patches over the moor, and wicked-looking water-dogs drifting across the sky and threatening worse to come? But, as if in proof of the glorious uncertainty of our climate, a bright and beautiful morning has succeeded a night of storm and tempest. The north wind still moans angrily through the leafless poplar trees, but there is not a cloud in all the pale blue sky, and the morning sun has already melted the hoar frost, and the grass and foliage, that only an hour ago were iced and crisp, are soft and green once more.

Spring winds and spring rain—these are two of the things our girls who want to be healthy all throughout the season, and all the year round, too, for that matter, must endeavour to protect themselves against.

But how are they to do so? This is one of the questions I am seated here to answer. Are you to protect yourselves from the evil effects of winds and wet by stopping indoors until the weather becomes fine? No, only to confirmed invalids would I vouchsafe such advice, and even they ought to take advantage of every dry hour to breathe the fresh air and look upon every blink of sunshine as a blessing. But the strong, or even the moderately healthy, will commit a very grave error if they shut themselves up to avoid a shower, or stop at home and throw up exercise because it happens to be a rainy day or because the wind is high.

Few people are aware of the injury they do to their constitutions from the indolent, not to say cowardly, habit of living indoors, in hot, probably insufficiently-ventilated rooms, whenever they see the weather looking somewhat threatening. Regularity in taking outdoor exercise is as essential to the maintenance of good health as regularity in taking food. I often listen with pain and with that mild, sad anger that medical men cannot help feeling when they see people unwittingly, perhaps, disobeying the laws of health. I often listen, I say, to such expressions as the following:

"Oh, we *can't* go out to-day; it is raining!"

or, "We mustn't venture out to-day, there is snow on the ground."

Let me mention one or two of the evils which are induced by forced detention—from the state of the weather or otherwise—indoors. For a few days no bad results may be felt from it, but by degrees, especially in those that have been used to an active life, the effects of confinement make themselves felt in a variety of ways—different in different people. Indoor amusements of all kinds begin to pall on the senses, music itself loses all charm, and books seem stupid. There is a feeling of restlessness and discontent experienced, and probably an inclination to yawn and stretch oneself. Now, just a word about what this impulse to yawn and stretch means, and I pray you bear it in mind. They both point to a temporarily weakened heart. The stretching, as it is called, gives a momentary impulse to the heart, and enables it for a time to get rid of the load of improperly aërated blood which has been burdening it; the yawning is an effort of nature to obtain a triple supply of oxygen to purify the blood and revivify the system.

To continue, people confined indoors by, let us say, spring weather nearly always make this mistake—they eat just as much as if they were taking exercise out of doors. They often eat whether they are hungry or not. This only makes matters ten times worse, and the inevitable result is derangement of the stomach—without pain or sickness, perhaps—and disturbance of the functions of the liver. Hence come *ennui*, hence mopishness, heaviness, worry, peevishness, and ill-temper, bad sleep, and silly dreams. Add to this general languor, pallor of face and gums, dark areolæ round the eyes, and dryness of hair; and even these are not half the bad symptoms which indoor existence gives rise to.

Perhaps the sufferer—though she will hardly allow she is a sufferer—is advised to take medicine. This, although it gives temporary relief, only makes matters worse in the long run. Ah! gentle readers, the only medicine to benefit a case of this kind is OZONE. And it is not to be found in the medicine-chest, nor in the chemist's shop either. It is not done up in dose-divisioned crystal phials; it is not prescribed in sugar-coated pills. It is Nature's own remedy for nearly all the ills in life, and out of doors you are sure to find it. It dwells by the seashore, and it loves to linger on the hill-tops, and it rides upon every breeze that blows over meadow or moorland.

When you search for ozone, you search for health; when you find the one you are sure to find the other. You will readily perceive that all this is simply another way of advising you to take plenty of exercise in springtime, and the best kind of exercise for this season of the year is that which is taken on foot, whether walking or playing. I have known many a case of severe cold, that eventually settled on the lungs and induced consumption, caused by riding in dog-carts or carriages, while insufficiently protected against the bitter winds of spring. It is for this reason I recommend walking; but while I do so I must make this proviso. Never walk yourself into a warmth or heat sufficient to damp the underclothing with perspiration, else, as soon as you go into the house and sit down, you will be almost certain to catch cold.

The kind of clothing you wear must, therefore, be carefully studied. Carriage people may and ought to wear plenty of furs and wraps, but for walking heavy clothing is most objectionable, not to say dangerous. Lightness with warmth combined should be the aim of the pedestrian in choosing dress.

Silks, and the softer light flannels and wools, should be used for underclothing; the stockings should be of warm wool or silk. A light scarf of Shetland wool worn round the neck gives safety against sore throats, and probably bronchitis; but care must be taken not to overheat the neck or cause it to perspire.

Veils should not be worn over the mouth or nose when walking if you value your complexion. Respirators should not be worn at all.

In cold or high winds keep the mouth shut and breathe only through the nose.

Never battle against high winds very long at one time. Doing so induces brain congestion, headache, eye troubles, and catarrh.

The hat should be a light one, certainly not felt; it ought to fit the head easily, and cause no perspiring of the brow or among the hair. Too much perspiration is just as ruinous to the beauty of the hair as it is to the fairness of the complexion.

Kid gloves are better than woollen for walking exercise in springtime, unless the frost be severe. Muffs are very pretty and ornamental. They should be small and light, and only used now and then to restore gentle heat to the hands, if the hands seem to require it.

Mackintoshes or waterproofs ought to partake of the lightness of every other garment; they should be thin, made of cloth, long enough to cover the dress, and capable of being rolled up into very small compass, because they ought to be slung by the side and only put on while it rains. Boots and shoes should have thin soles, but hard, strong soles withal, and the uppers should be waterproof. Use varnish rather than blacking. Heavy boots and shoes should be burned rather than worn.

Goloshes, if worn at all, should be taken off again as speedily as possible.

I do not think I could overrate the value of plenty of walking exercise if I were to try ever so much. I have told you how to dress with comfort, and now let me give you one or two other hints which may be useful to you. Suppose, then, that, wishing to lay in a good stock of health and strength during the spring months to serve you in need throughout the enervating heat of summer, you have determined to be advised by Medicus, and take a regular course of pedal progression, the question confronts you how to begin and when to begin. Begin at once—to-morrow morning, say. But ten minutes is enough before breakfast. That will just give you time for a brisk walk. The forepart of the day is the best time for a real ramble. You ought not to walk immediately after breakfast, and you should have a good half-hour to rest before dinner. The first day one mile will be enough for you, if you are not in what men call good form. The second day you can walk two, and the third and fourth days the same distance; then begin to stretch it out, until your daily ramble makes up a journey of six miles somewhere and back. For this I would allow you about two hours and a half, with an extra ten minutes of rest at the turning point.

Well, you have got back, and are feeling comfortably tired—not fatigued, I hope, because exercise, to do real good, should never fatigue you. Retire to your room, and having rested three minutes, undress and put on some nice, soft, dry underclothing, after having rubbed the skin well with a bath towel. Dry, warm stockings, too, and your house shoes. Then bathe the face and eyes with cold water, using a sponge for the purpose. Next dry the face with a soft towel and apply a very little cold cream or rose glycerine to it. A cup of not too strong tea or coffee would now do good, but *it must not*

"ANNE BURST OUT CRYING."

be hot, and it must be *sipped gradually*, not drunk *right off*. Failing the coffee or tea, sip half a tumblerful of cold spring water.

If you follow my advice you will be reducing the taking of exercise to an exact science, and the benefit will be great.

In springtime beware, if you wish to be well, of sudden changes in the weather. If from warmth to cold an additional garment will be necessary, but if the reverse still continue to wear your usual clothing. Summer clothes should not be donned before June, and even then cautiously.

A compound colocynth pill taken at night with a warm drink after, and an extra covering on the bed, followed by a seidlitz powder in the morning, will often succeed in driving away a newly-acquired cold. And slight colds should never be neglected, else they may lead to mischief.

Swollen tonsils, if they are red and painful, may be touched three or four times a day with the following, using a camel's-hair brush for the purpose. Tincture of iron one part, glycerine three parts. This remedy is invaluable in many kinds of throat complaints. In colds with swellings about the neck, confinement to the house for a few days is imperative. A linseed-meal poultice should be applied to the neck at night, and a warm comforter, or bit of flannel, worn all day. A rose-water and alum gargle frequently used, and a dose of aperient medicine taken.

The morning sponge bath is invaluable as a preventive of colds in springtime; it also tones and braces the whole system. Of course it ought not be taken if it is found to produce shivering, or disagree in other ways. A tepid bath may be used, however.

I do not counsel the use of much medicine in springtime, but an occasional mild laxative may be taken. If the face or gums are pale, iron in some shape—say citrate of iron and quinine—may be used.

If a girl seems too thin, De Jongh's light brown cod-liver oil is a grand remedy, dose to commence with a teaspoonful thrice a day, gradually increased to a dessertspoonful or more, after meals.

If a girl is nervous, or suffers from neuralgia, a course of quinine is indicated.

If growing too fast, and apparently not making bone enough, Parrish's Chemical Food.

My space is diminishing, but ere closing this paper I must say a word about *sunshine*. It is one of the best medicines in the world for restoring vital energy, and for purifying and revivifying the blood. Every animal in nature, aye, and every shrub and flower seems to court the sunshine, and we, with all our wisdom, too often hide ourselves from it. And yet I am convinced that there are blood diseases innumerable, and consumption—in its early stages—among the rest, that the sunshine bath alone would cure.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FREED.

THE visit to Ella put an end to Dessie's powers of walking for a week to come, and she had much more of the sofa than she liked during several days. Ella came more than once to see her, but the calls could not be returned. Harry took up his sister's case, prescribing and enforcing non-exertion.

Dessie scarcely knew whether she regretted or rejoiced in this renewed

delay. She was very unhappy, and very anxious to have her confession over, yet perhaps it was only natural that she should experience a certain sense of relief at being debarred from the next step.

Three weeks passed before she was allowed to do more than pace once or twice up and down the street. But one morning Harry at length said: "I think you may safely venture on rather a longer stroll to-day."

No further remarks were made, and Dessie formed her own private resolve. Breakfast over, she dressed herself and left the house, unperceived save by the parlour-maid, whom she simply informed that she was "going for a walk."

Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton's house lay about as far in one direction as Cecil's lay in another. Dessie found her way thither, and knocked.

"I want to see Anne Bowen," she said. "I believe she is housemaid here."

"Anne left two months ago, miss," was the answer. "She's got a place somewhere not far off."

Dessie experienced again a half-dismayed, half-relieved sense. Her first impulse was to count herself foiled, and walk away. Her next impulse was to hesitate.

"I suppose you cannot tell me where Anne is gone?" she said.

"I don't know, miss, but I think cook knows. I'll ask her. Will you step in for a minute?"

"No, thank you. I'll wait here."

Dessie sincerely hoped that Mrs. Willoughby-Dumbarton might not cross the hall and perceive her. She did not wish for inquiries as to the nature of her errand. The girl came back.

"It's at a Miss Foster's, No. 2, Albemarle-row," she said. "It isn't far from here, miss. Cook says it's a row of little houses near George-square."

Dessie repeated the name and address. "Thank you," she said, and she turned away.

Should she go on or not? Would her ankle hold out? Harry certainly had not intended her to walk so far? But, on the other hand, she felt that if Harry knew her reasons he would probably say she was right to have no further delays. "If I put off I may just get into a mood when I shall feel as if I *couldn't* tell," Dessie thought. "At the worst, I can find a cab and drive back."

So she trudged on steadily, and in due time found herself before a little house, with spotless white steps. She rang the bell, and a lady, in a big housekeeper's apron, opened the door.

"If you please, I think Anne Bowen is servant here," said Dessie.

"Yes, she is," the lady answered in a brisk tone, scanning Dessie from head to foot. "Anne Bowen is my new servant."

"I am afraid this isn't a very convenient time of day, but I should like very much to have a few words with her," said Dessie. "Only just a few words; I won't keep her long."

"Yes, it is a very inconvenient time," said the lady, decisively; "but of course that does not matter if you come on business. One must put up with inconvenience sometimes for the sake of other people."

"I won't keep her long," repeated Dessie. "She was nurse to my brother's little boy some time ago."

"You are not going to say anything unsettling, I hope," said the lady. "She isn't up to my notions of a good servant, certainly, but I am getting her into my ways, and I don't wish to have her unsettled."

"O no, indeed," said Dessie, eagerly. "I am so glad she has found a nice place. It is only a little private matter concerning herself and me."

"Ah—a little present that you wish to make her, perhaps." The remark did not come in the form of a question, and Dessie did not count it necessary to reply. "Walk in, my dear. I will send Anne to you, and don't hurry yourself. If she loses a quarter of an hour, she can make it up afterwards by putting her shoulder to the wheel."

The lady showed Dessie into a tidy little drawing-room, and vanished. Anne presently appeared, twisting her hands together, and looking extremely doubtful whether or no to be pleased at the sight of her visitor.

"Shut the door please, Anne," said Dessie. "How do you do? It is a long while since I have seen you. Miss Foster says she can spare you for a few minutes, and I want a little talk with you. Sit down. It won't take us long, but you may as well sit as stand."

Anne obeyed, with an air of heightened uneasiness.

"Have you heard anything lately, Anne, of Mrs. Cecil Fitzroy's little boy?" asked Dessie, her voice unconsciously falling into a sorrowful key.

"I used to hear when I was at Mrs. Dumbarton's, Miss Dessie. I haven't since," said Anne, unwillingly.

"You knew, then, of course, about the state he is in—about his never really recovering from that illness. But he is much worse now. The doctor thinks he is sinking. And—Anne—it has all come from his fall *that day*."

"It mightn't be only the fall, miss," said Anne.

"It *was*—and you know it as well as I do. But I have not come here to find fault with you. I should think there is no danger of your forgetting; and, besides, I blame myself quite as much as you. It is something else that I have come to say. Anne, you cannot think how unhappy I have been about the promise I gave you, not to tell."

"O Miss Dessie!" began Anne.

"It has made me wretched," said Dessie. "It was very, very wrong of me to promise; and I do think *now*, that after giving it I ought to have spoken to you, directly he seemed poorly, and have insisted on telling—either with or without your leave. I ought to have done so, but I am afraid I didn't really wish the truth to be known any more than you did. I was afraid of being blamed, and I tried to think that my promise had really settled the matter and had made it impossible for me to tell. We were very, very wrong, both of us. If we had told at once, baby would have been watched from the first, and with different treatment he might never have been so ill, or he might have become quite well."

"I'm sure I am as sorry as can be, Miss Dessie," said Anne, with one or two tears of alarm. "But nothing can be done now. It wouldn't do no good to say anything."

"No, not to poor little Hughie; too late for that," said Dessie, sadly. "But for my own sake, Anne, I must speak—and you ought to be willing, for your sake, too. It isn't only that I wish it, but I *must* tell. It makes me feel miserable to have his mother so kind to me, and to know how much I am to blame for all the trouble she has had to bear. Coldness from her would not be so bad, I do think. And having this secret seems to hold me back from everything that is right and good. It comes before me in church, and it gets in the way of my prayers, and it keeps me from serving God. I can't go on so any longer."

"But, Miss Dessie, you *promised* not to tell!"

"I know I did; and I have come to be let off my promise."

"O Miss Dessie!" and Anne burst out crying. "If it would do any good to anybody, I wouldn't mind, indeed; but now it would only do me harm——"

"No; I will take care about that."

"Miss Foster will hear of it," sobbed Anne. "She's sure to, and I shall be turned off without a character."

"She will not hear if she is not told, and I will do my best to prevent that. I don't suppose it would make her send you away, for you have no children in charge here. Anne, you *must* let me off my promise. I *must* tell. I can't go on like this any longer. If I could not have managed to see you soon, I believe I should have had to speak without your leave."

"If it was to do any good," murmured Anne.

"It will do good to me. I tell you, Anne, I can't go on like this any longer, feeling myself a deceiver. You shall not suffer if I can possibly prevent it. The wise and right plan for you would be to tell Miss Foster yourself about it, and to promise not to be careless any more. But I am quite sure Mrs. Cecil Fitzroy would do nothing to unsettle you. Why should she? Anne, I wrote to you from Heidelberg. Did you not get my letter?"

Anne looked down, and twisted her fingers again.

"You never answered me. I think you ought to have written. But, at any rate, you will set me free now."

"I suppose you must do as you wish, Miss Dessie," Anne said, in a melancholy tone. "If it comes to Miss Foster's ears, it'll lose me my place."

"I think you may trust me," Dessie said, standing up. "I must not hinder you longer in your work, so good-bye."

Anne saw her out of the front door, and Dessie turned homewards, keenly aware that her foot was in no condition for further walking. She disliked the thought, however, of drawing attention to her errand by returning in a cab, even if one had been within reach, but she was at some distance from the nearest

stand. She preferred to limp on as best she could, and by dint of perseverance she managed the walk, though at the cost of much suffering. No one was at hand to see her enter, and she went upstairs at once to remove her boot and bathe the ankle. Notwithstanding these precautions, she was in too much pain at luncheon to conceal the fact, and Harry inquired the cause.

"You said I might walk farther today. I suppose I have rather overdone it," she answered, carelessly.

"I meant to go with you, Dessie, but you started in such a hurry," Edith observed.

Later in the day, when Harry inspected the ankle, he said: "That means another week or more of imprisonment. Dessie, you want looking after like a little child."

And Dessie attempted no self-defence.

(To be continued.)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By Ruth Lamb.

Old Nipper and the Cobbler.

Old Nipper was, for a time, my grandfather's dog, an accomplished mastiff, and rather too good a watch dog; for he sometimes got his owner into trouble. Leave him in the house with the injunction, "Look out, Nipper, and don't stir," and the dwelling was as safe as if guarded by a detachment of policemen.

One individual was so ill-advised as to persist in entering the house when Nipper objected, and he re-crossed the threshold minus a large piece of garment and a smaller piece of leg. This affair cost the dog's master a round sum in compensation and doctor's bills, and there were serious deliberations as to what must be done with Nipper. He was evidently too good a watch dog for a town residence; but would be invaluable at a certain lone farmhouse inhabited by a friend who knew his good qualities, his gentleness to children, his affection for his master, and his fidelity to his charge.

"There will be no other dogs for him to fall out with, either," said Mr. Hatton—Nipper's new master—as he noticed a slit in the creature's ear, and became sensible of sundry rough places on his head which gave evidence of frequent encounters.

Truth to say, Nipper was terribly pugnacious, and, though he disdained to oppress the weak, there were not many dogs of his own size with which he had not done battle, so that these scars of his could hardly be called honourable.

There was a touching farewell between the mastiff and the children, which had to be repeated several times; for Nipper kept turning up at his old home, sometimes with the end of a rope dangling from his neck and a cheerful greeting on his honest face, which seemed to say, "If a dog has got good teeth, a trifle like this will not keep him from old friends."

In time, Nipper grew reconciled to the change, and attached to his new owner's family, who valued and petted him to his heart's content.

In my grandfather's time, which was before the age of railways, there were many simple domestic institutions which are now things of the past. Amongst these were itinerant cobblers. Not shoemakers, but shoemenders, who used to travel from place to place with their tools on their backs. They went their regular rounds in the country districts, and, when one of them made his appearance at the door of a cottage or farmhouse, the good wife would have all the invalided shoes and boots brought out for repairs. The servants, too, would bring out theirs, and the cobbler would unstrap his kit and set to work in one of the outhouses, if it were summer time—in a corner of the kitchen in winter.

If night came before his mending was finished, the cobbler was sure of a supper and a shake-down, and he was generally made very welcome in the kitchen, where master and servants sat together, on account of the scraps of news which he picked up in his wanderings and retailed to his ready listeners when the day's work was done. His task finished at one farm, he went on to another, and so on.

Some little time after Nipper was settled in his country home, old Isaac Firth, an itinerant cobbler known to all the country-side, made his appearance at the kitchen door of the farm. The dog was sole housekeeper, and stretched full length just within the threshold. It was harvest-time, and all hands were afield. Even Mrs. Hatton had taken her youngest child, first to see the busy toilers, and then to give them a ride home triumphant amongst the sheaves.

Nipper and Isaac Firth were old acquaintances, so the old dog welcomed the cobbler with a wag of his tail and permitted him to enter. The day was warm. A walk of half a dozen miles in the hot sun had disposed Isaac for a rest; so he unstrapped his kit and sat down, expecting to see the mistress or a servant at any minute.

But time passed on, and Isaac being thirsty as well as tired, thought it very long indeed, as he had anticipated receiving a draught of home-brewed harvest beer immediately on his arrival. He looked round for something drinkable, and taking up a mug was going to the pump for some water, in default of the expected beer, but an ominous growl from Nipper compelled him to put down the article.

"So I mustn't touch anything left in your care, old fellow," said he. "All right. This is my own, anyway, and I may as well go on to another place and be earning something in the meanwhile." Thus saying, he strapped up his kit of tools and was about to lift it to his back, when Nipper gave another low growl and looked so dangerous that he was fain to desist. Nipper's look had become a glare. It was contrary to that worthy animal's principles to allow anything to be taken *out* of the house so long as he guarded it. You might bring *in* what you liked, but once across the threshold it must stay and you too, until the return of the domestic authorities.

Isaac tried patting, soft words, all the blandishments he could think of, which were kindly received. But a movement towards the kit and all was changed.

How stout Mr. Hatton laughed when he returned and found the cobbler afraid to stir, and Nipper on guard! He patted the old dog, declared he would not part with him for his weight in gold, and then he made up to old Isaac by immediate hospitality for the long two hours of dreary waiting.

The cobbler always enjoyed telling the story, though it was against himself, and often had to answer inquiries about Nipper's health.

As to the dog himself, he lived to a good old age, faithful to the last, and died lamented by those whom he had served with such unvarying fidelity.

More Canine Friends.

Trip, my little King Charles, was rather an old dog when I accepted him from a friend who no longer required his services. I only wanted him for a pet and companion, and a most pleasant and intelligent one he made.

If he wanted a walk, he had a funny trick of bringing my gloves or any article of outdoor apparel that he could carry or drag along, and having deposited the same at my feet, would prance towards the street door, then run back again to invite me out, as well as he knew how. The habit was objectionably manifested when he dragged my best bonnet downstairs by the strings, and cheerfully called my attention to that ill-used article by loud barking.

Trip would go anywhere with me, but he never would *enter* a draper's shop after the first visit, which he evidently deemed unreasonably long. So he would stay in the street, looking into the shop occasionally to see if I were still there. Once he missed me, but instead of returning home he first went a considerable distance in the opposite direction and called at the house of the friend who was my companion in the shopping excursion. Trip evidently calculated on my going home with her. He was wrong, as it happened, but he ran the risk of finding me rather than miss the return walk home in my company *if there* was the least chance of that.

Trip often went with me to the reading-room of a library, and made himself quite at home there. One evening the dog lost me, and as I knew his fashion of seeking me in every likely place before he would return to the house, I retraced my steps, thinking I should most likely meet him on the way. In passing along I remembered something that was wanted from the grocer's, and called to order it. "Your dog was here a little while ago," was the shopman's remark. "He ran in, looked and sniffed all round, as if seeking you, and then went out again."

I found that he had not gone homewards, so I continued my walk in search of him, and found, by inquiry, that he had been into every shop where I had dealings, and to which he could obtain admission, and after a rapid search in each had gone out to call elsewhere.

It was quite amusing to hear the repeated question, "Are you looking for your little dog? He has been here looking for you, I think."

Finally Trip went to the reading-room, where I found him, an hour later, evidently expecting me. The librarian told me that the dog went in alone, and seated himself in such a position that he could catch the first glimpse of each new comer. Every time the door opened he started up to meet the fresh arrival, but met with several disappointments before his tail was set wagging and his feet prancing by the appearance of his mistress. Dear old thing! His attitude and conduct produced a good deal of amusement in the reading-room, and my arrival made quite a little scene in the usually quiet apartment.

Trip's conduct evinced a thorough understanding of my probable mode of procedure, and a memory of places and habits which showed him to be a dog of great intelligence and powers of calculation.

Dash.

Dash, an extremely fat spaniel, was a mere acquaintance. He belonged to an innkeeper whose back premises were largely visited by country carriers. These men were in the habit of bringing their eatables from home with them, but they would carry their provisions into the kitchen of the inn, where they purchased a glass of beer, wherewith to wash the bread and meat down, as they ate and chatted together.

Dash was an inveterate beggar, and spent a great portion of his time sitting on his hind legs in front of the men whilst they were dining. But finding that this was fatiguing, the old fellow got into the habit of seizing a wooden chair by his teeth, and dragging it to a suitable spot. Then, resting his broad back

against the chair, he would sit up as long as his patrons pleased. Having once done this trick, however, Dash was obliged to repeat it regularly, or he would have had to beg in vain for a share of the carriers' dinner.

DON.

Don was a retriever that could never be taught to retrieve. A great romp of a fellow, jet black, relieved by a single white star on his throat.

The gamekeepers, to whom his education was entrusted, voted him hopelessly stupid. After it had been settled that "he was no good at retrieving," his tutors took him with them on their nightly rounds after trespassers. Don seemed to like this business, and soon began to scour the grounds on his own account, and with a manifest anxiety to be of use.

But in this new walk poor Don's zeal outran his discretion. During one of his nocturnal excursions he pounced upon and brought down one of the under-keepers, whom he pinned to the ground, and kept there until he was released, just in time, by the head man in that department. After this exploit Don was condemned to death, but a gentleman in want of a pet begged him, and in that capacity finds him all that could be desired.

Don is excessively fond of sweets and fruit, notably ripe gooseberries, of which his master grows some fine varieties. During the season a great quantity of ripe, yellow fruit disappeared from the bushes, but no one could discover the thief; at the same time, however, it was noticed that Don's nose was always covered with scratches. His master put two and two together, and resolved to watch the dog. He did so, and saw Don go towards a door in the garden wall, stand on his hind legs, and press down the latch with his fore-paw.

The door yielded, and in went Don to feast on the yellow gooseberries. He scratched his nose in the operation, but evidently thought the fruit worth suffering for.

Don's master was very indulgent and allowed his pet to help himself whilst he found amusement in watching the dog's ingenious way of getting at the berries without assistance.

The same dog occasionally paid visits with his master, and one lady, knowing his liking for sweets, always gave Don a piece of cake when she offered it, with wine, to her guest.

It happened, however, on a single occasion, that the lady's stock of cake was almost exhausted. The piece she had was small and somewhat stale, too shabby to offer to a gentleman; so the wine was brought out alone.

Don's master took no notice of this, but Don, after looking expectant for some time, marched to the lady, placed his great paws on her knee, and cast imploring glances towards the sideboard. When this failed, he went to the door and tried to open it.

He was only scolded for scratching it, and, in despair of making himself understood, he took advantage of the open house door and set off home as fast as he could go.

After he was gone the lady expressed her surprise at Don's unusual conduct. The master smiled and said the dog had not forgotten that she usually gave him cake, and had been trying to make her understand that when wine was brought out for the master, *his* share of the dainties ought also to be forthcoming.

The lady laughed heartily, and explained why the cake had not been produced, regretting that she had not been told sooner, as the cake which was deemed unsuitable for the master would have been an abundant supply for the dog.

Don was allowed to *ask* for cake after that, but he never again asked in vain.

VARIETIES.

THE BEST METHOD OF PRESERVING HEALTH.—The famous Dr. Boerhaave prescribed morning devotion as the best method of preserving health, "For," said he, "nothing can tend more to the health of the body than the tranquillity of the mind and the due regulation of the passions; and nothing," added he, "more effectually restrains the passions, and gives spirit and vigour through the business of the day, than early meditation and prayer."

REAL WANTS AND IMAGINARY WANTS.—We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants they will come home in search of you, for she who buys what she does not want will soon want what she cannot buy.—*Colton.*

A COMMON MISTAKE.—For a wife to hope that she can enchain the affections of her husband, after marriage, merely by her brilliant qualities and bodily or intellectual charms, without the cultivation of the heart and reason, which can alone rivet and hold fast the chain, were as hopeless a task as to endeavour to twine a garland of flowers with their petals only, without their calyx and stalks.—*Richter.*

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.—A Scottish minister was one day engaged in visiting some members of his congregation, and he came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and entered, saying, "I should be much obliged if you would tell me who is the head of this house?" "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

WISDOM AND FOOLISHNESS.—A wise woman reflects before she speaks; a foolish one speaks, and then reflects on what she has uttered.

OUR OWN POINT OF VIEW.—Two country girls, who might be enjoying a holiday from domestic service, were lately observed walking down the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral. Under the magnificent dome one of them stood, and gazed around her with an air of such wonder, that her silence conveyed to an onlooker the impression that her probably limited vocabulary did not furnish her with the wherewithal to convey her impressions. A feeling of sympathy kept him within earshot during the delighted pause. At last the spell was broken. "Oh dear! Sarah! wouldn't this place take a long time to sweep out."

GOOD BREEDING IN THE PULPIT.—"I don't know," remarked one old woman to another last week at Finsbury, "that I ever heard a sermon as I liked better than the one I heard on Sunday. I went to Mr. ——— church for the first time, and he preached beautiful. My dear, I wish you could have heard him. You'd have liked it, though he did say we were all sinners, and had a deal that was bad in us. Still, he said the same of himself; he didn't make no difference." "Of course, my dear, he wouldn't; he's too much of a gentleman."

UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE.—A French soldier, who was a blacksmith by trade, was quartered about the close of last century in a small town in Poland, and when there he married, under romantic circumstances, a young woman, who cautiously concealed from him her name and family. She accompanied him to France, where they lived happily, but in poverty, for several years. At the end of that time she received a letter which, she informed her husband, required that she should leave him for a few days. She had, by the death of a relation, become heiress to a large fortune, consisting of several estates, two castles, two market towns and seven villages, with their dependencies, as well as to the title of Baroness of the Empire. Uninfluenced by such a change of fortune, the lady returned to her husband and young family to share with them the blessings of ease and plenty.

TRUE HUMOUR AND FALSE HUMOUR.

I shall set down at length the genealogical table of false humour, and at the same time place beside it the genealogy of true humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations:—

Falsehood.	Truth.
Nonsense.	Good Sense.
Frenzy—Laughter.	Wit—Mirth.
False Humour.	True Humour.

—*Addison.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 395):—

L E D U M
AGRIMONY
Laurel UMBELLIFER Myrtle
(Glory) R O O T (Love)
E L (der)
L ETTUCE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

CEREDWYN.—To make a watchguard see pages 319 and 591, vol. i. We should advise you to write copies, and endeavour to acquire a freer hand. Your note is pretty good, but the spelling is faulty.

E. TWEEDALE.—It would be better to wait a short time, until the spring fashions be known more definitely, before you decide on the shape of a cape or mantle. The cape should be of the same colour as the dress.

QUEEN CATHERINE.—Crewel work is still used by those who work it for their dresses. For a summer dress we should recommend cashmere, the colour of which should depend on your complexion.

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.—Many thanks for your letter.

MOLLY.—The best paste for making screens is shoemakers' paste, which can be purchased at any shoemaker's shop very cheaply.

SPRING.—The grass may be bleached with a little chloride of lime. In the same way we gave instructions for doing skeleton leaves a short time ago. Soak the photographs in a shallow plate or dish, filled with clean cold water; then take them carefully off the card.

THURSDAY.—Work the lace in a long straight piece backwards and forwards, but do not attempt to turn the corner, as advised, for you will find it too difficult.

STAG-MOSS.—See "Answers to Correspondents," "P. B. H.," page 405, vol. i.

ZOE.—For "How to Knit a Thumb in a Mitten," see page 160, vol. ii. Your writing is pretty good, but seems written by a tired hand.

PUG.—See pages 76 and 77, vol. iii., for designs for two mats which you may enlarge and use; and for an embroidered music case, see page 596, vol. ii., also page 172, vol. ii.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Wear dresses of white French merino, or white cashmere, made short, and with kilted skirts and wide scarves. You must be guided by what the others wear in the same class. The vicar usually decides that question.

PATIENCE.—1. A tea-cosy forms a very nice wedding present. Black, or dark peacock-blue satin, embroidered with silk crewel, would be suitable for a best one. 2. A black cashmere polonaise would be the best addition you could make to the skirt.

BEN BHRAGGIE.—The silk of which you send us a pattern would look well made up as a polonaise, with a velveteen skirt to match the darkest stripe, which appears to be of a red violet colour Let the sleeves be of velveteen, and have a pointed plastron of the same also.

RAFFIE.—On no account have the silk dyed; it will make into a charming dress with the addition of some blue cashmere to match the blue, or some brown to match the roses. Consult "Seasonable Clothing."

MUSIC.

VIOLET.—You must read Lady Benedict's article again.

ROUCALE.—Some of the libraries, we believe, lend music; and perhaps some of the large music dealers have musical libraries also. The "surah silk" might be mixed with either satin, watered silk, or cashmere of the same colour.

DOLLY.—See the advice given at page 796, vol. ii., on the science of harmony.

GRACIE.—Everyone's fingers are very tender when they begin to learn the guitar. A little alum water is said to harden the skin.

CORAL.—See the explanation of "syncopation" at page 334, vol. iii. Your writing is not only ugly, but most difficult and trying to decipher.

A WELSHWOMAN and E. G. F.—Candidates for examination in music at a distance from London may be primarily examined by one of the twenty-four examiners who reside in different parts of England, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the Channel Islands. For the names of these, and for all other information, apply to the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W. The fee for examination is one guinea, which is remitted on admission as a candidate. We regret that we can give no estimates of the price of any instrument. Apply to a musical instrument seller for information of this kind. He will obtain all you desire for you, if commissioned so to do.

CLAUDINE and AMBITIOUS.—Inquire for the mandolin at a musical instrument maker's or seller's. We could not give prices, as they would depend on circumstances.

OLIVETTE.—We do not think the person who accompanies songs at a concert usually bows; but at an amateur entertainment, where the performers are all amateurs, the lady who is to accompany on the piano is usually led in by one of the gentlemen, and, of course, must bow as he leads her to the piano.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JENNY K.—There are numberless ways in which you may be of use. For instance: an effort is now being made to collect a library of good standard books for the use of the resident staff and children of the East London Hospital for Children. Any girl who can help by sending useful books to the secretary, Mr. Ashton Warner, at the hospital, Shadwell, E., will be doing good service; it does not matter how much the books are worn. Why not help in this work?

C. E. P.—You must use soap and the oatmeal-water at night. We do not approve of "boxing ears," and think it a dangerous as well as improper practice, and sometimes produces deafness.

A MODEST HAREBELL.—*Unica mia* is Italian, and means "Mine only."

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—For all the hoods worn in England see page 564, vol. i., "University Hoods and How to Make Them."

IVY.—Coffee is used to dye lace, also saffron flowers.

EDINA.—The climate of Guernsey is delightful in the winter, and is well suited to people with delicate chests. It is said to take six hours from Southampton to Guernsey, and four hours from Weymouth, but it is seldom that so quick a passage is made.

H. M.—Her Majesty's equerries are generally men who have greatly distinguished themselves, many of them having won the Victoria Cross. Patterns for knitting are given at page 54, vol. ii.

A NORTH COUNTRY GIRL.—We think that you should consult a doctor without delay, as you appear to be suffering from a slight form of blood poisoning.

ANNIE STEELE.—The Invalids' Prayer Union, 44, Upper Rutland-street, Dublin, might be more suitable to you than the others.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The qualifications of a "companion" are many. She must be able to write a good note, be a good needlewoman, understand something of nursing and housekeeping, should read aloud well, play any ordinary accompaniment to a song, have good manners, and a good temper.

MOLLY.—"To live in hearts we leave behind, Is not to die," is a quotation from Thomas Campbell's "Hallowed Ground."

SILVOI.—The 31st December, 1868, was a Thursday; the 8th July, 1873, a Tuesday. *The Boy's Own Paper* would not be too old for your brother.

ELSIE C.—*Kyrie Eleison* is Greek, and means "Lord have mercy upon us." *Carpe diem* means "Enjoy the present day."—Seize the opportunity.

CHOCHETTE.—What is usually sold under the name of "soda water" contains no soda at all, but is water rendered sparkling by forcing in carbonic acid gas at a pressure of six or eight atmospheres. No whiting is used, as far as we know; but we have heard that, in America, marble dust is utilised in some way. The word is written in both ways, viz., "whiting," and "whitening," but the former appears to be thought the most correct.

BERYL.—Clean the brush with flour or bran, using another brush to assist you. You probably need a tonic.

GHIN.—The initial letters "F.E.I.S." appear to signify, "Fellow of Educational Institute of Scotland."

NANA G.—We have carefully read your letter, and consider that you are suffering from physical causes, and the combinations of trying circumstances with which you have been and still are surrounded. Change of air and scene are much to be recommended, and as early a marriage as you can possibly arrange to allow your affianced husband. Do not trouble your over-anxious mind about these "promises" and half-formed intentions. To your future husband your pledge of faith is binding; keep that, and endeavour to follow the Divinely given precept which you will find in 1st St. Peter. v. 7. Let us hear whether you have acted on our advice, as we are much interested in you.

META D.—We have no hesitation in urging you to accept the permission accorded to you by your parents, as God has thus opened a way to you out of your painful difficulties. Lose no time in making the needful preparation for becoming a communicant, and send in your name to your ministers. We like your letter, and trust you may have strength of mind and purpose to carry out so sacred a duty.

AURIOL.—"The proud in heart" so frequently spoken of in Holy Scripture are the self-righteous, such as the Pharisee named in our Lord's parable, St. Luke xviii. 10. The other passage to which you refer signifies that while many are vouchsafed all the privileges of the Christian church—the knowledge of the way of salvation, and access to all the "means of grace"—few, comparatively, will be found amongst the redeemed hereafter. Read "How to Improve One's Education," page 795, vol. ii.

LUCY.—1. In Burke's "Peerage" the word, or title, "marquis" is spelt throughout "marquess," and judging from the origin of the word, it is the ancient and proper mode of spelling. The word is from the Teutonic "marche," a limit, and it was applied to the frontiers of Wales and Scotland, and while each continued to be an enemy's country the persons who held command there were called "lords marches," or "marquesses." Their authority was abolished in the reign of Henry VIII. 2. Coloured glasses are usual for claret.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Judson's dyes are used for dyeing ferns and all kinds of leaves. The peas can also be coloured with them.

AN INSIGNIFICANT PANSY.—You must obtain the permission of the author, or in some cases the publisher, to use the words.

THE MAY QUEEN.—The tenure of land by suit and service to owner or lord was introduced into England by the Saxons about the year 600, and was increased by William the Conqueror in 1066. The kingdom was divided into baronies, which were given on condition of furnishing the king with men and money. Henry VII. limited vassalage, and it was finally abolished by statute in 1660, when the duties of "Tonnage and poundage" were granted to the king for his lifetime, to supply him with a suitable revenue.

ARTHUR.—If respect be due to him as an aged man, or in his ministerial capacity, you will do well to rise when you shake hands with him in the Sunday-school.

HOPING ON.—If the spots on the gloves be from mildew, or if the colour be flown, it cannot be restored save by redyeing them. Wash the crewel-work in cool bran-water, and wring very dry.

INQUIRER.—Unless there be rules in your society to guide you in your conduct, the question is one of your individual conscience only. Keep all your receipts.

NONA.—Elastic stockings are generally recommended in cases of enlarged veins. You should consult a surgeon. What is a "preventative"?

HERCULES.—Afternoon tea is usually sent up on a tray, which contains the teapot, sugar, and cream-jug, and the teacups. If the tray be pretty, no cloth is needed, but a cloth is generally used for the small table on which the tray is placed.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO RIGHT.—Whatever may be the faults of your governess, your conduct towards her must be characterised by politeness and obedience. Never vex yourself unnecessarily. Your spelling is dreadfully bad.

S. A. S.—Your state of health may have something to do with the falling out of your hair. We should advise you to eat and drink nothing that stimulates or heats the system. Use a moderately hard brush for five minutes every day, morning and night. Go to a respectable chemist and tell him to mix you two drachms of Wilson's stimulating ointment in an ounce and a half of nicely-scented pomade. Rub a little of this well into the roots of the hair every day, and wash once a week with juniper tar soap, or mild carbolic acid soap.

CANDLESTICK.—You had better consult a medical man as to your headaches and the cause of them. We do not exactly see what you expect us to advise you to do for your hair, as you say you are "not allowed to use any oil or hairwash, as my mother does not like it, nor more do I." It certainly is not a good thing to plait the hair at night, the constant strain on the roots being most injurious. Could you not sleep with it in a net? As soon as your headaches are better, we should strongly advise you to devote some part of every day to the improvement of yourself in your grammar, spelling, and writing, all of which are very bad.

MOCK TURTLE.—The lines you quote, commencing thus:—

"Some dream that they can silence when they will
The storm of passion, and say, "Peace, be still,"

are to be found in Cowper's "Progress of Error."

JACK-IN-A-BOX.—We think you mean Bumble, the beadle, in "Oliver Twist."

A. W. M.—Mark the lines with a piece of chalk round the court.

JOSEPHINE STUART writes:—"The enclosed lines of poetry are one of the first efforts of my genius, and being struck with their beauty and sentiment, I send them to you, in hope that you will kindly insert them in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, hoping they may take at least a ten shilling prize." We do more than she requests of us—we quote a specimen of both the prose and the poetry anent her schooldays—

"Oh, when I look back on the days gone by,
A tear doth come to my eye,
For 'tis sad to think that they are gone,
And will never, never more return."

"But many of my happy friends
Are lying beneath the sod,
Where I do hope to join them soon,
And quit dark sorrow's woes."

It is truly "sad" to see how lamely the lines hobble on a superfluity or scarcity of feet, and that "by" and "eye" form the only rhyme that the "genius" has managed to scrape together between all the six verses. But what is even more "sad" to see is the morbid impatience exhibited to join her friends—of all places "under the sod!" Certainly that is not the hope of a Christian, and if our young friend really possess the latter, we recommend her to explain herself better before competing for a "ten shilling prize."

ADA DE KYME GRANGE.—1. Give your squirrel milk, bread and milk, acorns, fir-tree cones, and fruit, as well as any kind of nuts. 2. We should not spell the name of the second month of the year "February."

SCOTCH JEANIE.—We thank you for your kind letter, and the information which you were so good as to supply, of which use will be made.

LADY CECILIA.—You will require a particular kind of small saw-holder, and a set of very fine steel saws to be affixed to it as occasion requires, also a small gimlet, glass-paper, and the requisites for polishing. Where the saws are sold you will be directed to bazaars and shops where the various articles, such as wood for brackets, photo-frames, &c., are sold ready for perforation in any designs. Draw your pattern on paper and paste it on the wood, but beware of splitting the thin piece of wood. You will find what you require, so far as the prepared wood is concerned, in any Swiss-carving and painting repository, and should there be one in your neighbourhood you had better go there for all you require, and for further advice of a practical character. After the sawing is accomplished, you will require a very sharp penknife, with which to remove all rough splinters from the edges of the openwork, which are always left unfinished by the saws.

GRACE DARLING.—There seems to be a mistake in your first statement respecting "Nahash, the King of the children of Ammon" (*1st Chronicles xix. 1, 2*). See 1st Samuel xi. 1, and 2nd Samuel x. 2. The name "Nahash" is likewise supposed to be another name for "Jesse," the father of King David, and of Zeruiah and Abigail, David's sisters, as stated in the marginal reference to the name "Nahash" at 2nd Samuel xvii. 25.

A FLOURISHING BUD.—Feed your rabbit on lettuce, dandelion, cabbage leaves, and any other vegetable of which you may have any remains to give it. Try it with various kinds.

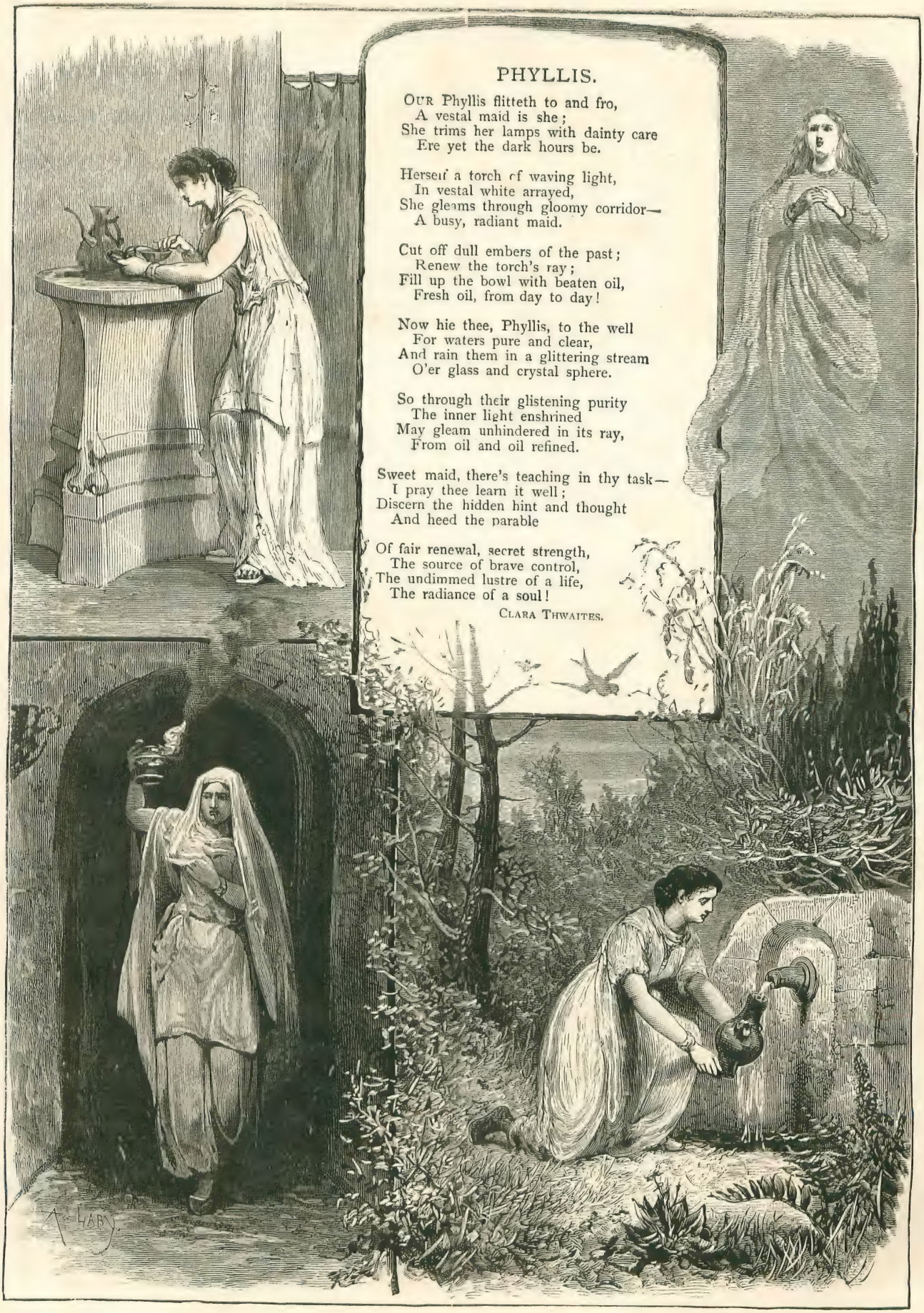
MARGARET P. (Liverpool).—We thank you for the enclosures sent us, and are truly sorry for your severe affliction. At the same time, you are greatly to be congratulated on possessing such very satisfactory grounds for a good hope respecting your dear child's present happy rest. Memories of a life like that which you have described must aid in assuaging your sorrow. In so early setting an example of a desire to serve God and to give her heart to Him, she was already unconsciously carrying out the desire she expressed, and which you quote—"I shall pray to God to give me something to do for Him"; and thus her work was early accomplished.

PISTOL.—Carrot tops may be kept green from September till Easter, if managed in the following manner:—Cut the top with about an inch of the carrot attached to it, and put it into a saucer. Cover the carrot part with water, fill the saucer with moss, which hides the carrot, and keep moist. When grown it will look like a fern; if it become too coarse, either break or cut it down.

TREBLE.—Wash the plaster of Paris bust with soap and water, and if that does not remove the stain we should advise you to take skimmed milk, and with a camels' hair pencil brush it over the bust until it will imbibe no more. Shake or blow off any that may remain on the surface. Put the figure in a place free from dust, and when dry it will look like polished marble. The milk must be very carefully skimmed.

L. J.—For information respecting clerkships in post and telegraph offices, see page 112, vol. ii. To obtain a situation as saleswoman in a shop, either apply in person or advertise in one of the daily papers.

PERCIE.—You had better write for Part II. of "Guides to Institutions Established for the Benefit of Women and Children," which relates to hospitals, convalescent homes, and boarding-houses; published by Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly.



PHYLLIS.

OUR Phyllis flitteth to and fro,
A vestal maid is she;
She trims her lamps with dainty care
Ere yet the dark hours be.

Herself a torch of waving light,
In vestal white arrayed,
She gleams through gloomy corridor—
A busy, radiant maid.

Cut off dull embers of the past;
Renew the torch's ray;
Fill up the bowl with beaten oil,
Fresh oil, from day to day!

Now hie thee, Phyllis, to the well
For waters pure and clear,
And rain them in a glittering stream
O'er glass and crystal sphere.

So through their glistening purity
The inner light enshrined
May gleam unhindered in its ray,
From oil and oil refined.

Sweet maid, there's teaching in thy task—
I pray thee learn it well;
Discern the hidden hint and thought
And heed the parable

Of fair renewal, secret strength,
The source of brave control,
The undimmed lustre of a life,
The radiance of a soul!

CLARA THWAITES.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 118. APRIL 1, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL.

By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," &c.

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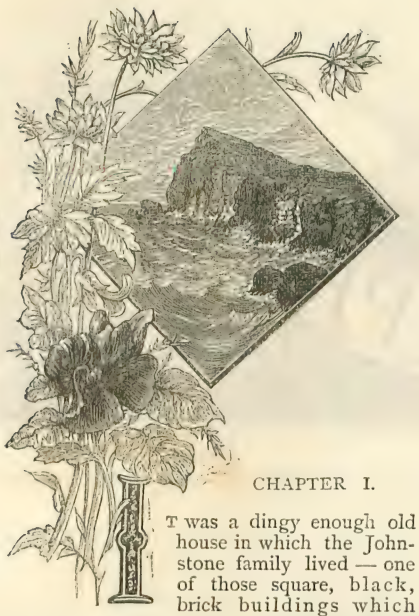
"'HERE I AM,' MARA SAID, WITH HER SHORT, SARCASTIC LAUGH."



CHAPTER I.

IT was a dingy enough old house in which the Johnstone family lived — one of those square, black, brick buildings which have been bequeathed to us by former generations, and are still to be found in old-established neighbourhoods from which fashion has departed, leaving room for their grim, solid, ugliness, because as yet no bidder has been found to destroy and raise up again in the same space half-a-dozen tall, narrow, showy tenements, ribless, boneless, and lungless.

The inside of the Johnstones' house was not out of keeping with its outer aspect. The rooms were low and small, with deep windows and small fireplaces with large grates. There were wide passages running here and there in every direction, and a real hall, square like a room, into which the door opened straight away without any beating about the bush. Of the furniture Mara, the youngest daughter of the house, would rather I did not speak. She would tell you it was like the house—old, worn out, and ugly. If you remarked on the spacious entrance, with its antique fireplace and stained floor, she would reply with a grunt that a fireplace without a fire wasn't much to boast of, and a stained floor, worn patchy, was best covered up. If you told her that casement windows, deeply sunk in thick walls, were the desire of artistic hearts, she would tell you that worn-out paint, limp blinds, and threadbare faded curtains might please you, but she thought they were "a disgusting nuisance," and that if the house had been named "Poverty-villa" instead of "Providence-place," there would have been some sense in it. From this you will judge that Mara Johnstone was not the most amiable or the most contented girl in the world, and you are certainly right about that.

On this particular evening, the 21st of December, her brother came running home from the station at the top of his speed. He let himself in, and flying up the stairs two at a time, cried out, "Mara, where are you? I've come as quick as I could. Get me some warm water if you can."

Slowly and unwillingly a door on the landing opened, and there emerged a girl in a faded old dressing-gown, with a book in her hand, yawning, weary, discontented-looking to the last degree. Her brother's face clouded over—more so still when a third person came on the scene.

This was Mara's mother, a small, spare woman, clad in the neatest and plainest of black stuff gowns. Her keen, pale-blue eyes peered over her spectacles at Mara, travelling in one moment from the crown of the girl's unbrushed head to her bedroom-slippered feet.

"Wasting your time as usual, Mara," said her mother; "if you don't wish to go, take your work-basket into the breakfast-room and *sew*."

The last word came out with an emphasis that spoke volumes.

"She *is* going, mother," interposed Jack, with a glance at Mara, half-warning, half-entreating. "Get on quick, Mara. It's a pity you didn't find out the time."

"She knows the time," said her mother, contemptuously. "Don't find excuses. She has turned wilful, after all the eloquence she used to persuade you to take her, too. What interest you can find in a contrary-minded, sour-tempered sister like Mara I cannot imagine, with her whims and her fancies. Leave her to herself, but not to do as you like, Mara. Oh, no; no novels, if you please. Nothing of that sort while I'm mistress in my own house. Give me that book."

Mara held it out with a defiant gesture and a face which, naturally plain, was now disfigured by ill-concealed anger and disgust.

"What's the good of going," she cried, bitterly, "with a shabby old dress that makes me look more of a fright than I am? I'd sooner stay at home and read a book. No one will be pleased to see me, and I'm very certain there will be no prize for *me* to take."

"You won't have the book if you stay at home," said her brother, suggestively; "and you'll miss all the good things that schoolgirls delight in, and have bread and butter instead."

"Book! Certainly not," said Mrs. Johnstone, jerking out the words with a snap of the lips which meant strong disapproval. "There are two weeks' stockings unmended, with holes that would have made a girl turn crimson with shame in my young days."

"Yes; three times as large as anyone else's," answered Mara, shortly; "just as I'm three times as bad and three times as ugly as anyone else. I shan't be three minutes sticking on my things, Jack. I'll be ready as soon as you." And Mara, without more words, retreated into her room and cut short the conversation.

Mrs. Johnstone stood a moment looking over her glasses at the closed door, as if half determined to take some further action in the matter. Her son came up to her and laid his hand on her arm.

"Be patient, mother," he said, almost entreatingly. "Her life is hard, you know."

"And pray what is mine and yours?" Mrs. Johnstone asked. "You would ruin her with indulgence. However, I will not interfere. She shall go and find out how her sweet temper will serve her among strangers."

Jack turned into his room with a sigh. No one had brought him hot water, although it was a bitterly cold night. He knew too well the small resources of the house to trouble the little incapable maid-of-all-work for it, so he did without, and in a little while came down to the parlour to wait for Mara.

She entered presently tugging away at a glove. Her dress was an old grenadine covering an older black silk; to say the best, a gloomy dress for a girl of sixteen, but particularly unbecoming to Mara, who was inclined to be sallow and colourless. It was entirely unrelieved by any colour, even the gloves being black and not new.

"Here I am," Mara said, with her short sarcastic laugh; "don't I look nice! Mother wouldn't give me even a shilling for a knot of ribbon; she said it was wicked for me to think of such frivolities in our circumstances, so I suppose I am wicked, for I did think of them; I thought of gloves and a fan, and all sorts of things that the other girls are sure to have."

"Never mind, sis," said Jack, brightly. "We'll save up for next time and get you something pretty," and Jack wrapped Mara's cloak round her, and took her music and bag from her hands. Then they started to walk, and in less than a quarter of an hour reached the large ladies' school, which Mara attended on "reciprocal terms."

To-night was a great occasion—a concert given by the elder girls, to which the parents and relatives of the pupils were invited. The suite of schoolrooms had been thrown open and decorated with evergreens, working quite a transformation.

Mara and her brother, entering late, came suddenly upon a bewildering scene. The room was crowded with ladies in gay evening toilettes, while in the further room a bevy of young girls, clad in simple white muslin with pretty sashes, were grouped near the pianos.

"I'm far the worst dressed here," Mara whispered to her brother, as she glanced round the room. "I'm sorry I came."

"Don't think about yourself," whispered her brother back. "Think of anybody or anything else." And as a song was just commencing, he took her to the first vacant seat.

Between the song and the next performance --a violin solo—one of the girls, a pretty, fair girl, spied her out and came across to speak to her.

"Oh, Mara," she cried ingenuously, "you shouldn't wear black. Here, take my geraniums. Let's slip into the cloak room, and I'll fasten them for you. I have more than I want. Do have some."

"No, thank you," said Mara, stiffly, "I'd rather not."

"Oh, do, Mara," the girl said, persuadingly. "You really ought not to dress yourself in such an old-fashioned way."

"It's my way," said Mara, shortly, "and it does for me very well."

Nannette Fletcher turned away, half inclined to be hurt at Mara's abrupt reply. Jack had heard something of the dialogue, and he said reproachfully—

"Why did you not accept your friend's offer? Surely girls can do little things like that for each other. I should say she would have been better pleased for you to have worn the flowers than to keep them herself while you have none."

"Girls are not like that," answered Mara, with a short, unsympathetic laugh.

"You are too suspicious, Mara," replied her brother. "I am sure Nannette Fletcher meant what she said."

"Prettiness goes as far with you as with everybody else," murmured Mara.

There was presently a flutter of excitement as the performance ended; the girls came forward to receive their prizes. Mara was summoned to take her place among them, as she belonged to several of the classes. "What's the good?" she said, rising reluctantly, as Nannette came to fetch her. "Of course, I haven't a prize."

"You can't be sure about that," said Nannette, brightly. "Besides, Miss Tomlins likes all the girls to sit together during the presentation."

Mara was not wrong in her estimate. The distribution came to an end with nothing for Mara, except a second-class certificate in drawing, and this was delivered to her with a few words more of censure than praise, that one of the elder girls had attained so little.

"Who is that girl?" said one lady sitting behind Jack, to another, in a tone not so low as to escape his ear. "Look at the defiant smile on her face. Bad-tempered,

I should say. She is certainly neither pretty nor amiable looking. What an unattractive girl!"

"Hush!" said the other; "didn't you see she was sitting just there with that gentleman a few minutes ago?"

Jack heard no more, but that was enough.

"Is she unattractive, poor child?" he was asking himself. "I never found her so, perhaps, because I know the good lurking underneath."

"I told you so," Mara said, coming back to Jack's side and waving her "trumpery certificate" towards him; "prizes are not for governess pupils."

"Hush, Mara!" said Jack, glancing round, "that is an imputation on your teachers which you ought not to make."

"It's true," reiterated Mara persistently, seeing that the ladies in the next row of chairs were regarding her in astonishment. "And now let us go, Jack. Some of the girls are going to recite. You will be bored to death."

"I don't think I shall," Jack said, with a quiet smile. "Indeed, I shall enjoy it, although you are too clever to do so. Besides, Mara, I must confess I shall like to wait for some refreshments."

Mara sat down ungraciously, and four girls came forward to recite a selection from Shakespeare, Nannette Fletcher being one of them. Mara's face wore at first a somewhat lofty smile, but as the girls proceeded she became interested in spite of herself, and it was not till a loud burst of applause greeted the conclusion of the piece that she woke again to her usual discontented, fault-finding frame of mind.

"They asked me to take a part in that," she said to Jack, "but I wasn't going to make a spectacle of myself."

Then it was only your own fault that you take no part in the evening's performance," he returned.

"Fate and my own fault," Mara replied, shortly. "The fate of a girl who has never a decent dress to wear, nor anything else that girls care for."

"Do girls care only for such things?" Jack asked, gravely. "Is there nothing girls hold dear that may be bought without money, eh, sister mine? If so, girls are unlike their brothers. Tell me what you think would make you really happy."

"Come, Jack, don't you begin to lecture, I have enough of that," Mara replied, with an uncomfortable laugh. "They're going into the supper room. Come along."

"With all my heart," said Jack, gaily, "considering I had no tea."

"And you never get more than a bun and coffee in the middle of the day," Mara said, struck with sudden compunction. "Mother might have had something ready for you, if she weren't so averse to doing anything out of the regular way."

"I thought Mara might have got me a sandwich, or something," Jack said, gently; "but Mara didn't think of it."

"No, I didn't," said Mara, regretfully. "I never do think of such things. I'm afraid I've no turn for domestication. It's too bad of me to forget your wants, Jack, for you're the only person in the world I care a fig for."

At this moment Jack remarked Nannette Fletcher, with the lady who had sat behind them during the concert, steadily regarding Mara and himself. Both turned away, rather confused, when his eye fell upon them, and Jack thought he could imagine what Mrs. Fletcher was saying to her daughter.

Nannette's quick tact seized a way out of the awkward situation. Making her way across to them, she said, very sweetly, "Mara, won't you come and be introduced to my mother?"

Jack saw it at a glance.

"I wish my poor Mara could follow her example," he mentally exclaimed to himself.

(*To be continued.*)

A WORD TO THE WISE

By S. F. A. Caulfeild.

Perhaps my readers will say, "A word to the unwise would be much more to the purpose." But it is a peculiarity of the people advisedly so described to think that they know better than anyone else, and need no word of advice, while the wisest amongst us not only need, but feel that they need, all the information and counsel that may be placed within their reach. To these I have been requested to offer the benefit of any experience of my own which nearly concerns a certain class amongst them. Like others, I visit shops, stores, and bazaars of all descriptions, and the observations I have made have been somewhat considerable. My travels have extended to many countries, and I am able to give all the credit due to the servitors in shops, male and female, of various nationalities, for the politeness with which, as a general rule, I have met.

Already my readers will perceive that I address myself to those who have adopted the calling to which I have just made an allusion.

My subject must be divided under six heads, viz.: the trials of saleswomen through the selfish conduct of purchasers; the begging nuisance carried on to the annoyance of customers by the saleswomen; the objectionable practices of those holding stalls at charity fairs; the injudicious rules of the proprietors of shops; intrusive familiarity to customers; and the manners of post-office clerks.

The duties of a shop-assistant are rather pleasurable than otherwise, but that they have troubles and difficulties, fatigue and privations hard to bear, cannot be questioned. Oftentimes I have wondered at the admirable self-restraint exercised under much trial of patience when a supposed purchaser has turned over a large variety of goods, affording her an ample choice, and has risen at last, leaving all unfolded, and walked away, having purchased nothing. The fatigue and disappointment of the saleswoman, the waste of time, and the keeping of *bonâ fide* customers long waiting for attendance, appear to present no subject for regret to her, and to demand no expression of apology.

All this selfish and inconsiderate conduct is a ground of just annoyance to one already tired — chilled in winter by unavoidable draughts, or suffering from air exhausted by gas-lights, and if in the summer season, choked with the close and dusty atmosphere of a shop, and longing for a run in the pleasant, far-off meadows, and wishing to rejoice in the too scanty sunshine. I always sympathise sincerely with you, my young friends, in these your many annoyances and privations, and often wish that I could release you a little earlier when I meet with you in those shops where "long hours" are still maintained.

But even to many of you who deserve the greatest commendation for unwearying patience, politeness, and efforts to please your customers up to the last moment of their fault-finding or indecision—even to some of you I have certain very sorely needed cautions to give. I now more especially address myself to the attendants at fancy bazaar stalls.

Have you ever observed how a spider rushes out of her hiding-place on a fly, when the latter ventures to set foot within the limits of her domain? Just with the same precipitate haste does the holder of a stall rush out of her place in the background, to victimise, if possible, some harmless passer-by. If we but linger for a moment to glance at the sundry articles for sale, and endeavour to see what prices are affixed to them, we are instantly assailed with a volley of solicitations to buy this or that, and are so hurried to make up our minds at once, that our intentions of becoming purchasers are quickly dissipated, and we turn away, giving the well-deserved answer, "Yes, very pretty," or, "No, thank you, I do not require it." In the same way actual purchasers are annoyed in ordinary shops. Instead of "taking 'no' for an answer," the attendant, having already made a sale, produces one article after another, such as baskets of damaged things, or short lengths of ribbon, which she urges with most undue commendations on her customer, while the latter stands waiting to have her bill made-up, and feels half disposed to leave her purchase behind, rather than waste any more time and patience in the shop.

I have blended together the trials of the seller with those of the buyer, and must extend the consideration of the latter point into my advice to the holders of stalls at charity fairs. Not alone do you, my friends, who are paid for the duties you perform as saleswomen, defeat your own object, and thus injure your employer by acting officiously, but I regret to say that your superiors in social position fall into the same error when they accept a stall at a fancy fair for the benefit of a charitable institution. With far less excuse than you might plead, they cast all their delicacy of feeling and worldly prudence aside in their eagerness to sell a large number of articles, and they persecute in a most unwarrantable manner everyone who casts a passing look at their wares. The practice, also, of returning no change when the article costs less than the money given, is highly reprehensible, and unworthy of persons of honourable feeling, and they may rest satisfied that there is nothing laughable in dishonesty.

I take advantage of this opportunity to give a word of advice to those of my readers who may sometimes be engaged in aiding at such bazaars, because while we write more especially for one class, many others will read the article. So to one and all my friends engaged in selling goods, whether for gain or charity, I address the same advice. Were you to change places with the visitors whom you annoy, you would feel as they do, and like to have a quiet look at everything, and leisure to make up your mind about them.

To the proprietors of shops and showrooms I feel I should now address myself—aware, as I am, that the readers of this magazine are not exclusively either girls or women, but that all classes of both sexes may be reached through its pages. Be assured, my readers, that your interests might be served far more materially were a different course of procedure adopted in your warehouses. It has reached my ears that the tiresome importunity of your dependents is not to be laid to their account, for, if left to act for themselves, they would show a greater acquaintance with the rules of good breeding. I hear that shop-attendants are sometimes dismissed on account of the small sales they have chanced to make, and also that the amount of their salary is rated at that of these sales. How far this system prevails I have not ascertained; but extensive or otherwise, it is a most injudicious one, and no less unkind to those employed. The proprietors ought to know that buyers set a mark against shops where these pertinacious tormentors are kept, and would rather make a longer walk to procure what they want where shop-begging did not rival the mendicity in the streets. Let all "bargains" be left in view, with the prices marked in the orthodox style, so as to be intelligible to all. Then, when a customer has been supplied, the attendant need only to say, "Do you require anything more, madam?" Should you have a cheap supply of delicate goods from a bankrupt's stock which you cannot leave exposed to the light and dust, let notices be set up to that effect, instead of

making your shop-attendants into so many pests.

Very possibly the proprietors may also deserve the blame of that distrustful bearing evinced towards a passer-by (who as yet has made no demand of the seller) by the pounce made upon her, which I compared to the spider and fly procedure. Let them reflect a moment, and they will readily acknowledge that nobody would feel flattered by any apparent distrust. Better to lose a few articles by "shop-lifting" than the host of customers turned away from your stalls in disgust. Charge your saleswomen to exercise tact—wide as they may keep their eyes open—and their effort so to do will assuredly meet with due appreciation.

The next point is one that has to do with the saleswomen themselves, and that is, *intrusiveness* and *familiarity*. It is impolite to volunteer an expression of your own taste unasked, and officious to attempt to teach your lady customers, and to inform them of what is "elegant," "fashionable," and in "the best style," &c. Many who address you are perfectly competent to choose for themselves, and to give you more information as to what is approved in the higher circles of society than you could possibly tell to them.

Never should you be so presuming as to express to your customer your own opinion as to what would be personally becoming to her, or otherwise. If my reader be a milliner, I should advise her to produce from her stores such head-dresses as are made expressly for persons of the time of life and condition of those who ask for them. A thoroughly well-qualified milliner should have made the study of form, age, and complexion a matter of careful study, in connection with the colour, style, and dimensions of her hats and bonnets. Thus she could produce a selection really suited to the demand, but at the same time withholding any opinion until asked for it. To inquire the wishes of the purchaser is all that she should do. Dress and mantle-makers are often disposed to be familiar, and even patronising. In all kindliness I would warn them of such an error, bidding them to remember that no allusions should be made to the peculiarities of person exhibited by their employer.

To all alike, for whom this little friendly counsel is especially written, I would, *en passant*, offer a word of advice in reference to a particular style of address. I refer to a certain usage of the pronoun "you," which is as disrespectful as it is familiar. To explain what I mean is somewhat difficult; but it may best be understood when attention is drawn to the style adopted by people of foreign nationalities. To speak in the "second person" is regarded by them as intrusively familiar; and thus the French use the prefix "Monsieur," "Madame," or "Mademoiselle." In Italian they use the "third person plural," as a more respectfully distant style of address, than the bare pronoun corresponding to our word "you." In polite society it is always one softly uttered; and it should never be brought prominently forward in speaking to an employer, customer, master or mistress, nor to any person of a higher position in life than yourself.

Believe me, my young friends, good breeding need not be restricted to a certain class, nor to the drawing-rooms of those in independent circumstances. It may be shown in the workshop and in the show-room, amongst the rich and the poor, the exalted in birth and those who may lay claim to the honourable distinction of belonging to "Nature's nobility." I have seen both men and women in attendance in shops whose whole bearing showed such a quiet dignity, combined with an exhibition of courteous deference to persons of higher station in life, that they would have graced any society, and compared advantageously with many who were born to "wear the purple."

I now have reached the last division of my subject—the manners of Post-Office Clerks. It has been a subject of much satisfaction to me to learn that the employment of women in this department of public work has proved so great a success. Yet, here and there I have heard grievous complaints as to the "short answers" given, the apparent indifference to a long waiting for attendance, and to a flippancy of manner amongst the female clerks in some localities. When I hear such comments made, I feel grieved, for while I entertain sentiments of the kindliest regard and interest in all my young countrywomen, I feel especial sympathy for those who are so bravely self-supporting, and heartily wish them to merit approval from all. Speaking for myself, I must say I meet with more than polite attention from them, and whether in the position of post-office officials, shop-assistants, dressmakers, or milliners, I meet not only with politeness, but sometimes even with gratuitous kindliness.

To you who serve the public—in whatever capacity—and to you who employ that service, I offer, in conclusion, the same word of friendly counsel. Without undue familiarity, without throwing off that certain degree of self-retention, so to speak, which should form a barrier between yourselves and those capable of becoming intrusive, you may yet be gracious and kindly, and (if seemly so to be) deferential too. Thus your own quiet and maidenly demeanour will prove your ever-present and best safeguard against all objectionable conduct in others.

But while I recommend the cultivation of this modest dignity, remember always that you cannot raise yourself, either by a futile attempt to undervalue others, or by an upstart priggishness. Your own courteousness of address and uprightness of conduct alone will elevate you in the estimation of the great or the good. Whether noble or simple, the served or the server, arrogance and hauteur expose you to ridicule and the ill-opinion of all. To render yourself "to all pleasing" is a Christian duty, and whether in reference to courteousness and condescension, or to the rendering to all their dues, and "honour to whom honour," the obligations laid upon you are of equal weight and importance.

Cultivate, therefore, your manners, and correct any habit of inattention to the remarks and wishes, the age, or condition of life, of all with whom you are brought in contact. Beware of doing anything, in the course of your daily employments, in shops, offices, or otherwise, that must annoy them. Much lies in your power, and this puts a considerable responsibility upon you. Correct any morose expression of countenance, and never stare blankly with your mouth open at anyone. Your behaviour must be made a subject of serious thought and effort if you would conform yourself to the Divine will, expressed in the words already quoted—"to all pleasing." Such manners will supply a charm to the possessor that will form more than a substitute for personal good looks, and will live to enchant all with whom she may come in contact, when the attractions of beauty have long since faded away.

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRUTH TOLD.

FOR nearly a month Dessie could not leave the house, and had to spend most of her time with her foot up. She was occasionally reminded of the fact that she had no one but herself to blame, and these reminders did not make it more easy to bear the pain patiently. On the whole, however, she was really so patient as to cause some wonder in those about her.

All this while the confession was still delayed. Though never out of Dessie's mind, it was never spoken. Dessie grew more and more restless and unhappy, under the perpetual dread of having to tell, and the perpetual impossibility of doing so. During the early part of the month's imprisonment, Ella came once or twice to see her, but the visits were short, and others were always present. Resolved as Dessie was to tell, she could not do so with her mother or father or Edith present. She knew that they must hear all, but the first telling *could* not be—so it seemed to her—save to Ella alone, or with only Cecil by.

As the month advanced Ella's visits ceased, for baby was not so well. Day after day reports reached Dessie of his increasing weakness, and of the difficulty experienced in making him take any nourishment. Ella could seldom be induced to leave him. Cecil occasionally called for a few minutes in the evening, but the family was then gathered together, and Dessie had no opportunity of seeing him alone.

By the end of a month her foot was better, and she was again allowed to try a little walking. Edith was at this time paying a visit to some friends in another part of London. Harry, coming in to luncheon one day, said, "The child is worse."

"Seriously so?" asked Mr. Fitzroy.

"I fear so. Mr. Crewe does not think he can last much longer. Poor little fellow! it will be a happy release for him, and really a mercy to others. Ella is getting quite worn out. Mother, could you manage to spend part of the afternoon there? She ought to have rest; and if you and nurse were

both with the child, I fancy she would consent."

"You had better have a fly, to avoid a chill, Alicia," said Mr. Fitzroy.

Dessie suddenly awoke to a keen sense that confession ought no longer to be delayed. If she waited till all was over, should she ever have resolution to tell?

"If mamma drives, I shall go too," she said, "even if I come home sooner; the walk one way will not hurt me."

Harry acquiesced, and soon after luncheon they started. Mrs. Fitzroy went, on arrival, straight to the nursery, hearing that Mr. Crewe was there. Dessie waited forlornly in the dining-room till she heard him descending the stairs with Cecil. The two had a short low-voiced conversation. Then the doctor's carriage rolled away, and Dessie caught her brother at the foot of the stairs.

"Cecil, can I see Ella?"

"I did not know you were here," he said, turning to her kindly. "Yes, if you like. She is resting in her room, while my mother is with Hugh, but she cannot sleep, and perhaps a little conversation may be better for her than time for thought. Don't excite her in any way."

Dessie was too much absorbed in the thought that here at last was the opportunity for which she had waited, to take in the sense of the last words. It did not at all occur to her that at such a time kindness to Ella might possibly have prompted a little further delay—that at least it would have been wiser to speak to Cecil alone, and to ask his judgment as to telling Ella. With characteristic precipitancy and one-sidedness, she saw only her own view of the matter.

"How is Hughie?" she asked, as they reached the first landing.

Cecil shook his head silently, and opened a door.

"Dessie has come," he said. "Would you like to see her, dear, or to be quiet?"

"No—bring her in, please. I cannot sleep, Cecil."

Dessie seated herself beside the couch on which her sister-in-law was lying. Cecil stood at the foot, and both he and his wife were struck by Dessie's expression of exceeding unhappiness.

"Are you not well to-day, Dessie?" asked her brother.

"Yes—I'm—I'm—only wretched," murmured Dessie, clasping Ella's hand.

Something in her look and manner perplexed Cecil. "Wretched about what?" he asked.

Here again was the opportunity which Dessie had desired, and she did not let it slip. Lifting her eyes to his, she said: "If you knew, you would hate me—both of you—would never speak to me again, if you could help it."

"Dessie, you must not talk so," said Ella. "What is the matter with you to-day?"

"It isn't to-day only. It has been a long, long while. I could not tell you before, and I can now—and I ought. But when you know, you will want *never* to see me again."

"Why, Dessie, you are dreaming," said Ella, checking her husband by a pleading look when he would have taken Dessie from the room. "What should make us want never to see you? Don't you know that I love you, and

"HE SPOKE WITH DIFFICULTY."

that it comforts me to have you with me?"

"You *have* loved me—oh, I know," said Dessie, with extreme bitterness. "But it is all over now. A comfort to you—oh no. You will never be able to endure the sight of me again."

"Dessie, I don't want to have Ella agitated," said her brother, gravely. "If you have anything to say, say it quickly, but *pray don't excite* yourself and us about nothing."

"It isn't nothing; I wish it were. I have wanted to tell you ever so long, but I had made the promise, and I could not get leave. It has been worst of all lately. I couldn't bear to have you both so kind to me, never dreaming how things really are. You don't know yet what I mean, but you shall—you will," Dessie said, in a half-wild tone, which made Ella sit up and gaze at her in alarm. "I could have told you long ago, but for my promise. And now I can only say it, on condition that you don't let it do *her* any harm."

"What are you talking about?" asked Cecil, sternly. "Speak out at once, or you will make Ella ill."

"I can't say any more till you have *promised* that it shall not hurt——"

"Whom?"

"Her—she who made me promise not to tell. You must not let her suffer for it."

"Baby!" escaped Ella's lips, and she became deadly pale.

"Promise!" repeated Dessie.

"I promise what you will, provided that it is not wrong," said Cecil. "You must trust my judgment, and free Ella from this suspense. Who and what are you talking about?"

"Anne," said Dessie, faintly. "The girl who was nurse when Hughie fell ill."

"Go on."

"It was I too." Cecil compressed his lips, while Ella sat like a statue. "It was a few days before the illness. I don't know, of course, that the one had anything to do with the other, but it might have had—and I suppose—I suppose it was that. Anne and I were left with Hughie alone. Ella had to go to a visitor, but she gave him into our charge, and told us to be careful. Anne was playing with him on the sofa. She put him on the arm, and gave him a ride. And I went to the window, and looked out—and some soldiers went by, and I forgot about Hugh for a moment. I called out to Anne to come and look, and she started or jumped up—and somehow she let go of him. He fell down backwards on the top of his head—and at first he seemed stunned—and then he cried a little—and then—we thought it wasn't much——"

"And why did we hear nothing of all this?" demanded Cecil.

"I would—I should have told—but Anne said it was nothing—and she said she should lose her place, and then her mother would die. And I promised not to tell. I didn't think at the moment. Afterwards, I knew it was wrong—but I had given my word. And then Anne went away, and I was abroad, so I could not ask her. I did write to her once from Heidelberg, and I had no answer. I didn't really know if that was the beginning of the illness—but—but I was afraid when I heard what Mr. Crewe said. It seemed so dreadful. I couldn't *wish* at first to tell. And now it can do no good—but I can't go on longer without your knowing."

A dead pause followed, for Cecil's quivering lips could frame no words of either reproach or blame, and Ella did not stir. After a few seconds Dessie laid a hand on Ella's ice-cold fingers.

"I don't deserve that you should forgive me—I know I don't—but if you only *could!* I know you can never love me again—but if you could only just forgive me—just say one little word to me! O Ella, I didn't mean to do him any harm. I was wickedly careless, and I didn't think, and I was wrong to hide it, but you know I loved him—dearly—dearly. And if I had had the very least idea that he was really hurt, I would never have promised not to tell. Can't you just forgive me, Ella? You don't know how wretched I have been. Can't you give me just one kind word?"

Cecil paced the room in restless distress, and Ella, after one minute of stunned quiescence, had burst into extreme weeping, utterly broken down, unheeding Dessie's impassioned pleading. But when Dessie again laid a hand on hers she shrank back as if the touch were intolerable, gasping out: "Don't!—don't yet—O Dessie, how could you?—how could you?" with such an abandonment of grief that Dessie recoiled, and hid her face.

"You know I didn't mean it," she moaned again presently. "I didn't think of harm."

"You did not *think*," her brother repeated, hoarsely. "Yes, that is the old excuse—the old evil. Anything rather than the trouble of thought. And when you knew Mr. Crewe's fears, and knew how anxious he was to learn the true cause of the illness, had you no thought *then* for our child?"

Dessie opened her lips to defend herself, but shut them again hopelessly. Was it not too true? What could she say? Had her heart been indeed in the matter, would she not have obtained release from her promise, or in some way have let the doctor know the truth without implicating Anne? She bowed her head lower, and was silent.

Cecil went to his wife, and spoke to her in subdued tones, as she was able to listen. Dessie did not hear what passed. She sat apart and miserable, till a sense of not being wanted came drearily over her, and she rose to go, wondering if she would ever be permitted to enter the house again. But Cecil's voice said, "Come here, Dessie," and Ella held out a hand.

"Forgive me!" she said, faintly. "I shall feel differently by-and-by. It is only—the thought of what *might* have been——"

Ella broke down afresh, and Dessie stood holding the offered hand, not daring to press it, and trembling so much that she could scarcely stand. Cecil saw this, and gave her a chair.

"Have you told us all?" he asked.

She made a movement of assent. He walked slowly up and down the room again, till his sister's crushed look brought him to her side.

"There is nothing more to be said about it now—but—forgiveness," he muttered huskily.

"O Cecil! Can you?" she cried, with a sob.

"As my God has forgiven me," he said, solemnly. "I shall never allude to the matter with you again, unless by your wish. Only one word—Dessie, never, never forget the misery that mere thoughtlessness may cause."

He spoke with difficulty, and turned away afresh, as if unable to endure the sight of his wife's grief. Ella evidently heard what had passed, and her hand gave a quick squeeze to Dessie's. Did that mean pardon? Dessie did not know. She hardly felt yet as if even Cecil's were true forgiveness.

Mrs. Fitzroy suddenly appeared, and said, "Cecil!"

Ella checked her tears with a strong effort, and stood up. "I am wanted," she said.

"Harry has been here the last few minutes," said Mrs. Fitzroy. "He and nurse think I had better call you both."

(*To be continued.*)

HAGAR; OR, THOU GOD SEEST ME.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Sekna's Story," &c.

In our study of the life of Hagar we come to the family of the nineteenth of Adam's descendants, Abraham. A proud name, that, in sacred history, for Abraham was the father of the Jewish nation, and he was the friend of God.

More than two thousand years had passed over the world since the first man and woman had had to prove that it was not all an Eden. Had not the waters of the Deluge swept over its fair face, it must have been now more thickly populated. As it was, they had not very far to go anywhere to get into the country. An extensive encampment was a novel sight. A mere village was defended by a fort, and good pasture-land for sheep was usually chosen as the site for a well, around which shepherds and fair Eastern maidens gathered to water their flocks, the hillsides around being dotted with the homes from which they had come. The greater part of the world was occupied by vast solitudes, where the lion might stalk and the bald old eagle make its eyrie; but for their peopling they awaited the generations yet unborn. In the home-life of the chiefs of these wandering pastoral tribes there reigned a majestic simplicity. From the glimpses we get of their intercourse one with another, we

see a politeness and a refinement of manner that was almost courtly. They administered the rites of hospitality with a tact and a delicacy which not all our codes of etiquette have taught us to exceed, yet they were so childlike in their simplicity as to have absolutely no reserves. The relation between employer and employed was paternal, and the work of the hearth and the field seemed as honourable as any of the elegant accomplishments that we of the nineteenth century cultivate. Abraham and his wife Sarah were prince and princess, yet he brought water for the feet of the strangers who visited him at Mamre, chose the calf from the herd, while Sarah made and baked the bread that was needed for the feast.

If we compare the home-life of that day with our own, what a difference we shall find! At first sight we shall discover little in common between the patriarchs and ourselves, but if we come to follow with observant eye the drama of their daily lives, as the curtain is raised upon it in the pages of the Old Testament, we shall see that it is our own human nature which animates the actors, which makes them laugh and weep, maddens the oppressed to desperation, and sometimes betrays the prosperous into haughtiness and disloyalty to duty.

So in God's dealings with them we may learn something of the processes by which He corrects, refines, restores, and ennobles souls. We may even guess at the meaning of His dealing with ourselves, for though the world has altered, God has not. He is the God of all the families of the earth, interested in every member of every one of them, and He considers us not only as a great whole, but separately, giving to everyone the opportunities, restraints, pleasures, and denials by which he can best profit.

So it is that the Old Testament is a book for all ages, and we can never outgrow its lessons, or be so secure against temptation as to receive no warning from the examples made of those who were overcome by it.

The household of Abraham was a very large one, for we read that he had three hundred and eighteen servants born in it, with whom he pursued the enemies of his nephew Lot. The steward of his house was one Eliezer of Damascus, and he, no doubt, held a position of great honour and responsibility. How he came there it is difficult for us to conjecture. Then there were an equal or perhaps greater number of women and children, of varying degrees of rank, who came under the rule of Sarah. That rule we should suppose to have been an energetic and kindly one. Sarah was a woman of exquisite beauty, worthy to be Abraham's consort; not equal to him in faith, but loyal to God and her husband, hospitable to strangers, and kindly and maternal in her womanly administration when her high spirit was not provoked into an assertion of superiority. No doubt but that she was what her name betokens – a born princess; yet it is not difficult to guess at her faults.

She appears to have been unbelieving, unable to wait God's time, if she should have to wait long, and inclined to take matters in her own hands, that by some clever wise way of her own she might procure the fulfilment of her own desires.

We are not told that she was wrong in this, but we can see very plainly that some of her domestic troubles sprung out of it. It was a great grief and mortification to her that she was childless.

God had promised to make of Abraham a great nation, and yet it seemed that Eliezer his steward, or one of the children born in his house, must be his heir. So much for the lady of the house. No record remains to us of any of her subordinates but Hagar, a wild Egyptian girl, with the fire of an ardent race in her speaking eyes. Possibly Pharaoh had given her to Sarah when she went through Egypt with Abraham, and as her name signifies "a stranger," it is more likely that she received it from them than from her parents.

Spirited and untamed as she was inwardly, outwardly she was probably very docile and gentle; a favourite with her mistress, who must have been strangely unsuspicious of the pride and presumption in Hagar's nature, or the latent jealousy in her own when she promoted her to a position which was too much for her humility.

But this want of foresight in Sarah would argue a certain nobleness.

As yet Hagar had not felt the chains of servitude to be galling, and as Abraham was priest in his own family and commanded his household after him, she had learned that the God whom He served was the true God, and that there was no trust to be placed in the gods of Egypt. If the religion she had been instructed in had had as much place in her heart as it had in her head, Hagar might have been kept from many snares, might have been spared the misery that she brought upon herself when she made an enemy of her best friend, and might one day have tasted of the sweets of liberty without having previously to endure hardness, and to shape her course through the desert as an outcast.

But no; her heart was untouched by the power of that God to whom she bowed the knee, and a day came when, for no other reason than that God was about to bestow on her the good gift He had withheld from Sarah, she despised her mistress. She forgot that she was a bondwoman, forgot that it was Sarah who had advanced her, and the pride deep hid within her heart showed itself now in unkindness and want of respect. The change in her seems to have come like a painful surprise upon Sarah. In her distress she appeals to Abraham, as if afraid that in humiliating Hagar she may offend him. Abraham, however, shows no inclination to take her part. He reminds Sarah that she is in her hands, and tells her to do with her as she thinks best. This, of itself, might have been a sore mortification to the haughty favourite, but it was only the beginning of troubles.

Her insulted mistress gives her to feel the full force of her resentment. The bread of dependence is made bitter to her. Josephus says that Sarah sometimes punished her with blows; but, whether Sarah's hard dealing with her is to be taken in that sense or not, we know that Hagar could not bear her harshness, and at last she ran away.

She ran into the wilderness, where she thought no foot could follow her, no eye see her.

She had done wrong and she had suffered. Both wrong and suffering seemed to her irretrievable. Her aim was probably to get back to Egypt, but she could hardly have cared what became of her when she plunged into that thick solitude. The passionate heart that sustained her in her flight gave way at last, as, footsore, weary, and thirsty, she sank down beside a fountain of water which was on the way to Shur.

Perhaps when her strength and her proud temper had given way, she shed some very penitent tears over the wrong she had done her mistress; she remembered how kind she had once been to her; thought of the protection and the good home she had broken away from, and felt the bitterness of having no longer any part in the propitiatory sacrifices and services over which Abraham presided. But regrets were no use now! Hagar must perish, with no eye to pity her or to care for her. Yet Hagar's extremity was God's opportunity. He knew the way that she took, and to this poor, unconscious heir of salvation He sent one of His ministering spirits; or it may be that the Covenant Angel, the Lord Jesus, was the angel who came to her.

What a depth of wistful tenderness there is in His tones, and yet how surely His words convey to her a reminder of what she is, and the duties she has left behind!

"Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence comest thou, and whither wilt thou go?"

To that last question she has nothing to answer, but she meekly confesses—

"I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai."

Then the Angel told her to do what must have seemed to her a very hard thing. She must return to her mistress, and submit herself under her hands.

Hagar might well have said that she would rather die, but God does not bind her to a difficult duty, and leave her to fulfil it in the cold and in the dark.

He will give Hagar a hope that shall be strong against despair. He will gladden her wounded heart with a promise so beautiful, that it shall make music in it through the saddest night of adversity that may ever overtake her.

So He tells her that she shall bear a son, and his name shall be called Ishmael (*God will hear*), which is the first instance on record of God giving a name to one who was yet unborn.

The name would always be to Hagar a sure token that God cared for her; that her cry, when she was in distress, came up unto His ear, and that His thoughts to her were not of evil, but of good.

This son, she was told, would be a wild, free man; he would have the untameable nature of the fleet, wild ass of the desert; but though every one would be against him, God would be for him, and he should dwell in the presence of his brethren. That was a radiant page in Hagar's life history. Now she knew that God was not only Abraham's friend, He was hers.

"Thou God seest me," burst from her grateful lips, and her next words imply a wonder that He had sought her when she had not sought Him—had listened to cries that were not prayers.

The place on which she stood was holy ground to her, as any place must be that has been as a trysting place between God and the soul, and even the well is consecrated by the name Beer-lahai-roi—

"A well to the Living One who seeth me."

Strong in the sense of Divine protection, yet humbled by her sad experiences and the waking up of conscience, Hagar went back to her mistress.

We do not know how she was received. Not like the prodigal in the parable, we should conjecture. Yet, whatever her cross was, she took it up, and tried again to bear it. Perhaps she sometimes fainted and rebelled; but in the main obedience was preparing her for freedom, submission was ennobling her, and her unkind, passionate nature was being mellowed and sweetened by the knowledge that God was with her, and by the joys the advent of her motherhood must have brought her. When things went wrong, "Thou God seest me" would be the language of Hagar's heart.

"Thou God seest me" would be her watchword when the besetting sins of her youth again stirred within her breast, and however troubled she was, she would never again sink quite into despair.

Neither could she continue to find in the blessing God had given to her a reason for despising her mistress. Sarah, as well as her husband, was greatly honoured of God. When God made the change in Abraham's name which signified that he was to be a high

and exalted father—a father of nations—a corresponding one was made in Sarah's that elevated her from a princess in her own family to a princess in a more extended sense. And as all Jews count themselves sons and followers of the faithful Abraham, Sarah is regarded as the mother of their great nation, and St. Peter holds her up as an example to all good wives; "whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

If Hagar thought that God's promises to Abraham were to be confirmed in Ishmael, she was to unlearn her mistake. Sarah, too, was to unlearn her unbelief in seeing them fulfilled in a son of her own.

Then a conflict of feeling would arise as to the rival claims of the son of the free woman and the son of the bond. And this conflict brought Hagar to another crisis in her history, another fiery ordeal in which she was reminded that God saw and heard.

* * * * *

In the Academy of 1879 were two pictures —"Sarah and Isaac," "Hagar and Ishmael," by Frederick Goodall, R.A. Sarah has caught sight of Ishmael mocking, and her eyes seem rivetted on the object that has called such a jealous look into them. Clearly a spirit is raised in her that cannot be laid. "The child of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free." The same tent can no longer hold Sarah and Hagar, Isaac and Ishmael.

Sarah feels that their envy and scorn will embitter her joy and mar her peace. The alien mother may betake herself again to the wilderness and carry her son with her. She shall not remain here that he, with all the advantage of his fifteen years, may grow up to rival Isaac.

Forlornly brave, Hagar in the still morning walks forth, carrying her leathern bottle upon her shoulder. Her heart is sad, but her mien is high. The consciousness of injury, of wounded reverence and trust, of slighted love will be her companion till the burning noon, when a more material anguish will make it forgotten through the boy Ishmael, and the realisation that she is not forsaken by a greater than Abraham be vouchsafed to sweeten the bitterness of her cup.

Ishmael's mocking spirit had most probably been inherited from his mother. He may have had some childish consciousness of the want of harmony between his mother and her mistress, and he may have been well aware that the birth of Isaac was the death of many a bright hope that was centred in him.

Possibly Hagar had not grown so humble that no word or look of contempt ever escaped her before her free-hearted but observant child, and Ishmael knew not the restraint of fear. He was as untameable as the angel of the Lord said he would be. What a trial it must have been to Hagar's faith when she was sent forth with him into the desert, to find her way back to Egypt as she could, and with no more provisions than she could conveniently carry. How hard Abraham must have found it to do to her as his wife had said. It appears that it needed Divine authority to compel him to undertake a task so repugnant to his feelings.

He had a tenderness for both, and a strong, true fatherly love for Ishmael, as is proved by his immediate thought of him, when an heir more nobly born is promised him.

"Oh that Ishmael might live before thee!"

In the wilderness of Beersheba Hagar wandered long. For the second time in her life she was an outcast; but the first time her exile was by her own act and deed, now it was compulsory. The first time she was alone, but now she had her child with her, and she felt a thousandfold more for him than she did on her own account.

The water in the bottle was spent, and she had not as yet come to any well. She was overwrought, and her spirits gave way as she saw Ishmael apparently on the point to die. She could struggle on with him no longer, so she did what very few mothers would have done; she put him under the poor shadow that a shrub could afford him, and sat away from him in her despair, that she might not see him die.

And again, in a solitary place where no eye could see her, she lifted up her voice and wept. What did the promise that Ishmael should dwell in the presence of his brethren mean to her now? Even his name, by frequent daily use, had lost its sweet significance. Hagar needed a fresh reminder that God saw and heard, if she was to be trained into a sure reliance on Him, and a faith that could trust where it could not trace. The lesson taught her in her past extremity is to be read over again to her in her present one.

But God has only words of comfort for her.

For fifteen years she has, at His bidding, submitted herself to Sarah's yoke. He will not put it on her again. She has received the charter of her freedom, and He says to her, as sweetly as only He can speak—

"What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.

"Arise, lift up the lad and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and God gave the lad drink."

In the future, God's promise respecting Ishmael was verified. The lad grew, dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer, and Hagar chose one of her own countrywomen to be a wife to him. We can imagine that the remaining years of her life were very happy, that she told her Egyptian kinsfolk of Abraham's God, now become her own and Ishmael's, and that she watched over her wild boy's religious life and saved him from blending irreverence with freedom.

Ishmael and Isaac met again, and stood together at their father's grave. The younger was father of the nation which held God's covenant, the elder of the various tribes of Arabs or Saracens that lead to this day a wandering life, and have mixed with their superstitions many remains of the Jewish ritual. They believe in God, if unacquainted with Moses and with Jesus Christ.

And Ishmael died in the presence of all his brethren, being a hundred and thirty-seven years of age. He left behind him twelve sons, who were all princes, and had all towns and castles named after them.

How strange it seems that the imprint of Hagar's and Ishmael's character should remain on their descendants till this day, and that the Jew should among all nations preserve his distinctiveness, and be so unmistakably the child of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob! As to the lessons of Hagar's life we have almost learned them *en passant*.

We may see from her behaviour in early life the danger we are in of changing our greatest blessings into a curse by our want of humility. Also the misery that pride and ingratitude may bring into the life of home. When it is so we must not take the law into our own hands and run away from our troubles, or God may send us back to bear till we have learned to bear, for the yoke and cross are appointed to all who would be wearers of the crown. We learn, too, how He accepts our submission when it is complete, and is willing to set us free when we can use our freedom rightly.

And we may draw from Hagar's experiences this comfortable assurance, that the fact that we have brought our sorrows on ourselves does not shut us out from God's sympathy. He will hear our cry and our prayer, even in that case. He comforted Hagar before he sent her back to her wronged mistress. He gave Jacob a glorious vision of angels after he had left his father's house, though he meant in future years to punish him for his deceit.

"Thou God seest me," may be both a rod and a staff. A rod to deter us from doing wrong when we are tempted; a staff to lean upon when our way is dark and lonely and everything around is troubled. And when we are subject to the unkindness, the exactions, and the irritability of others, "Oh, Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!" will bring God to our help. He may not remove the cause of our trouble, but He will give us strength to bear it; because He is our God as surely as He was Hagar's, and He knows as surely the way that we take as He knew her way, both when she was a wild and wilful girl, and when she was a tried and broken-hearted mother.

A CONTRAST

DARLING, the earth is very fair,
By God's own hand in beauty drest,
Whether she breathe soft summer air,
Or shine in winter's snowy vest.

Fair in the calm, clear morning hour,
Fair in the noon's full tide of sound,
Fair 'neath the sunset's golden dower,
Fair when the midnight reigns around.

Fair in the depth and in the height,
Fair in the sheltered nooks that lie
Half hidden from the curious sight
Of many a roving passer-by.

Fair in the mountain paths that rise,
Still winding on through gloom or glare,
As if they sought to reach the skies
And find their end and summit there.

Fair in the forest's deep recess,
Where scarce a stranger's foot intrudes;
Fair in the rugged wilderness,
Fair in the pathless solitudes.

Fair where the merry children throng
On sunny mead, by sounding shore,
And listen to the tuneful song
Of happy birds, or ocean's roar.

Yet, darling, earth is very sad—
Her brow all scarred by sin and pain,
For aye in mourning garments clad,
Until her king return again.

The sob, the wail, the bitter cry
Ring ever sadly in our ears,
And wheresoe'er we turn the eye
We see the trace of falling tears.

Stern separation waves her wand,
And lives that closely intertwined
Are parted—one far, far beyond
Our sight, the other left behind.

Disease can lay the strongest low,
And weakness quench the fondest dreams,
And hidden sorrow, nameless woe,
Lurk where the prospect brightest seems.

And poverty, with grinding sway,
Still on a thousand hearts doth press,
And pride and pleasure win the day,
While deepest wrong finds no redress

This earth in mourning garments clad,
This earth so steeped in dark distress
Is it the earth God made so glad,
And robed in such sweet loveliness?

The same; but sin hath marred her peace,
And bound her with its iron chain,
Nor shall her sighs and sorrows cease
Till Christ the Lord return to reign.

Art thou forgiven, cleansed, made free,
An heir and citizen of heaven?
The earth God made is all for thee—
Creation's joy to thee is given.

Yet must thou share her sorrows too,
And feel the touch of pain and woe;
It is the way thy Lord passed through,
And where He went thou, too, must go.

Yet tread it as His ransomed one!
Anoint thy head, lift up thine eyes,
Bask in the brightness of the sun
That streams upon thee from the skies

And in that brightness stoop to bear
The burdens that around thee lie,
The griefs that Jesus bids thee share,
The needs He calls thee to supply.

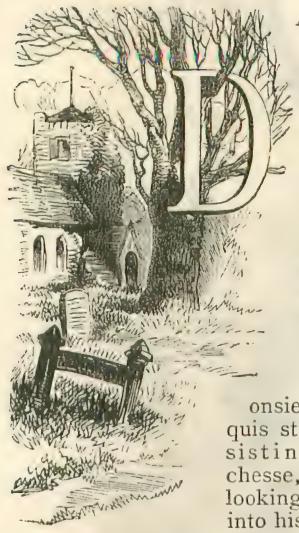
Be swift to succour, cheer, restore;
In Christ all things to thee belong,
He is thy portion evermore,
Then let His gladness make thee strong.

SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.



DAMARIS remains leaning over the balustrade, her defalcation hardly noticed by the three who pass along beneath towards the bridge, Monsieur le Marquis studiously assisting La Duchesse, and Leonie looking up merrily into his face as she listens and responds to his laughing badinage.

Damaris would like to accompany them. She prefers whatever takes her thoughts away from herself just now, and Leonie's innocent delight in everything at St. Aubin has an especial charm for her.

"Tell me, *petite*," begins La Marquise, adroitly, "have you had bad news from England of late?"

Damaris turns hastily round.

"Bad news! No, madame. Why do you ask such a thing?"

"Your sister and her dear little ones are well? You have no anxiety with regard to them?"

"None whatever. I heard from Lilian yesterday."

"Then what has occurred to vex you? Why are you so dull, *petite*?"

"Dull! Am I dull?"

"Inexpressibly so—quite unlike your usual self."

"But, madame, you have not needed my nonsense to enliven you of late."

"You have thought me occupied with my old friend? But, *petite*, I have still eyes and ears for other people, and I had observed the alteration in you even before my attention was drawn to it by Etienne."

"Has Monsieur Etienne been complaining of me?" asks Damaris, with reserves of bitterness and angry pride in her voice.

"Not complaining! How strangely you put it, *petite*. But we feel the difference in you, and I begin to think that he is right."

"What has he said to you of me?"

"That you are growing morbid over the needs and sorrows of the poor people in the valley; that you ought not to be allowed to go amongst them so much, and that you ought especially to have been forbidden to enter the cottage of *la mère* Suzanne while poor 'Lisbeth lay dead. It was certainly hard upon me to be blamed for this, as you will admit, *petite*——"

"And you—what did you say, dear madame?" cries Damaris, with an angry light in her eyes.

"That I did not wish you to be tied too closely to the apron-strings of an old woman—that you are free to come and go as you please."

"Dear madame, you are so kind!"

"But at the same time I promised to remonstrate with you for your own good."

"If Monsieur St. Just has any ground of complaint against me, why does he not tell me? Why need he worry you?"

"Because he is over-scrupulous in this matter, and thinks he has no right to find fault with you but through me. And that is quite right, *petite*."

"Is this the only complaint he has to make of me?"

"Well, no. He says that he took the trouble to have a colt brought up from one of the farms for you to ride, because you told him that open-air exercise is necessary for your health; that he gave André especial directions to be ready to accompany you, and that you have never once availed yourself of this privilege. Naturally, he feels hurt by your neglectfulness."

"Is this all, madame?"

"He says that you have not only lost your spirits, but your appetite has failed also. That you toy with your food at table, and leave more than half of it uneaten on your plate. He says that you are growing bad-tempered——"

"Certainly, Monsieur St. Just does not spare me in any way," says Damaris, with bitterness.

"It is Etienne's love for me that makes him so anxious on your behalf, *petite*. And he knows that the merest hint to me of such things will be sufficient."

"It seems to me that he must have been very outspoken."

"Only because he felt perfectly certain that whatever he said would be safe with me. I should never be likely to let it go beyond ourselves."

"He expected you to tell me, then?"

"No, certainly. He cautioned me on no account to let you know that he had said a word. Nevertheless, it is just as well that you should know, so that you may clearly understand the help I want to ask from you."

Damaris is almost ready to laugh in spite of the variety of feelings excited by La Marquise's revelations, for it is balm to her hurt pride to know that Monsieur Etienne, who has been so studiously, so chillingly neglectful of her in public during these past few days, should have condescended to take even an angry interest in her in private. She has striven to make the fullest allowance for him; has been willing to believe herself mistaken, to believe him to be secretly troubled about his own or his brother's affairs, and preoccupied on that account, rather than especially offended with her. She has taken several opportunities of speaking to him directly about the household arrangements, but always with the same result. Nothing has softened his manner to her. Whenever she has surprised his glance resting upon her it has seemed to freeze her with its cold and haughty contempt. And yet he, and La Marquise also, expect her to preserve her usual lightness of heart. In his presence she is always dreading to meet his eye, in his absence wondering what can possibly have so changed him towards her.

To La Marquise she says—

"You have a right to command my services, madame."

"But I want more than I have a right to command, *petite*—your cheerful co-operation in my plans."

Damaris hesitates a moment, then—

"All that I can possibly do, I will."

"*Chère enfant!*" says the old Marquise, caressing her, "I knew that I might rely upon you."

"But what can I do, madame?"

"I will tell you. When Etienne had finished his string of complaints against you, he ended by saying: 'What in the world is Jerome thinking about to let such things be?' 'Jerome,' I said, 'has too much on his hands already to think or care about *petite*. You leave all your duties for him to perform, and then you expect him to have leisure to follow his own inclinations, or to relieve me of my cares.' I put it as strongly as I could, you see, *petite*, because we must induce him by some means or other to leave those absorbing studies. And this reminds me—why are you not helping him now as you did a little time ago?"

"Monsieur St. Just has no longer any need of my services," says Damaris, with tears of mortification in her eyes. How dares he to suppose that Monsieur le Marquis has any influence over her one way or the other?

"You are quite mistaken, *petite*, and I think you might have shown a little more consideration for him than you have done. If he had your help for an hour or two in the morning, that would enable him to get free earlier. This, no doubt, is the very reason why he is so seldom at leisure now, he misses the help you used to give. You used to go to him in the morning hours, and then by breakfast-time he was at liberty. *Petite*, I must beg of you to continue to give him so much of your time, at any rate, for as long as the Duchess and Mademoiselle St. Cyr are here. I can so easily spare you."

"But, madame——!"

"Nay, I will not allow you to refuse. Etienne has much more need of a secretary than I."

"Dear madame, it cannot be."

"Cannot!" cries the old Marquise,

in dignified surprise. "It is not like you to use such a word to me."

"Monsieur Etienne has no longer any wish for my services."

"Has he told you so?"

"No, but his assurance is not needed to make me understand this."

"Since his return, have you offered to assist him in the way you used to do?"

"No," says Damaris, feeling as though every support were failing her.

"Then how can you possibly tell? I, who know Etienne so well, can understand his scruples about asking you, and especially after his fears have been aroused with regard to your health. *Petite*, I am surprised at you. I would not press the matter if I thought it at all injurious to you, but the plan answered so admirably before that I am convinced it will again. I will send for Etienne, and tell him at once how mistaken he has been."

She makes a movement as though to reach the handbell which stands always near, but Damaris springs forwards in terror at the prospect suggested by the words of the old Marquise, and, for one moment forgetting the respect due to her, removes the bell out of her reach.

La Marquise's delicate face lights up with severe hauteur.

"Mademoiselle Damaris, is it necessary for me to remind you of your duty?"

"O forgive me, dear madame, but indeed I cannot allow you to offer to Monsieur St. Just services which he does not care to receive."

"'Cannot allow' are strange words to come from your lips, mademoiselle. Surely I am the best judge of what is fitting upon an occasion of this kind. Give me the bell."

Damaris obeys; then breaks down, sobbing and contrite, at the feet of La Marquise, who is appeased by the sight of her tears.

"*Petite*," she says, bending down over the troubled brown head, and caressing it with her little hands, "I begin to think that Etienne is right—that there is something troubling you which affects both your health and your spirits."

Damaris lifts her head with resolute pride.

"There is nothing, madame." And as she makes that assertion she determines that there shall be nothing—that she will, cost her what it may, regain her old philosophy and take things, even troublesome things, as she finds them without an anxious thought beyond.

"But you are so altered," insists the old Marquise.

"No, madame; it is only that circumstances are altered, and that they call different qualities into play."

La Marquise looks at her keenly, but all her penetration is evidently at fault, so she shifts her ground.

"But about Etienne—we have not settled the question, *petite*?"

Damaris takes a sudden resolution, the extent of which she hardly foresees, but she imagines it will spare her the immediate fear of being taken to task in his presence by La Marquise.

"Will it satisfy you, dear madame, and will you promise not to mention the matter to him yourself, if I promise to offer to resume my work?"

"Offer to him? Yes, I shall be quite satisfied. Go and do so at once, *petite*; then you can come back and tell me the result. You will find him in the library. He is never hardly anywhere else now."

Damaris had meant to choose her own time for doing so, and is not a little dismayed by the precipitancy of the old Marquise. However, it is perhaps better for her resolution that there should be no delay. She rises reluctantly, putting a heavy constraint upon herself, and goes; but her feet are leaden-weighted, and every proud instinct of her heart rebels.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES IN SPRING.

For those who take delight in the study of natural objects, there is frequently very much to interest them in the months of March, April, and May. If the weather is favourable, many of the early Spring wild-flowers may be found, even in March—as primroses, violets, several kinds of speedwell, the common coltsfoot, with its golden, star-like flowers, without a single green leaf; the rare whitlow grass, both white and yellow; the golden saxifrage; the lovely little white wood-anemone; and the lesser celandine.

The common primrose (*Primula vulgaris*) is known by every one, and so are the numerous single and double varieties of it, which are commonly found in our gardens, and make them so gay at this period of the year. The sweet-scented violet, too; who does not know it and love it, for its delightful fragrance, and prize it for its early appearance? In every part of Europe is it found; in woods, amongst bushes, in hedges, and on warm banks, and several varieties (some single and some double) are common in our gardens. The dog-violet (*Viola canina*) comes into flower later than the sweet violet (*Viola odorata*), and for two or three months decorates every copse, heath, and shady dell with its paler, scentless flowers.

Of the kinds of speedwell which may sometimes be seen in flower in the month of April, there is first the common species (*Veronica officinalis*), so plentiful on dry, sandy banks, which was formerly much recommended as a substitute for Chinese tea. Then there is the ivy-leaved speedwell (*Veronica hederæfolia*). The flowers of both species are blue. The common coltsfoot (*Tussilago farfara*) is very common in moist and clayey soils (of which, indeed, it is a sure indication), the elegant golden-yellow flowers appearing before the leaves, which, in due time, rise on long petioles, and remain through the summer. The plant is bitter and astringent, and contains a great deal of mucilage. An infusion of it has been long employed medicinally, to soothe irritation of the air-passages in cases of asthma and similar complaints. In allusion to the use thus made of the plant the generic name (*Tussilago*) has been given, from *tussis*, a cough. The cotton of the leaves wrapped in a rag, dipped in a solution of saltpetre, and dried in the sun, made an excellent tinder in past times, when we had no lucifer matches. Of the two kinds of whitlow grass which may be found in flower at this time, the most interesting is the yellow alpine whitlow grass (*Draba aizoides*), a beautiful little rock plant, with flowers of a rich golden hue and curiously-fringed evergreen leaves, which may be met with wild on walls and rocks near Swansea, in South Wales.

There are two British species of golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium*—from *chrysos*, gold; *splen*, the spleen, a figurative name applied to the plant with reference to its medicinal qualities). Both kinds have notched leaves, and greenish and yellow flowers, but only that with alternate leaves (*C. alternifolium*) is likely to be found in March or April, as the other (which has opposite leaves) does not appear till May.

Few British plants are more chaste and beautiful than the little wood anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*), which is common in woods, thickets, and moist, heathy alpine pastures in most parts of Britain. Its delicate white flowers, slightly tinged externally with purple, expand only in bright weather, drooping and closing on the approach of rain. One poet elegantly describes the flowers of this anemone in the following lines:—

"Nymph of the wood and forest glade!
In thy own fair vestal robes arrayed.
In the calm of the silent sylvan bowers,
'Tis sweet to gaze on thy drooping flowers.
Chaste and pure as the driven snow,
Yet faintly tinged with a purple glow.
Like mountain crests,
On some alpine height,
When the snow-drift rests
In the morning light!"

The leaves, too, are of a very elegant form, and altogether the plant is very suitable for a design for a wall-paper, when the pattern is required to be small.

The lesser celandine, or pilewort (*Ficaria ranunculoides*), has bright, shining, golden-yellow flowers, which to many will appear at first sight to resemble those of the buttercup, though upon examination it will be found that their petals are numerous and sharp-pointed, while those of the buttercup are rounded, and their number never exceeds five. The poet Wordsworth has sung the praises of this little flower in the following lines:—

"Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets
They will have a place in story.
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

See its varnish'd golden flowers,
Peeping through the chilling showers,
Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come, with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast,
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit;
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face,
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee."

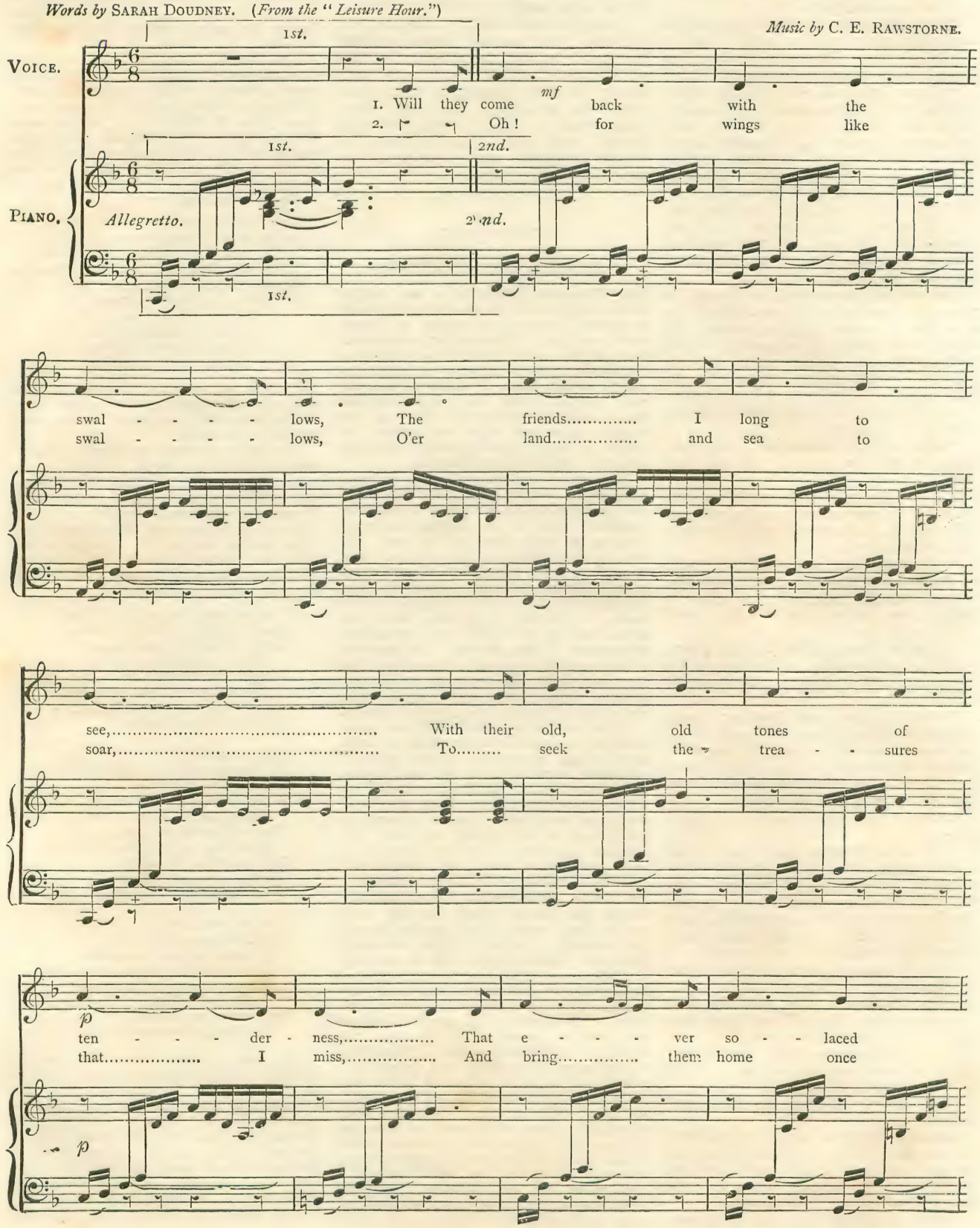
The roots of this little plant are very curious; they are tuberous, and are produced in little bunches. By some they have been compared to very small figs, and hence the plant has received the generic name of *Ficaria*. Others think them more like grains of wheat, and as they lie very near the surface of the ground, and are easily laid bare by a heavy shower of rain, they are supposed to have given rise to the strange stories sometimes told of showers of wheat having fallen, and

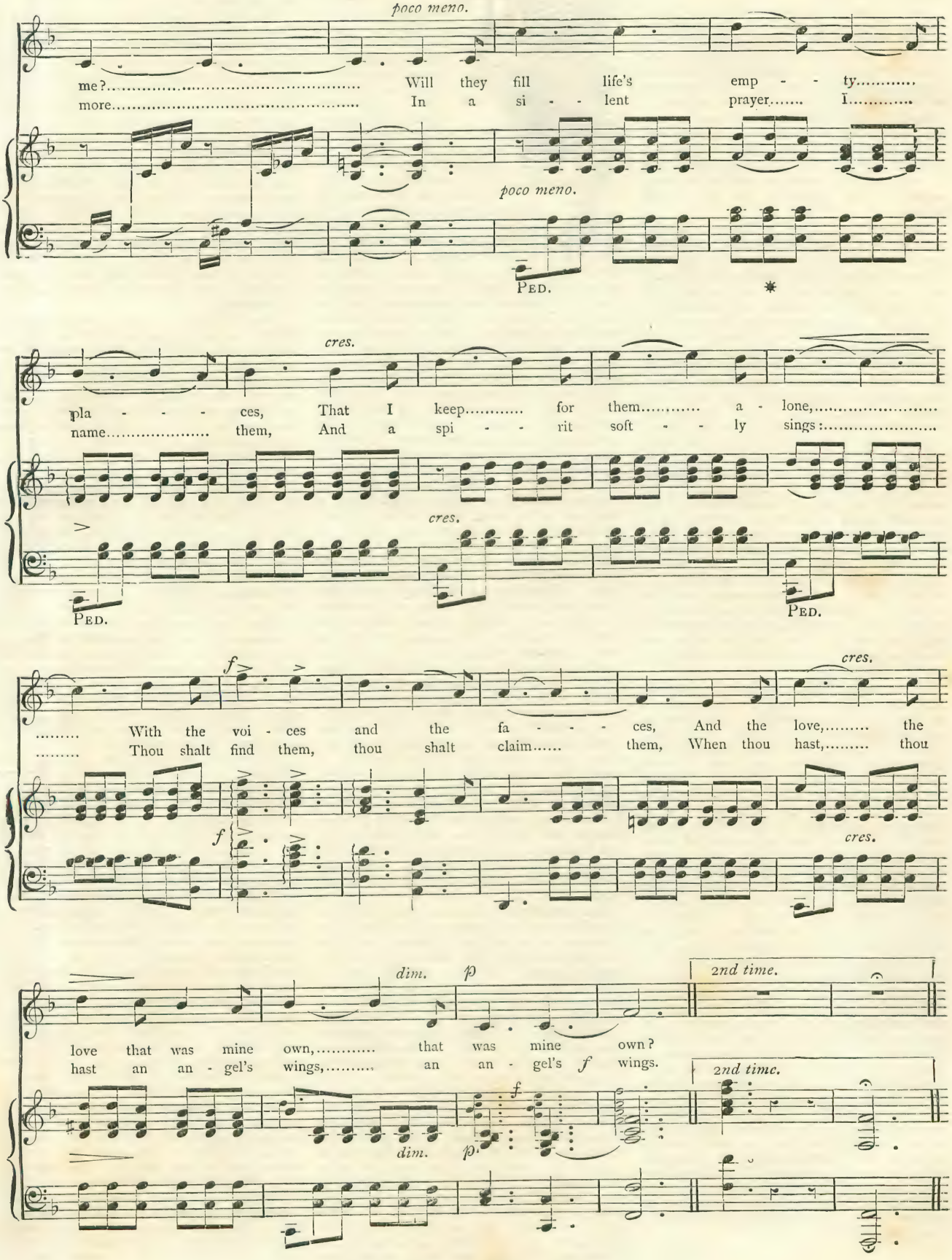
(*Continued on page* 430.)

ABSENT FRIENDS

Words by SARAH DOUDNEY. (*From the "Leisure Hour."*)

Music by C. E. RAWSTORNE.




poco meno.
me?..... Will they fill life's emp - - ty.....
more..... In a si - - lent prayer..... I.....
poco meno.
PED.
*
cres.
pla - - - - ces, That I keep..... for them..... a - lone,.....
name..... them, And a spi - - rit soft - - ly sings:.....
cres.
PED.
PED.
f
cres.
..... With the voi - ces and the fa - - - - ces, And the love,..... the
..... Thou shalt find them, thou shalt claim..... them, When thou hast,..... thou
f
cres.
dim.
p
2nd time.
love that was mine own,..... that was mine own?
hast an an - gel's wings,..... an an - gel's f wings.
2nd time.
f
dim.
p

(*Continued from page* 427.)

having been seen by the country people in woods and thickets.

The catkins of several of the forest trees are sometimes to be seen in this month, and are very singular and worthy of examination. Those of several kinds of poplar are very conspicuous, especially the large dark-red catkins of the black poplar, looking, when they have fallen on the ground, like great caterpillars.

In our gardens the almond, the apricot, and the peach will generally be in flower; as will the bright and attractive *Pyrus* or *Cydonia japonica*, and several of the ash berberries or mahonias. The crocuses, too, and other hardy bulbs, and the hepaticas, will be in full beauty.

For those who take an interest in the feathered race, there will be much real enjoyment, for many of our birds will be again in full song in the hopeful spring months, and actively engaged in building their nests, many of which are most curious and interesting. Of all the British songsters, the common thrush is perhaps the best known, and also the most general favourite; for, of our larger singing birds, it is almost universally regarded as the best, possessing to a greater extent than others a combination of the three important requisites—viz., power, quality of tone, and variety. Not only does the thrush begin to sing early in Spring, but its song may be heard through a considerable portion of the year. The bird is, moreover, elegant in shape, inoffensive in habit, sprightly in action, and engaging by its confidence. It is, too, most useful to us in our gardens, for it feeds on insects, worms, and snails. It is curious to watch this bird cracking the shells of the snails against a stone. An amusing story is told of a tame thrush, on being let out of its cage to fly about a room, took its mistress's pincushion, which was made in a whelk's shell, and hit it as hard as it possibly could against the table, in the hope, no doubt, of finding a snail concealed within the shell.

Of the nests of birds that may be found at this time, perhaps some of the most curious are those of the sand-martins. These may be said to consist simply of holes in the perpendicular front of a sandbank, being sometimes so deep as to take a man's arm up to his shoulder without reaching the bottom. Rennie describes the mode in which the sand-martin makes its nest. He says he has seen one of these birds "cling with its sharp claws to the face of a sandbank, and peg in its bill as a miner would do his pickaxe, till it had loosened a considerable portion of the hard sand, and tumbled it down amongst the rubbish below. In these preliminary operations it never makes use of its claws for digging; indeed, it is impossible it could, for they are indispensable in maintaining its position, at least when it is beginning its hole." The holes made by some of these birds are as nearly circular as if they had been drawn with a pair of compasses. The bird begins in the centre and works outwards, changing its position continually, and it is as often hanging from the roof with its back downwards, as standing on the floor. When the hole is of considerable depth, the bird always scrapes out with its feet the sand detached by the bill; but so carefully is this performed, that it never scratches up the unmined sand or disturbes the plane of the floor, which rather slopes upwards, and, of course, the lodgment of rain is thereby prevented. There is a whole colony of these birds in the sandbanks near Woking, in Surrey; and there are others in various parts of Great Britain, from Devonshire to the north of Scotland.

D. W.

MAIDENHOOD.

THE dew glistening on the daisy-sprinkled meadow, the rays of morning falling on spring flowers, the breeze leaping lightly over the mountain-tops. Such are the comparisons which rise up in our minds when we speak the words "Christian maidenhood." We feel as if we were entering a sanctuary when we approach the subject, as if we were treading almost holy ground; and yet it is a subject on which the broad daylight of everyday life must be permitted to shine freely if we would consider it aright. We want our maidens to have the purity of the early dew, the brightness of the morning, the freshness of the mountain breeze, and yet, added to all these things, we want them to be useful and helpful members of society, not creatures of dreamland and of air. A Christian girl must always have about her something of the shy perfume of the violet, and yet, at the same time, she must have in her nature and character something of the strength of the young trees of the forest that lift aloft their leaf-crowned heads in graceful pride.

One of the most indispensable qualities of true maidenhood, a quality which forms a chief part of the scent of the violet, is a real, inherent modesty of thought and feeling; a modesty which must shine in softened, chastened light in a girl's eyes, and tinge her cheek, and be written in every fold of her very dress. When it gets woven, as it were, into the whole texture of her character, it becomes a shield, which often, almost unknown to herself, is guarding her, making her, with a rapid movement which in its quick, intuitive working is more like instinct than reason, turn away from the companionship, or the book, or the place which might, in the faintest degree, lead her towards miry, uneven paths. It is a quality which mothers and teachers should endeavour to let their girls draw into their being with their earliest breath; it should be taught softly in the very cradle-songs which lull the tiny maiden, should pervade the sights and sounds of her nursery; it is a quality which the Christian girl, as thought and intelligence grow and expand and strengthen, should foster for herself, with courage, with sweet seriousness of bearing, above all with religious reading and earnest prayer.

This modesty of which we speak is not at all a thing that will lower a girl either in her own eyes or in the eyes of others; far from that, it should and does lead on to a gentle, graceful pride. Without a certain touch of pride of this sort maidenhood is incomplete. It is a pride that surrounds our girls with a mild halo, that even when it is most radiant never dazzles, that makes a nameless perfume float around their steps. Maidenhood is a queenly word, and there must be something of queenliness always with it when we find it in its highest perfection of beauty. It is a queenliness which bears in its hand an enchanted, golden sceptre, one wave of which makes the air around pure; it is a queenliness which works with wondrous, elevating power on all the men who draw near her who possesses it. This queenliness has nothing to do with pride in dress or personal attractions, though, where these latter exist, it sets them off in a way that girls are little aware of, or they would, perhaps, strive more to gain it. Fortunate and highly blest are the young men whose sisters are adorned with this most precious jewel of womanhood; contact with it will raise their tone of feeling and thought as nothing else can do.

Yes, our girls must not forget the royalty of their maidenhood, and must remember that in it they hold a very mighty weapon for God in their hands. By it they can raise the whole standard of opinion and tone in the society in which they move; by it they can banish all things low, and frivolous, and unbecoming from the conversation round them; by it they can help on God's cause, while they are helping on the cause of woman. A girl must never fail to exact a certain amount of reverence in word and outward behaviour from every man with whom she is in daily intercourse, even from a brother. This maidenly royalty, however, when it is developed aright, will have nothing of dulness, and heaviness, and prudishness about it; it will always be accompanied with an airy grace that will charm every mind as with an irresistible spell.

The mention of this grace leads us on to the next most essential attribute of Christian maidenhood, and that is graciousness. There are few things in nature at once more unlovely and more out of place than a sulky girl, or a girl with sharp, haughty words on her lips, and gloom and arrogance sitting, with folded wings, on her brow. A girl should be always sweet-tempered, always ready to oblige in small matters as well as great; always swift, as far as she is able, to minister to the comfort of others. Her bright looks should be the very sunshine of her home, without which father, mother, and brothers feel cold and lost; her voice and rippling laughter the very music of the house, without which the rooms and passages are as the woods in winter-time when the birds are dumb. Maidenhood is all light, all breezy sweetness, and our girls must always remember, with thankful happiness, that one of their chief missions is to bring joy and comfort wherever they go, and that this can never be done so well as by attending to all the small wants, and wishes, and worries, and troubles of those with whom they live. These may seem, at first sight, trivial, prosaic things, but out of such things, cared for in a tender, lofty, Christian spirit, is made life's fullest music.

Maidenhood is never so lowered and weakened as when a girl fancies she can make herself appear strong and bold by adopting the habits, and manners, and talk of men. There is, unluckily, at the present day a tendency for our young women to assume manly words and habits, and even to approach towards manly ways in their dress. Fashion has brought this about, and it is one of the high duties of Christian maidenhood to combat steadily such a fashion. The slang expression; the fiction which holds up as its heroine a bold, daring, free and easy type of womanhood; the attire, which has a certain flavour of manishness about it; all these things should be quietly but decisively avoided by a Christian girl in her walk through life. If a young woman steadfastly sets her face against such things, it is wonderful what a change she may work among her surroundings. Her companions would grow ashamed of displaying an inclination for such things in her presence. Her example would make its way slowly but surely; her influence would help towards the putting away of such ways and practices from among us—ways and practices that injure the bloom, and charm, and power of Christian maidenhood as the caterpillar does the rose. Girls are most grievously mistaken when they think that these fashions in talk, and behaviour, and appearance make them lovely and interesting in the eyes of men. When they adopt them they simply make themselves a subject either of mockery or pity to every man with

whom they come in contact, unless the man is utterly devoid of every spark of wit and every grain of sense. Let maidenhood, then, never forget to be essentially womanly, for when she tries to be manly, she simply loses all that is good and beautiful and highest in her own sex, without gaining a single noble or attractive quality of true manhood in its place.

Maidenhood—that is, Christian maidenhood—must be very careful of her dress and outward seeming. This may appear at first a small matter, but when we take it as affecting the whole mass of women in a town or neighbourhood it is a great one. Any extreme of fashion should be looked at doubtfully and adopted sparingly by a young woman of sense and feeling. Any large outlay of money in dress should be shrunk from by her. Does not her heart tell her that it is far better and sweeter to feed the hungry and clothe the orphan than to array herself in some new fashion of the hour, which will be old-fashioned to-morrow? Would not her money bring her a much more lasting gratification if she spent it on new books or music? No girl should be untidily dressed. Every girl may and ought to try to dress becomingly, but this can be done without any very lavish expense when the eye knows the meaning of good taste, and the neat, skilful hand follows its directions. Christian maidenhood should strive to have her outward appearance full of harmony and grace, so that it may be, in some measure, an exterior visible sign of the soul within.

Let every girl be rather slow than hasty to leave her maidenhood for the married state. There is nothing more lowering to womanhood, nothing so repulsive to high ideas of female delicacy, than a young woman making it the one aim and object of her life to be married; and yet, how often do we see this the case in modern English society! How often do we see a young lady display her intentions in this respect with the most cool, unblushing boldness; how often is the fact made painfully apparent in many of the matrimonial connections contracted in the world around us! Let Christian girls shun and look down upon this hasty eagerness for marriage as utterly beneath the dignity of their maidenhood. In our day there are, thank God! many beautiful, and useful, and ennobling works which may be undertaken by girls in their maiden years, therefore there is no possible reason why they should want to hurry into marriage. There are schools for our girls to teach in, schools of the poor and ignorant; there are Christ's sick and weak to be tended; there are hearts and minds that have never tasted of the blessed gospel fountain waiting for draughts from the water of life; there is knowledge of varied kind to be won; there are talents to be cultivated; there is every facility given in our time for the intellectual improvement of women. Our girls, then, cannot complain that marriage is forced upon them as the only path in life open to woman. Let a Christian girl go bravely on, making herself useful, and making herself happy, and resting calmly in her maiden dignity, without anxious longing to rush into the married state.

There is nothing also so contrary to Christian maidenhood as a marriage formed for worldly motives, and motives of personal interest. The girl who marries for rank or wealth, simply to make herself the mistress of a grand establishment, simply to have more money to spend than she has in her father's house, is but few degrees removed from making herself a bale of rare merchandise that is sold to the highest bidder. Besides, what can be further from the spirit of Christianity than the state of mind of a woman who takes the most solemn vows of love, and faith, and reverence to a man who, in her inmost heart, she regards with nothing better than cool indifference? Can any act of basest dishonesty, any word of meanest untruth and deceit, be baser and meaner than this? Marriage is one of God's own highest and holiest institutions; but can there be a more complete and calmly carried-out deed of mockery against the Almighty than a marriage of this kind? Let our girls tremble at this thought. Unless her heart goes fully and entirely with it, let no Christian girl give away her hand; this free giving of herself is one of the most queenly privileges of English Christian maidenhood, but our maidens must take good heed how they use it. No girl who is a child of light, a daughter of the kingdom, will give herself away for such an empty bubble as a title or a higher position in worldly society, or for such a low, sordid thing as a large income; no girl who has been brought from her earliest years to serve the Master will give herself away to a man who is not a soldier of her King, with whom she cannot pray, with whom she cannot speak of high and sacred things, who will not walk bravely heavenward at her side.

Maidenhood is a season in young women's lives which should be filled with active employment, with gaining stores of knowledge and strength that will stand them in good stead in the battle or the sorrow which, in future years, may be before them. Our girls must not make their days one round of light amusement. They are young and bright, and there is busy life thrilling and tingling in every fancy, in every nerve, in every impulse of heart and mind; and who would waste such good, precious things as these in hurrying from house to house, visiting people that have no real place in our affections or even our esteem, in sitting for hours with some bit of almost useless embroidery or crewel work in the hand, chattering about the merest trifles, or making silly jokes about love and marriage—matters which are too serious to be treated with aught but seriousness—or repeating small fragments of petty gossip and scandal, to which ill-nature makes a piquant sauce by hint, and shrug, and significant glance?

Far otherwise from this would we see the hours, from morn till evening, of our Christian girls mapped out. A portion of each day should be given up to really useful reading, reading that will keep the mental faculties in healthy activity, and exercise the memory. Any talent that is possessed, such as music or drawing, should be carefully and industriously cultivated; a girl always keeping in mind that, though she may have left school, her education is far from finished. The economy of time must be learnt, and regular habits of application must be gained, for these are things in which women are naturally inclined to be in fault. Above all, prayer and Bible reading must never be neglected, and some task of earnest work for God and man, such as school-teaching or district visiting, must be undertaken and faithfully fulfilled, even though some pleasure has, sometimes, to be given up that it may be done. In this last point let our girls be very severe with themselves. If they take any duty of this sort in hand, let them do it in a thorough, complete way, not rushing into it with rapid eagerness to-day, and then forgetting it to-morrow for some light cause, or at the best doing it in a careless, unfinished manner. When the days of maidenhood are thus well filled and employed, when, in the course of them, the mind is enlarged, the character strengthened, good work done for others, and the religious foundations of the soul laid deeper and deeper, instead of the whole period being one senseless picture of light amusement and aimless frivolity, it becomes a blessing to a Christian woman's life.

Thus we see that Christian maidenhood, in all its attributes, in all its duties, is a very high and noble thing—a thing to make the whole world purer and sweeter, a thing that may struggle bravely for God, a thing that angels may look down on with joy. Let our girls, and all who teach and influence them, thus look on maidenhood, which belongs to Him who came to save and lift up. Let our girls strive to draw daily closer and closer to Him in thought and deed and word, and the days of their earthly maidenhood shall add a radiant jewel to their heavenly coronet when they sit down at the supper of the Lamb above.

ALICE KING.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

HEATHER CUP.—*Agevole* is Italian, and means, "lightly, and with facility"; *volante*, "flying," a light and rapid series of notes. The Pestalozzian system of education was devised by John Henry Pestalozzi, a native of Zurich, Switzerland, in 1746, who died 1827. He turned his farm into a school for educating poor children in reading and writing, &c., and was the inventor of the monitorial or mutual instruction system, afterward adopted by Lancaster.

ONE WHO IS FOND OF MUSIC and JENNIE STRANGE.—We see no reason why you should not make fair progress in music, if you begin to learn now, when you are twenty-four years of age. You are anxious to learn, and are not likely to waste your time, nor to be so slow of comprehension as a younger person. Your chance will be improved if you find a kind and patient mistress.

MARY L. A.—You would do better with someone to give you a few lessons in tuning the guitar, if not in playing it. Both instruments would be cheaper to you if you purchased them secondhand.

IRENE and ORGANIST.—The National Training School for Music, at Kensington Gore, W.C., offers free instruction to English subjects of both sexes, and without limit of age, upon success in competitive examinations. Some of the scholarships carry also exhibitions for maintenance. Write to the secretary for information.

COOKERY.

E. A. H.—Many thanks for your letter. To make lobster cutlets proceed as follows:—Take one tin of lobster, one egg, and a few breadcrumbs. Pound the lobster into a stiff paste, smooth and fine, add a little cayenne pepper, and, if you like, some anchovy sauce. Put the lobster on a plate, well working it with a fork until it becomes quite smooth, and be formed into a round shape by the plate. Then cut it into eight sections, brush over each piece with the egg, beaten up, dip into the breadcrumbs, and fry in either lard or dripping.

WILD WAVES.—In various fruit-jellies the juice of the fruit is mixed with water to make up the quantity of liquid, and the wine and brandy may then be omitted. There is really no need of the spirit if you can use any other liquid. Where jelly is ordered as nourishment, in case of illness, the method of making it must be regulated by the doctor's wishes.

LOTTIE D.—Take the onions just after they have been harvested, or taken up, in September, when ripe and dry. Take off the two outer skins with a silver knife, and as fast as they are ready put them into a dry bottle and cover them with cold vinegar. Tie them down closely, and they will be ready for use in three weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STUPID ONE.—Our little friend who has adopted so ignominious a name has contrived to make a wonderful guess at the reason "why the mention of weaving made in the Book of Job" should be "the first allusion to the art" in Holy Scripture—that made in the "Book of Judges," xvi. 13, 14, notwithstanding—viz., "that the Book of Job was written before that of the Judges." Yes, by some it is computed that Job was a contemporary of Isaac; by others that he was the grandson of Esau, and was identical with Jobab (1st Chr. i. 44); and by others again as having lived even prior to the time of Abraham. But, if not very quick in understanding one remark in the article on "Linen," our young friend is certainly not a "stupid one" in perceiving the drift of the whole article, which was to furnish a method for the more careful and interesting study of the Holy Scriptures. We thank her warmly for so kindly expressing her appreciation of our efforts.

E. B. S.—Cards should not be sent at any time by post. If they be left personally, one is generally left for the master of the house, and one for each of the grown-up sons, or any visitor staying in the house.

RUBY C.—Wash the crewel work in tepid water with soap, rinse it, and, if possible, wring through a machine, so as to make it perfectly dry.

ROMOLA.—You will find in the *Leisure Hour* for March an article on "Lamarck and Darwin," which will explain to you all about the doctrine of Evolution, showing how far it is true, with its relation to natural and revealed religion.

SPES.—Apply to the Admiralty, or if you live near a dockyard, make inquiries there.

CLAUDIA.—Use Pope's translation of the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," if you cannot procure a more modern one. The "Conquest of Mexico," by Prescott, is an excellent book.

ONE OF ELEVEN.—There are Moravian schools at Fairfield, near Manchester, at Fulneek, near Leeds, and Pytherton, in Wiltshire. Address the Head Mistress in each case.

A SOLDIER'S FIANCEE.—There is no other meaning than that the young lady has said "yes," and the young man is going away.

UNE GENEVOISE.—We were not at all "shock" at the style of your kind and funny little letter, and think your self-acquired knowledge of English wonderful. Order THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The postage to Switzerland is 2d. each number.

SAILOR.—The belief that those who are born at sea belong to the parish of Stepney is included by Brand in his list of "Vulgar Errors."

QUERY.—There are no less than four martyrs, bishops, and saints called "Donatus," from any of whom the road may take its name.

A KENTISH GIRL.—Surnames were first used in England in the latter part of the tenth century. They were introduced by the Norman conquerors, and were chiefly derived from the names of the continental estates of the bearers of them, or from places within their seignories abroad. Camden says that "there is scarcely a single village in Normandy which has not surnamed a family in England." Families of native lineage also, after the example of the victors, adopted hereditary surnames, derived from manors and other localities. Amongst these we may reckon the De Fords, De Ashburnhams, and De Newtons.

AN INSTRUCTION SEEKER.—The names of the two thieves crucified with our Saviour are said, by tradition, to have been Dimas and Gestas, the former being he unto whom the promise was vouchsafed—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." We believe it is supposed that the Hebrew words rendered "pieces of money," denoted a piece having on it the stamp or impression of a lamb or sheep, intimating thereby its current value. In Genesis xxxiii. 19, you will find it rendered "lambs" in the margin of your Bible. The "thirty pieces of silver" received by Judas was the "stater," a Greek silver coin, each worth about 2s. 1d., or perhaps more.

PET BIRDIE.—We have had a cat and a bird simultaneously, and watched the process of training, in reference to the former, performed daily by an old servant. She used to hold up the cat near the cage, and when it began to "chatter" at the bird she scolded and buffeted it with a handkerchief, then set it down on the floor, and drove it out of the room. The plan certainly succeeded, for whenever the cat saw the bird, after this discipline had been carried on for a certain time, it used to fly from the room as if chased by a pack of hounds. The servant was quite as fond of the cat as of the bird, and even preferred it of the two. But our bird remained in its cage; and if yours be free to fly about, its danger is far greater. We thank you for so kind a letter. Your writing is good.

CORAL.—Either the wax or the spirits of wine in which it was to be dissolved must have been of a very inferior kind, as we never knew the method to fail.

DOT and DANDY.—1. Pack the flowers in cotton-wool, very lightly, yet so as to cover them completely; and lay them in a cardboard box securely wrapped in paper. 2. A gentleman should give a lady whichever arm will permit her to take the inside of the footway or pavement. He should never place her on the outside.

JENNY JONES.—If you have no friends in town, yet have sufficient time for spending a few hours here, we advise your going direct to the British Museum or South Kensington, and make a study of one gallery after another. Then make a tour of the National and some of the other picture galleries, including Gustave Doré's, where you will find a comfortable place of rest when tired. We should advise you to go to these places provided with a notebook, and thus impress on your memory all that you have seen. A visit now and then to the Crystal Palace would compensate you for your trouble, especially as there is an excellent reading-room and library there to which ladies have access on paying one penny. On certain days in the week the South Kensington is free; on others the charge for entrance is 6d. The British Museum and National Gallery are always free when open, but you must obtain information from the newspapers. 2. Your writing is almost too large already. The large modern hand is very coarse and vulgar.

SUSIE.—Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt), is living. Gentlemen in England do not usually wear betrothal rings.

AN ÆSTHETIC SPARROW.—Père la Chaise was the favourite and confessor of Louis XIV., who made him the superior of a great establishment of the Jesuits on this spot, then named Mont Louis. The house and grounds were bought for a national cemetery, which was laid out by M. Brongniart, and first used on May 21, 1804.

A MOTHER OF A WORKING LAD.—Giddiness may arise from various causes. In your son's case we should say that it arose from weakness, and that tonics, wine, and a liberal diet would be beneficial. But we could not advise you as to what particular tonic he should take. You had better consult a medical man on the subject.

A READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The different sounds of the letter "c" is one of the anomalies of the English alphabet. It is like "s" before "e," "i," and "y," as in "cell," "civil," "cymbal," except, "sceptic," "cymry;" hard like "k" before "a, o, u, r, l, t." The relative pronoun agrees with its antecedent in gender and number; in case it may be nominative, genitive, or objective, governed by a verb or a preposition. Example—"Who is that?" Answer, "The lady to whom you were introduced."

EDINBURGH.—If this young person be unable to discover a greater flaw in our magazine than an obvious oversight or misprint in reference to a single word, and that in a correspondence of such magnitude, we can only congratulate ourselves in having passed through the ordeal with rare success. We beg, at the same time, to offer her our sincere condolences on the pitiful disappointment which she must have experienced.

A CAMBRIDGE SENIOR.—1. We are not told how near the king permitted Gehazi to approach him; and without doubt he took care to keep him at a safe distance. Elisha and the servant whom he sent to speak with Naaman the leper did not catch the disease by speaking to him; nor did the "ten men that were lepers," who were healed by our Lord, communicate it by approaching Him or His disciples sufficiently near for speaking with Him. "Dwelling without the camp" was, of course, essential, as the disease was contagious; and it would not have been safe for others to enter their dwellings and touch anything which they had handled. 2. The illustration marked "a" shows a correct prism.

WALLFLOWER.—You had better try sand, glass, or emery paper, and use whichever of them answers best. Where the edges of the stone are sharp, be careful not to blunt them. "Genoa cake" is made as follows:—Ingredients required: Half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, ditto sugar, four eggs, a small glass of brandy, and a little salt. Mix the flour, sugar, eggs, brandy and salt well together in a basin with a wooden spoon, then add the butter (merely melted by the side of the fire), and when this is thoroughly incorporated with the batter, pour it into an appropriately-sized tin baking-sheet (previously spread with butter) to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch, and bake this in an oven moderately heated. When it is done, it should be turned out upon a sheet of paper, and cut, or stamped out, either in circular, oblong, oval, leaf-like, or any other fancy shape that taste may suggest. These may then be decorated with white of egg and sugar, prepared as for "méringues," or with icing prepared as directed for wedding-cakes.

G. E. C.—We think that, with a sheet of blotting paper and a hot iron, you might succeed in taking the grease spots out of the wall paper.

ERNEST'S WIFE.—Shrove Tuesday derives its name from the ancient practice, in the Church of Rome, of confessing sins and being shrived, or shrove, that is, obtaining absolution on this day. Pancakes were originally to be eaten after dinner, to stay the stomachs of those who went to be shriven. The Shrove bell was called the "Pancake bell," and the day of shriving "Pancake Tuesday."

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DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

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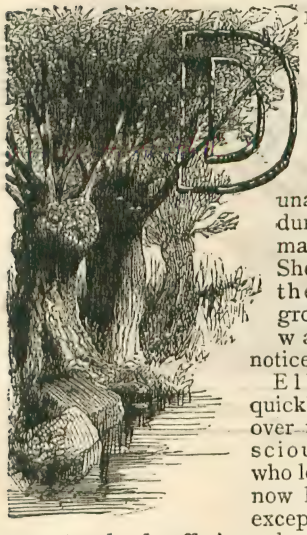
"HE FOUND HER STANDING BESIDE THE CRIB."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TAKEN.



DESSIE followed after the three, unnerved and trembling, yet unable to endure to remain behind. She kept in the background and was not noticed.

Ella was quickly bending over the unconscious child, who looked even now like death, except that there was a touch of suffering about the quiet little face. Mrs. Fitzroy and the nurse were shedding tears, but Ella had grown suddenly calm, and Cecil stood watching, with his face still stern, as if a battle were going on below. Harry had his finger on the tiny wrist.

"I should like Mr. Crewe to be sent for," Ella said, gently.

"No use," her husband answered. "He was going to a distance, and he will not be back till late. He told me he feared this, dear, and said that nothing could be done."

"Nothing," repeated Ella.

She bent lower, and pressed her lips to the fair forehead. "My baby——" she murmured. "It is almost over now. O Hughie, darling, it will be better for you to be *there*."

And presently she looked up with almost a smile. "Don't you see, Cecil—he half opened his eyes, and I *think* he knew me."

They would not contradict her. She hung over him fondly, and the rest waited round; but the waiting was not long. For the pulse grew momentarily more feeble, and the breath became more fluttering, and at length Harry laid down the waxen hand and looked at his brother.

"Ella, dearest, you must come away now," said Cecil.

She understood him, and only paused to press one passionate kiss upon the baby face, settling into its last repose. Then she turned to obey; but her overtasked strength seemed suddenly to fail her, and she had to be carried from the room.

It was long before anyone thought of Dessie. For more than an hour Ella's state engrossed general attention. At the end of that time, nurse, who had been once or twice in and out, signed to Harry to follow her from the room, and said in a low voice, "I don't know whether you can do anything with Miss Dessie, sir, for I can't. She won't leave the nursery, and it isn't right she should stay in there alone."

Harry went thither at once, blaming himself for not remembering Dessie sooner. He found her standing beside the crib, in an attitude of complete hopelessness, and when he spoke to her she gave no sign of hearing.

"Dessie, you had better come away with me," he repeated; and as she still made no response, he shook her gently to arouse her. She released herself, with an impatient movement, and a "Don't!"

"You must not stay here," he said.

"If you would leave me alone, please," muttered Dessie. "There's no other place fit——"

"Have you been here all the last hour?" asked Harry.

"I don't know. Not quite all. I couldn't stay anywhere else. I'd rather be here—than—seeing Ella!"

"Poor dear Ella!" Harry said, feelingly.

"She will die too."

"No, no, I am not afraid of that. But we must keep her very quiet for some days. The strain has been great."

He was silent for a minute, looking at the tiny peaceful face on the pillow.

"Poor little child! After all, it is the most merciful thing for him. If he had lived to grow up, he could never have been anything but a pain and trouble to his friends."

Dessie made no answer, but she leant against the back of a chair, trembling so violently that she must have fallen without support.

"You are not well," he said. "This has been too much for you."

"I don't know. I am only—cold," said Dessie, her teeth chattering.

"Come down into the drawing-room. You will feel better there. Shall I get you anything hot to drink?"

"O no, thank you. I shall be all right."

She allowed him to give her his arm, and to help her downstairs. Once out of the nursery and away from the sight of little Hugh, the shivering lessened, but she looked wan and unhappy. Harry stood gazing at her solicitously.

"You are not quite so strong as you used to be, Dessie," he said. "One is apt to forget that. Better now?"

Dessie hardly uttered the word "Yes." Her mind was on something else, and she suddenly asked, "Has Cecil told you?"

"Told me what?"

"What I told him."

"I have heard nothing particular. What do you mean?"

"About Hughie. That—that his illness—was—was my doing."

The words dropped slowly. Harry heard in bewilderment, scarcely able to believe his own ears.

"*Your* doing!"

"Not mine alone, but Anne's and mine. He fell off the sofa—on his head. Why didn't Cecil tell you?" asked Dessie, bitterly. "Everybody has to know it, of course—but I *can't* tell all over again."

"You wish Cecil to have the pain of doing so, that you may be spared," Harry said, coldly.

She looked up with a start. "I—I didn't mean that. I did not think. O Harry—don't," for the set of his face had grown harsh in its displeasure. "I am so wretched."

"As you have good reason to be," he said.

"I can't help it—now," she moaned.

"Why was it never made known until now?"

"I—couldn't. I had promised. O Harry—can't you feel a little pity for me? I am so dreadfully punished."

One or two heavy tears fell, and he came a step nearer. "Indeed, yes, Dessie," he said, his severity of manner relaxing. "I pity you from my heart, if this tale is true—I mean, if I understand it rightly. You have laid a life-long burden upon yourself. How is it that you never told?"

"I couldn't. I had promised," she said again. "I had to wait till I could get leave."

She mentioned a few of the leading facts brokenly, as he seemed to be waiting for them, ending with, "I would give anything now—anything—if only I had not kept it secret."

"Yes, that would have removed all responsibility from yourself, beyond the blame attaching to a moment's carelessness," Harry answered. "It is a sad business. I could wish that Ella had heard it on any day except this."

"I always do things wrong," Dessie said, not complainingly, but with hopeless acquiescence in an undeniable fact. "Please tell the others for me. And tell them I have left in Cecil's hands about Anne. He has given a kind of promise that nothing shall be done to take away her character."

"She deserves—anything."

"She is sorry now, and she has no children to take care of, so there is no need to speak. I know what everybody will feel about me—and I must just bear it. Cecil says he forgives, but I don't see how he really can."

"He has said not a word to me on the subject. But poor Ella — this explains——"

"What?" asked Dessie.

Harry made no answer, and she shivered again.

"You can tell them all, please," she repeated. "And say that I know exactly how they will feel, so they needn't try to hide it."

"You are thinking a great deal, Dessie, about other people, and their opinion. But what about God?"

Dessie looked steadily down.

"I don't know how the matter strikes you. *I* see in it sin against God—sin persevered in, month after month."

"I would have told, if I could," murmured Dessie.

"What—at first? Did you try to get Anne's consent?"

"No, not then. I didn't wish it then, I suppose—but later."

"When you were abroad, what steps did you take?"

Dessie was silent.

"Look the matter honestly in the face," he said. "My own belief is that if you had, at any time from the very first, really and sincerely wished to do what was right, irrespective of your own feelings, you would not have felt the promise—*such* a promise—binding upon

you. But supposing it were binding, and supposing you could not gain Anne's leave to speak, what was to hinder you from taking either Cecil or Mr. Crewe into your confidence, and telling that you knew of a fall in *your* presence, refusing to blame anyone else?"

"They would have guessed about Anne directly?"

"And if they had—what then? Was it of the greater importance to shield an unprincipled girl from the results of her own careless conduct, or to save little Hugh, if possible, from life-long suffering and loss? Did you ever seriously weigh the matter, Dessie? Did you ever really *wish* to tell—until perhaps lately?"

She shook her head.

"That was it. You made the most of your promise, as a means of sheltering yourself from blame. There is where the real sin and evil lie. I am not underrating the importance of one's given word, and I would not do so on any account. A promise is a solemn thing. But here was a promise which you had no right to make. You ought at once to have seen or written to the girl—at once, I mean, when you woke to the fact that it was wrong,—telling her frankly that you could not and would not keep it, and giving her the option of making the confession herself. You say you would have told if you could, but it is plain that you made no efforts to be free."

"I know," said Dessie, mournfully. "It is as bad as can be."

Harry's manner changed. "You must not think me unkind," he said. "I do pity you from my heart—even more than I pity Ella and Cecil. My only marvel is that you could have been, or at least have appeared, so cheerful, with such a weight on you, and my fear is that you may explain away the evil to yourself, and make little of what really is much."

"I don't think I shall," said Dessie. "I have *not* been happy for a long, long while, whatever I seemed. I couldn't be—how could I?—with such a secret. And indeed I did think often about God's forgiveness, but I didn't dare to ask or look for it, till I should tell Ella all—or, at least, till I really meant to tell."

"You will pray now, Dessie?"

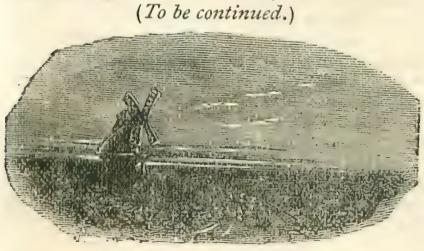
She was sobbing too much for words, but presently she managed to say: "If I could only be sure——"

"There is the promise," Harry said, in a low voice. "And there is the cleansing blood, Dessie. No sins are too great for that."

"But it has gone on such a long while——"

"Yes—only not *too* long for God's forgiving love," was Harry's answer.

(*To be continued.*)



GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Fourth: The Linnet or Lintie—The Robin.

"Ye ken where yon wee burnie, love,
Runs roarin' to the sea,
And tumbles o'er its rocky bed
Like spirit wild and free.
The mellow mavis tunes his lay,
The blackbird swells his note,
And little robin sweetly sings
Above the woody grot."

W. Cameron.

"The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
The lintie in the bosky dell,
No blyther than your bonnie sel',
My ain, my artless Mary."

Idem.

SCOTTISH poets cannot keep birds out of their love songs anymore than they can the gloaming star, the bloom of flowers, the scent of golden gorse, or soft winds sighing through woods in summer. And well may the lovely wee linnet be compared to a young and artless maiden, so good and innocent, so gentle and unobtrusive is the bird, and yet withal so blithe. Nor could a better pet be found for girls of a quiet, retiring disposition than the linnet. Some call it a shy bird. This hardly coincides with my own experience, and I dearly like to study the characters of birds and animals of all kinds, and have often discovered something to love and admire even in the wildest beasts that ever roamed o'er prairie or roared in jungle. No, the linnet is not shy, but he is unostentatious; he seems to have the tact to know when a little music would be appreciated, and is by no means loath to trill his sweet song. He is also most affectionate, and if his mistress be but moderately kind to him, he may *like* other people well enough, but he will *love* but her alone, and will often and often pipe forth a few bars in so low a key that she cannot but perceive they are meant for her ear only.

Even in the wild state the rose-linnet courts retirement. Thinking and writing about this bird brings me back to the days of my boyhood. I am a tiny, tiny lad trudging home from the distant day-school, over a wide wild moorland with about a stone of books—Greek and Latin classics and lexicons—in a leathern strap over my shoulder. I am—as I ever wished to be—alone. That is, I have no human companionship. But I have that of the wild birds, and the thousand and one wild creatures that inhabit this great stretch of heathy wold, and I fancy they all know me, from yonder hawk poised high in the air to the yerlin that sings on a branch of broom; from the wily fox or fierce polecat to the wee mouse that nestles among the withered grass. I have about a score of nests to pay a visit to—the great long-winged screaming whaup's (curlew's) among the rushes, the mire-snipe's and wild duck's near the marsh; the water hen's, with her charming red eggs, near the streamlet; the peewit's on the knoll; the stonechat's, with eggs of milky blue, in the cairn; the laverock's, the woodlark's, and the wagtail's, and last, but not least, the titlin's nest, with the cuckoo's egg in it. But I linger but a short time at any of these to-day, for on my way to school I saw a rose-linnet singing on a thorn, and have been thinking about it all day. I have been three times thrashed for Cicero, and condemned to detention for two hours after my schoolmates are gone. I have escaped through the window, however. I shall be thrashed for this in the morning, but I should be thrashed for something, at all events, so that matters nothing. The sun is still high in the heavens, summer days are long, I'll go and look for my linnet's nest; I haven't seen one this year yet. The heather is all green as yet, and here and there on the moorland is a bush or patch of golden furze, not tall and straggling like the bushes you find in woods, that seem *to stretch out* their necks as if seeking in vain for the sunlight, but close, compact, hugging the ground, and seeming to weigh down the warm summer air around it with the sweetness of its perfume.

Now, on one of those very bushes, and on the highest twig thereof, I find my cock linnet. His head is held well up, and his little throat swells and throbs with his sweet, melodious song. But I know this is all tact on the bird's part, and that his heart beats quick with fear as he sees me wandering searchingly from bush to bush. He is trying to look unconcerned. He saw me coming, and enjoined his pretty mate to lie close and not fly out, assuring her that if she did so all would be well.

He does not even fly away at my approach. "There is no nest of mine anywhere near here," he seems to say. "Is it likely I would be singing so blithely if there were?"

"Ah! but," I reply, "I feel sure there is, else why are you dressed so gaily, why have you cast aside your sombre hues and donned that crimson vest?"

Pop—I am at the right bush now, and out flies the modest, wee female linnet. She had forgotten all her mate told her, she was so frightened she could not lie close. And now I lift a branch and keek in, and am well rewarded. A prettier sight than that little nest affords, to any one fond of birds, cannot easily be conceived. It is not a large one; the outside of it is built of knitted grass and withered weeds, and on the whole it is neat; but inside it is the perfection of beauty and rotundity, and softly and warmly lined with hair of horse and cow, with a few small feathers beneath, to give it extra cosiness. And the eggs—how beautiful! Books simply tell you they are white, dotted, and speckled with red. They are more than this; the groundwork is white, to be sure, but it looks as if the markings were traced by the fingers of some artist fay. It looks as though the fairy artist had been trying to sketch upon them the map of some strange land, for here are blood-red lakes—square, or round, or oval—and rivers running into them and rivers rolling out, so that having once seen a rose-linnet's egg, you could never mistake it for any other.

And now if I have interested you in this bonnie bird, let me tell you how you are to treat him if you happen to get one, so as to make him perfectly happy, with a happiness that will be reflected upon you, his mistress.

I always counsel anyone who has a pet of any kind to be in a manner jealous of it, for one person is enough to feed and tend it, and that person should be its owner.

Of course, if you mean to have one as a companion you will procure a male bird, and one as pretty as possible, but even those less bright in colour sing well. Let his cage be a square or long one, and just as roomy as you please; birds in confinement cannot have too much space to move about in. Keep the cage exceedingly clean and free from damp, give the bird fresh water every morning, and see that he has a due allowance of clean dry seed. The food is principally canary-seed with some rape in it, and a small portion of flax, but although you may now and then give him a portion of bruised hempseed, be careful and remember hemp is both stimulating and overfattening. Many a bird gets enlargement of the liver, and heart disease and consequent

asthma, from eating too freely and often of hemp. In summer it should never be given, but in cold weather it is less harmful.

Green food should not be forgotten. The best is chickweed—ripe—and groundsel, with —when you can get it—a little watercress. There are many seedling weeds which you may find in your walks by the wayside, which you can bring home to your lintie. If you make a practice of doing this, he will evince double the joy and pleasure at seeing you on your return.

Never leave any green food longer than a day either in or over the cage. So shall your pet be healthy, and live for many years to give you comfort with his sweet fond voice. I may just mention that the linnet will learn the song of some other birds, notably that of the woodlark. Sea-sand may be put in the bottom of the cage, and when the bird begins to lose its feathers and moult, be extra kind and careful with it, covering the cage partly over, and taking care to keep away draughts. After the feathers begin to come you may put a rusty nail in the water. This is a tonic, but I do not believe in giving it too soon.

Let me now say a word about the robin. But I hardly know where or how to begin, nor am I sure that my theme will not run right away with me when I do commence. My winged horse—my Pegasus—must be kept well in hand, while writing on my little favourite, the robin. Happy thought, however! I will tell you nothing I think you know already.

The robin, then, like the domestic cat, is too well known to need description. We who live in the country have him with us all the year round, and we know his charming song wherever we hear it. He may seem to desert our habitations for a few months in the early spring-time, for he is then very busy, having all the care and responsibility of a family on his head; but he is not far away. He is only in the neighbouring grove or orchard, and if we pay him a visit there he will sing to us very pleasantly, as if glad to see us. And one fine morning we find him on the lawn-gate again, bobbing and becking to us, and looking as proud as a pasha because he has his little wife and three of his family with him. His wife is not a Jenny Wren, as some suppose, but a lovely wee robin just like himself, only a trifle smaller, and not quite so red on the breast nor so bold as her partner. And the young ones, what charmingly innocent little things they look, with their broad beaks and their apologies for tails! I have often known them taken for juvenile thrushes, because their breasts are not red, but a kind of yellow with speckles in it.

"Tcheet, tcheet!" cries Robin, on the gate, bobbing at you again; "throw out some crumbs. My wife is a bit shy; she has never been much in society; but just see how the young ones can eat."

Well, Robin is one of the earliest birds of a morning that I know. He is up long before the bickering sparrows, eke before the mavis. His song mingles with your morning dreams, and finally wakes you to the joys and duties of another day, and if you keek out at the window you will probably see him on the lawn, hauling some unhappy worm out of its hole. I have seen Robin get hold of too big a worm, and, after pulling a piece of it out as long as a penholder, fly away with a frightened, "Tcheet tcheet!" as much as to say, "Dear me! I didn't know there were yards and yards of you. You must be a snake or something."

Robin sings quite late at night too, long after the mavis is mute and every other bird has retired. And all day long in autumn he sings. During the winter months, especially if there be snow on the ground, he comes boldly to the window-ledge and doesn't ask but demands his food, as brazenly as a German bandsman. Sparrows usually come with him, but if they dare to touch a bit of food that he has his eye on they catch it. My robin insists upon coming in to my study in winter. He likes the window left open though, and I don't, and on this account we have little petulancies, and if I turn him out he takes revenge by flying against the French window and mudding all the pane with his feet.

Almost every country house has one or two robins that specially belong to it, and very jealous they are of any strange birds that happen to come nigh the dwelling. While bird-nesting one time in company with another boy, we found a robin's nest in a bank at the foot of a great ash tree. There were five eggs in it. On going to see it two days after, we found the nest and eggs intact, but two other eggs had been laid and deposited about a foot from the bank. We took the hint, and carried away these two, but did not touch the others. The eggs are not very pretty.

While shooting in the wildest part of the Highlands, and a long way from home, I have often preferred a bed with my dog on the heather to the smoky hospitality of a hut; and I have found robins perched close by me of a morning, singing ever so sweetly and low. They were only trying to earn the right to pick up the crumbs my setter and I had left at supper, but this shows you how fond these birds are of human society.

In a cage the robin will live well and healthily for many years, if kindly and carefully treated. He will get so tame that you needn't fear to let him have his liberty about the room.

Let the cage be large and roomy, and covered partly over with a cloth. The robin loves the sunshine and a clean, dry cage, and, as to food, he is not very particular. Give him German paste—for which in my next paper I will write a good recipe—with a little bruised hemp and maw seed, with insects, beetles, grubs, garden and meal worms, &c. Let him have clean gravel frequently, and fresh water every morning. Now and then when you think your pet is not particularly lively, put a rusty nail in the water.

I do not advise my girl readers to rob a robin's nest for sake of getting a bird to bring up, but if you can procure a brancher about June he will soon be reconciled to his new home.

In bird shops you may often see robins for sale. It is really charity to buy one, albeit it may encourage the cruel trade of bird-catching.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL.

By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"ANNETTE often speaks of you to me. She will I am sure be very glad to see you during the holidays," Mrs. Fletcher said, with a kind yet searching glance at Mara.

"My sister," said Jack, whom Mara had introduced in a short, sharp way, "very greatly needs some young companions. I, for one, shall be very grateful for the invitation you have given her. Mara is inclined to underrate her capabilities of pleasing."

"There is nothing worse for girls than want of suitable companionship," said Mrs. Fletcher, kindly. "I shall always be glad to see Mara."

"That's not true," said Mara, when they had said "good-bye." "I hate conventionalism. She won't be glad to see me."

"Couldn't you try to make her so?" suggested Jack.

"That would be impossible," was Mara's curt, decisive reply.

They found Mrs. Johnstone sitting up in a cold, fireless room darning Mara's stockings. Seven stockings were laid out separately on the table, and the eighth was drawn on Mrs. Johnstone's hand. The sight did not please Mara, who took a swift glance round the room, then darted at the table, caught up the stockings, rolled them all up into a bundle, and crammed them into her reticule with her evening shoes.

"I wish you wouldn't mend my stockings, mother," said Mara. "Why on earth did you sit up? Surely you could have trusted Jack with the key. 'Tisn't as if you had kept up a fire."

Mrs. Johnstone looked over her spectacles at Mara for fully two minutes, during which time Mara, pretending unconsciousness, slowly divested herself of her outdoor garments.

"As for mending your stockings, I do it to disgrace you," she said, severely. "And a great disgrace it is. Don't mention to me about giving Jack a latch-key. Where you get hold of such vulgar present day notions I can't imagine. I should consider myself highly culpable if I were so extravagant as to keep up a fire while my children are gadding about for pleasure."

"Come, mother, you mustn't call this gadding," chimed in Jack, who now entered the room.

"Of course, you haven't taken any prize?" Mrs. Johnstone asked Mara, not heeding Jack's remark.

"If you know so well, there is no need to ask me," Mara said, curtly.

"She has a certificate for drawing," said Jack, "and considering that she has to teach as well as to study, we can hardly expect her to do as well as other girls."

"I didn't try to get a prize," said Mara, with the outspokenness which some people call straightforwardness and others unamiability. "I worked at my drawing because I like it, and not for any other reason."

"It is a pity when such efforts are being made for your education that you should deliberately inform us you do not care to try," Mrs. Johnstone said, coldly.

"Such efforts!" burst forth Mara, bitterly. "Am I to be truly thankful for the enviable position of a shabby, despised governess-pupil?"

"Nannette Fletcher never seems to make any difference between you and the other girls," said Jack.

"No, she doesn't, but she's the only one," replied Mara.

"And that I should say quite rests with yourself," was Jack's reply; "but now, good-night, Mara, and be off to bed," he added, taking her hand and leading her to the door.

When she had gone he sat down opposite his mother, with the table between them. "Mother," said he presently, "I feel anxious about Mara's future, don't you?"

"I don't expect her ever to be any pleasure to me or anyone else," was the equivocal reply. "Her disposition is of the most unfortunate description."

"That is the more reason that it should be carefully watched and trained," replied Jack, warmly. "She needs a wider interest—a happier life. Her interests are concentrated upon herself at present, and it is ruining her."

"What would you have?" his mother asked coldly. "How can I extend her mental horizon? I have done the best our cramped circumstances will permit to give her an education, but she despises the opportunities afforded her. You had less, but she is essentially selfish. I named her Mara—when she came to me after your poor father's death, and when the flowers of my flock, Arthur and Jane, had been snatched away—in the bitterness of my heart, and she has been Mara to me all her life."

"That is just it," said Jack, with a sigh. "She was unwelcome, and she feels it."

"Nonsense," said his mother, with asperity. "The fault of your character is weak amiability, John. I've no other fault to find with you. You did well at school, and in the matter of scholarships far better than I ever expected from any child of mine, and now I suppose in time you will fulfil your ambition, such as it is."

"The highest any man can have," replied Jack, with warmth.

"If my wishes had been consulted I should have said that to lift your family out of the rut of poverty they have sunk into was your plain duty. There are plenty ready to preach and to teach. A little practical commonsense is worth a deal of that."

"You can't and never will understand me, mother," Jack said, quietly. "With the strong desire I have always had in my heart to devote myself to my Master's work, I could never have done differently, especially when I think of the wonderful way the obstacles have been smoothed out of my path. It has always seemed to me like the finger of God beckoning me on. I have no power to turn aside, either to the right hand or to the left."

"We will not discuss it," Mrs. Johnstone said, with aggravating indifference. "You have done as you pleased. Good-night."

Jack held the door open for his mother, and kissed her in silence, closed up the doors, and retreated to his own room. So far he had betrayed no wound, but his was a nature whose very sensitiveness must hide itself. In his room, he fell down on his knees, and remained there till long after every inmate of the house was wrapped in slumber, and had anyone been there to see, they might have read in the pained expression and drawn mouth the anguish of a tender, brave spirit, cruelly rebuffed and misinterpreted.

Yet, when next morning the three met, his face alone was smiling and sunny. Mara looked brooding and gloomy, Mrs. Johnstone stoically enduring.

"Can't we have toast during the holidays, mother?" Mara asked, contemptuously turning over the slice of bread Jack had cut her.

"I am not aware that our income is larger during the holidays," Mrs. Johnstone answered; "rather the other way, taking the expense of Christmas, with its senseless feasting, into consideration."

"We needn't eat more," returned Mara, "and I'd willingly go without Christmas pudding if you'd give us something for breakfast all the holidays instead."

"Nonsense, Mara," said Jack, reprovingly. "Leave mother to do as she likes, and you can do the same when you have a house of your own. I envy you your holidays," he added, changing the subject. "It is a shame that we go on a week later. I am looking forward to getting some long days' reading."

"That's a queer sort of holiday," remarked Mara, "especially after a term with those unruly boys. How you can teach all day, and study up for those awful examinations as you do, I can't think."

"I am very glad to be able to earn the money I need in the daytime, and have the evening left free for reading," Jack replied, heartily. "If you knew, Mara, how many years I have been looking forward to attaining to these 'awful exams.,' as you call them, you wouldn't think it anything wonderful that I should be glad to devote every spare moment. At one time it seemed impossible that I should be able to scrape the necessary funds together. I owe an immense debt of gratitude to my old master, for getting me such a good post."

"I hate, detest, and abominate poverty," cried Mara, fiercely, after Jack, as he went out into the hall.

"Take care, Mara, that you don't come to worse straits," said her mother, ominously; "pride and stiff-neckedness go before a fall. Take care."

Mara took no heed of the unpleasant words, but went away to her own room. Turning the key in the door, she threw up the bedclothes and laid them all straight, restored the room to a sort of surface order, and wrapping herself in an old shawl, sat down in a shabby old arm-chair, which had been relegated to her room because of its unfitness for any other place, and, drawing a book from under the cushion, began to read.

But presently the book was thrust wearily aside, and Mara began to think. Perhaps she was reflecting on the difference between Jack and herself—his unwearying, cheerful industry, the quick unselfishness with which he had given up his precious evening to take her to the party of the night before. She knew that he saw and felt quite as much of their poverty as she. And Mara had but inadequately described her affection for him when she said there was no one else she cared a fig for. "If I had the money, so that I could knit Jack a comforter or some warm gloves, I wouldn't mind that work," she muttered; "but stockings and old things that ought to be in the rag-bag—ugh! Nannette's work is so pretty; no wonder she likes it—beautiful things in crewel and silk. My work is like my life—all bare and ugly and poverty-stricken. I hate it. Poor old Jack!" And Mara sighed heavily.

Whether the thought of Jack was connected with other thoughts I cannot say, but as she said those words Mara opened the door, went down into the shabby little drawing-room, and took her music out of the canterbury.

After three minutes' scale practice, Mara stopped and breathed upon her fingers, then tried again. It was a raw cold day, and Mara's fingers were already blue and swollen with chilblains. "It's no use," she said, crossly, shutting the piano down with a bang.

"Mara," said her mother, peeping in at the door as she passed through the hall, "your bedroom is disgracefully done; bed not shaken nor anything."

"Let Martha do it," replied Mara, shortly. "I only put it straight for my own convenience. "Can't I have a bit of fire in here to practise by?"

"Fire!" said Mrs. Johnstone, in amazement, "for you to practise? Perhaps you'd like one in your bedroom next."

"Of course I should like it," returned Mara.

"Yes, and plenty of other extravagances," retorted her mother, scornfully. "If you are cold, go and help Martha in the kitchen, and try to make

"MARA BEGAN TO THINK."

yourself something better than a useless burden to everybody."

At this moment there came the sudden interruption of a knock at the hall door, which being presently opened by Martha, admitted Nannette, who came briskly into the room and caught hold of Mara's listless, purple hands.

"How cold you are, Mara! Practising is frightfully cold work, *isn't it?* I have come to fetch you out for some skating. That'll soon make you warm. Be quick and get on your things. She may, may she not, Mrs. Johnstone?"

"She can do as she likes, as she always does," Mrs. Johnstone replied, ungraciously.

"I beg your pardon, I ought to have asked you first. Mamma says I am so thoughtless. You do not mind, do you?"

"Oh, no, I have no objection," Mrs. Johnstone said, more graciously. "Some people nowadays think very little of their mothers. I am glad to see that you are an exception."

"It's no good for me to come," interposed Mara. "I can't skate and I've no skates, and no money to buy any. Mother would think it an awful extravagance."

"That's nothing," cried Nannette, quickly. "We'll take it in turns, and I'll help you along. Get on your things I tell you, child."

Mara went away reluctantly. "It's very good of you to come for me," she said, when they were outside, "but I know I'm a disagreeable companion, and a shabby one too. I'd ever so much rather not come."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Nannette, gaily; "I'm not always studying my friends' garments; but, seriously, Mara, I often wonder whether you turn and twist your things about as I do. Look at this hat; I made it myself, and it cost me two shillings."

"Why, mother paid seven-and-six for mine, and a fine old guy it is," replied Mara. "Mother goes out, and when she sees a hat she thinks cheap, she buys it and sends it home. Then I have to wear it."

"Poor Mara," laughed Nannette. "I'll make a bargain with you. If you come down to see me I'll instruct you in all my little dodges."

"I don't think it's much good," said Mara, despondingly, "I never have any money. If I had I'd make Jack something. He's ever so good to me; he always stands up for me, and somehow he always seems to manage to make me feel good-tempered, while mother roughs me up the wrong way."

"Hush, Mara; perhaps you rub her the wrong way," said Nannette, half-playfully.

"It's quite likely. I'm as sour as a crab, I know, but it's my nature."

"Crabs may be sweetened," laughed Nannette. "What did you want to make your brother Jack, Mara?"

"Oh, anything; some warm gloves or a muffler."

"I can show you how to knit gloves or socks either. Wouldn't you like to knit him some socks? Papa likes what I knit him better than any others."

"I should like it, only I've got no money, and I wouldn't ask mother, she'd be certain to say I should only spoil the wool. If ever I want anything badly I go to Jack, but I couldn't ask him for money for a present for himself."

"No, of course not. He's very good to you, isn't he? I wish I had a brother."

"Yes, he's as good as he has the chance of being," Mara replied. "He'd give me many things if I asked him, but I won't, because I know he's been trying for ever so long to save money enough to pass his examinations."

"What examinations?" Nannette asked.

"Oh, haven't I ever told you?" Mara said. "He's bent upon being a clergyman. Mother doesn't like it. She tells him he'll be a poor curate all his life. Jack has talked to her by the hour together, but she holds to her opinion. For a long time he seemed to waver, but now he's made up his mind to it. Mother doesn't forbid him, only she's nasty about it. I'm sure he feels it, though he'd never say so."

The two girls walked on in silence for some little way. Nannette was the first to break the silence.

"Mara," she said, "it does seem hard for you not to be able to make your brother something. If you wouldn't mind—it would give me the greatest pleasure—do let me get you the wool and teach you to knit the socks. What fun it'll be. You shall come to tea this afternoon, and we'll have a regular set-to. Here's a shop. Let's go in and choose the wool."

Before Mara could reply, her lively companion had drawn her in, and she stood, awkward and uncomfortable, by Nannette's side, listening to her remarks on the various shades and qualities.

"It's very kind of you, but it won't be my present," she said, when they were outside again.

"Oh, yes it will! because I give the wool to you to do as you like with. It is quite your gift, most emphatically and distinctly. Remember that, Mara. I should consider it very unkind if you were to mention me at all—quite a breach of friendship. I only want to give *you* pleasure."

"It's very kind of you; but, of course, you don't know anything much of Jack, and don't take any interest in him, and I don't like you spending your money on him."

"I'm not spending it on him," replied Nannette, almost impatiently. "Really, Mara, you are quite provoking. Do you know, my dear, that one of a woman's most useful gifts is tact, and I have seen your brother ever so many times—five or six, at least—and always thought what a good brother he was, and how nice it was for you."

"But I don't like your buying the wool, all the same," persisted Mara.

(*To be continued.*)

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ROBERT COCKS.

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A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE BIBLIOTHEQUE.

THE afternoon sunlight shines redly in through the library windows. At the writing-table sits Monsieur St. Just, with a paper filled with abstruse calculations before him. His brow, hot and aching, rests wearily upon one thin hand, but still he is forcing his mind to follow the working of the pencil which he holds in the other.

The windows are closed, the air is hot

and heavy; flies buzz in the panes, motes dance in the reddening sunbeams.

A knock for admittance is too unusual a sound to disturb his absorption. The ingress of chill air from the corridor and the consciousness of some disturbing presence interrupt the thread of his thoughts. He looks up quickly, irritably.

In the open doorway stands Damaris, with the mien of a young duchess. She closes the door behind her and moves forwards, the flame-like colour fluctuating in her cheeks. If she had come to confer the greatest favour that ever majesty contemplated, she could not comport herself in more stately fashion.

The pencil falls from Monsieur St. Just's fingers. He rises to his feet, as frigidly courteous, as icily polite, as he has always been to her since his return.

The only notice Damaris takes of the chair he sets for her, however, is to grasp the back of it with her two cold hands.

"Monsieur," she begins, feeling very much as though she herself were a machine, acted upon by a power other than that of her own will, "Madame la Marquise will not be persuaded that you no longer wish to employ me as your secretary."

"Well, mademoiselle?"

"And nothing will satisfy her but that I should come and ask if you have any further need of me in that capacity."

"In which case——?" He pauses.

Rallying all her strength to keep down the fiercely raging tempest within her, Damaris replies:

"In which case I am bound to offer myself."

A silence.

Damaris feels that if it is continued she must do something desperate.

"I appreciate the effort it has cost you to come here in obedience to my mother's commands. Tell her from me that liberty of conscience and freedom of action are two things which even she has no right to buy from you."

His words are hard, but the tone in which they are spoken is more gentle than any he has used to her since the morning of their parting at Chambuisson. This modification, however, only suggests to her proud spirit that it is softened through pity for her present position.

"What I cede voluntarily, La Marquise cannot buy," she says, haughtily.

"Then you really wish to resume your duties here?"

Now his tone is harder than his words, and Damaris answers quickly—

"You credit me with more of the Christian graces than I possess, monsieur."

"Do I?" he says, with considerable asperity. "My belief is that you will never inherit the blessings pronounced upon the poor in spirit, the meek of heart. May I ask why you have been so far amenable to my mother's wishes as to intrude upon the solitude I prize?"

"You may ask, but I will not answer," says Damaris, stung to the quick. "Have the goodness to reply to my first question and let me go, that I may extricate myself from a position which even you must acknowledge to be as false as it is untenable."

"Certainly, the sooner the better. What, then, was your first question, mademoiselle? We seem to have lost it in a very useless discussion of your feelings."

"La Marquise supposes that the reason why you never have a moment's time to devote to her guests, or to the fulfilment of your duties as seigneur of the *château*, is that you are overburdened with work just now."

"Did she send you here to repeat the lecture you once gave me?"

Damaris steadily continues without giving any apparent heed to the interruption.

"If I can be of any use to you she is quite willing to spare me for a few hours in the morning, so that you may be at liberty in the afternoon."

"And what of yourself, mademoiselle? Do you think I am bound to accept so ungracious an offer?"

"Ungracious upon the part of La Marquise, monsieur? She is the motive power in this matter, not I."

"So it seems. My mother, however, can do nothing ungracious."

Damaris bites her lips, and asks herself wonderingly how she has ever felt even a common kindliness for this man. Every evil quality she possesses seems to be roused into action by his words.

"Have I answered you?" he asks, presently. "Do you understand?"

"I understand this," she says: "when Monsieur St. Just admits an idea into his mind, he pursues it to the exclusion of every other consideration, and to the utter disregard of the feelings of everyone else. Having once determined that his own society is preferable to that of all others, he will obstinately continue to isolate himself, no matter what claims assert themselves. So be it, monsieur. The household whose misfortune it is to possess such a head has nothing to do but submit."

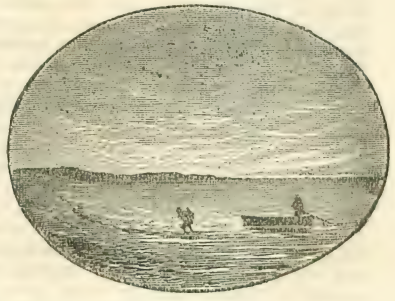
Had Damaris lingered one moment longer she would hardly have gone forth from the library with so haughty a crest, so undaunted a step.

As she quits the room, Monsieur St. Just sinks into the chair he had placed for her. But it is not by her reproaches, howsoever deserved they might be, that he is overcome; nor by her defiant mien, nor by her strictly-maintained resolve not to offer help as though she felt any interest in his work, but by a secret and insidious foe with which he is resolutely battling. He fights with it now, bearing, conquering the pain for the time being, but so far worsted by the conflict that he has barely strength left when it is past to stretch out his hand to the restorative he keeps always near.

The attack leaves him greatly exhausted, too much so to pursue any further mental work. He lies back in his chair, and as the pallor passes from his face, the purple hue from his lips, his hand falls listlessly, the careworn lines on his face deepen.

"My God!" bursts from him, "is there nothing will atone? nothing blot out the miserable past? Must it always be that I can never cause anything but unhappiness to those I love? She is right, this wilful, vengeful Damaris. I have been selfish, forgetful of all but my own disappointment, and have merged every other consideration in the means of dulling its sting. Can she help it that I expected higher things of her? Am I not always projecting some ideal of my own into the outer world, and grieving because the creature invested with it fails to act in accordance? And, after all, what was I daring to expect from her? I hardly know, only that she seemed, someway, to satisfy a want, to read my mind when others were obtuse, to please, even while she acted as a constant irritant. But all this could never have blotted out the past. Even had she been all I thought, that would still have arisen darkly between us. It is well. Let me learn to be thankful that she is to belong to us through Jerome. My anger has been perfectly unjustifiable. And, poor child, how bitterly she has resented it! Her tender little heart is bruised and broken by my harshness, else would she never have found courage to come here as she has done and charge me with so much wrong. It was the very madness of jealousy prompted her, one could easily see that. And she thought to blind me—*me!* She is as intense in all her emotions as she is proud, and she would scorn to cast blame on Jerome. Yet she believes that it is through my neglect of my duties as host that he has been obliged to devote himself to that dangerously pretty and empty-headed Leonie. She does not yet know Jerome. But he must, he shall be true to her. There is no help for it, I must come out of my shell; I must take Leonie off their hands, and leave Jerome free to devote himself where his duty lies, even though I seem to be falling in with the plots of La Duchesse and *ma chère petite maman*. For your sake, Mademoiselle Damaris, for your sake I can and will do this. Then, perhaps, in some higher state of existence, when enlarged powers are given us, you may look back and understand the measure of my self-sacrifice. Then how fully, how frankly you will acknowledge it! For if there be one quality more than another that is rightly yours, it is a large and noble generosity to which no meanness of any kind is possible."

(*To be continued.*)



THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

By the Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER.

O flower, perhaps, from our early childhood has possessed for each one of us a greater charm than the little forget-me-not. Indeed, it is so entirely a flower of associations that, as it has been often said, there are few lives in which its memory is not treasured up long after, it may be, its beautiful blossoms have faded away and perished. From time immemorial, too, this favourite flower has been made the subject of numerous poetical fancies and legendary tales; and throughout Europe it is still regarded as the emblem of true friendship. Wherever seen, either by the brook or riverside, or in the hedge ditch of some leafy lane, its bright-coloured turquoise flowers seldom fail to captivate the passer-by, and to arouse within him feelings of mingled joy and melancholy. Who, as Coleridge says, but loves to meet—

"By rivulet or wet roadside,
That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not."

And again, to quote some further lines on the subject—

"Sweet, fragile weed, while thus I view
Thy softened tint of constant blue,
I pray in life, whate'er my lot,
May those I love 'Forget-me-not.'"

It is not generally known that, in the first instance, the forget-me-not derived its name from its supposed talismanic or magic virtues—notices of which are frequently to be met with in many of the German legends. Thus, it is related, for example, how a traveller when wandering on a bleak and lonely mountain unexpectedly picks up a small blue flower which he sticks in his hat. He has no sooner done so than forthwith there appears before him an entrance into a magnificent hall, where he sees rubies, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones piled up in huge heaps. Seizing the opportunity, he enters this enchanted building, and eagerly fills his pockets with the treasures that lie before him. In the excitement of the moment, however, his hat falls off, and with it the little flower, but in his anxiety to enrich himself as much as possible, he pays no heed to his loss. On taking his departure, the tiny flower, which has brought him so much good luck, calls after him, "Forget-me-not!"—a voice to which he turns a deaf ear;—so bewildered is he through his strange adventure. As he passes out of the doorway the mysterious door closes behind him amidst the clashing of thunder, and once more he finds himself a lonely traveller on the dreary mountain top. Although he searches on all sides for the entrance to the golden hall, yet it is in vain, as all sight of it has completely vanished, and never again is he favoured with a view of it. On this account, therefore, the little blue flower was known as the "forget-me-not." This legend has a variety of forms, and in years gone was current in many parts of the Continent. Thus, for example, sometimes a white lady confronts the traveller in his wanderings, and invites the finder of the luck-flower or "forget-me-not" to help himself to her treasures, warning him at the same time to be on his guard lest he lose the magic charm. The sequel in most cases is generally the same: the unwary traveller, in his desire to enrich himself as quickly as possible, forgets the real secret of his good fortune. Such, then, are the talismanic properties formerly assigned to this little wild-flower, and hence originated the popular name assigned to it.

Many of our readers will wish, perhaps, that these wonderful virtues still resided in the forget-me-not, for although in their summer rambles they may have often gathered it, yet its presence in their hands has never brought them the good fortune of which the old German legend speaks.

But it must not be forgotten that this pretty flower, like all other of God's beautiful handiworks, contains a lesson for all who see it, in that its very name of "forget-me-not" should warn us not to forget Him who made it, especially as He has in store for all those who love Him such unsearchable riches as can be found nowhere on earth.

Referring in the next place to the romantic origin of the name of the forget-me-not, this, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is of a very different kind. It is related that a young couple, who were on the eve of being united, whilst walking along the delightful and picturesque banks of the Danube, saw one of these flowers floating on the surface of the water, which seemed ready at any moment to carry it away. The affianced bride, struck with admiration at the beauty of the flower, regretted she could not have it, whereupon, anxious to gratify ever so small a wish on her part, her lover jumped into the stream, but had no sooner grasped the fatal flower than he sank beneath the flood. Making, however, one desperate effort on rising to regain the shore, he threw the flower upon the bank, and casting a long affectionate glance upon his lady love, he gasped out the words, "Forget-me-not," and then was seen no more. Since this romantic occurrence the flower, it is said, has been made emblematical of, and taken the name of, "forget-me-not." This is the popular origin of the name of this familiar flower, although Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," gives another explanation. Speaking of Henry of Lancaster, she says:—

"This royal adventurer, the banished and aspiring Lancaster, appears to have been the person who gave to the forget-me-not its emblematical and poetical meaning by writing it at the period of his exile on his collar of S. S., with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, "*Souveigne vous de moy*," thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Few of those who, at parting, exchange the simple touching appeal to memory, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the Crown of England."

Whether or not this be the true origin of the forget-me-not's emblematical meaning, there can be no doubt that from time immemorial it has been employed for the same sentimental purpose as it is famous nowadays:—

"An emblem true thou art
Of love's enduring lustre, given
To cheer a lonely heart."

As a further evidence, also, of its long established use in floral language, it appears that as early as the year 1465, when a joust was held in which Lord Scales, brother to the queen of Edward IV., took part, the fair ladies of her Court presented to the favoured knight a collar of gold, enamelled with the words "Forget-me-not." A well-known botanist, however, disregarding the romantic associations which have clustered round the flower, considers that the true signification of its name is really due to the bright blue tint and yellow eye of its blossom, which, if but once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. This prosaic and matter-of-fact explanation, which divests the forget-me-not of all the pretty sentiment connected with it, will never find favour with those of a romantic or poetical turn of mind, because:—

"Where time or sorrow's page of gloom
Has fixed its envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says, 'Forget-me-not.'

And this is still the loveliest flower—
The fairest of the fair
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair."

In days gone by the forget-me-not grew nowhere in greater perfection than on the banks of a stream in the environs of Luxembourg, popularly known as the "Fairies' Bath," or the "Cascade of the Enchanted Oak." To this favourite spot the young girls of the neighbourhood often resorted to spend their leisure hours. On holidays, too, we are told, they might be seen crowned with flowers gathered from the stream, "like so many nymphs celebrating games in honour of the Naiad of the Enchanted Oak." So much prized, too, was this little flower in France, that it was generally cultivated with the greatest care, and when sent to the Parisian markets, found a ready sale.

The forget-me-not is not without its superstitions, having been supposed to possess the peculiar property of hardening steel. It was also said that if edged tools of this metal were made red hot, and then dipped in its juice, the steel would become so hard as to cut iron, or even stone, without turning the edge. In the Netherlands a syrup is made of the juice of this plant, and given as a remedy against consumptive coughs.

Once more, the name given to the forget-me-not by the ancients was "mouse-ear," from the form of its leaves; and for the same reason it is still called by the French "rat's ear." The name "forget-me-not," it may be noted, was also applied in years gone by to a popular wild-flower known as the speedwell, from its corolla falling off and flying away when gathered—"speedwell" having been a common form of valediction, and equivalent to our "farewell" or "good-bye."

"FORGET-ME-NOT!"

CREAMS.

THERE is so much room for variety in this branch of cookery that the difficulty is to know where to begin. However, the best thing we can do is to speak of general rules of universal application, and urge the members of our class to try the various combinations which are suggested for themselves, and if possible to invent one or two on their own account.

It will be remembered that when we were speaking of the quantity of gelatine used in making jelly we came to the conclusion that an ounce of good gelatine would be needed to set a pint and a half of liquid, exclusive of the wine and brandy, that is to say, an ounce of good gelatine was considered sufficient for about a pint and three-quarters of liquid. In making creams, however, we have to remember that the materials used have a little more consistency than those employed in making jelly, and therefore rather less gelatine is needed. Consequently we may calculate on being able to make a quart of cream with an ounce of gelatine, and occasionally a still smaller portion of stiffening is necessary.

Of course the gelatine must be soaked for an hour, or longer if possible, in as much milk as will barely cover it. When it has absorbed all the liquid, and has swelled considerably, it should be turned into a small stewpan and stirred over the fire until it has entirely dissolved. It must then be allowed to cool before it is mixed with the other ingredients.

In very rich creams cream only, pleasantly flavoured, is used. Thus made, however, cream is expensive, and some people would consider it a little sickly. It is very usual, therefore, to use half cream and half milk, and to enrich the milk by making a custard of it with eggs. To make the custard we beat in a basin the yolks of three and the white of one egg. Well strain these, and mix them with half a pint of milk. We pour the mixture into a jug, set this in a saucepan of hot water over the fire, and stir the contents of the jug until the custard is thick enough to coat the spoon, when we take it up. We must be careful not to boil our custard too long, or it will curdle. What is wanted is that it should be thick, as thick as the double cream, but perfectly smooth. Before the cream is added to the custard it should be well whipped, by which means it will not only be made lighter, but it will expand and occupy more room. Here I must say a word about the method of whipping cream. For one thing we must have "double" cream, that is, cream which is very thick, in consequence of its having stood twenty-four hours on the milk. The cream should be put into a cool place until it is wanted; indeed, if it has to stand a little while before being used, the vessel containing it should be put into another one which has cold water in it, and the cream should be left uncovered. When the custard and gelatine are almost cool, we put the cream into a large bowl and whisk it lightly and regularly with an ordinary egg-whisk until, though still smooth, it begins to stiffen. The great thing in doing this is to stop in plenty of time. If we keep on only half a minute too long our cream will be spoilt, because it will crack or "turn," as it is called. We may know when it is sufficiently whisked by its hanging to the spoon when the latter is lifted up. We shall find that the cream after it is whipped occupies very nearly twice as much room as it did originally. If we liked, instead of using half a pint of whipped cream we could use a quarter of a pint, to which the whites of two eggs beaten to froth had been added. White of egg is often added to cream which is to be whipped, and the object of the addition is chiefly to increase the quantity. We should always remember to whisk cream in a cool place. It is much more difficult to whip in summer time than it is in winter. If, notwithstanding all our care, it should turn slightly, a spoonful of something cold, milk or water, should be put with it.

We may now flavour the custard with an ounce of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of brandy, if this is allowed. Brandy is frequently omitted, but it is a very great improvement to a cream of this kind, for vanilla and brandy always go well together. If the custard be cool we stir the whipped cream lightly into it, and turn the whole into a mould, which has, of course, been first scalded with boiling water, then rinsed out with cold water, and left wet.

As this cream may serve as a sort of model for an indefinite number of creams, I will give the recipe once more, briefly and altogether, so that there may be no mistake. Soak an ounce of gelatine in as much milk as will barely cover it. Make a custard with half a pint of milk, the yolks of three and the white of one egg. Add a tablespoonful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. When the custard is cool stir in lightly half a pint of cream, which has been whipped to a froth. Pour the mixture into a mould, and put it on ice or in a cool place till set.

If we wished to make a fruit cream we should observe still the same proportions and follow the same method, but we should substitute fruit pulp for the custard. This fruit pulp may be made either with fresh fruit, with jam, or with tinned fruit. Fresh juicy fruit, such as raspberries or strawberries, should be picked, then have a little white sugar sprinkled over them to make the juice flow freely. It should then be rubbed through a hair sieve, to make the pulp. A pint of fresh fruit will be sufficient for half a pint of cream.

Hard fruit should be slightly stewed before it is used, or it will not go through the sieve easily. Sometimes it is sufficient to chop the fruit small, or pound it before passing it through the sieve. A very delicious cream may be made in this way with tinned pine-apple.

When preserved fruit is used, two good tablespoonfuls of jam should be stewed with water, and the juice should be strained off. A little lemon juice may be added to jam, but it is not required for fresh fruit. A very pretty effect may be produced by moulding jelly and cream together, or by mixing creams of different colours. Thus, a mould may be filled to the depth of an inch with clear colourless jelly garnished with three or four large green grapes. When this is slightly set the mould may be filled with strawberry cream. Another effective dish may be made by filling a mould with alternate layers of half an inch thick chocolate cream and custard cream. Pink and white layers may be substituted for the brown and white by colouring half the custard cream with cochineal. To make chocolate cream, dissolve four ounces of chocolate in a pint and a half of milk and boil for ten minutes, flavour with vanilla and add sugar to taste. Dissolve a third of an ounce of gelatine in a little milk; add this when cool. This cream is very good moulded by itself, and served with custard.

Sometimes jellies and creams are put into a mould which is fitted with a cylinder inside. Clear jelly is put into the outer portion of the mould, and when this has set the inner cylinder is taken out and the centre is filled with cream. Cylinder moulds are rather expensive, but a cheap substitute may be made with a plain round mould and a gallipot, or a circular mould and a small basin. When these are used the small mould is placed inside the other until the outer portion of jelly is set. It is then removed and the vacant space is filled with cream.

Blanc-mange, or, as it means literally, white food, ought, strictly speaking, to be always flavoured with almonds. It is, however, very usually flavoured with laurel leaves, cinnamon, lemon, or essence. It may be made with calves' feet stock, gelatine, cornflour, or arrowroot, and is generally named after the ingredient of which it is composed; thus we have cornflour blanc-mange, ground rice blanc-mange, arrowroot blanc-mange, &c. When gelatine is used, proceed as follows:— Soak an ounce of gelatine in as much milk as will cover it, blanch and pound half an ounce of sweet almonds and four or five bitter ones, and moisten them every now and then with a few drops of water to keep them from turning to oil. Put with the paste rather less than a quart of new milk, and turn it into a saucepan with the soaked gelatine and a little sugar. Stir the mixture over the fire until the gelatine is dissolved, and strain it through a napkin into a jug, and when it is almost cold mould it, and be careful to pour it off slowly and gently for fear any sediment still remains at the bottom. If the flavour is liked, a larger quantity of almonds may be used, but flavouring of any kind is like sugar. Some people like an abundance, and others are satisfied with a mere suspicion. A cook, however, should study the taste of those for whom she labours. If she satisfy them, and is able to lay the flattering unction to her soul that they have reason to be satisfied, she may disregard theories.

Cream alone, or cream and milk, is sometimes used when a very rich blanc-mange is wanted. When this is introduced, the blanc-mange should first be made with milk, and the cream should be added afterwards unboiled.

Blanc-mange made with cornflour is very easily prepared. Take four even tablespoonfuls of cornflour, which has been mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold milk, pour gradually on it a quart of boiling milk, which has been sweetened pleasantly, and flavoured either with lemon, cinnamon, or essence; stir it well to keep it from getting into lumps, put it back into the saucepan and boil it for two or three minutes, or till it leaves the side of the saucepan with the spoon, stirring it briskly all the time. Pour it into a damp mould, and when cold and set, turn it upon a glass dish and serve it with stewed fruit. For the sake of appearance blanc-mange can, if liked, be coloured with a little cochineal, or a little bright-coloured jelly may be set at the bottom of the mould before the blanc-mange is poured in. Cornflour blanc-mange is very wholesome and inexpensive, and when it is put on a bright clear glass dish, and pleasantly flavoured, and served with a good *compote* of fruit, it is a preparation by no means to be despised.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

LIFE IN A GERMAN COUNTRY PARISH.

ROBABLY most of my readers imagine that life in a German country parish is pretty much the same as in our villages in England, but I will give them a short description of it, and then let them judge for themselves. As I have spent three months at a time in one of them, I can speak from actual experience. Let me begin with the parsonage.

As a rule, it is a well-built house of two stories, consisting of about eight good sized rooms, high and well lighted by large windows. The walls are seldom papered (except, indeed, the drawing-room), but done in distemper, and certainly not with the prettiest designs in the world. In each room is an unsightly, though most necessary and comfort-giving, stove made of iron; the visitors' room—*Besuch-zimmer*—can generally boast of one in porcelain. The floors, kept scrupulously clean by being constantly scrubbed with sand, are carpetless, with the exception of the drawing-room floor, which is usually waxed and polished, as in France, a pretty rug here and there setting off the dark colouring. In this room is always to be found a piano, and one of no mean order either. Flowers grace every room in the house. Ivy is often trained against the walls of the sitting-room, encircling with its dark leaves the portraits of relatives and friends of the family. Here, too, is always to be found a sofa, which is the best piece of furniture in the house and the place of honour. Every visitor or guest in the house is, on entering the room, immediately requested "to take a place on the sofa." It would be considered a great want of manners to decline, and in fact it would be rather difficult to do so, for the lady of the house is sure to seize you by the hand, and drag you towards it with hospitable speeches by the way. The said sofa, as well as the chairs, sofa cushions, curtains, and even the rugs, are generally the work of the lady to whom the house belongs. German women all work well; it is as much a part of their education as is geography or history or cooking. Their fancy work is unequalled. As the lady in Germany has to furnish the house, all the pretty things are made during the time of her engagement. German women are never idle, no matter to what class they belong.

Wedding presents are always of a useful as well as an ornamental nature. In country villages the ladies make all they wear, with the help of a workwoman to whom they pay eightpence a day, and who generally spends a fortnight in the house, both in the spring and autumn, when dresses are turned, altered, and made up for the coming season.

The Germans are very early risers. Five o'clock is no unusual hour to get up in the summer time. In our parsonage, where I have often stayed, the servant—who, besides all the work of the house, did the washing for the whole family, milked the cow, cut grass for her in the meadow, and brought it home—used to bring me a cup of new milk every morning regularly at three o'clock! I opened my eyes, drank it, turned round, and went to sleep again as if nothing had happened.

In this, as in most country parsonages, breakfast was served up somewhere about half-past six o'clock, or from that to seven. It consisted of really good coffee, hot rolls, as well as a kind of brown household bread—which is less palatable, being made with leaven and pretty well sprinkled with caraway seeds—milk and sugar in profusion. Butter is not often eaten at breakfast, but in its stead some really good preserve. The jam-making season is a very busy one. There is one strange kind of mixture unknown in England It has for its foundation the new wine as it flows from the wine-press; into this are thrown well peeled apples, peas, beetroot, plums, carrots, and even apricots, and any other kind of fruit which may be in season. The whole is boiled together for no less than twenty-four hours. It must be stirred all the time, if it is to turn out well. And very delicious it is, though it does not look inviting, being of an ugly brown colour, more like lumpy treacle than anything else I can compare it to. The great secret is that it is economical, the long boiling making the addition of sugar unnecessary.

Every German clergyman's wife has her pantries well stored with preserves, pickles, hams, *Wurst*, clarified butter, dried apples and plums, cheese, lentils, rice, *Nudeln*, and every other imaginable thing, all stowed away with the greatest order and neatness.

I must here remark that the clergyman himself sometimes lends a hand in household matters. For instance: one summer's morning I was awakened at the early hour of four by a stir which seemed to be going on in the courtyard just beneath my bedroom window. Curiosity prompted me to rise and see what it was. I beheld the master of the house, habited in a most ancient dressing-gown—which had once been of some colour or other—his sleeves tucked up, a knife in one hand, and in the other a pigeon, one of half a dozen which he had just slaughtered. He was engaged in plucking it most dexterously. Of course I never let him know that I had seen him.

The clergyman's wife helps her servant in many ways, more especially with the cooking. She generally becomes invisible about nine o'clock, and is seen no more until twelve, when the dinner makes its appearance. A very good dinner it generally is, cooked by her own hands. Soup, *bouilli*—with all sorts of delicious sweet pickles, such as grapes and plums (I brought some recipes for these pickles home with me, but could never get an English servant to understand them), some sort of roast, and lastly open fruit tarts and fruit follow each other in quick succession. They disappear very rapidly! After dinner there is a pleasant hour or so devoted to chatting and work of some kind—generally knitting. At four o'clock comes the coffee, with its nice cakes, usually—except in the winter—taken out of doors, in an arbour, of which every German garden possesses at least one. In some families, all the meals are taken out of doors for many weeks together. If one parson's family have a visitor, he or she is taken to call on all the parsons' families in the neighbouring villages. Very pleasant these country visits are. You take care to call shortly before "coffee time," and you are, as a matter of course, expected to remain, so you make up your mind beforehand. As soon as you arrive, you are greeted with: "Ah! you have come to stay, that's right! Come and take off your boots." There is no saying nay. The steaming beverage soon makes its appearance, with all the necessary adjuncts—very acceptable after a walk of a mile or two. There is no lack of conversation. The Germans are certainly more primitive than we are, but they are more good-natured and more sociable. Scandal is certainly not a part of the afternoon visit's entertainment. It is rare that German women pick each other to pieces. I can scarcely say as much for our own. The gentlemen of the party do their best—pipe in mouth!—to make themselves agreeable. They are well read, acquainted with the topics of the day, often possess much wit and humour, and know plenty of amusing stories with which to entertain their guests. The village clergy do not usually (the reader will remember that I am describing the average country pastor, not the men of exceptional piety or notable character, about whom books of biography are written) visit the people, even the sick, unless specially sent for, so that they have plenty of time at their command, whether for study or household matters. They are on the best of terms with all their parishioners, and are as ready to smoke a pipe with a peasant as with the doctor, of which there is one in every village, or with the *Graf*, if there be one, in a neighbouring *Schloss*.

Eight o'clock is the hour for supper—in winter a heavy one, in summer, often consisting of *dicke Milch*, milk which is placed, fresh from the cow, in stone jars in the cellar, until it becomes quite thick and slightly sour. When it comes to the table the thick cream is removed and put into a tureen, and with a wooden spoon made as smooth as possible; then the milk is gradually added to it, being stirred all the time so as thoroughly to mix with the cream; it is then ladled out into soup-plates and eaten with grated brown bread, powdered cinnamon, and sifted sugar. And very delicious it is! One sits over these suppers as one might do over a dinner in England. Before the evening is over, some one of the party will give some really good music, and it generally winds up with a dance. No matter if there are only three couples, old or young—the Germans never leave off dancing as long as they have a leg to stand upon! The last dance is always (*die Grossmutter*) "the grandmother." Let me describe it. Some one sits down to the piano and begins a galop in the ordinary time. Two or three rounds are danced in the usual manner, when suddenly the music begins to quicken and the pace increases accordingly; this goes on for a few minutes, when the music is still more accelerated, and so on, until keeping time to it is almost an impossibility, and one couple after another is obliged to discontinue for want of breath! How often have I danced that "grandmother"! and on looking back, what a mad thing it seems to have done so! The wonder is that people do not kill themselves by it. When the "grandmother" is "dead," the visitors take their leave, cordially thanking their entertainers for the pleasant time they have spent, and requesting them "very soon" to favour them with their presence at home—which they do not fail to do.

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

NOTE.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. These amateur compositions are inserted with a view to encouraging our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. Nothing thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer, and be certified as her *bonâ fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.

LIFE'S MUSIC.

Do the chords vibrate but lightly?
  Or are they full and deep?
Does the music murmur gently,
  Like a little child asleep?

Or is it harsh and broken,
  Like moanings of the wind,
While we grow weary seeking
  A tone which we cannot find?

There is a sweet note somewhere,
  If we could only see,
It would make a sweeter music
  And a fuller harmony.

Perhaps that note we're needing
  From others' life is caught;
And its melody is answered
  In our own deep train of thought.

For everyone must perfect
  His work of love and life,
Must keep it purely spotless
  In the midst of sin and strife.

And there is One to help us,
  Who knows that we alone
Can never make it holy,
  Never purify its tone.

He takes our burden from us,
  And tells us in His love
Our life-work shall be perfect
  In Our Father's home above.

OLIVE HAWTHORNE (aged 15½).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The first remark I wish to make on the article entitled "The Disadvantages of Higher Education," by "M. P. S.,"* is, that it is unmistakably written by a man, and one who certainly has never had a wife who has been highly educated, or he would not have wasted his time in penning the article before mentioned. He says a woman's physique is not equal to that of a man's, and therefore the brain power of a woman can never equal a man's. That may be; but is it necessary, does it follow that a woman after she has learnt to read and write, to sew, clean a house, and cook a dinner, should allow her brains to lie dormant? I think not. A woman's education must go on all her life, exactly the same as a man's, or she will never be even a helpmeet for her husband.

If God had intended woman to be merely man's slave he would never have furnished her with reasoning powers. She need not have had even a tongue, for she could have cooked his dinner and mended his shirt quite as well without one. I think if such had been the case the emancipation of slaves would never have taken place. As for girls never learning sewing nowadays, I know that any girl educated in a Board School thoroughly understands the practical work of cutting out and putting together materials of all kinds.

Do you think, Mr. Editor, that "M. P. S." ever read Sidney Smith's "Pleasures of Knowledge"? If he did, I wonder if he skipped the following passages or read them:—"I appeal to the experience of every man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered: his faculties have done that which they were created to do; not languidly occupied upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature and so worthy of their strength."

This applies equally to a woman as to one of the other sex. There is an anecdote I have read which I think is appropriate to the subject in hand. It is as follows. "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilised life, and among other things he informed me that at their start they made a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilised wives, and the uniform result was the children were all like their mothers. The father soon lost all his interest both in wife and children. "And now," said he, "if we would educate but one class of our children, we would choose the girls, for when they become mothers they educate their sons."

In THE GIRL'S OWN a few months since I read that God did not take woman from man's head, so as to be his superior; nor from his feet, so as to be his inferior; but from his side, in order to make her his equal and companion, and unless a woman is educated she certainly cannot be either his equal or companion.

But, Mr. Editor, I fear I am taking up your valuable space, so I will be contented with merely mentioning that some women cannot be wives and mothers. They have their living to earn and must go out in the world, and if they are not educated, and highly educated too, I think the right word to apply to them would be incapables. I infer from "M. P. S." that he considers all women's reasoning faculties are not alike. He says that "While the talented women of this generation are studying to equal men on their own ground, they are leaving the women's posts for the incapables." Now, all women are not geniuses, neither are they incapables. There are some go-betweens, and these are the ones fitted to be wives and mothers. I do not mean to say that a genius would not make a good wife and mother, but possibly her genius requires her to concentrate her whole energies on one object. Then the go-betweens? They are improved, refined, and better able to train their sons to be great, good, and noble men, than if they had no sympathy with their tastes and feelings. A man enjoys talking to another, about politics for instance, and more so when he knows his opponent is "worthy of his steel." Would he not feel just the same pleasure in arguing with his wife, if she were educated, so that she could understand and talk sensibly and intelligently with him? Then, again, a talented woman is not obliged to be a heathen. Possibly, indeed most probably, she will be an earnest-minded Christian.

"M. P. S." also says if a woman advances too far she will certainly fall. I say the same of a man, but a woman cannot advance too far if she be sure of every step she takes. I could say more, Mr. Editor, but will refrain. And now, with numerous good wishes to you and "Our Girls,"—I am, yours sincerely,

BERTHA MARY JENKINSON
(Aged 14 years and 7 months).

* M. P. S. is *not* a man, but the daughter of an illustrious dignitary of the Church of England.—ED.

A Charade.

Cut off my head, and then you see
A nobleman of high degree.
Ah! heave not such a heavy sigh
Because you are not quite so high.

Cut off my tail and then, ah, me!
Foolish to care so great to be;
I'm fallen from my place so high,
For only common fruit am I.

Cut off my head and tail, and then
See what a boon I am to men.
Without me they could never prove
Half the delights of joy and love.

Give me my head and tail again,
You'll find me in the rolling main,
Or in a lovely lady's hair,
Amongst the noble, rich, and fair.

L. J. B. (aged 20).

Dear Mr. Editor,—I see that The Girl's Own Paper has taken up the subject of bookbinding; and, as I have had considerable experience in amateur bookbinding, I thought I might be able to give a few hints to some of those who, encouraged and assisted by your valuable papers, have begun to practise that useful art.

Some years ago I became possessed of a large quantity of weekly numbers of the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home*. After having some of them bound into yearly volumes, there still remained a great many, which were too good to use as waste-paper, and which were almost useless in their loose condition. All at once the idea occurred to me that they would form an acceptable present to a hospital, if they could be bound together in some easy inexpensive way. And this is how I managed to bind them—

The numbers being all neatly stitched and cut, I arranged them in regular order, and divided each volume into about six parts, in such a way that each part contained one or more complete tales. I then procured an awl (which cost twopence), and, having laid the numbers evenly on a piece of board, pierced five holes through them, at about a quarter of an inch from the edge at the back. Then, taking a large needle and some strong thread, I tacked them securely together by passing the needle through these holes. If you examine any monthly number of a magazine you will see exactly how this is done.

My books now appeared in such a presentable form, that it seemed a pity not to give them some kind of cover by way of protection. So I cut some stiff brown paper into sizes a little larger than the books themselves; pasted the backs and about a quarter of an inch on each side with shoemaker's paste, folded the brown paper neatly over them, and put them under pressure to dry.

Of course, they could be covered with cardboard and calico, as suggested in No. 109, but I am inclined to think that an invalid would prefer the paper cover; as it is lighter, and more suited to a recumbent position.

Those who have passed through a long and tedious illness will understand the comfort that is to be derived from a good supply of agreeable books.

Therefore, why let them lie useless on our shelves, when they might be sent out into the world as messengers of mercy?

Caroline.

*** Caroline has been thoughtful enough to send us one of her home-bound volumes, and we certainly can recommend our girls to utilise their loose magazines in the way she suggests.—Ed.

PHOSPHORUS.

"How ignorant human beings are, my dear Etincelle!" said a glowworm to a firefly that had poised herself on a maidenhair fern close by.

"Ah! old fellow, if you saw as much of the world as I do, you would indeed be surprised at not only their ignorance, but their conceit. But then the more ignorant people are the better they think of themselves, that is always the case!"

"Oh, of course!" responded the glowworm. "I must say though I almost envy you sometimes, flying about as you do; you must see so much of life, and I must be more or less fixed to the earth. What I wanted to say, also, was, why do human beings insist on calling me a worm?" And the glowworm thrilled out his light angrily.

"Dear Clair de Lune, that's their ignorance again, poor stupid things, when they have only to look at you to see you're a beetle with legs! Why, I believe they cannot even explain why we shine," flashed Etincelle, charmed at being something inexplicable.

This conversation took place amongst the herbage that fringed a tank of water in a little valley of the Esterelle mountains. The Mediterranean lay a mile or two away, sleeping in the warm moonlight; everything was still, except for the distant croaking of frogs and hum of night insects. Suddenly human voices broke the stillness—two young tourists sauntered down the hilly road. "What a perfect evening!" said one to the other. "Let us sit down and rest a little, and have a smoke; we shall get to the town in half an hour more, and it is not late."

So they lay down near the tank, and lit their pipes. They were medical students, who in the intervals of their studies were taking a walking tour through the South of France.

"What a number of glowworms there are just here!" said one.

"Oh, and there's a firefly!" and he made a dart at Etincelle, who just escaped him, saying to her friend at the same time, "Take care, dear Luiseur, that they don't catch you. Just like men, they are so rough!"

"Ah, I nearly got it!" said the disappointed student.

"What makes them so phosphorescent?" asked the other.

"I wish I could tell you. There seem really to be no fixed laws why living animals should be luminous in this way, and there is even a doubt of its being caused by phosphorus at all. In dead ones, particularly in fish, one may perhaps account for it by the amount of phosphorus contained in the bones being communicated to the rest of the body. I was once dreadfully frightened by one of our fellows taking me into the dissecting-room of our hospital when it was dark; he had forgotten to bring a light with him, and as I entered I saw one of the two dead bodies, then undergoing dissection, luminous, and apparently alive, which gave it a strange unearthly look. I was greatly alarmed, but on going nearer I soon saw how stupid I had been to be the least frightened, and still more so when my companion said, "Wait a minute, we will illuminate the other also," and he removed a phosphorescent morsel from one body to the other, which immediately became lit up, emitting phosphorescent light.* Then I thought it most wonderful and beautiful, for forgetting how dead fish are often luminous, I had no idea that our poor human shells could be thus also glorified!"

"Yes, that must have been worth seeing!" answered his travelling companion; "but I still want to know how it is accounted for?"

"That I cannot tell you."

"Ah, I thought he couldn't," whispered Etincelle, who, having extinguished her light, had hovered gently down beside the glowworm, whose brilliancy was also dimming as he became more and more sleepy. "Of course he can't; men are *so* ignorant, and the least thing makes them insufferably conceited. Listen how proud they are of only shining when they are dead, and can't see it; how far preferable to be able to see one's own light when alive."

"I quite agree with you," said Clair de Lune, in a sleepy whisper; "but listen to what they are saying."

The student who had last spoken, resumed—

"I have had my ideas on the subject, but cannot tell if they will explain the wonders of phosphorus. The flashes one sees on any object illuminated by it may be accounted for by there being waves or vibrations of light, as there are waves or vibrations of sound in the air, so that the flashes we saw in the firefly I so nearly caught just now may be caused by the vibrations set going in the air by the fly's movements. Ah! there it is again!"

Etincelle, finding Clair de Lune quite too sleepy and uninteresting, had flown up high into the air to join a dance of her sparkling companions.

"As to what makes phosphorus shine," continued the young man, "I cannot explain, unless that the larger proportion of oxygen that exists in the air in warm dry weather combines more readily with it, and so, in a way, ignites. Certain it is that in cold damp nights phosphorescent things do not shine out nearly so brilliantly; but these are all 'maybe's,' and guaranteed as yet by no scientific men!"

They rose up and went on their way. The moonlight was more and more beautiful as they emerged from the trees of the hills on to the flat road that led into Cannes; the Alps glistened softly white, like frosted silver, above the darker intermediate hills, with their grey olive and orange-tree groves, and the frogs scolded away in their reedy ditches and pools, as if each had a greater grievance than his neighbour.

At last they came to the town, and after a hearty supper they strolled out on to the shore, for a final smoke before bedtime. The water was luminous with the myriads of molluscs, that cause what is called the phosphorescence of the sea as each tiny wave threw up its crest of diamonds on the sand.

"There is another wonder!" exclaimed one of the students, "which is called phosphorescence, and in which no one can prove the presence of phosphorus. The warm air of to-night has made all these little people very busy and active, and the greater their activity the greater their brilliancy."

Etincelle, after a long dance, had fluttered and fluttered on till she also came to the sea. She had been greatly interested in the conversation of the two young men in spite of her contempt for the human race, and when she heard that it was perhaps not due to phosphorus that Luiseur's sea-cousins are endowed with light, she was greatly pleased, as she had always thought it rather lowering that she or any insect friend should have the slightest connection with or be under any obligation to

*A fact that occurred at the Webb-street School of Medicine, and also in the recent Russo-Turkish War; the Russian bodies after a battle being luminous.

so unpleasantly scented a substance as phosphorus. She resolved, therefore, to return the following evening to Clair de Lune and tell him all she had heard.

Being by this time, however, very sleepy and tired with her long aerial journey, she danced up to an adjacent garden, where she fell fast asleep under the leaves of a red passion flower.

VARIETIES.

TWO SORTS OF WISDOM.—It is usually seen that the wiser people are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next.

GOOD BREEDING OVERDONE.—One may know a woman that never conversed in the world by her excess of good breeding. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.—*Addison.*

A GOOD OPINION OF ONESELF.—A fly, in one of Æsop's fables, once sat upon the axletree of a chariot-wheel, and exclaimed, "What a dust do I raise!" "So," says Lord Bacon, "are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it."

A MARK OF A LITTLE MIND.—I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind as the servile imitation of others.—*Greville.*

SLOW TO SPEAK.—The first virtue is to restrain the tongue. She approaches nearest the gods who knows how to be silent, even though she is in the right.—*Cato.*

HOW TO SEE DIVINE LIGHT.—The best way to see Divine light is to put out thine own candle.—*Quarles.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two learn'd observers of great Nature's laws,
Who note th' effect and seek to know the cause.

1. The most distressing siege of modern times,
   When mutineers against their lords rebelled.
2. By lion guarded, on her way she goes,
   By maiden purity and strength upheld.
3. Sometimes a parchment and sometimes a beast,
   And oft, in Ireland, not perceived the least.
3. In Retzsch's outlines my career is shown,
   And human life is typified in me.
5. Here did my *second* make his name well-known
   By explorations both by land and sea.
6. A town in France, whose famous industry
   Is best expressed by naming O D V.
7. Five hundred pounds a year, no more! and yet
   The benefactor of his town was he;
   He planted trees, all in due order set,
   And built the church, where all received might be;
   For weary trav'llers wayside seats he raised;
   The rural schools and almshouse he endowed;
   He fed and clad the poor, while kindly words
   Enhanced the value of the gifts bestowed.

XIMENA.

A SHORT MEMORY.—A lady once had such a short memory that she scarcely knew what she read. A friend, knowing this, sent her the same book to read seven times in succession. On being asked how she liked it, she replied, "I think it a first-rate production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

THOUGHTS ON GOOD TURNS.—She who receives a good turn should never forget it; she who does one should never remember it.—*Charron.*

A PREFERENCE FOR PRAISE.—Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to them to praise which deceives them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

TRUTH IN TRIFLES.—I have seldom known any one who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.—*Paley.*

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE.

Still seems it strange that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle; and that no more.

Young.

THE STUDENT OF CHARACTER.

'Twill need, maybe, ten years or more
To prove a good man to the core;
But any fool in a day or two
May look a rogue's soul through and through.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A DEVONSHIRE DAISY and NELLINA. — Reading French books aloud, and translating them into English, will be found an excellent method of improving yourself.

E. M. G. (Belmont-place).—The best and most recent authority is Professor Max Müller, who has lectured on the "Science of Languages." He divides them into three families, viz., the Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian. At one time, the Holy Scriptures tell us, "The whole earth was of one language and one speech" (Gen. xi. 1). We do not yet know enough to decide what that language was.

A YOUNG TEACHER.—We recommend the "New Companion to the Bible" for Bible classes and Sunday schools, with maps, price 2s. 6d., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., published by the Religious Tract Society. Do not make "u" like "n.'

FAUST.—The fullest information on the subject of post-office clerkships is given on pages 309 and 543, vol. i., and page 112, vol. ii. Apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, E.C.

VICTORIA.—We think your plans for continuing your education are excellent, provided they meet with your parents' approval, and that your friend be a steady and reliable associate for you. You will probably be obliged to pay 10s. per week for the accommodation you need.

TRUST and FLORA.—Write for the "Home Naturalist," which gives practical instructions for collecting, arranging, and preserving natural objects (published at 56, Paternoster-row).

QUEENIE. — See "Sunday-school Work," page 282, vol. i., for a full account of how to conduct the work.

FLO. — Apply personally between ten and twelve on Tuesday and Friday to the matron at St. Thomas's Hospital, or by letter to the Secretary, Nightingale Fund, Henry Bonham Carter, 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W., for information as to the Nightingale Probationers.

A. I. M.—You would obtain a situation as a teacher in a private school by advertising, and stating your various acquirements, without much difficulty.

MAY.—Many thanks for the address. The Women's Education Union has lately published a "List of Schools, Colleges, Examinations, &c., for Women and Girls," price 3d.; address the office, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, London, S.W. We cannot recommend any.

LADIE FAN.—We have to thank you for your kind letter and information. St. Joachim and St. Anne are said by tradition, and in the Apocryphal Gospels, to have been the father and mother of the Virgin Mary. There is no mention of them in the Scriptures.

COOKERY.

A YOUNG GIRL wishes us to give her two recipes—one for pickling beetroot, the other for small rough patches on the face and neck. But "patches" are quite out of fashion now, and should not be worn. When they were, they consisted of black "court plaster." For pickling beetroot, boil it whole until tender, taking care to avoid breaking off any of the small roots, as the red juice would run out. After the boiling, cut the root in thin slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place in a jar, and cover with good vinegar. As beetroot pickle will not keep long; only a small quantity should be pickled at one time.

ST. KEYNE.—You can prevent a boiled paste pudding from adhering to the cloth either by greasing or by sprinkling it well with flour. We are glad that you enjoy our magazine.

F. TARCHLEY.—1. Real "whole meal" flour is probably more nutritious and less heating than oatmeal flour, whether made into porridge or bread. 2. We imagine that after the washing in the borax and camphor solution you do not sufficiently dry and brush your hair. If rough and dull-looking after being washed, rub in a little vaseline.

JANET GREY.—We think that the recipe you mean must be the following:—Stewed kidney: Take out the hard centre, and cut the rest into neat small pieces. Place these in a saucepan with a quart of cold water; add an onion, stuck with cloves, and a little pepper and salt, and simmer all gently together for about an hour and a half. Twenty minutes before the kidney is taken up, melt an ounce of butter or dripping in a stewpan, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, and beat the butter and flour into a smooth paste with the back of a wooden spoon. Add gradually a little of the broth from the kidney, and then pour it and the paste into the saucepan, and boil all together for a few minutes. Add a few drops of sugar-browning, and serve with small rolls of fried bacon, or toasted sippets, placed round the dish. Potatoes or boiled rice are, either of them, good accompaniments to this dish.

MUSIC.

SUNFLOWER.—The song for which you inquire is called "The Watchman and Child," Wm. Morley, publisher, Islington.

A TEAZER.—At any musicseller's you would obtain an instruction book for the organ. See "How to Play the Harmonium," page 472, vol. i., and "How to Play the Organ," page 328, vol. i. The "Organ Primer," by Dr. Stainer, published by Novello, may also be recommended. We hope your name does not describe your character; if it does so, try to improve and check yourself in your unhappy weakness without delay.

MINCH AND CO.—The bass and the treble stave comprise all the notes possessed by various human voices; in other words, all the notes required in vocal music may be written on these staves.

RORY.—If so easily fatigued, do not practise singing more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time. If your general health be not strong, your voice will of course be weak.

LENA WOOD.—For "weakness in the voice" see "Answers to Correspondents," page 160, vol. ii. Perhaps a tonic would be of service to you, and plenty of exercise and sea bathing during the summer would improve your health and increase your strength.

WORK.

M. E. B.—We are very happy to supply instructions of all kinds of needlework, and likewise to reply to questions on the subject; but in an editor's office, or those of his publishers, it is scarcely reasonable to expect that, if "half a bead purse" be sent to them, "they," the editor, or his staff, or the publishers before-named, should "do the other side!"

MILLIE BURNS.—A few pocket handkerchiefs embroidered with his initials, or a pair of silk socks knitted by yourself, would, either of them, be nice presents for your brother. Yes, we think you should write copies, as your writing is very indifferent.

ALICE.—Instructions for making a "Tam o' Shanter" cap may be found at page 591, vol. i.

MISS E. B. S.—You may obtain the "Hibernia" underclothing at any linendraper's.

BUDGE v. QUITS.—Use book-muslin for your painting, and mix the colours with Chinese white.

ECILA.—Blue diagonal, or serge cloth, or furniture velveteen, would any of them be excellent materials for your mantle border and curtains. You will find several beautiful designs on pages 228 and 229, vol. ii.

CONSTANCE.—Use a little stiff paste made of flour, to stiffen your crewel-work at the back, if it require it.

CLARE.—The most inexpensive material for curtains and valances for bedrooms is what is called "Workhouse sheeting." It washes and wears to perfection, and, when trimmed with Turkey-red twill bands, is really very handsome in appearance, and looks better and richer after every washing.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "G. O. P."—The samplers will be returned to their owners.

KENT.—Boys can be taught plain sewing, as well as to knit and to crochet, and at cross-stitch and crewel-work we have known a boy who was nearly as clever as his sisters. See also "Rack Frame Knitting,"

page 420, vol. ii. The cheapest way to obtain such a book would be to buy one secondhand.

SCOTLAND, WHITE ROSE OF LANGLEY.—See "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

HAREBELL.—To make use of small pieces of woollen material see the designs for patchwork given on page 332, vol. iii.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," is from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii., scene 3.

ALICE MAUD.—Read the articles entitled "Occupations for Invalids," in which you will find many suggestions of various kinds.

ETHELWYNNE.—You should have offered to pay for your friend's tea, as she had accompanied you as your guest. If you have worn mourning for a year already for your sister, it is time to leave it off entirely now. The dresses that were trimmed with crape might be brightened up by re-trimming them with silk, satin, or watered silk.

HOUSEKEEPING.

NEWTON ABBOT.—Your cake was not baked enough perhaps; the recipe appears to be for a kind of gingerbread called "Parliament." Add a little more flour to make it stiffer. The German word means "Hours of travel."

LA CARITA.—We think the following is a sensible division of an income of £100—£1 18s. 5½d. per week. Rent, £20 per annum, 8s. per week; butcher, 6s. 6d.; grocer, 5s. 6d.; baker, 3s. 6d.; vegetables, 1s. 6d.; coals and wood, 2s.; milk, 1s. 2d.; total, £1 8s. 2d. Maid's wages, £8 or £10 per annum—in all about £86. The remaining £14 must be applied to taxes, rates, doctor, and the thousand little expenses of everyday life. You did not tell us what you were to dress upon? You must, of course, wash at home. As to furnishing a house of this size, if you did it *gradually*, being content with the barest necessaries at first, you would probably do it more cheaply than you suppose.

AN INEXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.—Judging from your letter, you appear to manage your housekeeping pretty well, if you "keep nine people," as you describe, "on £4 17s. a week." But your butcher's bill would be much reduced by the use of Australian meat and American pressed beef, and also by buying bones to make soup. Your brave acceptance of your changed fortunes is most praiseworthy.

MATER.—Many thanks for your wise and sensible letter. We are always glad of practical information on housekeeping for small incomes. Will you kindly write to us more at length? How many have you to feed on your allowance of £2 5s. per week? And how do you divide the amount? Will you also mention how you make use of the Australian meat, and send us any recipes you have found good, practical, and easy? Do you bake your bread at home, and wash as well? Will you also tell us what you think would be the proper division of £100, so as to give two people everything but dress?

LEONIE.—We think the dislike to Australian meat is a prejudice. If properly cooked it is a great addition to our housewifely comforts.

LONGSHANKS.—The kind of starch prepared in the West Indies from the tuberous root of the *Canna edulis* is called by the name of *Tous-les-mois*. It is used as a substitute for arrowroot, and is soluble in boiling water, and is very digestible and suitable to invalids.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. GEO. C.—We like your verses much, which show good feeling and right views, and the lines of which flow smoothly. But our "Amateur Column," being so small, must be devoted to the young unmarried girls. If you wish to have any poem criticised, we will point out any mistakes in the composition.

POST.—After having had a bad cold, temporary deafness will often supervene, owing either to debility, which should be treated by a tonic, or from too great a secretion having collected in the ear. Go to a doctor, or good chemist, and let him syringe it; and if not successful in the restoration of your hearing, we think you may infer that debility may be the cause. In that case you should procure a doctor's advice.

VIOLET HERMIONE.—Your writing is not formed, though legible. You are tall for your age. In reference to the method of knitting a boy's jersey, see pages 223 and 319, vol. ii. They are now quite out of date, yet may be purchased at very trifling cost ready-made.

MADCAP VIOLET.—Finish the playing of the piece which you have been requested to perform; and then, if acquainted with the last comers, you can bow, or speak to them. Your writing is good. Try tannin lozenges.

PAQUERETTE.—We have laughed over and enjoyed your pleasant letter. We do not often have one so clever and sensible, and we think, after reading your poetry, that you had better stick to prose, as the safest outlet for your genius. It is not without merit, as it contains several ideas, but it is quite without rhythm. We are rather at a loss, too, as to what style you intended to patronise; not "blank verse," for there are no proper breaks; and if "heroics," there are no rhymes. We fall back on the language of the æsthetics, and say that it is "quite too utterly too too."

A. A. S. R.—We have to thank you for a very kind and courteous letter, and to regret that we cannot give a favourable report of your poetry, which is not suitable for publication, nor has it any pecuniary value.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.—We do not quite understand your question about your "at homes." Do you mean when you receive your visitors after your marriage? If you issue invitations for an "at home" on ordinary occasions, you invite gentlemen, of course; and you would provide refreshments according to the number invited.

ETTA.—"J. N. R. J." are the initial letters of the Latin inscription on the cross of our Saviour—"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

MAD NANCY, IRENE, SARAH J., H. M. BEAN, MISS HARVEY, and W. A.—The bazaar will take place at midsummer. Contributions should be sent to Miss Grace Tidd, the address given on page 349. Write and inquire. We thank "Sarah J." for her very kind letter.

DOROTHY TEMPLE.—Pronounce like "shower," but do not emphasize the "er" at the end, as it has a vulgar sound.

LIZZIE H. C.—By all means send the articles you mention to the address given by Miss Beale in her article respecting the Princess Louise Home.

ISADORE.—"Ethel" means "noble." We are very glad to hear of your good resolutions, and hope that God will enable you to carry them into effect.

VIOLET.—You will find a full list of all the convalescent homes in England in Part ii. of the "Guides to the Institutions for the Benefit of Women and Children," price 6d., published at Hatchards', 187, Piccadilly, London, W.

J. GILMER.—The year of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER begins in October. A new volume was commenced on the 1st of last October.

VIOLET VERINI.—*Semper sursum* means, "Always upwards." *Dolce far niente*, "Sweet do-nothingness."

ECHO.—There is no way of "permanently marking out a tennis-court without injuring the grass." We believe the courts can be traced out with narrow marble borders, sunk to a level with the grass, but we should imagine that there would be less danger in keeping to the present method.

ADE.—We should be pleased to print your pathetic verses if you will kindly send your age and a line from a parent, minister, or teacher, certifying their originality.

JEANIE TINDALL and DESSIE.—We think you cannot have read the "Rules" for correspondents. We do not advertise anything for sale. All the back numbers, and the first vol. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, may be obtained at the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We are much obliged for the recipes you have sent us, and regret that they are not suitable for our "Useful Hints." The "poetry" shows much good feeling, but little originality.

GRESTIE.—We are much obliged by the trouble you have taken to prove us in the wrong. The Duke of Buccleuch is also Baron Douglas, in the peerage of Scotland.

WILD IRISH ROSE.—Wash the woollen antimacassar in a tepid lather, rinse, and wring very dry in a towel. The frame of the old screen might be made presentable again by painting it with Judson's artists' black, which will, perhaps, make the velveteen look brighter, after you have brushed it well. The fireplace-curtains might be made of serge or diagonal.

LIESEL.—Many thanks for your kind note. We do not think such a union within the scope of our paper, though we are glad to recommend those of which we may hear to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. 90,000 members seems a large number.

HAMPSHIRE LASSIE.—Sometimes a relaxed throat may be benefited by gargling with a solution of alum and water, and the use of some tannin or cayenne lozenges.

LENT LILY.—We advise you to wear your hair short for a time, as it may serve to strengthen it. Certainly, it is by no means "morally wrong" to wear it thus. In reference to the passage you quote, we believe it only stated the existing feeling of the time as to a style which was not regarded as seemly and womanly. Of course, what public opinion regarded as in any degree otherwise could not be adopted with impunity; and for one of the early Christian ladies to have made herself remarkable in any way personally, and so as to outrage all existing ideas of good taste and feminine propriety, was to be regarded as an act of great indiscretion, to say the least of it. In the present day people are more free to choose fashions for themselves; yet cropped heads are very exceptionally seen in the upper ranks of society.

LUCY M. S.—Wash the plated spoons and forks with soap and water—possibly that may remove the "smell of fish and onions." We never heard of fish and onions being thus associated together, nor of either being eaten with a spoon! In reference to the watering of rose trees in a conservatory, we do not know whether your query refers to the liquid or the instrument employed to convey it. A small garden water syringe, or hose, might be required; or an ordinary watering-pot.

S. V. G.—We regret to say that, at present, you are quite ineligible as a candidate for the telegraph business. Your spelling is so bad, and you express yourself so very incorrectly. We are glad that you like our paper.

WHITE MOUSE.—Use the back-board regularly. Be particular in sitting straight on your chair, and rest your back by lying on it, on the floor, for at least an hour daily.

SALLY SAUNDERS.—Wet your hair slightly, rub the yolk of the egg well into it, and then wash thoroughly in warm water.

MYSOTIS.—Soup is taken from the side of the spoon, never in any case from the point.

G. B. W.—Samaritan Society, London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, E. This society was instituted as an appendage to the London Hospital. Domestic servants, mechanics, and labourers, who, through sickness or accident, have been obliged to leave their places, and on being discharged have no home to which they may go to, are either sent to a convalescent institution, or receive seasonable assistance. It is impossible for us to enter into a detailed account of its great usefulness. You can obtain further information by applying to the secretary, Thomas Hornsby, at the above address.

JANIE.—We know of nothing that will revive black velveteen, and advise you to have it dyed again.

SHEILA.—It is not at all usual for the bride-elect to provide the furniture for her future home; that is the husband's duty.

MORGIANA.—Thank you for your kind letter; we are indeed glad to hear that our advice has been so useful and comforting to you. To improve yourself in composition, we should advise you to study Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," to be had at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing is very bad; try to improve that too.

ANXIOUS ONE.—1. Write and thank the persons who have sent you wedding presents at your earliest convenience. 2. When offered a choice, always make one. It relieves the friend who wishes to do you a service, in what would be to you the most satisfactory way, of a difficulty. To decline to assist them thus would be as ill-bred as to decline making a choice when asked so to do at dinner.

CECILIA.—1. You can obtain a box of sponge-cleaning powder at any chemist's. 2. Cut the nail that grows in at the sides in a concave, rather than a convex, line, sloping well downwards in the centre. Then with a piece of glass or very sharp penknife scrape the middle of the nail from the quick or flesh, upwards, to thin it, and so dispose the sides to rise up. You may thus change the shape of the nail. If much inflamed, put on a poultice, and then keep your foot up for a day, or longer if necessary.

A WESLEYAN.—There have been several instances of recent date of a mother giving her daughter away when the father was either dead or acting as the officiating clergyman.

TRY.—J. Howard Payne is the composer of the air. It is taken from the opera of *Clari, the Maid of Milan*. The Saracen brides used to wear orange-blossoms, and the same emblem may occasionally have been worn by European brides, ever since the time of the Crusades. The subject of bridal decorations being made a study, and the orange-flower being found suitable, from the use made of it by the ancient Saracens, it was introduced by modistes as a fit ornament for brides.

SUNFLOWER.—You will find directions for babies' gaiters on page 150, vol. i.

TURKISH BATH.—We think a Turkish bath taken twice a day would be most injurious in weakening the general health. In fact, they should not be taken at any time without having consulted a doctor. We wonder how your sisters find time to spend in two Turkish baths in the day!

PRIMROSE HOPE.—"Aboon" or "abune" means "above," pronounced as spelt. The text may be found in two places—St. Matthew xviii. 7, St. Luke xvii. 1.

POPPIES.—We could not say what the terms for lodgings would be in an unknown neighbourhood. Make inquiries of those who live near you, and consult the advertisements in the papers.

JOY.—Accept our thanks for so kind a letter. You write a nice hand. The verses are not correctly written; the uniformity, in reference to the emphasis, or beat, in each line should be carefully maintained. Observe the irregularity in the next to the last line of "Autumn Leaves." We sympathise much with you in regard to such premature "old age," under the weight of which you appear to be staggering about at twenty-two!

KHERSONETTE FEELING.—While sorry to hear of your grievous trouble, we cannot suggest any steps which might be taken to "win back lost love" and silence "angry words." You have not given us any clue as to the origin of the change. Think over your own conduct, and endeavour to trace the cause. When angry words are uttered, what are they about? What charge is brought against you? What irritates or what disappoints your husband or father? Ask yourself, and make some agreeable change in that particular. We cannot advise further than this—in the dark as we are.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—"Dives" is only a descriptive designation, indicating that the selfish uncharitable man in the parable was a rich man. Your writing should be sloped a little from right to left, but its kind expressions make ample amends for so small a defect.

CHERRY.—This young lady appears to imagine herself duly installed on the Woolsack, to deliver judgment *in re* the Editor, and the "wounded" sensitive plants amongst his pupil correspondents. So she thinks herself fully qualified, as well as justified, in passing a vote of "censure" upon her instructors, and to deprecate their "uncalled-for" remarks. She owns to needing instruction on two points, as least, and we are glad to give it, even to those who "forget their manners." 1. If you help anyone in another person's house, you do so as the proxy of the hostess. Thus you cannot help her before her guests. 2. We do not know what practices obtain "in the middle class." We can only tell you what "good breeding" demands, and under what circumstances strict etiquette may be relaxed. There are exceptional cases, in which to accompany a gentleman friend to the door would not be derogatory, and in these cases more especially so supposing the reception-room to be on the same floor as the hall door.

AUNT KATY.—The practice of "barring out" is now obsolete. The master of a school was barred out of the schoolroom by the boys, in order to dictate terms to him. Miss Edgeworth has a tale so called. We sympathise much with you on your disappointments in answering advertisements, such as you have mentioned.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—The use of much soda as a wash for the hair would make it dry and brittle. Consult a surgeon. We like the second specimen of writing the best.

WIFIE.—The fern-fronds have been exposed to a draught, either in the window or from a door.

NEARLY THIRTEEN.—Many thanks for your recipe. You will find "How to Clean Gloves at Home" at page 96, vol. i. Benzine colas is also used for the purpose. The instructions are on each bottle.

VIOLET.—The lines you send us have some merit in them, and show much thought and tender feeling, but they are extremely faulty in construction. When you count them carefully for yourself, line by line, you will find, for instance, that none of the first lines of the verses are alike, and the second lines range from seven feet to ten.

A DEWDROP, ELSA, and "FRAGE."—If you had consulted your Bible you would have found that the disciples were called "Christians" first in Antioch, (Acts xi. 26), which was before the Gospel had been preached in Rome. "Elsa" should read English books aloud, if possible, to her companions. We could not recommend an English school.

MARY OF ARGYLE.—If the husband be perfectly solvent, he is entitled to settle his property on his wife at any time during his life, or make a deed of gift of any portion of it.

THE GOWK.—Send the children's clothes and the scrap-book to the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, Southwark Bridge-road, S.E. Your writing should be smaller and rounder.

ROSABEL RODD.—You put on your paste of quicklime and water too thinly. Did you wash off with soap and water as directed? The recipe has been used with success for years.

A SIXTEEN.—While you are looking out for a situation you can go to the Young Women Servants' Temporary Home, 1, Bessborough-gardens, S.W. For board and lodging you must pay sixpence a day.

MAY HAWTHORN.—A milk diet would probably suit your friend, and would also make her fatter. No effect whatever would be produced on the hair by the soap you mention.

HAWTHORN.—Cut down the whole plant. You have allowed too much wood and too much foliage. The audiphone varies in price and may be purchased at an optician's. The cost of them is moderate.

INQUISITIVE.—Hayti and San Domingo are also called "Hispaniola," or "New Spain," though at present you will not find the name much used.

HUMMING BIRD. — We see Mukeady envelopes advertised for sale; the price asked was 5s.

A RECENT CONTRIBUTOR.—You mean a "subscriber," we suppose. Arrange the cuttings under separate headings, such as "History," "Physiography," "Science," "Music," "Painting," "Works of Art," &c.

GRACIE.—We think that your suggestion respecting the walk in the morning rather a good one; but as you have a mile to walk each way, to and from the office, you would be over-tired if you extended it much. We have no doubt but that to the close air of so small an office, the long desk-work daily, and the smell of the paint and varnish, &c., your neuralgic pains in the head may be attributed. You absolutely need some complete rest and relaxation, and should take advantage of the day of rest provided. If you play the harmonium for the Sunday services it is quite as much as you should venture to do, and let others, who do not play, undertake the Sunday classes. You are attempting to do too much; and if you be not warned in time by this attack of "Tic," you may become permanently invalided, and be obliged to give up your office-work and your harmonium-playing too.

CHARLIE'S DARLING.—Two volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have been completed, and the third is now in course of coming out. Write to our office for the yearly volumes, price 7s. 6d., or order them from any bookseller. The 25th of July, 1862, was a Friday. We thank you for your warm commendation of our magazine.

TOPSEY.—We are glad to hear of all your little plans and efforts to be useful to others, and think that left-off clothing would be a very acceptable gift to any "home," and the pictures likewise. By all means send them. We regret that you should have seen no answer to any letter of yours, and thank you for your kind words, wishing you better health very sincerely.

FANNY T. HALIFAX.—When wedding-cake is sent to you from distant friends, write a letter of good wishes, and acknowledgment of their remembrance of you. Certainly do not "send cards." It is very unusual and incorrect to send cards after a death bearing the inscription, "With Mrs. ——'s kind sympathy." People should either call at the door to inquire for the family, and leave visiting cards, or write a letter of sympathy. In regard to the bereaved family, all the inquiries made, and cards left, should be acknowledged, by sending out printed cards of thanks for kind inquiries within a period of three months. But these will be an indication that they are prepared to receive visitors again. So, until disposed to see them, delay sending the cards. A widow is not expected to send them out till after a year. When letters of sympathy have been received, answers should be written as soon as circumstances will permit.

ACE.—The finding of four-leaved clover grass is supposed to bring "good luck." In one of Herrick's poems we find a mention of "lucky foure-leaved grasse," and in Melton's "Astrologaster" it is said that "if a man walking in the fields finds any four-leaved grass, he shall, in a small while after, find some good thing." Several mentions of this may be found in the writings of other poets.

MEPHISTOPHELES. — Mahomedans are divided into several sects, or parties, including the "Sunnites," or "Sonnites," and the "Sheahs," or "Schyites." The first are the orthodox, who consider the "Sunna," or oral law, as binding as the "Koran," or written law. The Ottoman Empire is the chief seat of the "Sonnites," and the Sultan is considered the representative of the Caliphs. Persia has been for centuries the stronghold of the "Shiites." The first recognised the Caliph Abubeker, the father-in-law of Mahomet, in preference to Ali and Omar. The latter ("Shiites") are the followers of Ali, who married Fatima, the daughter of the prophet. For "Sir Galahad" see page 480, vol. ii.

MARIE.—An anachronism is an event placed at a wrong date, as if you spoke of Magna Charta as existing in the reign of William the Conqueror. The word is from the Greek, *ana chronos*, "out of time."

A SISTER.—The line as usually quoted is, "The mind is the standard of the man." Dr. Watts is supposed to have paraphrased a line of Seneca's.

HIGHLAND MAGGIE.—You should accept the invitation sent you by your future husband's parents gladly, and do your best to be agreeable while paying your visit, so as to make a good impression on them. What is more natural than that they should desire to see you. Do not forget that their affection is tried and old, and yours is new, and dismiss all jealous and unworthy feelings from your mind.

MY CHILD.—Never do anything secretly. Tell your mother that you wish to send some of your books to the poor suffering boy, and we think she will allow you to do as you wish.

MINNEGDENANFIENIE.—All such records and information are kept at the Heralds College, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

FLORA.—We think you have been misinformed as to the pearls. It would be in very bad taste to cover every chair in the room with antimacassars.

A. E. S.—We should advise you to consult a doctor.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "On the Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE START IN LIFE.

"OH, WHAT should I do if I were here without Denzil! How brave those women and girls must be who go about quite alone!"

So thought Faith Alleyne, on an afternoon in late autumn, as she stood on a railway platform amid a whirl of luggage and impatient travellers. She was only a girl of twenty-one, and she had never before been in an unfamiliar city without her parents. Her brother was only a lad, scarcely seventeen, and it was Faith herself who had kept the tickets, counted the boxes, and hired the cab. Her sense of the mighty protection of Denzil's presence was a revelation of her character. For though she did not know it of herself, it all lay in the fact that for her it was so much easier to do hard things for other people than for herself.

They drove off together, a pathetic pair, if anyone in that busy crowd had had eyes for pathos, for they were both in deep mourning, and their luggage was of that roomy, ponderous sort which suggests a portable home. The girl was small and slight, and moved with that swift energy which betokens a braced will and a healthy vitality. Was she pretty or not? It was an open question, which would have received a different answer from different people, and at different times, for hers was one of those faces which can be pale and stern, or bright and shining, one of those faces which one does not think of as a face, but as a window through which we look at something and something looks at us. But many who might not have appreciated these subtleties would have been struck by the noble pose of

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"'DEAR LITTLE FAITH,' HE SAID AGAIN."

the well-formed head, and the strange dark eyes, about whose precise shade everybody, even Faith's dead mother, had been indeterminate.

But there could be no doubtful or undecided opinion about the boy. He had been the "sweetest of babies," the "prettiest of boys," and now everyone always exclaimed, "What a fine young fellow!" He was tall and manly for his years, with clustering brown curls, and a face which Faith secretly thought like some casts she had seen of the gods and heroes of Greece. She had never grudged her brother the universal admiration he had received; she had never wondered that he had seemed her parents' favourite. Nay, she had felt positively hurt when she had heard that verdict of the gruff old foreman of her father's flour mill, that "There was more sense in one of Miss Faith's fingers than in Master Denzil's whole body." Only what could be expected from a country workman like old George, very worthy and sensible in his own person, but necessarily narrow in his views?

The Alleynes had lost their mother years before. Their father was but newly taken from them, and it was his death which had broken up the old home at Westering Mill. His own brother, a corn-dealer in another county, and his daughter Faith, newly come of age, had found themselves appointed executors of his will. There was but little property to leave, still there was that little which it becomes doubly necessary to make the most of. And the good miller, wisely feeling that the wishes of the dead are best carried out by the wisdom of the living, who can be watchful of, and pliant to, each new combination of circumstances, had left his executors the utmost freedom of action.

Many an anxious consultation did the two hold together—anxious, especially for Faith. For were not Denzil's interests at stake?

There had been Alleynes at Westering Mill for three generations; shrewd, hale, open-handed men; wise, notable, comely women; folk who had their old-fashioned ways and their decorous pride, along with their little store of solid silver plate, and their great chests bursting with piles of pure soft linen; simple, good people, who read their bibles much, and could sing old ballads, and knew the histories of all the country-side for the last hundred years. But in Faith's father's time, a finer and brighter thread had been woven into the plain strong web of life at Westering Mill. Her mother had not come from the neighbouring mills, or the adjacent farmhouses, or the good old shops of the market-town, whence the earlier Alleynes had fetched their brides. Faith's maternal grandfather had been a surgeon in the Navy, who had died young, leaving his widow and daughter to live in the genteel poverty of an ornamental cottage, not far from Westering Mill. When young Alleyne of the mill had asked the girl in marriage, she had frankly accepted him in the love of her heart, and there had been no thought of coming up or going down on either side. But her presence in the mill had made perceptible changes there. A little cottage piano found a place in the wide, low parlour, and slight water-colour sketches by herself and her school friends had found places on the old walls. Perhaps the two children who came to Mr. Alleyne of the mill and the surgeon's daughter were not quite of the same strain as the other children who had played in the same rooms. Or perhaps there was some subtle difference in their training. For Faith Alleyne was certainly the first woman of her race who had loved reading and had carried off prizes at school. And as certainly Denzil Alleyne was the first to break the family custom by which the mill was carried down from father to son, for from his earliest childhood he had always said—

"I will be a doctor, like my grandpapa."

Faith remembered this when she and her uncle were debating over the future, immediately after her father's death.

"The mill business is not improving," the uncle had said, gravely; "and I'm afraid we must look for it to go down a great deal lower before it goes up again. Somehow people never care to have dealings with a trustee. And, besides, I cannot be on the premises, and you are a woman, and Denzil will be but a boy for years to come."

"Even if he ever takes to the mill," Faith had interrupted, softly. And then she had modestly set forth her brother's ambition.

The uncle hesitated. It is so hard to decide for a boy of sixteen whether an ambition is the index-hand of the real working of character and capability, or is merely blown upon by chance, and casually arrested by circumstance. But the mill business was certainly at a critical point. And there was a neighbour miller, prepared to give a good price for the whole concern, at this particular time, for sundry family reasons of his own. If the mill was to be sold eventually it was scarcely likely to find so good a market again. Perhaps the opportunity should not be lost. The uncle proceeded to sound his nephew on the subject, particularly as to his leanings to the medical profession. He could not feel that Denzil gave him much satisfaction on this point. He wanted to be a doctor. His grandpapa had been a doctor. His favourite schoolfellow had gone to be a doctor. A doctor had a delightful life; he saw so many people, and got so much driving about. It would be very well to farm, if one had land of one's own. But he wanted to be a doctor. He should not mind being a lawyer, especially if one got a nice estate to manage. But he wanted to be a doctor. And whatever he was going to be, he was quite determined he would not have anything to do with the mill. Denzil's handsome face looked resolute at last as he said that.

"I never like it when there is more resolution against something than there is towards anything," the good uncle confided to Faith, shaking his head.

"But Denzil has always been so fond of taking care of sick things," pleaded Faith. "You can't think how many hurt kittens and invalid fowls we two have cured between us."

The uncle and the niece went through this little dialogue standing in the mill, and old George, who was in his accustomed nook watching the kiln-fire, muttered to himself—

"Ay, ay, always fond o' taking care o' sick things, was he? Fondling and stroking 'em—that was his fondness, while she did all the trotting up and down, and the messing wi' the physics and the victuals."

"The mill may sell for a better price now than it might have to go for by-and-by," mused the uncle; "but the interest on the price it will bring won't give you the income that its working would."

"But will it give us enough to live on till Denzil can have learned his profession?" Faith had asked.

"Some take one time to do that, and some another," Uncle Alleyne answered. "And it can't all go on Denzil and his profession, you see. It is to be share and share alike between you, and I'll take good care the money is divided and put away separately." Mr. Alleyne said that very determinedly, because he half expected from his niece a protest against any special protection of her interests. But the protest was not made. Faith stood silent. Something must be justly hers, of course. And what was hers would be something for her to give to Denzil.

Matters had arranged themselves in time. The mill had been sold. And it brought in a sum, which was equally divided between the brother and sister. Faith's, when safely invested, would bring her in a tiny income. Denzil's, portioned out, would amply suffice him for more years than, with reasonable success, he could possibly spend on his medical studies.

"You ought to save nearly all your income, Faith," her uncle advised. "With your bright face and helpful ways many people would be glad to receive you into their houses, and even to add something in the way of salary. I'm not sure but I could find room for you at home. I know you'd be heartily welcome."

"But I must go with Denzil," Faith insisted. His chosen destination was a northern town, famous for its thriving and thrifty colleges. "We can live very cheaply together. I can make his money go much further than he could. It would be so sad for him alone."

Faith always felt as if Denzil had lost more than she had in their bereavements. She had him still, while he had only her! And had not her mother's dying fingers rested on her boy's curls; and had not her father's dying hand rested on the youth's shoulders, and his last word been a murmured "Denzil." How they had loved him! And now she had to love him for them both. How often her mother had dwelt on "Denzil" during their last talks together—talks which had lain unforgotten in the girl's heart—"Take care of Denzil," "Have patience with Denzil"—she could remem-

ber every oft-repeated sentence. "He was such a little child in those days," she mused, fondly. "Now Denzil will take care of me—and he needs no patience, though he always has so much."

"Fudge!" said old George, in his nook. Of course, he had not heard her thoughts, but "fudge" was a wonted ejaculation of his, especially when perturbed. And he was very often perturbed in those days, between valuators coming about, and "the new master" looking in, and, above all, Miss Faith herself stealing round, taking last looks into all the familiar corners. Faith's heart was nearly broken in those days. Every stick and stone about her had been linked with the lives and loves which had passed from sight, and she felt as if she was cruel to be able to go away and leave them, never to come back and live among them again.

On one such peregrination Denzil silently followed her. She heard his step and turned, pausing. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and looked down into her face—he was much the taller of the two. Oh, what pathos she saw in his clear dark eyes! They seemed to reflect all her own silent anguish. And he was bearing it, too, and how bravely and mutely, for it seemed to poor Faith as if her own agonies must be audible.

"Dear little Faith," he said.

She could not find any voice, but she raised her hand and pressed his, clasping her shoulder.

"Dear little Faith!" he said again. There was a pause. "Will you come and look at my clothes? I cannot get them packed smoothly enough."

"How wise he is!" thought Faith, as she eagerly responded. "He feels how bad vain brooding is, and he knows that having something to do is the best of all consolations."

But the last good-byes were said in time, and the long journey taken to the northern university town. The Alleynes did not know a soul there, though they had one or two letters of introduction, and though their lodgings were already secured. For old George Milne, who was a Scotchman who had gone south to make his fortune, and had not made it yet, had a maiden sister living there, who had been asked to make inquiries on behalf of the young people, and she had replied that she herself had comfortable lodgings to let, and would be willing to do her best for her brother's master's children, as "indeed," she added, with grim and almost unnecessary truthfulness, "I would for anybody."

Small wonder, therefore, that Faith felt lonely, as, with all their little possessions about them, she and Denzil were driven rapidly down a grey, gloomy street, with forbidding courts opening on either hand, and gaunt, short-skirted women hanging about and screaming discordantly, in what seemed some unknown tongue, to bare-footed urchins playing in the gutters.

"I should hope the lodgings are not in this quarter," said Denzil. "I wonder what this Miss Milne's idea of 'comfort' will be. I did not like the word 'lodgings' which she used in her letter. I think a woman keeping a house of a certain style would have said 'apartments.' These trifles sometimes mean much."

The cab had been driving on rapidly while Denzil spoke, and a sudden turn of the road had carried them past the forbidding courts and the groups of idlers into a broader thoroughfare, with open spaces on the right hand, and clean-looking houses, of various elevations, on the left.

But before Faith had time to remark on their improved surroundings, the cab stopped with a sudden jerk.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. Cramer.

Sweet Shadowland. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by C. H. R. Marriott.—A nicely written ballad, in the keys of F and E flat. The accompaniment is more than usually varied; and the song altogether sure to give satisfaction.

On My Gondola so Lonely. Written by W. A. Barrett. Music by Balfe.—A pleasing barcarolle song from the opera of *Moro.* It is in the key of F, with easy accompaniment and moderate compass.

Once More the Sunny Past. Duet for soprano and tenor from the same opera, in the key of F.—Pretty and harmonious, within the compass of moderate voices.

The Bells of London. Words by Nella. Music by H. Parker. In three keys: No. 1 in D, from C sharp to D; No. 2, from D to E flat; No. 3 in F, from E to F.—A pleasing and joyous composition, well adapted to the words. We would recommend No. 2 as being within the capability of most girls who have a knowledge of singing.

Snow on the Threshold. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Odoardo Barri. Written in two keys: No. 1 in F, compass C to F; No. 2 in E flat, compass B to E flat.—A rather mournful but expressive song, requiring great feeling in the singer.

The Wife and I. Words by Sidney Grey. Music by Cotsford Dick.—The words are appropriate, and the music well interprets the sentiments.

Gentle Phœbe. Written by H. B. Farnie. Music by C. H. Lecocq. In the key of C.—A very pretty, lively song of easy compass. To our mind, the four semiquavers on the words "wished a wish" are not euphonious, and spoil the effect of that part of the composition.

Moutrie and Son.

What it Says I'm not Going to Tell. Words by H. Orlando. Music by Felix F. M. Moutrie. Set in 3 keys: No. 1 in F; No. 2 in E flat; No. 3 in D.—A charming little song as regards both words and music, presenting no difficulties in the way of accompaniment.

For Ever and for Aye. Words by Gilbert à Beckett. Music by Vivian Bligh. Written in two keys: No. 1 in C, No. 2 in E flat.—A charming little ballad, breathing tenderness and sadness; not difficult to sing, but requiring great feeling and expression.

Perhaps. Composed by Henry Pontet. Written in the key of B flat.—A simple song of easy compass; the accompaniment not difficult.

Our Island of Love. Barcarolle. Words by Charles Searle. Music by Francisco Berger. Vocal duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone, in the key of F.—An extremely pretty duet, with a flowing melody, which will, we think, be much appreciated when well sung.

The Message from the Stars. Vocal duet for mezzo-soprano and baritone. Words by Miss Annie C. Clough. Music by Josef Trousselle. Written in the key of G.—A pretty duet, requiring care and expression.

Goddard and Co.

Chanson d'Ancêtre. English words by H. Knight. Music by Georgina Weldon.—A stirring and patriotic song.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Robert Cock and Co.

Un Souvenir de Beethoven. Arranged by W. Smallwood.—An easily-arranged movement of Beethoven's, calculated to improve the natural taste of the young beginner in studying good and classical music. Well marked and fingered, rendering it easy to acquire a right style with but little attention.

The Vicar of Bray. By Frederic Lemoine.—This well-known old English melody of the 17th century is well-arranged, the air being carefully kept prominent amidst its varied dressings. The *finale* in *tempo di marcia* is dashing and effective.

Verdi Prati. By Frederic Lemoine.—This air from Handel's *Aleina* is very nicely arranged, both pleasing and easily committed to memory. It is written in the key of F.

Chappell and Co.

Venetia. Waltz. By Caroline Lowthian. A simple waltz in three parts, with *coda.*—The soft sustained air is lightly accompanied by the right hand in the first part; the second part has the simple air for treble, with bass chords, and in No. 3 the bass hand takes the air. It is very easy and suitable for young beginners.

Forsyth Brothers.

Gondellied. By Heine Mudler. Drawing-room piece of three pages in five flats.—Harmonious and pleasing.

Moutrie and Son.

Trois Mazurkas. By Alexander Chodecki.
No. 1. *La Gentille.* In A.
No. 2. *La Folatre.* In F.
No. 3. *La Mignonne.* In E flat.
Pleasing and moderately easy.

The Huntsman's Chorus. From the opera of *Der Freischütz.* No. 7 of a series of twenty-four small pieces for young performers, arranged by Francisco Berger, in his usual charming and facile style.

A Game of Romps. By Percy Reeve. In B flat.—This characteristic piece is by no means difficult, and is suggestive of its title. We would recommend it to some of our girls as a good exercise for their fingers.

The Cathedral March. By Churchill Sibley.—A very effective march in the key of C, presenting no difficulties.

La Fête du Hameau. Bleuette. By Henry Pontet.—Written in an easy style. The frequent crossing the left hand over the right makes it a good study for girls.

"'O, ELLA, ELLA—THIS *is* FORGIVENESS.'"

DECIMA'S PROMISE.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon, and Stars," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

DESSIE had of necessity a trying time before her. The knowledge that she was to blame for the illness and death of her little nephew could not but be greatly felt by her parents and sister. Harry made known to them the truth, speaking with all kindness of Dessie's evident penitence. Cecil, finding that she had extended her confession to others, asked as a personal favour that she might be spared reproaches, since he felt that she was already sufficiently punished. But although little was said, and few questions were asked, Dessie knew what was thought. She had to endure from all in her home circle, except Harry, an air of cold displeasure, which was long in lessening.

Many weeks passed before she and Ella met again. Ella was in so low and shattered a state as to be forbidden all manner of agitation, and in any case Dessie would scarcely have been admitted to her presence. As things were, Dessie was herself again a prisoner, having overstrained the ankle anew. She counted this a matter rather for satisfaction than regret, since she greatly dreaded her next meeting with Ella. Much of her time was spent in her own room, and she managed long to elude any encounter with Cecil.

So passed a month. Then there came suddenly a request from Ella that Dessie would go to her, and Dessie's wishes were not consulted. A fly was summoned, and Dessie was sent to Cecil's without delay.

"I have often wished to see you," Ella said gently, when Dessie was by her side. "But Harry said you ought to rest your ankle; and I have hardly felt equal to it as yet."

Dessie sat down on the chair indicated by Ella's hand, and only asked, "Are you better?"

"I thing so, on the whole. I have not much strength."

"You don't look——"

Dessie's voice failed, and she had to leave the sentence unfinished.

"I am not ill now, dear. It is only weakness."

After a pause she signed to Dessie to come nearer, and Dessie knelt down beside the couch, pressing and kissing Ella's hand, in a kind of mute appeal for pity or pardon.

"I wanted very much to speak to you once more—about *that*," said Ella, in her clear tones. "I would have done so earlier, but I could not trust myself. After to-day, we need never mention it again."

"I can never forget," murmured Dessie.

"Perhaps it is right that you should

not, just so far as not to lose the lesson in thoughtfulness. Dessie, I am afraid it seemed to you, that day, that I showed an unforgiving spirit. But just at first it seemed almost more than I could bear —and I hardly knew what I was saying."

"I ought not to have told you at such a time. It was cruel," said Dessie.

"But you must understand one thing, Dessie. Cecil and I forgive you fully—entirely."

"I don't know how you can——"

"It was from no intention on your part to hurt our darling. You were hasty and thoughtless, and you judged wrongly in giving the promise. But neither you nor I must make the matter out to be worse than the reality. I do not wish it to be a shadow over all your life, Dessie."

"O that I must expect," sighed Dessie. "Nothing will ever seem worth doing or caring about again."

"Nothing except doing God's will, and caring how to please Him. Nothing else is worth while. That has not been your aim in the past. Shall it be so now?"

"O Ella, I would do anything in the world for you," whispered Dessie. "And, indeed, I *am* trying to be different."

"I have been thinking the matter much over," said Ella, earnestly; "and I feel that you were very wrong, Dessie. But the real evil lay deeper than the one moment of carelessness. Your whole life was spent in self-pleasing, and that is what you have to repent—not merely the one act. If you had been living to God, and trying in all things to do His will, none of all this would have happened—except that the accident *might* still have taken place."

"But I should have told," murmured Dessie.

"Yes. We cannot say that your telling would have made any real difference—about *him*. But it would have given us the comfort of knowing that at least everything had been done which could be done, and it would have removed all responsibility from you. What I want you to see, however, is that your sorrow ought to be, not for the consequence of one careless act and thoughtless promise, but for the years of carelessness and thoughtlessness which led up to the act and the promise."

And after a moment's thought, she said, "I have seen Anne."

"O Ella—have you?"

"Yes—it seemed right. Cecil and I have both spoken to her. She appeared to be very sorry, and she almost promised to tell her mistress 'some day' all about it. I am doubtful whether she will really do so. If she had children in charge, we should be compelled to speak. As things are, I do not think we are called upon to interfere. Cecil told her that he did not intend to do so."

Two years passed away, and Decima Fitzroy once more reached home, after another pleasant six months' abroad with her Heidelberg relatives. This was the last long visit which she was likely to pay for some time, since Edith was shortly to be married, and the only home-daughter would not be so easily spared for half a year.

However strongly Dessie had believed, after little Hugh's death, that all happiness in life had ended for her, it was not in the nature of one so buoyant to remain utterly and permanently depressed.

She was growing into a "fine lass," —as her father said with some pride on her entrance—of better height than she had promised in past years, with a healthy brown skin, and sparkling black eyes, which yet had in them a substratum of earnest thought, tinged with sadness. People were wont to say that with all Dessie's animation, hers was a melancholy face in repose. In truth the shadow cast by one event in the past could never entirely fade out of her heart.

She had much to tell and much to hear, and flashes of the old spirit of fun blazed up frequently, for Dessie's nature, though modified, was not changed, and she was one who could often laugh heartily even when most heart-sick.

She had a strange heart-sickness on her all that evening—a strange dread of an interview to take place the next morning.

Ella had another little boy, now three months old, and the knowledge that she must speedily see her new nephew brought vividly back old recollections of Baby Hugh. Dessie felt as if she *could* pour a wealth of love upon Baby Arthur, if only for the sake of the child who was gone. But of one thing she was sure—that Ella would never endure to see her handle the child. For Ella's sake, she felt that she ought resolutely to hold aloof from little Arthur.

The morning came, and Dessie went to Cecil's alone, by her own request. She found Ella awaiting her smiling, though with a certain moisture in her eyes as she welcomed Dessie, and rang for nurse. How it all recalled a certain sorrowful day on her last return from Heidelberg!

The nurse came—the same good woman who had tended little Hugh to the last, and had cared for Ella through many months of delicacy following. Ella had never been able to resolve to part with her, and now she was indeed invaluable.

In her arms lay a plump blue-eyed boy, crowing and chuckling with delight. Dessie held her breath and almost gasped, bent down to kiss him, and started back.

"The darling!" she said. "O how like!"

"Kiss him, dear."

"No, no, better not. I've made up my mind not to come near him."

Dessie's eyes were full to overflowing.

"Never, Dessie?" asked Ella.

"No, no—better not."

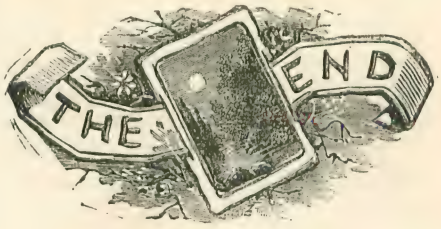
Ella lifted little Arthur from nurse's arms, and placed him in Dessie's.

"Now kiss him," she said.

"And you are not afraid of me?"

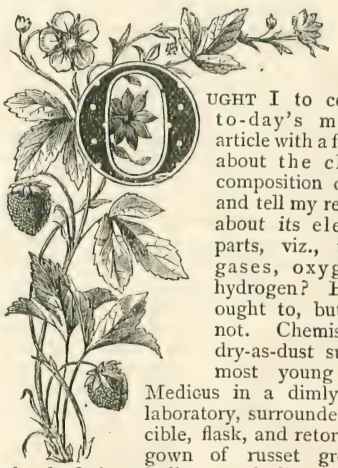
"No, dear Dessie. He has come to comfort you as well as me."

"O Ella, Ella—this *is* forgiveness," said Dessie, sobbing, and she half-smothered the child with caresses.



ON THE BENEFITS OF PURE WATER.

By Medicus.



THOUGHT I to commence to-day's monthly article with a few words about the chemical composition of water, and tell my readers all about its elemental parts, viz., the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen? Perhaps I ought to, but I shall not. Chemistry is a dry-as-dust subject to most young people. Medicus in a dimly-lighted laboratory, surrounded by crucible, flask, and retort, clad in gown of russet grey, with closely-fitting skull cap and slippers down at the heels, is not your Medicus, and I feel certain you would not listen to him; you would retire gracefully and respectfully, and leave the poor man alone to lecture to the rats.

Medicus as a poet—yes, no doubt, this would be an improvement, and water looked at from a poetical point of view would form a very interesting subject, and your monthly adviser might be forgiven if, for once in a way, he left the crimson-hooded toga of the M.D. lying on the back of his study chair, donned the mantle of the bard, and went floating away on the wings of imagination into the realms of the pure and the beautiful. But I will do nothing of the sort; great though the temptation may be, I refuse to float—I remain fixed in my chair. Bard's mantles and poet's wings for those who have time to wear them; be mine the practical and the useful.

It may give you, then, some idea of the value of water to the animal economy to be told that about two-thirds of our bodies are composed entirely of it, that all our tissues are in a manner suspended in it, and that if this quantity of aqueous fluid were to be reduced to any great extent and not re-supplied, we should cease to live. No words of mine could convey to you an idea of the intensity of suffering that shipwrecked sailors sometimes undergo when deprived of water. A ship has gone down, let us say, in mid-ocean, and the few that have not been drowned by the lashing of the tempest seek safety in an open boat. They have had barely time to throw into it a few biscuits and a keg of water, and their hopes and their prayers are that they may soon be picked up by a passing ship. But alas! the wind goes down, the sail is no longer any use, beneath and all around them is the glassy surface of the heaving ocean, above them the pale blue cloudless sky and the

fiercely scorching sun. How carefully the water is served out—to spill one tiny drop were a crime of the deepest dye; but in spite of care and economy it is finished at last, and they scan the horizon in vain, for no help is nigh! Death is a terrible thing coming in this form: the wearying thirst, the dry-parched mouth and skin, the headache and burning eyes, the fever and the aching limbs, and, worse than all, the sight of the water all around them, water they plunge their hands and arms into, but dare not drink lest madness itself might ensue.

What a blessing when sleep steals over the senses at length, wafting the spirit away to green fields or shady woods, musical with the song of brooks and the tinkle of rills; and what joy if, on awakening from a dream like this, the sailor finds himself once more on board a friendly ship, with some kind hand holding to his lips

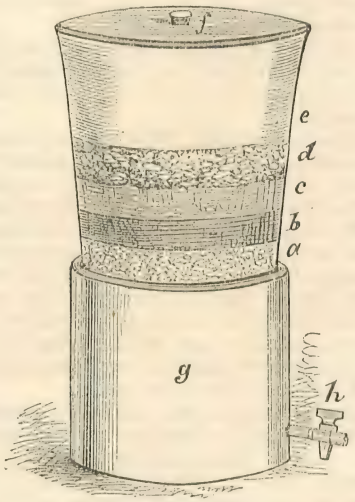
"That little thing—
That cup of water—that blessed draught
Of cool refreshment, which, drained by fever'd lips,
Can give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

It is water that carries the nutrient properties of the food we eat into the blood, and along all the arteries and veins in our bodies, so that without water life could not be sustained. It is through the agency of water that the constant changes are being effected in our systems whereby they are kept pure and fresh and healthy, and without which the wheels of life would move but slowly, and finally cease for ever and aye. But water not only bears to every region and tissue of the body the substances on which they depend for very existence, but it carries away with it from the body substances no longer of use, and which, if retained in the system, would act as poisons and lead to death. The water, on its return journey, escapes into the air through the lungs and—more especially—skin, &c.

Thus the benefits that accrue from keeping the skin in a state of health cannot easily be overrated. It is for this reason I am constantly in the habit of recommending the free use of the bath. I will have a word to say presently upon bath water.

Meanwhile, let me remind you that water is, more or less, a solvent of every substance with which it comes in contact. It impregnates itself with the bad as well as the good. We cannot, therefore, be too careful about the purity of the water we use, not only to drink, but to make our food with. The youngest girl whose eyes may scan these columns would do well to make a note of the following great truth; it will assuredly be of use to her in after life:—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the water supplied to houses in towns and villages is not so pure nor good as it ought to be, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where people adopt means for filtering and purifying it, it is only the drinking water they so treat, and not that used for making tea and coffee and for cooking. Such a procedure is simply absurd, and quite on a par with the wisdom of the old lady who, having a lively horror of burglars, locked, barred, and bolted the hall door, but left all the windows open. But I am at present writing only for my girls; if I were addressing their fathers and their mothers, and their uncles and their aunts, I should say—if you find the water in any way impure, do not be content with filtering merely that which is to be directly drank, but all that is used in the house. Have a large cistern filter, therefore, for I tell you candidly and earnestly that thousands on thousands of the people of these islands suffer from ill-health induced entirely by the badness of the water. They do not suspect what it is that is lying at the root of all the mischief. They blame the air, the climate, anything, and go on from month to month languid and spiritless, if not positively ill. Such people make very unsatisfactory members of society, but the best of customers the chemist or druggist could wish.

Every girl who values her health and her beauty—and I do not wish to meet any girl who does not—ought to possess a small portable charcoal filter, to be kept in her own room. It should be cleaned about once in three weeks by passing through it a little water reddened with a pinch of that wonderful purifier the permanganate of potash, a red salt which chemists sell, and which forms the basis of Condy's fluid. After you have passed the reddened water through your filter, put ordinary water in, and when it comes out free from colour it is ready to drink. To save writing, and make my meaning more plain, I give a rough sketch of a good useful filter that any girl can construct for herself, or bribe her brother to make for her. You will observe that this filter consists of two vessels, one above and partly inserted into the other. The top one is a large flower-pot; *a* is a layer of small clean stones which



A HOME-MADE FILTER.

cover the bottom of the vessel, but are too big to go through the hole; *b* is a layer of powdered charcoal, rammed well down and about two inches deep; *c* a layer of fine sand, and *d* a layer of fine gravel, both about two or three inches in depth, and both well washed; *e* is the space for the water, *f* is the lid, *g* the lower vessel or receiver, and *h* the tap by which the filtered water is drawn off.

If the water is suspected of containing many impurities, here is a simple plan to purify it before filtration. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a little warm water and add this to four gallons of water, stir and let it settle, and pour off the top portion.

Hard water is injurious to the skin. I know it is often a difficult thing to procure it soft enough for purposes of ablution, and so I now mention the plan adopted by Dr. Clark for softening hard water. A small piece of unslaked lime is procured and made into a cream or paste with a little of the water; this is then stirred into the vat, and after it stands for some hours the water will be found soft enough to wash with. The difficulty to be encountered in adopting this plan is to know exactly the amount of lime to use. So for ordinary purposes, hard water may be rendered fit for use by simply boiling it.

It is a great mistake to have water tanks or cisterns without lids; they should also be frequently cleaned out, or people may get poisoned, slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely.

Rain water is better than any other kind for the bath, and next in point of virtue is river or brook water. As I have said before, use only the mildest transparent soap for washing the body or face with; it may be a little dearer, but I am of opinion that a healthy skin is cheap at any price.

But nice soft rain water in which to bathe or wash the face is most invaluable. It is better than all the lotions or creams you can apply. Collect it, then, if possible, and store it for future use, if you wish your complexion to be free from all sallowness and your skin pure and soft and beautiful.

If you cannot have aught save hard water for the bath, but can procure a supply of rain water for the basin, then adopt this plan, especially if you think your system needs bracing and toning. Throw a handful or two of the sea salt you may buy in shops into the bath water the night before, and wash face and body with warmed rain water and mild soap before using the bath. This advice is better than a purse of gold to you if you will only adopt it.

During hard winters, when plenty of snow falls, it may be collected, melted, and put aside for purposes of ablution. It is very pure, purer even than rain water, because the atmosphere it has passed through is pure at the time of its descent to the earth.

Rain water, I may add, is the purest of all water for drinking purposes—that is, after it has been filtered. It may also be used for making tea; less tea will be required, and it will draw more easily.

During the summer months vegetables and fruits which contain a deal of water may be partaken of with great advantage, such as lettuces, beetroot, parsnips, greens, grapes, apples, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, &c.

In preparing greens for the table it is a mistake to squeeze the water so entirely out as cooks usually do. If culled fresh they are far better if served up with a portion of the liquor they have been boiled in.

Water is the best and safest drink man, woman, or child can have, and it is a great and injurious mistake not to drink when one is thirsty. But a large draught of water should not be taken at a time. One ought to drink slowly, as well as eat slowly. Even the sick may drink freely of cool water if they wish to do so.

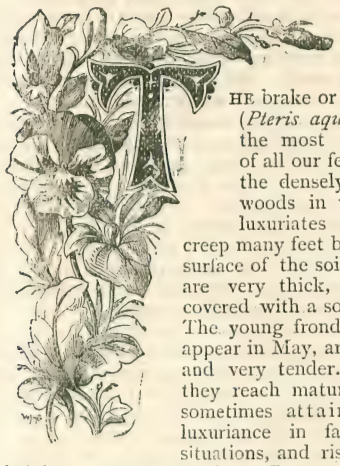
While taking exercise, and perspiring freely, one may drink cold water with impunity, but warm tea or coffee is better after the body has begun to cool.

Those girls who suffer from headaches ought to bathe the face and brow regularly for five minutes or more at a time in cold water, to which a little perfumed vinegar has been added. This is to be done three times a day. Cold sponging to the arms, shoulders, face, and neck is most refreshing after fatigue. I wish to warn my readers against the abuse of ice water in summer time. It is most injurious, and induces many incurable diseases. I hope this sentence will be read in New York and other cities of the States that I have visited, where the ice is used in such deleterious quantities.

Some day, with the Editor's sanction, I hope to initiate my gentle readers into some of the secrets of hydropathy, or so-called water cure. At present I must retire; but one last word. This is one of the best times of the year to begin the health-giving habit of morning sponge bathing. Let the water be slightly tepid at first, and reduce the temperature gradually, but do not let the season slip.

A TALK ABOUT BRITISH FERNS.

By Cotsford Dick.



THE brake or bracken (*Pteris aquilina*) is the most common of all our ferns. In the densely shaded woods in which it luxuriates its roots creep many feet below the surface of the soil. They are very thick, and are covered with a soft down. The young fronds, which appear in May, are curled and very tender. When they reach maturity they sometimes attain great luxuriance in favourable situations, and rise to the height of eight or ten feet. Deer are fond of lying among the tall branches of the brake, which form also an excellent covert for game.

"The wild buck bells from ferny brake." This plant was most probably the especial *fearn* of our Saxon ancestors. It has been surmised that we owe the old names of various villages to its abundance in those places—as Fearnham, or Farnham, Farnhurst, Farnborough. The name of brake, as well as the old Scotch one of bracken, is a very old one for this fern. It is probably generally used in most English counties, and we find in North America that this plant bears the same name. To it doubtless many an old proverb and saying refers.

"When the fern is as high as a spoon,
You may sleep an hour at noon;
When the fern is as high as a ladle,
You may sleep as long as you're able;
When the fern begins to look red,
Then milk is good with brown bread."

One wonders if country folk really followed the above rules for regulating their hours of rest! A good many of us nowadays would wish the fern always to remain "as high as a ladle!"

But the brake has also an historical reputation, for it is related "that James, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, after the Battle of Sedgemoor, concealed himself for some time successfully beneath the bracken boughs. One day, however, emerging in some degree from his retreat, he sat down and amused himself by cutting some of the stems of the fern under which he had slept the previous night. Some peasants who noticed him were surprised to see a man clad in homely garb, like their own, with delicate white fingers, on one of which glittered a diamond ring; and when, soon afterwards, the reward was offered for the apprehension of Monmouth, they recalled the circumstance, and sought for him where he lay concealed beneath the withered heap of fern."

The outline of the frond of this fern is somewhat triangular. The stalk is usually rather more than half the length of the frond. It is green, and, while young, tender and downy, but becomes hard and rigid as the fern grows older. The great naturalist, Humboldt, saw both the brake and our common northern hard fern growing in great luxuriance in the Canary Islands, where the rootstock furnishes the inhabitants with a kind of food. It is ground to powder, and mixed with a small quantity of barley-meal. We cannot imagine that it would be very palatable! The northern hard fern (*Blechnum boreale*), mentioned above, grows in handsome clumps, and is by no means rare. It prefers woods and banks which are more particularly rendered moist by streams, and where the soil is of sand or gravel. It is readily distinguished by the marked difference there is between the barren and fertile fronds. The former spread more round the spot whence they arise, being sometimes quite prostrate on the ground. The latter are about a foot and a half high, have a dark brown stalk, nearly half their length, with long pointed scales upon its surface, and are at once distinguished by their upright growth. This fern is not unlike the scaly spleenwort in appearance, indeed, it has been called by some writers the rough spleenwort; but the true scaly spleenwort (*Ceterach officinarum*) does not rise above six inches in height, and the whole of its under surface is thickly clothed with brown scales. The upper surface of the fronds is of a dark green colour, having a brown edge, in consequence of the projection beyond the margin of the scales which are underneath. The short tough roots of this fern insinuate themselves into the crevices of walls, and you will find tufts of it on the ruins of ancient castles and churches, as well as on rocky places. It is evergreen, and thrives better in warm than in cold places. It appears to be the true spleenwort of the ancients, so much prized on account of its efficacy in disorders of the liver and spleen, and also as an outward application to wounds. But fashions change in medicine as in everything else!

Perhaps of all our British ferns the true maidenhair (*Adiantum capillus-Veneris*) is the most lovely and pleasing. It is easily known by its fan-shaped leaflets, but the true characteristics of the genus are to be found in the veining, and the marginal fructification. In its wild state it is most rare; it attains great perfection in greenhouses, and even in rooms, where it is often the rival of another species brought from Madeira. The main stalk of our maidenhair is no thicker than a piece of pack thread, while the smaller stalks are so slight and elastic, so hair-like, as to have gained its specific name for the fern. The fronds vary in height from six to eight inches, sometimes, indeed, increasing to twelve. The stalk is usually about half the length of the frond, and is of a glossy, deep purple colour. "The bright, cheerful evergreen tint, the elegant form and lightly waving attitudes of this fern render it very attractive, and when growing against the sides of the sea-rock, or other moist place in any abundance, no fern exceeds it in beauty. It grows sometimes on rocks washed by the spray. It is not a Scottish fern, but occurs on the south and west coasts of Ireland in great luxuriance. It is also plentiful in some spots in Wales, but in England is confined to Devonshire and Cornwall. It is a native of almost all tropical lands. The ferns would be more graceful adornments to the sides of streams and pools, were it not so easily injured by the frost in exposed situations. The surface of the frond is so smooth that water runs from it."

Those who have it not should at once possess themselves of it; but no gas, no draughts, will it stand. A sufficient watering applied through a "rose," and an even temperature, will suit it best. It is not averse to an hour or two's sunshine during the winter, but it must be shaded from solar heat in summer, otherwise its tender fronds would dry up. Let it be overpotted rather than cramped in a small pot, and never let it stand in water. The holly fern (*Polystichum lonchitis*) is somewhat difficult of cultivation; for, like the plant from which it takes its name, it thrives best, and, indeed, is only found on alpine heights, especially in Scotland. In some few rocky elevated spots in the North of Scotland it may be met with; but it seems to grow with great luxuriance if a damp and shady locality be its home, as is sometimes the case. It is evergreen, and the stalk of the frond is very short; the dark, glossy green, leafy part being sufficiently prickly to remind us of the holly. The young fronds put forth their heads early in spring while the fronds of the former year are yet verdant. They rise in a tuft, and their outline is narrow, and tapering at the upper part.

The *Polystichum* with which we are most familiar is the *aculeatum*, or common prickly fern, which is found almost throughout the kingdom on banks and shady places. The fronds rise in circular clumps sometimes two feet in length. Their colour is a dark green; their texture is rigid, and their stalk usually short. You may meet with this fern often in woods, but seldom on heaths or open places. Have you ever encountered the soft prickly shield fern (*P. angulare*), which, though not so general as the last species, may be numbered among the ordinary plants of hedges and woods? You may encounter large clumps of this fern, varying in height from two to four feet, gracefully waving in the breeze, the deep green hue of the fronds being very attractive. Do not forget its name when you next light upon it in your rambles.

The *Trichomanes radicans*, or bristle fern, is extremely beautiful, both in its form and in the delicate transparency of its texture, but you must go over to Ireland to see it growing wild. At, and near, Killarney it forms a rich verdant drapery to the wet rocks, for it is only to be found in places constantly moist, the slightest drought withering at once its frail fronds. It delights in shade and moisture, and, curiously enough, appears to be much nourished by warm fogs. The bristle fern has a slender, creeping, horizontal stem, which winds and branches so as to form a network over the rock, and is covered with black down. At first sight, it has more the appearance of a seaweed than a fern. The whole frond is covered with prominent veins, which seem, indeed, the most conspicuous part of the fern, edged, as they are, by a thin green membrane-like substance. The fronds are from three inches to a foot long, and mostly droop over the sides of the rocks. They do not attain their full development until they are three years old. This plant thrives well in a glass case, as therein shade and warmth, and a constantly humid atmosphere, can all be afforded it. It can also be grown in an earthen pot, standing in water, and covered by a bell-glass. If you succeed in growing it well, you will have a treasure to show to all your botanical friends, who will at once recognise its beauty and its worth.

We now come to a noble fern, indeed, the *Osmunda regalis*, or Osmunda royal, or flowering fern. This stately fern is the most conspicuous of all our wild species, and is distributed, more or less, throughout the kingdom, more especially on bog-lands, or the wet margins of woods. The fronds rise to the height of four or five feet, although a traveller found tufts of it on the banks of the Clyde eleven feet high. Generally, its tall stalk rises erect, and its panicles overtop the flowers which grow beside them. This stalk, which is at first reddish brown, afterwards becomes green, and contrasts well with the rich rust-brown spikes of fructification. The young fronds of the Osmunda are usually about ten or twelve in number, sometimes fewer. Their large leaf sprays are crisp and thin, and are of a bright, light green colour, which changes to a deeper green as the plant grows older. The fronds appear in May, continuing to grow throughout the summer, but are destroyed by the early winter frosts. This fern is easy of culture, and should have its

place in every fernery, thriving best in the shade and where it can get moisture. It is an extremely decorative object when planted in a large pot, under which treatment it must, however, have plenty of water bestowed upon it. It is so different in its appearance from our other British ferns that it should on no account be neglected.

Do you think you would recognise our old friend the common adder's-tongue under its Latin name of *Ophioglossum vulgatum?* Yet such is the proper title of this common little plant, so abundant in many parts of England, and so easily distinguished from any other fern. It rises erect, with a long smooth stem of a pale green colour, and a leaf of a darker green, from the inner part of which rises the stalk. This stalk tapers towards the summit, and has two lines of crowded capsules occupying its two opposite sides. These capsules are filled with a fine dust, like the pollen of flowers, and, when fully ripened, discharge their contents over the ground. If the soil be moist, the plant becomes plentiful in a very short time, and greatly injures the pastures where it abounds. Hence, doubtless, its name of adder's-tongue, for, like the reptile after which it was called, it was believed to have great power for evil, not only destroying the grass among which it grew, but also injuring the cattle which fed upon it. You will not, I presume, be tempted to place this fern among your collection?

The club-mosses, or varieties of the *Lycopodium*, next claim our attention, although we cannot do more than glance at one or two of them. The *Lycopodium clavatum*, or stag's-horn-moss, is the commonest of all the species. It is a fine-looking plant, having stems creeping some feet in length, and bearing many branches. The stems are attached to the soil wherever they touch it by scattered yellowish roots, and the branches cross each other, so as to form a large green network over the ground. These stiff stems and branches are thickly surrounded with small narrow leaves, and the thread-like point which terminates each little leaf gives a greyish tint to the otherwise bright green hue of the plant. Our native club-mosses have no particular beauty to recommend them to our notice, except the picturesque green tint which they give to the hill-side, or dripping rock. They have also been used to give a picturesque green tint to a straw hat, as Wordsworth alludes to such a fashion in the North of England—

"Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag's-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim;
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those shepherds wear the time away."

The fir club-moss (*L. selago*) grows on the summits of lofty mountains, as on Snowdon, and on the "dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn," and you must needs scale such heights as these to look for it; while the marsh club-moss (*L. inundatum*) is by no means rare on moist heathy moors in the southern counties of England. But it is not a conspicuous plant; its habit is prostrate, the stem being closely pressed to the soil, and attached thereto by a few short, stout branches. It does not form a mossy tract of wide extent, but grows in patches, here and there.

Now for a word or two about the cultivation of ferns in the house. The best time for re-potting is about the end of February, before the sun attains much power, and before many new fronds have begun to unfold. The soil required for all ferns is somewhat similar. A mixture of loam, peat, and silver sand, in the proportion of one part sand to two of the others, should be well prepared, and broken up into pieces suitable for the size of the pots you are going to use. When this is ready, place the drainage crocks in the pot, with the hollow side downwards, the largest at the bottom, and the smallest on the top. This drainage should occupy nearly one third of the pot, and be covered with a thin layer of moss. Then carefully take the plant out of its old pot, and cut away with a sharp knife all dead and decaying roots, shaking off the old soil. Place in the fresh pot some of the new soil, on which you must put your fern with great skill, lest you injure the roots and young fronds in the process. Press the soil firmly round the plant, and give a gentle watering through a fine "rose" to settle the soil. But remember that you must not give too much water after potting or re-potting, as the soil would in that case become soddened, and injurious to the fern. When you see that the plant is making fresh roots, then you may begin the ordinary routine of water, which should invariably be applied through a rosed waterpot, or (which is a very good way) by means of a fine syringe.

British ferns are easily grown in pots; all that they demand from you is proper potting, a place in a favourable situation, and kindly attention in reference to moisture. Look out for worms in the pots, whose presence is often unsuspected, but whose power is great for causing the fronds to shrivel up and turn brown. Always turn the plant out of the pot, and search well for a worm if you see the soil on the surface thrown up in little heaps. A great mistake is often made in keeping ferns in a temperature higher than they require. Especially is this the case with regard to those hardier ferns which we have been considering, and which are often injured by too much "coddling." It is an old-fashioned idea to dry off ferns during winter, and one which is not to be recommended. We have but to look at our own native kinds to find that, when growing wild, they are moister at the root in winter than in summer. Surely it is not wise to change their habit entirely by denying them, when in a pot, that nourishment to which they are accustomed when growing in the open ground.

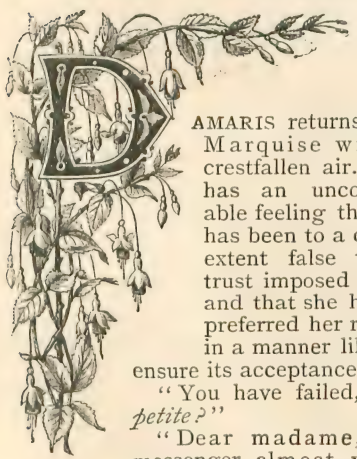
But also know, lest your zeal for their well-being tempt you to err on the other side, that no British fern grows in water.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CREED OF THE OLD MARQUISE.



DAMARIS returns to La Marquise with a crestfallen air. She has an uncomfortable feeling that she has been to a certain extent false to the trust imposed in her, and that she has not preferred her request in a manner likely to ensure its acceptance.

"You have failed, then, *petite?*"

"Dear madame, any messenger almost would have done better than I who have the misfortune to be so obnoxious to Monsieur St. Just."

"You obnoxious to him! Don't talk nonsense. A little while ago you were the delight of his eyes."

Damaris seats herself by the old Marquise, and rests her throbbing brow wearily on her hand.

"That was before he went to Paris. Now I am not able to please him in any one thing. All that I do is wrong."

"Because, as I have told you, *petite*, you are no longer what you used to be. It was your gaiety, your sauciness, your incessant laughter which charmed his darker moods and won him from the indulgence of his gloomy fancies. Be what you were and all will be well."

"Madame," said Damaris, speaking slowly, as she always does when her words spring from hidden depths of pain, "you ought to ask this from Mademoiselle Leonie, not from me."

La Marquise is silent for an instant, then she lays one of her little blue-veined hands on that of Damaris.

"*Petite*, you are wiser than I thought you, and you are right."

Damaris hides her quick springing blushes and her tear-filled eyes from the gaze of the old Marquise.

"But in England," continues the *vieille dame*, "it is permitted to you before marriage to have the friendships which in France we never contract till after. And you and Etienne are friends, *petite!*"

"Not now; we shall never again be such friends as we have been."

"And why not?"

"Madame, it is not possible."

"But why not, I ask?"

"I do not know why. Monsieur Etienne is changed."

"But it will not last, *petite*. It is just the passing of a cloud, and it will vanish. I who know him so well have often seen him more troubled, more gloomy, more shrinking from society than he is now. But I do not despair. I still toil, and study, and contrive, and I even hope that he may be won to forget the past altogether."

"Monsieur Etienne has known trouble, then?"

"Great and bitter trouble. All who care for him in any way, *petite*, whether they are relations or only friends, must wish his sad past forgotten, must feel glad to procure for him a happier future."

"Madame, you have called me his friend; what can I do to prove that I

"HE TAKES HER HAND IN PUZZLED SILENCE."

too wish this, and would strive to secure it at any sacrifice of myself?"

"We will consider what can be done, and I will tell you when I see where your assistance may be rendered available. In the meantime, be gay, *petite*; don't let him see you pale and spiritless."

"Oh, madame, if one could only smile and be happy to order!"

"But what can there be to prevent your being as happy at St. Aubin as you were when we first came?"

"I will remember what you say, I will try to oblige you."

There is a little silence, during which Damaris listens to the distant noise of the waterfall plashing through the summer stillness. Then La Marquise goes on to speak, as though giving utterance to some train of thought passing through her own mind.

"What we must not lose sight of is this: that the creed of the *haute noblesse* is '*Noblesse oblige*.' This is a creed, *petite*, which you, being well-born, ought in some respects to share. People of quality ought to have means in accordance with their position, else however much they may desire to carry out their high belief, being so crippled they are likely, in spite of the best intentions, to reflect discredit upon their class. The higher they are placed, the greater is their need of an income in proportion to their position."

"But, madame, to admit this is to complain of that Providence which places every man in the circumstances most fitted to develop the seed of Divine grace implanted in his heart. We cannot choose our own position in life."

"No, but it is left to us to do our best with the means given."

"Under certain restrictions."

"Certain moral restrictions, you are right, *petite*. I would rather die of hunger than see one of my sons perpetrate anything mean or dishonest for the purpose of enriching himself. But there are legitimate and even pleasant means of restoring his lost position offered to Etienne, of which it is surely his duty to avail himself. It grieves me to see him, since dismissing his steward, obliged to treat with his farmers himself, and to examine into accounts, even those of the household expenses."

"I should never think less of Monsieur Etienne for doing this, nor do I believe it is bad for him to have it to do."

"Because you know him so well, but to those who do not it is another thing, *petite*. The petty *bourgeoisie* of this neighbourhood, who know none of the particulars which have rendered such proceedings necessary, for instance. Seeing him do what no seigneur of St. Aubin has ever done for himself before, they call him parsimonious, and even claim to be on an equality with him, which brings his class into disrepute."

"It is, after all, hardly worth grieving about," says Damaris, "for their small opinion can never affect the honour and glory of the act by which Monsieur St. Just impoverished himself."

"Still, there is a way, perfectly justifiable, perfectly honourable, by which Etienne may gain more even than he has confiscated, and we, who have his welfare at heart, must do all in our power to help to secure this treasure for him, *petite*."

Petite is silent. She is listening to words spoken on that morning at Chambuisson, of which her own heart reminds her: "Do not hurt me by allowing my mother to persuade you into the supposition that it is my duty to marry for money, or the redemption of any imaginary lost position."

Aloud she says—

"Madame, if I might be allowed to express an opinion——"

"By all means, *petite*. You know I never restrict you. Speak, dear child."

"I will only speak of the matter as it strikes me, and it seems that the wisest and safest way would be to leave matters to take their course, without

doing anything either to forward or to hinder the marriage you are now striving so anxiously to bring about."

"I strive to bring it about! You make a great mistake, let me assure you, *petite*. I desire that the marriage should take place certainly, for Etienne's sake, and because I am sure that dear Leonie's happiness will be secured by this means. But I contrive nothing. I simply put things in train and leave the rest."

"But, madame, the chances are that by just 'putting things in train,'" says Damaris, with arch irony, "you are preparing a great disappointment for yourself."

"You are not of a hopeful disposition, *petite*. I am more sanguine."

"Dear madame, some hopes are so delusive."

"Sage *petite!* But tell me now, why do you doubt the success of this desirable event?"

"I do not doubt, madame; I only speak of a possibility. Why should I doubt? Mademoiselle St. Cyr is so winning, so gentle. She is almost worthy of the post you assign her."

"She is perfect," cries the old Marquise, with enthusiasm; "she thinks so much more of Etienne's disinterestedness than she does of her own fortune."

"Is this a proof of great merit, madame? It seems to me only a natural thing to prefer the one to the other."

Madame la Marquise pursues her own train of thought in preference to the one inconveniently suggested by *petite*.

"Then she is a St. Cyr. Only think of the prestige which such a name confers! Etienne is not a St. Aubin. But even if he had been, he could not excel the St. Cyrs, who are older as a family even than the St. Aubins. I have noticed in you sometimes, *petite*, a rather deplorable leaning towards the humbler classes, to whom you are very erroneously disposed to impute qualities hardly inferior to those which belong exclusively to the *haute noblesse*. You do not sufficiently appreciate the privilege of birth and race. This is owing to the sad mixture of classes in your England, which is by degrees deteriorating you as a nation."

"Nay, madame, it comes rather from an increasing study of an old Book, wherein it is declared that in the sight of God all men are equals."

La Marquise is conveniently deaf to this interpolation.

"I wish you were a little more given to despise the vulgar pretensions of *messieurs les parvenus*. But this you will learn, I hope, when you have been longer with me. A man who has sprung from nothing can never possess a very keen sense of honour. I hear there are many such in your country, and that because they are rich they are even received into society."

"Things are in a sad state in our England, madame," says Damaris, wickedly. "Even our poet-laureate has declared in verse that will live and influence future generations, that—

'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'"

La Marquise throws up her little hands in horror at such sentiments.

"Then he, your first among poets, is of the *bourgeoisie!*"

"No, madame," says Damaris, hiding her laughter, "*tout au contraire.*"

"*C'est impossible, petite.* He cannot be *bien né* and give utterance to such revolutionary ideas. He is perhaps of the *petite noblesse*. I repeat, a man who has sprung from the people can never possess true nobility of soul, he will be always more or less tainted by his origin. You will never find such an one ready to sacrifice his fortune, his life for an idea—for his religion, his king, his country. He may do a brave action to procure glory, or to further his ambition, but in all that he does you will find somewhere the blighting trace of personal interest."

"We have in our England," says Damaris, demurely, "many whom we call 'Nature's noblemen.' They are confined to no station, many even fight in the ranks of the army. And to them all things such as you describe are possible, madame. Sometimes they live and die, and do noble things that are hardly ever heard of by the world at large, but which have a wide-spreading influence to kindle like thoughts and deeds amongst their comrades. These are they who have made England what she is to-day, what she may yet be in a glorious future, please God."

Before La Marquise can reply Monsieur le Marquis with La Duchesse and Leonie come in sight, and Damaris slips away, to meditate at her leisure upon the conversation with the Marquise.

She had suspected the existence of these strong patrician prejudices in the breast of the *vieille dame*, but had not realised until now how they might affect herself. This disdain which the Marquise had expressed for the inferior classes was no affectation, but a fixed principle, an article of her creed as she had said. In her eyes Damaris, being only tolerably well-born, is doubly the inferior of Mademoiselle St. Cyr. This discovery awakens no foolish sensibility in Damaris's mind, but her sense of justice revolts against the idea of its being enforced as an absolute barrier to social intercourse.

"All that I have done and suffered, then," says Damaris to herself, "goes for nothing in La Marquise's estimation, if weighed against the accident of Mademoiselle Leonie's birth. Her heroism, as a St. Cyr, is shown by her willingness to marry a man of pure and tried integrity, rather than one who could give her of what she already has in abundance, and of which she does not as yet understand the value. Because she is a St. Cyr her choice is to be commended. While if I, plain Damaris Hartley, knowing to the full from long lack the value of ample means, made a similar choice, it would be accounted but an ordinary sacrifice. I cannot think that the Marquise is perfectly honest in her profession of so egotistical a belief. It is like her opinion of nature, more than half assumed in order to produce a startling effect. She is in reality above the creed she professes; if she were not I should think much less highly of her than I do."

That evening, instead of retiring to the library after dinner, as he has hitherto done since his return, Monsieur St. Just remains in the *salon*. For some little time he engages La Duchesse in conversation, and afterwards challenges Leonie to a game of chess. Damaris plays and sings by La Marquise's request, and afterwards retreats to a low seat by her old friend's side. Jerome watches the chess-board with interest, and gives Leonie some valuable hints as to the marshalling of her pieces, which almost result in the checkmate of their mutual and skilled opponent, whose attention wanders occasionally.

Damaris takes quick note of the change in Monsieur St. Just. His pride, his hauteur are all gone; he is so gentle, that even Leonie ceases to shrink from him, and, with Jerome to support her, fights her mimic battle bravely. She even smiles into his quiet, pale face, and ventures upon one or two playful remarks, which seem to be far from displeasing to him.

La Marquise's face is beaming, and she passes a few signals on to Damaris, which say, as plainly as any mute telegraphy can—

"After all you must have done some good, *petite*. You will see success will attend my efforts even yet."

The seigneur's altered bearing is a secret cause of thanksgiving to Damaris, even though, as far as she is concerned, the change brings no improvement. He seems to be unconscious of her presence, neither noticing nor addressing her in any way.

"He is still angry with me," she thinks; "but that does not matter. I do not wonder that he finds it hard to forgive me; it was a sharp remedy I applied. I can bear to go unforgiven so long as I know that it has had the desired effect."

But Damaris, furtively watching and musing, has a fresh anxiety sprung in her heart, that sweeps away the last shreds of her own resentment. She sits in shadow by the chair of the old Marquise, but the full, soft light from a chandelier falls down upon the chess-table and its occupants. Is it only in contrast to Monsieur le Marquis's handsome face that Monsieur St. Just's appears so thin and careworn?

After the idea strikes her, Damaris's vision sharpens. The change she notices is no fancy, but an absolute fact During these few days every line has deepened; his thin cheek is much paler, his shoulders seem to have contracted, he stoops as though from weakness as he bends over the board. Damaris crouches more into the shadow, hiding her face. A great fear smites her, a fear whose vague outlines seem suddenly to attain such large dimensions that all her own self-consciousness is blotted out. And she has been standing upon her own dignity, quibbling over trifles, exacting her fancied dues to the utmost while this possibility has been growing! If only humbling herself to the very dust could blot out that afternoon visit to the library, and the memory of all the hard, un-

justifiable reproaches she had flung upon him, she is ready now so to humble herself. Nay, if blotting herself out altogether could purchase for him immunity from that over-shadowing fear, she could submit to it. To see him perfectly happy with Leonie would be easier than to see this dread fulfilled.

The Beyond to Damaris is as a great, wide, fathomless sea—a chaos—from utter submergence in which she has a vague trust that Christ saves those who rest their hopes in Him. She has not yet attained to the Christian's joyous certainty of the fulness of life, of which believers in Christ are assured. With a strong young life pulsing through all her veins, she shrinks instinctively from the vast blank where she believes it is not. Christ is to her something as a straw is to a drowning man; she clutches the hope by natural instinct, but she has not yet found in Him a rock which cannot be moved. She is, by slow degrees, in the various experiences of her life, fighting her way through the natural to lay hold upon the spiritual; but the true light in its fulness has not yet dawned upon her soul.

She shrinks for herself from that last journey into the unknown; but she shrinks infinitely more from the thought that he is bound for that wide, dark shore.

The keen agony of this thought crushes out every personal feeling. When the hour of separation arrives, Damaris comes out from her nook, dazzled by the light, bewildered by the sound of many voices discussing the game.

Leonie is quite animated, and Monsieur Jerome is declaring that if such and such a move had been different she must have won. Monsieur St. Just is quietly elated by his victory—not exultant. He even smiles indulgently upon Leonie's mimic vexation, conscious that the very smallest advantage that she ever gained had been solely due to Jerome, who had been quick to take advantage of his brother's preoccupation of mind. Nevertheless, as it pleases her to think that the very remote chance of victory has been her own, both brothers magnanimously leave her in possession of the idea.

"To-morrow night you shall beat him, *chère enfant*," says La Marquise, drawing the girl to her with *empressement* and kissing her.

When good-nights are being spoken, Damaris, with her little night-lamp in her hand, goes up to Monsieur St. Just.

Her bearing now is even more gentle and subdued than his has been all the evening; it has in it a very unusual softness.

"Good-night, monsieur."

He takes her hand in puzzled silence, and drops it the next instant.

The glance from her full, brilliant eyes which accompanies the proffered civility disquiets him exceedingly. It upsets all the conclusions at which he has arrived with regard to her. Truly women, from the Marquise to the humblest and least of her sex, are inexplicable creatures! If Damaris's glance had implied a grateful appreciation of the effort he had made for her sake, he could in part have understood it. It would have been like her to detect and appreciate his motive in abandoning his solitude. But there was neither gratitude nor mute acknowledgment of a favour in it, but something infinitely deeper and more perplexing. At one instant every pulse leapt at the thought of all it might imply, and the next the blood ran coldly through his veins.

Damaris watching at her window that night sees Monsieur St. Just pacing to and fro behind the lighted library panes, his figure passing between them and the lamp with unwearied, restless energy. He is neither reading nor writing; then he must be unravelling some knotty point in the subject he is endeavouring to elucidate in his book. But little does Damaris think that the knotty point is the bewildering flash from her own eyes, which half-betrayed, half-concealed the secret of her own heart.

On the morrow—the Marquise and La Duchesse driving, the rest on foot—they all go to the valley; and, true to his resolution, Monsieur St. Just keeps Leonie with him, unbending his grave, scholarly mind to attract her attention and keep her interested and amused. His generous efforts react upon himself, as all such do, and he catches himself studying objects from her point of view, and speculating upon the source of her *naïve* and childish remarks. Maybe the shallowness of her mind would soon have wearied him, but as a novelty it amuses him for the time being.

Monsieur le Curé, with beaming face, receives them upon the doorstep of his quaint, little, many-peaked *maisonnette*. Seldom or never before has his humble domicile, with its cell-like rooms, been so honoured. Close by stands the church of St. Aubin, surrounded by its God's acre, thickly planted with crosslets of many substances, from gleaming white marble to old rotten wood, buried amidst a tangle of flowers.

Damaris has brought a chaplet with her for 'Lisbeth's newly-sodded grave. Immediately after luncheon she and Leonie go to place it upon the little mound, and returning find Monsieur St. Just proposing that the pedestrians of the party should extend their walk over the hill, coming round through a neighbouring valley, and back to the *château* through the gardens.

"The seigneur knows well our neighbourhood," says Monsieur le Curé; "he will show you some fine views, mesdemoiselles."

"You, too, will accompany us—is it not so, monsieur?" asks Damaris, who has a very kindly feeling for the good little curé, of whose devotion she has seen something during her own ministrations to the poor.

"I should be proud, mademoiselle; but the descent is difficult, and my limbs are no longer young."

"Monsieur le Curé will escort La Duchesse and me," says Madame la Marquise, "I have promised him a bed at the *château;* and, for entertainment, that he shall see a well-fought game of chess. Is it not so, *ma mignonne?*" to Leonie.

"Well fought on one side, and that not mine, madame," laughs Leonie.

"Don't believe her, monsieur," says Jerome; "with my assistance, and yours this evening to boot, it will go hard if we do not win."

"In that case it will be small credit to me," says Leonie.

"Nay," responds Monsieur le Marquis, in lowered tones. "You shall have all the credit, we will do the work."

Monsieur St. Just goes to assist the elder ladies into the carriage, and the rest follow leisurely to the porch to see Monsieur le Curé taken in charge by his old friend, and the carriage wind downwards amongst the trees.

Then Monsieur St. Just turns to address Leonie.

"Are you well shod, mademoiselle? We have a rough climb before us."

For answer she lifts a dainty little boot, the sole of which happens to be of tolerable thickness.

"That will do. Now let us make a beginning."

He holds out his hand to assist her. Leonie, with one little backward glance, and a shadow of disappointment creeping over her face, places hers in it, and they two go upwards along the rude path that skirts the graveyard. Monsieur le Marquis casts one mortified glance after them, then turns to Damaris.

"Mademoiselle, you are my charge."

"*Eh bien*, monsieur. Shall we follow?"

She steps lightly onwards, taking care, however, not to diminish by one inch the distance which Monsieur St. Just has placed between them.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

OUR FEELINGS.—Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open, some keep it latched, some locked, some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in but not get in, and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an *ante-room*, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the secret chamber. . . . . There is almost always one key to the side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Father's, brother's, sister's, and friend's, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it! . . . . Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door.—*O. W. Holmes.*

THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

FORTY counties England boasts,
Or in her midst, or on her coasts.
Sixteen the stormy seas do face;
Two dozen fill the inland space.
Wales adds one dozen to the score,
Three are inland, nine skirt the shore.

Thus, for each week in all the year,
England and Wales a county count, that's clear.

G. W.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

OVER the pavement, all dusty and glaring,
Through the hoarse roar of the great city street,
A pale little maiden went wearily bearing
A basket of lilies—pure, dewy, and sweet.

Ah, pearly bell-lilies, with white petals shaking
Abroad on the pavement your powdery gold,
What fresh, fragrant visions are stirring and waking
In one heart beside ye—world-weary and old!

While eyes wet with tears look on daisy-starred meadows,
And warm, basking lawns where such lilies once grew,
On cool, leafy nooks full of flickering shadows,
Where all was one smile 'twixt the green and the blue.

The world-weary heart wondered what could have hushed it,
To rest for a moment from toil and from cares;
Ah, pearly bell-lilies, an angel had brushed it,
I think, with his wings as ye passed unawares.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL.

By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE Christmas holidays had passed away, and Mara was back again at school. They had not been altogether unhappy even for Mara, for Nannette had done her very best to amuse and enliven her friend, shrewdly guessing at the reasons that made her so cold and repellent in her manner, and feeling for her all the sympathy of a warm heart surrounded by happiness, yet unspoilt by it. Few days passed that the two girls did not meet, and as even Mrs. Johnstone herself had been won over by Nannette's genial, unaffected kindliness, Nannette frequently spent evenings at the dingy old house, the first visitor outside the family that it had entertained for many a year.

"How you can care to come to this dull place, I never can understand," Mara said, wonderingly, "especially when you have everything so nice at home."

"What a silly goose you are!" Nannette would reply. "Do you think people go to see the house, or the people in it? Besides, this is a dear old place."

"I don't think the people are much more agreeable than the house," said blunt, outspoken Mara, "unless it's Jack, and he's always in his room reading."

Mara might have got a great deal of pleasure out of this friendship had she been less morbid. Her own shabbiness, her plainness, her dingy surroundings, her mother's many small economies, regarded by her as virtues, not on any account to be hidden—all these things were ever present, like so many nightmares, robbing the girl at every turn of all happiness. Even kindly Nannette protested that she made matters worse by continually harping on the disagreeables of life instead of making the most of its bright side, at which Mara would exclaim that it was impossible for her to understand.

"I wish Mara would let me help her," Nannette often said to her mother. "She invites the girls to be disagreeable by the position she takes up. She will scarcely speak to me in school, and I know it is because she thinks I shall be ashamed of her position there. As if I should be so mean and cowardly. I dread to think how she will get on when I leave, and I suppose now I am twenty I cannot go on any longer, even for masters."

"Hardly," her mother would reply, smiling at her daughter's enthusiasm. "Papa has been very liberal I am sure; we cannot ask him to send you to an expensive college, just in order that you may protect an unattractive girl friend."

Mara did value Nannette's friendship, although she seemed to receive it so ungraciously. She would have allowed no one else to come to her home and acquaint themselves with its skeleton of poverty and lovelessness. To no other house would she have gone in her shabby old dresses and unbecoming hats.

The year slipped by with its usual routine, only different from former ones in that one matter of Nannette's visits, and another one took its place, to be marked in Jack's memory by the solemn event of formal setting apart for God's ministry.

To all ardent, spiritually-minded hearts this special act of self-devotion is unutterably solemn, but to Jack, who saw in it the fulfilment of long years' desire, the realisation of a dream that had seemed unattainable, it was a memory never to be forgotten, too sacred to be dwelt upon, except in silent prayerful thankfulness.

He was not to leave them. For another year at least it would be necessary for him to retain the private pupils he was teaching, devoting a portion of his days to his Master's work in a poor London parish close by. At the end of that year there were other examinations to be passed, entailing further expense, after which he would be free to devote himself much more to the work he loved.

"It seems to me only a grinding sort of life, after all," said Mara disconsolately, when Jack had one evening been telling her something of his plans. "I think you are grateful for very small things, Jack."

"I think I have been very highly favoured," said Jack, gravely, partly to himself. "I am almost abashed at my own unworthiness, when I stop to think how high are the responsibilities I have voluntarily undertaken. Can I ever fulfil them?"

"Yes, of course, better than one in a score," said Mara, sharply. "Mother talks in such a way to you that you begin to think nothing of yourself. Don't get into that way, Jack. You know you are clever, and attractive too—everyone who knows you likes you."

Jack smiled. "I think you have put the boot on the wrong leg," he remarked pleasantly. "It is you who depreciate yourself always, and I was not thinking about getting on—in your sense of the term, Mara—but rather of how I shall be able to fulfil my stewardship, and what sort of an account I may render up at the end."

"Here's mother come back," said Mara, by way of reply. "What a knock! There's something wrong, I know. It's banking day. She's been up to the bank."

Jack had risen and hurried to let his mother in. Mara followed slowly. Mrs. Johnstone came briskly into the room, turned up her thick veil, and looked slowly from one to the other of her children. Her face was pale, and lips tightly compressed—her usual method of showing deep agitation. Mara stood by, waiting with apparent unconcern to hear what had happened. Jack went up to her, and drawing her towards a chair seated her there.

"Is anything wrong, mother?" he asked.

"Wrong!" she gasped! "Everything is wrong. The bank has stopped payment. We are ruined."

"Have you made all inquiries?" Jack asked, quietly.

"Of course I have, I am not an idiot—and now what is to become of us? You will never be any good to us. If you are able to support yourself it is all you will ever do. If you had taken my advice and chosen any other calling, there might have been a prospect for us."

Mara glanced at Jack. This, after those thankful, fervent words he had just been speaking. How would he bear it?

"Wait awhile, mother, till we see what can be done," he said, gently. "I may not be so useless a son after all. You have never entrusted me with a full and entire knowledge of your affairs. Let us go over them together now, and see exactly how we stand. Mara, take mother's things upstairs, and would you mind going to that cheap shop in the High-street to get me some manuscript paper."

Mara took the hint and departed. Then Jack set himself heart and soul to the task of mastering the state of affairs.

Hitherto Mrs. Johnstone, who prided herself upon her self-reliance in business matters, had consulted no one in the management of her small property. That she had from their father a meagre annuity both her children knew, but this was all. It now appeared that she had for some unaccountable reason withdrawn her capital from the old-established firm of bankers with whom her husband had banked, and invested it in shares in a gigantic provincial banking venture, which had caused quite a sensation in London by the largeness of its operations and the vast success that seemed to attach to it. That morning Mrs. Johnstone had read in the paper a report of the smash up of the whole concern, and, scarcely believing her senses, had hurried up to town to the branch office from which she drew her allowance.

The report was, she found, too true. Already scores of anxious people were thronging the outer doors, only to find the ominous notice which told them that they were ruined.

With this new unexpected burden weighing him down to the ground, Jack prepared and preached his first sermon. Fortunately for him the deep earnestness of his nature helped him to concentrate his mind upon the present moment, and forget for the time being the dark shadow that had so suddenly clouded over the bright horizon. Friendless and unknown as the Johnstones were, there were still some few who came to show their sympathy with Jack in the attainment of his wishes. Mrs. Fletcher and Nannette were hidden away in a dark corner of the old gallery, interested and anxious for Mara's brother.

"What an unaccountable difference there is between them!" Mrs. Fletcher said, as they were walking home. "He so pleasant-mannered and winsome-looking, and Mara so reserved and cold, altogether so unattractive."

"Yet I always think they are alike," Nannette replied, thoughtfully. "It is the expression that makes all the difference. I can never understand how it is she does not catch up his bright unselfish spirit from the mere force of companionship."

"Jack," said Mara to him, on Monday morning, "I wasn't going to talk about it till Sunday was well over, but what are we going to do? Is everything gone—really and truly?"

"Poor little Mara," said Jack very tenderly, "sit down here, and I will tell you about it. I am afraid mother is penniless, Mara, and that is harder for her at her age than for you. We shall have to give up the old house, which will not grieve you, I know, and for the present, at any rate, we must take lodgings. It will be hard for this year until I have finished my preparation for the ministry, from which I cannot draw back now it even I considered I ought, but we must try to lighten the blow for mother. Be more gentle and considerate to her, Mara, for, after all, it is for our sakes that she has scraped, and economised, and worried. Do you think you could begin to teach now?"

"Teaching—I hate it," burst forth Mara, impetuously; "and lodgings, Jack—why, it isn't even respectable. Must we come to that?"

"I am afraid we must," Jack replied, gravely. "While we are honest we are respectable, Mara, and if we bravely help ourselves, no doubt God will help us. The prospect is certainly dark and drear at present, yet I am not without hope. If this had happened a year ago, I must have abandoned all hope of ordination, but coming now, I read it only as a difficulty thrown in my path to test my earnestness. So long as I am not deprived of the possibility of attaining the end in view I can never be unhappy. I wish I could imbue you with my own hopefulness, Mara. Try to bear this reverse bravely, if only for my sake, because it grieves me so to know I can only make so poor provision for mother and you."

"Are you going to keep us, Jack?" Mara asked, thoughtfully.

"Who else, sister mine? Unfortunately, this year I must keep something back for myself. I want you to help me, so that I may get through this year without disaster. Won't you try?"

"There's nothing I can do," said Mara, miserably. "I have never had real good

"'TO LOOK FOR A SITUATION,' SHE REPLIED."

opportunity of getting on, and I hate study. The only thing I care about is painting, but there is no chance of my doing anything that way now. What a burden we shall be to you, Jack! I half think mother was right. You will never be well off as a clergyman."

"That depends," Jack replied. "I am content, nor would I change my calling, even at this moment, for any amount of riches. Next year you shall have a thoroughly good drawing master. For the present we must get on the best way we can. I should think you might find a post as junior governess if you tried. Talk to Nannette about it; she will help you. By-the-bye, Mara, does she know?"

"Yes," answered Mara, shortly. "She said she should call and tell mother how sorry she was for her, but I told her she'd better not, for sympathy was more than we could bear."

"Rather ungracious, Mara," Jack said, reprovingly. "But I think you are right in the main," he added, presently. "It is much better she should not come. Our next home will have to be a very humble one. I am going in search of it this afternoon."

There is but one thing I am capable of," said Mara to herself when Jack had gone. "I must settle down as a nursery governess. Anyway it will give Jack one less to provide for, and we seem to have fallen so low that it isn't worth while to think about the style of the thing. I might have known before that I should never come to any good, and I may as well settle down to the prospect of being a nursery governess at once." Having arrived at this conclusion, Mara went resolutely upstairs to put on her things and search for something forthwith. Her face was drawn up into its most unattractive frown as, coming downstairs, she met her mother, who asked—

"Where are you going, Mara?"

"Out to look for a situation," she replied.

"You needn't think you'll succeed with that sweet expression on your face," said her mother. "You betray too plainly the sort of temper you possess."

"It is enough to make one ill-tempered," returned Mara, bitterly.

"We might be worse off," retorted Mrs. Johnstone, who certainly bore their misfortunes with much heroism. "If we had not Jack, for instance, how should we get on? I am used to poverty, and can bear it. You must learn to do the same. It is no good chafing against misfortune. It must be borne."

"It's hard on Jack, at any rate," Mara added.

"Of course it is. It's hard on us all; but Jack is not the one to shirk his duty. I have no fault to find with him in that way."

"I'm not going to shirk my duty, either," cried Mara, who took the remark to herself, "but I won't deny that I hate it, nevertheless. I should be a liar if I did." And with these words on her lips Mara went off to do her duty.

When she and Jack met again in the evening both were pretty well worn out and dispirited. Mara was not given to talking much, and her account of her adventures was given in the following words, spoken in a hard, sharp tone which served to hide the mortification and soreness of spirit she was feeling. "I've been looking for a situation, Jack, but nobody will have me, not even as nursery governess."

"Patience, Mara," replied Jack, sympathetically. "I've done no better. The only apartments I can find anywhere near our means are sadly dingy, I am afraid. Will you look at them to-morrow, mother?"

"Anything that you can afford will satisfy me," said Mrs. Johnstone, with stoical indifference. "You know your own affairs, Jack, and if you say it is the best to be had, I am quite content."

"We shall not want them for long, I hope," Jack said, cheerfully. "When can you be ready to leave here?"

"In a week," Mrs. Johnstone replied, with the same calm indifference.

And in a week they did leave the poor, dingy old house, to which thirty-five years before she had come home as a bride, the house of which every room contained hundreds of sacred associations, which was full, as Mara declared, of Johnstone ghosts, and yet never by a word or sign betrayed the grief she must have felt, but bustled about, stern, methodical, and active, making Mara more than impatient by her placidity.

When Jack came home from his teaching and ran eagerly up the narrow staircase of their new home, all anxiety to see how they were getting on, he found Mara in the bedroom she was to share with her mother, weeping bitterly.

"How can we live in this hole?" she cried, when he tried to soothe her. "Not even a bedroom to myself. The old house was bad enough, but it was a palace to this."

"Poor old place!" Jack said, with infinite regret. "I didn't think you would feel the parting so much, Mara, as you always abused it so."

"Oh, Jack," cried Mara, almost angrily. "I never thought then we should have to exchange it for such a place as this. I can't and won't stay here. Why do we have such cruel hardships? We'd better never have been born."

"Hush, Mara!" said Jack, with a troubled face. "Would it be better if you had a little room to yourself? It can only be a tiny one. Come with me and see."

Mara followed reluctantly, but agreed that she would rather have ever such a little hole that she could call her own, for," she added, "mother and I never get on together, and never shall."

Jack sighed. He knew it was true, and that there must be a great change in both before it could be any way different. "Well, Mara," he said, a little wearily, "try and make this room as pleasant as you can for yourself. We can get a few pretty, cheap ornaments and pictures for it, I daresay, but you must be very quiet in the evening when I want to read."

Which remark coming back to Mara's mind a long time afterwards, led her to the conclusion that Jack had intended to reserve that little room as a sort of study for himself.

(To be continued.)

A WEDDING IN ISTRIA.

We go back about a hundred years to be invisible guests at a wedding amongst the wild out-of-the way mountains, forests and fertile plains of Istria, in the southern portion of the Austrian Empire. Up amongst the barren mountain tops the people are of evil repute—a race of pickpockets and robbers, whose origin is lost in the mists of obscure ages. They are dark in complexion, have long sallow faces, and are of a fierce, haughty, fearless character—the terror of the Turks, their neighbours. But there is honour amongst thieves; if they make a promise they are true to it, and the prudent traveller who puts himself into their hands for guidance and protection is never betrayed. The word of a Morlachian is sacred. In his dishonesty he prefers craft to force, and only sheds blood when desperate and in self-defence. He always pays his debts.

The people of the plains are a more law-abiding and peaceful people, with broad faces, and flat noses, fair hair and blue eyes, simple and pastoral in their habits; but they are as fierce as the mountaineers in their anger, as unyielding in their pride, and as rashly daring.

We find the Morlachians, or mountaineers, a people curiously united amongst themselves. The women enjoy the fullest freedom, and, while shunning strangers, treat their countrymen with fearless familiarity and daring confidence. They are generous and hospitable in the extreme. The stranger is received in their homes like a brother, given the heartiest of welcomes, awarded the best his host possesses, and loaded with presents when departing. Rich or poor, his reception is the same. Where to need is to have, beggars cannot exist, and the Morlachians have none. They are a merry people who love *feasting* and joking; and, with all their generosity and hospitality, they are, in one respect, very prudent and careful. If the road is muddy they remove their shoes to avoid soiling them; if they are caught in a storm their coats and caps are taken off and folded up to keep them dry. They are terribly superstitious and awfully revengeful.

A young Morlachian girl seldom lacks lovers. They hover about her wherever she goes. She is continually receiving presents from them—bead necklaces, brass rings, knives, glass vessels, &c. If she is one of a large family, the fact gives her a new charm. If her male ancestors have been brave, strong men, her value as a wife is much augmented.

One day there comes to her father's house a kindly old neighbour, who wants to select from her father's large family of daughters one to be the wife of his eldest son. So all the girls are called in from their work. They make themselves clean and smart, and they present themselves before the old man, who, after much looking and talking and putting of questions, selects, as is usual, the eldest. She, he says, will suit him for a step-daughter, and the chosen one replies in merry mood that she will come to his house, look at his son, and tell him what she thinks about it. So she does, and, approving the arrangement, brings the young man home in his holiday attire to see what opinion her parents have of him as a suitable husband for their daughter. If everybody is satisfied, arrangements are made for the wedding ceremonies.

When the appointed bridal day arrives there is a great gathering of noisy relatives, friends, and neighbours, who come armed from head to foot, as if to do battle, and are called *Svati*. From these the most prosperous and important individual is selected to be the *Stari Svat*, whose business it is to preside at the table, and superintend the proceedings generally, with the assistance of a lieutenant, called the *Stachez*.

Two young people are selected to accompany the bride, and be constantly by her side throughout the festivity. They are called the *Diveri*.

Other subordinate officers are also appointed, one being *Chiaous*, the master of the ceremonies, who carries a mace, and arranges the guests at table in their allotted places, each according to his or her rank and importance. He sings the ancient national nuptial songs, in which the names of heathen divinities

figure, heads the bridal procession, and generally plays a very active and important part.

When the young couple are ready for church the heavily-armed *Svati* mount their horses to guard them from jealous and revengeful rivals —or from the attacks of robber bands secreted in the mountain caves—the outcast, murderous Haiducks. Before them go the mace bearer and two banners of silk floating from great lances, having their points inserted in gilt balls. These are borne by two guests selected for the task, and called *Parrinaz* and *Bariacter*. In the midst of her armed escort the bride rides, closely veiled from prying eyes. So they go orderly and quietly enough into the church, where the priest receives them, and the marriage is duly solemnised with Christian rites, the bride's veil remaining all the while untouched.

With the ride home from church begins a wild uproar of voices, shouting, howling, singing, shrieking, arms are waved, guns are fired, songs are roared—the *Svati* seem to have gone mad with delight.

When the bride reaches the threshold of her new home, the *Domachin*, or chief of the bridegroom's family, appears with a little child, which the bride receives with kisses and caresses. Restoring it to his arms her *Diveri* assist her to dismount, and she kneels upon the step of the door to receive from the hands of her new mother a sieve filled with fruits, nuts, and almonds, which she scatters backward amongst the guests. This form is intended to signify that by the labours of the wife her family must win abundance.

Two tables are spread for the wedding feast, one for the women, the other for the relatives and guests; each groans beneath the great variety and abundance of provided food, for every guest has brought a separate contribution for the feast. The bride sits apart from all the rest with her *Diveri*, or brides-boys, and the *Stachez*.

The bridegroom is attended by his *Kuum*, whose office it is to cut up his bread, fruit, and meat; no one in such a position being allowed on his wedding day either to cut or to untie anything.

The feast commences with the passing round of the *bukakra*, a large cup filled to the brim with wine, which is introduced by the *Domachin*, who proposes the toast of health and happiness to all present. The first course is one of fruit, the second meat, the third soup.

After the feast singing and games follow; the festivities being kept up with great spirit.

On the following day and for five or six days after the festivities are renewed. The bride goes round with a plate to receive contributions in money from the guests; the *Svati* give her the usual presents, her father sends over the cow, which, with her clothes, commonly forms her dowry, and so ends a wedding in Istria or Dalmatia, for in either place the ceremonies differ but slightly. From that time the wretched girl knows nothing but a life of incessant labour and degradation. She sleeps upon the floor; the most disgusting and painful tasks fall daily to her lot, she abandons decency, ignores morality, and sinks into a state of brutal degradation terrible to witness. The years of maidenhood contrasted with those of wifehood must seem a dream of bliss, and she must often look backward with bitterness of heart to the days when she coqueted with her lovers in a capacious scarlet hood adorned with shells and beads and coins and feathers, when she could proudly call her own earrings of coloured glass, finger rings of filigree, and bracelets of leather adorned with copper ornaments. Now she must wear nothing on her head but a simple handkerchief negligently tied beneath her chin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

AMATEUR.—Use oil-colours for painting on the table, in the usual manner.

E. P.—We suppose you mean the "Guild of St. George," established at Sheffield by Mr. Ruskin.

PERSPECTIVE must consult a London Directory to find the various art-galleries and places of exhibition. There are too many to be quoted here. The spring exhibitions are being opened at the present time.

JUMBO.—We fear there is no cure for the spots on your photographs, except by touching them with colour. The author of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" is Robert Browning.

NANCY.—For instructions in terra-cotta painting, see page 229, vol. ii.

PSITTACUS.—We think your Christmas card a very pretty one, and we shall give a little sick child the pleasure of having it. You give promise of much success in the future, but there is one point which you seem to have overlooked. The shadows are made to fall from your leaves equally on one side of each as on the other. Now, the light should fall on one side, and the shadow lie on the other.

BELLADONNA W.—See page 399, vol. iii., where there is an answer to "S. O." on the subject of "Smoke Drawings."

COOKERY.

BLUE REYNARD.—To make chocolate drops, take half a pound of coarse sifted sugar, add two ounces of fine French chocolate, dissolved in a wineglassful of water, in a separate saucepan; and after mixing this with the sugar in its boiler, stir on the fire until it arrives at almost simmering heat. Then lay out in drops of the size of a sixpenny-piece. The 23rd of November, 1864, was Wednesday.

SOMEBODY'S DAISY.—A recipe for "Chocolate creams" will be found at page 399, vol. i. If you use the corn-flour in packages you will find the addition of a little made coffee very strong to the ordinary moulds will give the proper flavouring. We by no means approve of two and a half hours of study before breakfast, but we hope you have a cup of tea and some bread and butter before you begin. We do not think you are wise, or kind to others, if you ruin your health by over-exertion. The letters of your handwriting should be joined, and you should endeavour to write more evenly.

FANNIE.—To "Ice a Cake," see page 399, vol. i.

A YOUNG COOK.—We are pleased to hear that you have found our cookery recipes of value, and we thank you much for those you send us.

WORK.

LONG EYELASHES. — Wash the crewel-work in cool water with a little soap; rinse and wring very dry indeed. Crewel-work should be ironed on the wrong side. Read "How to Embroider in Crewels," page 96, vol. ii.; see also pages 96 and 431 for full instructions how to wash work.

FABIOLA.—The white lace, of which you send us a specimen, is an ordinary machine-made one, and the black is a silk "blonde." Your writing is tolerably good, but not yet formed.

S. E. W.—For instructions in making "book-markers," see "My Work Basket," page 460, vol. ii. Your letter is extremely neat.

UGLY DUCKLING.—Use Chinese white for the first coat, and mix it with each colour. The prepared oxgall may be found at all artists' colourmen's.

LENT LILY.—May 19th, 1866, was a Saturday. Many thanks for your recipe.

MAY REES.—Perhaps you can move the washstand into a corner, and hang a curtain in front of it; if not, a screen is the next best thing to employ; and the cheapest and easiest way of covering it is to purchase a clothes-horse, and put curtains on it, with a valance of some cheap cretonne or chintz.

ETHEL PARE LANGDALE.—See "Patterns for Knitting," page 54, vol. ii. You must be guided by the customs of the church that you frequent. Your writing is unformed and childish.

BEATRICE MAUD.—See "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

LEO.—You had better price the articles yourself, and leave it to Miss Tidd's discretion to alter them if she thinks fit. The author of "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever" is the Rev. Edward Bickersteth. Ask for the books at any good bookseller's, and if he has not got them, he will order them for you.

JAPONICA. —The usual number of articles of underclothing for a trousseau is either six or eight of everything—nightdresses, drawers, and chemise. Three flannel petticoats and one dozen stockings, thick and thin. The number of dresses made up should be small, as it is better not to have too many. If you marry in the spring we should advise you to put away a portion of the money allowed you for your cloak and dress of next winter. The first is generally an expensive item. The requisites for modelling in gutta-percha are—a small spirit-lamp, in which to keep the water hot which you use to soften it, some soap to prevent it sticking to your fingers, a pair of sharp scissors, and a penknife for veining the leaves.

EDUCATIONAL.

LIAALOGA.—If we may advise you, we think you had better retain your present situation as long as possible, as similar ones are very difficult to obtain in England; though we think your salary far too low to enable you to dress, and also to lay by a little, as you should always do. There is nothing to prevent your young companion and friend from certifying your work. Your writing and composition are both excellent.

EMERALD and RUSSELLE.—For information respecting clerkships in post and telegraph offices, see page 112, vol. ii. Write a note to enclose the amount in stamps, with an apology, saying you had forgotten it.

G. F. T.—We advise you to apply to the Matron, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The fullest particulars are given under the head of "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i.

TWO JERSEY GIRLS.—For all rules connected with the "Subjunctive Mood," see "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, pages 202, 203, 307, and 308.

ETYMOLOGY.—Adjectives are employed in reference to substantives, and adverbs to verbs. "Arrived" is the past participle of the verb to "arrive;" and "safe" is an adjective, not an adverb; thus "safely" is the correct term to employ in the sentence you have suggested. Drab and grey oatmeal-cloth will bear washing very well. We recommend the "handbook" to your careful study, of which we gave the title to the "Two Jersey Girls."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BIRDIE.—The "Burial of Moses" is by Mrs. Alexander; but it is frequently published with no name attached to it, in volumes of selected pieces of poetry. Addresses of such societies are published in the *Queen* of each week.

GERALDINE B.—The song "Fancy waft me in golden visions," is that of the Jewish maiden in captivity, in the opera of *Nabuco*, by Verdi. The Italian words of the song begin "Va pensiero sull' ali dorate."

A. DAVIS ("Pansy").—We are very sorry indeed that our answer pained you, and has caused you even more suffering than usual. We deeply sympathise with you in your heavy affliction, and rejoice at your patience and exemplary trust; but still, as we published two of your poems in our amateur page, and wrote personally on one occasion, we really think that you need not have pressed on us other verses and questions. There are many other dear girls of ours who look to us for help and encouragement, and our space is too limited to satisfy all demands. Cheer up, "Pansy," it is by no means possible for us to "reinstate you in our favour," as you urge us to do. You always have had our good opinion.

ROY'S WIFE.—We are of opinion that no fault is to be attributed to you which might account for your husband's coolness. You can only persevere in the course which you have wisely adopted, of bearing it patiently, at least, to all outward appearance. "Live it down," and accept the trial as permitted by One who "does not willingly afflict," but acts towards all who trust in Him as He sees best in His wisdom and mercy. We feel the most sincere sympathy for you, and hope you will not give way to despondency.

DESPAIR.—We feel very sorry for you at your premature loss of health and strength. The cause is very obvious. Of course, mere tonics will not restore vital power. "Koumis" would probably do you more good. You need perfect rest of mind and body. If you have a mother or sister, you ought to go away with her for a long rest, and complete change of air and scene, and "vegetate."

BUTTON-BURSTER will certainly remind her friends of some gaudy kind of parrot if she combines red, violet, and black in her hat and necktie. 2. You had better procure a supply of "insecticide" to get rid of the beetles; at the same time have every hole and crevice well closed with slips of wood and mortar.

MAGGIE.—We are enjoined by our Saviour to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." There is also an inquiry made by the same Divine Being, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things that I say?" In some cases "there is no safety but in flight," for "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Adopt some other work of usefulness, and avoid all risk of relapsing into any evil way.

VIOLET R. C.—We have no idea to what place or persons your friend referred. Your second question, as to "how to become a genuine girl," sounds a funny one, yet we understand what you mean. Probably you need the companionship of young people of your own age; living with persons so much older may tend to make you old-fashioned in manner. But comfort yourself with the assurance that, if you desire so sincerely to be only "your own true self," there can be nothing really sham and artificial about you.

DOT AND TAP.—The value of the certificates depends entirely upon the school at which they were gained.

In a song called "Juanita," composed by the Honourable Mrs. Norton, you will find the lines which you quote.

LOT'S WIFE.—"Pard" means the leopard; in poetry, any spotted beast. The original will be found in Shakespeare, "A match for pards in flight." If you be sufficiently intimate with the person by whom the card is sent, you should acknowledge its receipt by writing a letter of condolence. If not very intimate, call at the house, leave your card, and inquire for the family. Thank you for the recipe sent. As you remark, it appears easy and nice.

NINA.—For directions how to bleach skeleton leaves see "Answers to Correspondents," page 368, vol. iii.

MOONSHINE.—The double acrostic which you are kind enough to send us, though a clever composition for so young a girl, is not suitable for our columns.

A CHRISTIAN WORKER.—At St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., you can obtain training as a nurse, with uniform, and £20 per annum.

CAUSTIC.—The maroon wool must be of very poor quality. Obtain an oxgall from the butcher, and mix a little in water. This, perhaps, may set the colour. "Pyjamas" are used in India and other warm countries to sleep in. They are like a "combination garment for ladies," being a shirt and drawers in one.

MAGGIE.—Many excellent and cheap recipes for puddings will be found in "Useful Hints."

HORTENSIA.—There is a hospital for paralysis and nervous disorders at Portland-terrace, Regent's Park, London.

MADGE.—You can obtain the information by applying to the Great Seal Patent Office, 25, Southampton-buildings, W.C. Clerk, Henry Reader Lack, Esq. Writing from copies is the best way to improve your hand.

A STUDENT.—The first mention of the "Whig," or anti-Court party, is found after the ruin of the Royalist party in the year 1648, when the peasants in the west of Scotland rose *en masse* to join Cromwell against their Royalist countrymen. This was called the "Whigamore's Insurrection" from the word "whigagm," used by the peasantry in driving their horses. See Milner's "History of England," page 574.

M. A. J.—We are much obliged by the long extract you have taken the trouble to copy; which, however, contains nothing that we did not know before on the subject. The first sentence is a mistake.

KATHERINE.—The lines are not *quite* "rhymed prose," but very nearly so; and they lack originality, without which nothing can be "poetry" in its true sense.

ROSEBUD.—Unmarried women and widows are not entitled to use a crest, but only the arms in a lozenge. Use a monogram also, if you like.

E. M.—Soak in warm water and curd soap, applied thoroughly with a soft camel's-hair brush, and then rinse. If not clean, repeat the soaping until the coral be quite cleansed. Then rinse again in clear, cold water, and place in a sunny window to dry.

CARILLON.—Your bonnet should be crape and silk, or black chip and crape, without the widow's cap. Your dress should be of crape and silk. For housewear, wear black crape-cloth, with white ruffles, or a plain linen collar and cuffs are sufficient.

M. E. C.—June 16th, 1869, was a Wednesday. Your writing is not good by any means. Amongst our numerous correspondents we have children of five, six, and seven who can write as well as you do.

IN DOUBT.—It is by no means desirable that any third person should intrude their presence on a newly-married couple, at least, as a resident in their house. However kind your friend's aunt, or other relative, may be, she must be exceedingly wanting in common sense—not to say delicacy of feeling—to contemplate making so indiscreet an arrangement. Were the parents of the young wife living, they are the best people to remonstrate with the lady; if, on inquiry, they find that an arrangement so injudicious is contemplated. Even were the invitation spontaneously given, and pressed upon that third party by both the bride and bridegroom elect, only an indelicate-minded woman, or else a very silly one, would accept such an invitation.

A SERVANT GIRL.—A wash of gum arabic and water will stiffen and clean your hats. Use emery paper to the steel fire-irons.

HTIDE S.—We are not at all surprised that such a style as you have adopted has given rise to unpleasant comments. It is a serious, and even dangerous, thing for any woman, especially a young girl of seventeen, to paint her face, use (what you call) a "pin-stick," and mount herself on "Louis XV." heels. We give you, on our part, three questions to answer: Why should you make such a vulgar "guy" of yourself? Why do you wish to attract notice in the street? Why do you assume an appearance which is evidently disapproved of, "on every side," by your friends? We wonder you are not ashamed of going about with a painted face. It is most disreputable.

A CLUMSY GIRL.—The word "mass" is derived from the Saxon *Mæsse*, the French, Danish, and German *Mess*, and the Low-Latin *Missa;* all of which mean a "feast," or "holiday." Thus "Candle-mas" and "Christmas" signify a festival of whatever special kind they may be. We are much pleased to hear that you have so "gratefully" appreciated our articles on "Good Breeding."

LILLIAN E. D.—"My Work Basket" is published every month in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We cannot quite understand how you can ha[illegible] read the paper and have failed to see it. See page 268, vol. iii.

TEDDIE M. S., NIGNI NOVGOROD, and CAMES.—"Teddie's" writing is extremely legible, but not pretty. We prefer to see the "t's" crossed. "Nigni Novgorod" appears to copy the writing of "Cames," but she should avoid making the Greek "e," and should endeavour to acquire also the clearness and neatness of "Cames."

SNOWFLAKE.—"The Art of Conversing Agreeably," page 675, vol. ii., will help you in your endeavour to add to your usefulness in society. Your handwriting is not very good; and the capitals especially need much improvement. We are always glad to answer such pleasant letters as yours.

MADCAP PUSS.—Afternoon tea is now a regular "institution," as the Americans would say, and is brought up at 4.30 or 5 o'clock, according to the custom of the house, whether visitors be there or not. If they be, they are asked to partake of it as a matter of course. When staying with friends of long standing, much older than themselves, it is more graceful for young girls to concede the point, if they wish to pay for short expeditions or excursions.

"NO, MA'AM, DON'T I KEEP ON SAYING THAT THE TRAIN IS NOT SIGNALLED YET!"

ADELA.—Your map is probably an old one, or else too small to be of service. Ordnance maps of the various counties are the best, and are very inexpensive.

EDGITHA.—We could not recommend you to sing nothing but sacred songs in the drawing-room, except on the Sunday. Nevertheless you should never sing anything that could not be followed by a sacred song without incongruity. It is quite allowable now-a-days, we are glad to say, for visitors at any time to sing such sacred songs as "The Better Land" (Cowen), "A Name in the Sand" (Tours), and "There is a green hill" (Gounod). Such songs as these are more than wholesome, and calculated to do much good to a mind engrossed solely in secularity.

SHADE WITHOUT SUNSHINE.—We have much sympathy for you in the loss of your friend's companionship. At least, you have set about raising your own spirits in the best way, by endeavouring to comfort others in their trials, and in applying your mind to wholesome studies. Green's "History of the English People" and Miss Agnes Strickland's "Queen's of England" would interest you much. Without distressing your absent friend by telling her that you were very unhappy, you might, at least, confide to her any particular trouble. If you do not sometimes do so, she may think she has lost your confidence, and as for yourself, you would feel relieved by sometimes opening your heart to her, as in the old days gone by.

ONE WHO DOES BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS.—We have read your letter with great interest and sympathy, and our advice to you is to continue in doing your duty modestly and faithfully, and so elevate the position in which Providence has placed you. If through the aid of respectable friends you had the choice given you of accepting a better and more congenial situation, you might avail yourself of it. But do not hastily give up what you have, merely on the chance of obtaining another, and the chance—equally great—of its proving one that you could not satisfactorily keep when obtained. We thank you for writing so kindly.

HEATHER.—1. The name "Mary" means in Hebrew "bitter," and "Star of the Sea"; "Ella" is only a contraction of Eleanor, which means in Greek, "light"; "Kenneth" signifies in Gaelic "a commander" or "leader." 2. The Italian words, *Ma non troppo lento*, mean, "But not too slow." *Andante con moto*, "moving easily," "with motion," or "agitation"—"rather lively." Your writing is very neat, and a good foundation for a running hand by-and-by.

M. H.—If you really do "believe the 'witness of God' which He hath testified of His Son," that is to say, the revelation given us in the Holy Scriptures respecting the Incarnation of the Deity in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, and salvation through His death and merits, how can you help "knowing" that you do believe it? Thus, if you love your parents, how can you help knowing it? You "have the witness in yourself"—an inner consciousness of the fact.

AMIE.—Wash your plate well with soap and water, and then moisten some of the best pulverised whiting with a little water; apply this to it by means of a piece of flannel, and when dry rub it well with a chamois-leather. Never allow it to grow dull. The portions in relief, and interstices of the pattern upon it, should be well brushed.

CERES.—Make the silver-grey up with a stamped velvet of the same, or a little darker colour. You might also use a satin, or a brocaded material.

PUSSY.—The hands of young girls are often red. The best authorities advise the use of glycerine and the wearing of gloves. Do not worry yourself about them. The translation of your German sentence is, "Sleep well, fair angel."

AROLF NOSUKOV.—We are much obliged by your letter. If you have the last edition of Webster's Dictionary at hand, you may turn to the words "stay" and "stayed." Shakespeare, Evelyn, and Sir Walter Scott are cited as examples.

ALICE MAUD.—When goldfish are kept in a glass globe in which there are water-plants, the water does not need changing so frequently. The fish may be fed on biscuit-crumbs, worms, flies, and the yolk of eggs boiled hard, dried and powdered. The water should be drawn off by means of a syphon, and the fish should never be handled nor touched.

DAISY A.—The birds are suffering from gout, caused by improper food, probably hemp seed. Change their diet, give them plenty of water and gravel, and remember that they are grain eaters, and eat peas, barley, wheat, &c.

CERES.—Why have you allowed your shoulder-bones to "grow out" for so long a time? You should have had advice on the subject long ago. We should advise you to use the back-board constantly, and to lie on your back on the floor, without a pillow, for at least an hour daily.

S. J. A.—An answer to your question will be found on page 624, vol. ii.

MISTEEN.—Your mother, or the person who has the care of you, is the best judge as to how long a ride it is proper for you to take. For a recipe to take out ink stains, see page 439, vol. ii.

HAREBELLE.—It depends entirely on the number of guests to be invited. For a small wedding, to give invitations a fortnight before would be sufficient, for a large one a month.

MOTHER'S PIG.—1. Miss Tidd's address is given in the article respecting the Princess Louise Home. See page 349, vol. iii. 2. Dip the flowers and leaves in a solution of alum.

RAY.—For the information you require, see article by Medicus on "The Eyes and Eyesight," page 805, vol. ii. July 7th, 1866, was a Saturday. Mix three parts of water and one of glycerine in a bottle, and apply a little to your face after washing it. If too strong, reduce still further.

FOURTH AND LAST TIME OF ASKING.—You have so far forgotten your manners in writing to us in the style you have done that we are by no means anxious to hear from you a fifth time.

DOROTHY.—The name "knot" is said to be derived from that of King Canute, this bird having been a favourite article of food with him.

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "On the Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE SETTLING DOWN.

THE cab seemed to have stopped before a dead wall. Faith, looking from the window, could at first see no house. A little craning of her neck, however, enabled her to see a gate in the dead wall, with steps inside it, and a little more straining and stretching revealed a house at the top of these steps—a house standing so high that even its lowest window must have looked above the dead wall.

"Milne's lodgings, miss," said the cabman. Be you expected, miss? His gruff tones were civil, but he spoke with an air of interested complaisance which almost frightened Faith, whose small experience of cabmen had been gathered from the obsequious, extortionate London drivers. Probably this inquiry was directed towards discovering what fare he might venture to fix.

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"'THIS IS MY OWN LITTLE PLACE,' SHE ADDED."

"Yes," she answered, shortly, "we are expected."

"Oh, then, that's a' right," said the man; "there'll likely be a body sent to fetch up your luggage, d'ye think? But if there's nobody but an old leddy and a lass, as often happens, I can take it up for you myself."

There seemed nobody but "an old leddy," at least, nobody appeared but one, a very thin, straight old lady, with a little grey shawl about her shoulders, and a thick washing muslin cap on her head. She looked at the luggage before she glanced at its owners, and she addressed the cabman first.

"You'll have to give the young man a hand with those heavy things," she said, motioning her head towards Denzil, and then she proceeded to welcome the strangers.

"I hope you've had a good journey. Your tea's ready for you. I daresay you'll feel this place cold after the South, but it's healthy, and you'll get used to it."

Denzil gave the cabman his assistance without a word. He had been used to all the exigencies of a healthy boy's life in the country, and once upon a time had found pleasure in showing off his young strength by voluntarily undertaking tasks and burdens almost beyond it. The boxes were heavy enough, but it was not their weight which made Denzil's face flush as he tugged them up the steps. He was saying to himself that he had not expected this sort of thing here and now. What an awful old woman this one seemed! He had never liked George Milne very much, and ought to have thought twice before coming to live with his sister. Her lodgings, might be economical but one might pay a smart price for economy.

"This way," said Miss Milne, guiding the luggage-bearers past one or two doors, and throwing open a third.

The room into which they were ushered was a small square apartment, filled, with little regard to fitness or proportion, by heavy, dingy-looking furniture. Faith's heart stood still for a moment as she entered. She had been so long accustomed to the wide low rooms of Westering Mill, with all their queer corners and quaint windows. Was this really to be their home?—all the home they could have in the world for some time to come?

Denzil's ill-humour took this for an excuse, the moment they were alone.

"A back room!" he exclaimed, "and what a hole! It is not larger than one of our old cupboards, and everything in it looks as if Noah had sold it second-hand when he came out of the Ark."

"Hush, Denny," said Faith, who had quickly recovered her courage. "Does not that make some amends?" she added, pointing to the low-browed casement, through which was visible the marvellous glory of a northern sunset.

Denzil walked to the window. But he did not look up from it, he looked down.

"A kitchen garden," he said. "Yes, Faith, a kitchen garden and two washing-poles. You will have to look at your sunsets over a cabbage-bed!"

"Well," returned Faith, determined not to be daunted, "then we shall have fresh vegetables at least, and that is a great thing in a town. And I am sure everything looks very comfortable," she persisted, turning to the table, on which the tea equipage was already set.

"A cup of tea makes up for everything else to a woman," laughed Denny. But he felt mollified himself. There was a delightful culinary smell coming from somewhere. And when Miss Milne reappeared with a dish of delicious smoked haddock, he spoke to her so civilly that the good woman had not the least idea that her new lodger had already passed through one fit of the sulks.

After tea, when Miss Milne came in to remove the cups and saucers, she volunteered to stay and let them into what she called "the ins and outs" of everything. They had, of course, already seen their bedrooms, but Miss Milne led them there again to explain how the windows opened, and how there was water "turned on" in a mysterious little arrangement at the sill of the staircase window. Miss Milne regarded those bedrooms as something quite palatial, a sheer concession to the habits of luxury indulged in by "folk frae the South."

"I've had brothers and sisters together before," she observed to Faith, "but, aye, either the brother or the sister slept in the living-room. You see, money's an object with most of them, and I must charge you according to the number of rooms you have, for it is to the rent I look for my profit, and not to pickings and stealings out of your victual."

"But how awkward it must be for anybody to sleep in a sitting-room!" said Faith.

"Oh, it needna be that bad," rejoined the old woman. "Everything is planned according, ye see, and if you get up bright and early and fling the windows open, and let all get a good airing before you clear away, it's done. There's na hardship in it, and if so, why, hardships breed gude habits, whiles! The box beds were handy—maybe they were unwholesome—but I canna see why folk are so particular about wholesomeness one way and not another—it's always unhealthy work and unhealthy saving; but there's never much talk o' unwholesome ways of pleasuring and sickly ways of spending money. There's a deal more doctoring goes on nowadays than there was in my young time, and the lads and lasses fling away their health and strength in late hours and dancing and sports, instead o' using them up honest in work wi' their books or their hands. I don't grudge the world getting wiser about fresh air and more careful o' its victuals, but it's no use straining at gnats and swallowing camels, and we've Scripture that that's over much the way with human nature.

"This is my own little place," she added, leading Faith into a tiny kitchen. "That's where I sleep," and she pointed to a recess screened by a red curtain. "I might live in a bigger house and keep more lodgers if I'd take a girl to help, but I was always one to keep myself to myself. You see, generally, when I have them that has but one room, I take four. But now I've only you and your brother and one other. So it's lighter work for me, and you'll be well waited on. And you'll not know that Mr. Finlay's in the house, unless you happen to meet him on the doorstep."

"Is he a student, too?" asked Faith.

"Aye, he's one of the right, old-fashioned sort," said the good woman, with an emphasis on the personal pronoun. "He gets his meal and his potatoes sent in from the country, and it's little more he wants, except his tea, and there's na constant contriving and chaffering to make his meals ready, and that makes it a real pleasure to get him something nice whiles, for he'd never think of it himself. I've had some of all sorts in my day—them that kept me chap-chap-chapping at their doors o' a morning to save them from losing their classes, and them that did na seem to know the build o' the passage wall when they came in o' nights; but the second time that happened they got told they'd better find some other way to go—my steps were over much for them! But there's none o' that with Robert Finlay, but the other thing altogether. I have to keep him in mind that his body is not a' brain, and that one need not be at one's book till two in the morning, and then again at six, but is, whiles, the better o' stretching one's legs and having a laugh. He's a real anxiety to me sometimes, but weel!—weel!—one must aye have anxiety in one shape or another, and it's less tiring to hold back an over-willing horse than to prod on a pig; I mind my father used to say so."

While the old lady talked, Faith stole a glance at the little book-shelf fitted into the chimney corner. There was "Fleming on the Fulfilling of Scripture," there was Abercrombie's "Culture and Discipline of the Mind," there was Cook's Voyages Round the World, there were sermons by Ralph Erskine, a copy of Burns's works, one or two minor poets, and a few volumes of Scott's novels, while on a lower shelf, in the shadow, and probably seldom touched, yet reverently preserved as family relics, and possibly as signs of family standing and credit, were divers old copies of Greek and Latin authors. The little book-shelves were a revelation to Faith of the different kind of social life on which she had entered. Her landlady might do the same work and hold the same standing as the simple villagers round Westering Mill. Nay, the conditions of her life might be ruder and harder, and her own manner more deficient in gentle courtesy, but still her mind was on another level from minds which rested quite content, even at middle-age, with the little books brought home by children from the Sunday-school library.

When Faith returned to the parlour, she found Denzil seated moodily before the fire which Miss Milne had lit out of consideration for Southern chilliness. Faith cheerily proposed a short walk.

The evening was fine, she said, the moon would be soon up, and they might see something of their new surroundings.

"I should have thought you would be tired enough after your long journey," answered Denzil, with a yawn.

"It does tire one, in a way," Faith returned. "Sitting so long in one position is very wearisome, but a walk will be a positive rest from that sort of fatigue. And after the shaking up one gets in a train, I think one sleeps the better for some sharp exercise in the fresh air. Come, Denzil!"

She did not want him to dwell on the arid dinginess of the little sitting-room. To-morrow, when he went out, she meant to work wonders in it. She had asked Miss Milne whether she would object to her knocking in a few nails for pictures and brackets, and Miss Milne had answered at once that she was to make herself quite at home.

The two were careful not to turn in the direction whence the cab had brought them, through the crowded noisome thoroughfare. They took the other way, passing a few rows of tiny cottages, which looked pleasant enough in the moonlight, though when Faith afterwards saw them by daylight she was thankful that Denzil's first impression of his new external surroundings had not been made by their rude, bare ugliness. Presently they found themselves among larger houses, of various elevations, but all more or less dignified in appearance, some abutting on the pathway, some lying behind lawns, and others fairly enclosed by walls. Here the narrow and uneven street was profoundly quiet. On the right hand lay one of the colleges, a pile of stately buildings, its tower surmounted by a crown of wonderful dignity and grace. Perhaps in that silver moonlight the brother and sister saw it almost at its best—at any rate, it won Faith's heart immediately, stirring her memories of the quaint abbeys and priories she had left behind in southern county towns. They still went on and on. Here and there dim lights gleamed from little shops, dotted down with quaint simplicity among the mansions. Where the road presently divided, they took that to the left, attracted by the beauty of its overarching trees. They presently found themselves beside an old, crowded graveyard, guarded by a great church—so plain and so grim that it emulated the plainness and grimness of Nature's own sterner aspects, and seemed almost as if the edifice, with its short twin towers, had been hewn from the rock by Titan strength rather than reared, stone on stone, by human builders.

They paused.

"We need not go further to-night," said Faith; "this picture will do to take home in our mind's eye. I suppose this is the old cathedral."

"Very likely," answered Denzil, "but it is not larger than a parish church."

"Size is not always the only standard for dignity," laughed Faith. "Denzil, do you not like this place? I always think that the sight of ancient labour and beauty makes one feel at home."

"I should not like to live in this out-of-the-way corner," said Denzil, "otherwise that is the kind of house I should like to live in." He pointed to a mansion, loftier than most around it, and standing in a little grassless courtyard. It did not look very attractive to Faith's eyes, perhaps because it seemed tenantless, for there were no lights in the windows. It looked something like a town-house that had got detached from its fellows and wandered out of place. It struck Faith that it must have many stairs, and none of those roomy corridors in which the female heart delights. But as she never threw cold water on Denzil's fancies, she cast about for an explanation for this one.

"It looks something like an old English house just outside a small town," she said. "What is it which makes the likeness? Something more than the mere form in which it is built. It is the tall trees at either side of the pillars of the gate!"

"There must be splendid public rooms in that house," Denzil remarked. "Yes, Faith, that is the style of house I shall get when I am a fashionable doctor."

Faith gave a gentle little deprecatory laugh.

"I never can make up my mind to that phrase," she said. "It seems so odd to associate 'fashion' with ministering to suffering. It sounds, somehow, a reflection on the doctor to whom it is applied, just as it would on a clergyman."

"And you shall live with me, Faith," Denzil went on, not heeding her remark. "And you shall have the buying of the furniture and the planning of the rooms. I know you like that sort of work. And you shall have such a chance to do justice to yourself in it as you can hardly have any idea about."

Faith's heart seemed to grow quite light! It was so sweet that Denzil should care for her liking to fit and to match, and should look forward with delight to giving her opportunities so to do. And then she blamed herself. For often, at home in the old mill, she had refrained from seeking her brother's help in her little contrivances because once or twice when she had sought it—possibly at inopportune times—he had seemed rather indifferent about rendering it, and so she had fancied he did not care for such things. How she had misjudged him!

"Denzil," she said, eagerly, "before you go out to-morrow morning, I mean to ask you for a little help in knocking in nails, and so on. I have been thinking of the little knick-knacks from—home"—her voice faltered—"which we have in our trunks. I shall be able, with them, to make that little room ever so much prettier."

"You'll never be able to make anything of that place," Denzil answered, authoritatively. "You had better not trouble yourself about it. We will bear it while we must, but I hope it will not be for long. I shall be able to look about me, and I hope we shall get away from the hole soon."

Faith's heart sunk. Its tendrils, torn from all their old lifelong associations, had already began to twine about the homely chamber, and the old landlady, with her stern words and kindly ways. Her heart sank, but her purpose did not change. She would do her best, unaided, and when Denzil saw the result of her work, then he would own that she had been right.

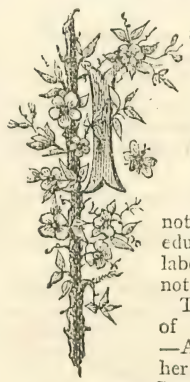
"Dear Denzil!" she thought, "how kind it was of him to think of making her future bright and busy! Well, at least, she must strive to make his present cheerful and safe. Dear Denzil, the youngest darling of the old home—the child on whom both her parents' latest thoughts had dwelt—and he has no home now but what I can make for him," she said to herself.

And that night, on her knees, she prayed that God would prosper her endeavours.

(To be continued.)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!"



I SUPPOSE we can all repeat the poem from which the above couplet is taken. If we cannot, let us learn it at once; it contains many truths that every day's experiences bring strangely near to our hearts. I think we are not quite in tune, not quite educated up to learning "to labour and to wait," if we do not see this for ourselves.

The author of the "Psalm of Life" has passed away—America is mourning for her "Laureate of the United States"; in the "Homes of England" those who appreciated and loved his writings are mourning in sympathy, and we think of his words:—

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and he must have been studious, as well as clever in early youth, as he took his degree at Bowdoin College, with high honours, when he was only eighteen years of age.

They discovered his capabilities at the college, for he was offered the professorship of modern languages there. To fit himself for the post, he travelled for three years on the Continent of Europe, visited England, and sought in every way to gain a practical knowledge of the subjects required.

But he remained only six years at Bowdoin, for he was wanted for the still more important appointment of professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard College.

Again, he set out on his travels to perfect himself still more in the modern modes of speech, and this time chiefly confined his researches to Switzerland, Germany, and Scandinavia. All the while, he was writing at intervals many beautiful poems, and contributing papers to American magazines. "Hyperion," and his first published book of poetry, called "Voices of the Night," appeared in 1841, and what gems of sweet thought, what breathings of quiet faith,

what touching heart-thoughts some of them are!

I suppose few of us can look at the "red planet Mars" without remembering Longfellow's verses to "The Star of the Unconquered Will," and also the moral that concludes them:—

"O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Many a weeping mother, when her children have been, one after another, so mysteriously taken from her by the hand of death, has valued the tender sympathy of the poet, as he sang:—

"The mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love:
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

"O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

Longfellow's verses on "Maidenhood" are full of sweet wisdom and kindly warning:—

"O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!"

also, maxims worthy to be remembered by all "our maidens":—

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lip the smile of truth."

The rhyme and rhythm of the "Belfry of Bruges" linger long in the thoughts after the verses have been read. We seem still to hear the bells chiming on:—

"Then most musical and solemn, bringing back
the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang
the melancholy chimes."

Longfellow's works were numerous. Amongst them are "The Spanish Student," "Evangeline," the song of "Hiawatha," "The Golden Legend," "Miles Standish," and "Flower de Luce"—all, I suppose, more or less familiar to most of us. He was a great scholar, a deep student, a man of culture and refinement. And he had the artistic skill of so veiling his scholarship, his philosophy, his peculiarities of New England theology, that he was never pedantic nor didactic in his teaching. From the deep treasures of a cultivated mind sprang forth sweet, pleasant, fresh, homelike strains, that all can understand and love.

Well, for him, has ended now—as he sang in "Evangeline":—

"The hope, and the fear, and sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!"

After a long, painful illness, he died on the 24th of March, and to the last he exemplified the fortitude and calm resignation he so often teaches in his poetry. He has passed away in an honoured old age, to the

"Glorious rest!
And though the *poet's* sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant blest."

M. M. POLLARD.

AN UNATTRACTIVE GIRL.

By the Author of "Brave Little Heart," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. JOHNSTONE prided herself that she was not an idle, sentimental woman, and she certainly turned to with plenty of energy to get their new home into order; yet, when everything had been done—carpets cunningly pieced together, furniture rubbed, and every possible contrivance made, it was but a poor result after all. The old things that seemed to have grown into their places at Providence-place, appeared to thrust themselves forward here, and betray every mark of wear and tear. The street was a poor one, the neighbours vulgar, sometimes ill-behaved and altogether uncongenial—the rooms small, draughty, and cheerless, the house crowded and noisy, every surrounding distasteful and dispiriting.

Mara had said no less than the truth when she told Jack that no one would take her even as nursery governess. She found that it was one thing to make her mind up to drudgery, but quite another to find anyone willing to employ her, even when she had so far humbled herself; and perhaps it was a good thing for her at this period of her life that she was prevented from undertaking so grave a responsibility.

Jack seemed to have plenty to do. He was never at home till late at night, except for meals, and Mara gathered that much of his time was spent in some sort of teaching. She was conscious, too, that he sat up long after they were all in bed, for she had once or twice heard him moving in his room at a time that seemed like the middle of the night. Certain days were devoted to visiting among the poor, work from which he always returned tired, weary, and despondent, as well he might be, continually seeing grievous distress that he was unable to alleviate—one of the most frequent and cruel hardships of a clergyman's life. On Sunday there was no rest for him. From early morning till late at night he was always at work. Yet even so, it was a hard struggle to live. Mara's dresses had been plain and well-worn before, but they had been renewed at stated intervals. Now, they grew shabbier and shabbier, and still she had to wear them. Her gloves were mended many a time, her boots patched until they were clumsy and shapeless. She would not complain or worry Jack about it, for she could see how hard it was to provide them with absolute necessities, but she fell into a melancholy uncaring way that worried Jack almost more than the bitterest complaints. She seemed to have no pursuits, no interests, no hopes. No wonder that he watched her with misgiving.

Sometimes he would venture to remonstrate with her, begging her to remember that poverty and trial, borne grudgingly, had no merit in God's eyes, and could bring no blessing. "I don't complain," Mara would reply, "but I hate everything. I don't think I have any goodwill towards anybody. I can't help it. I have seen only the ugly side of life. What happiness is there for us? None, and you know it, Jack."

"Mara," her brother said to her a day or two after one of these outbursts, "I have engaged a drawing master for you, and I want you to work hard. Drawing masters are luxuries, you know."

"Can you afford it?" Mara asked quickly.

"I can manage it," he replied, "and if it gives you an interest and object, the money will be well spent and cheerfully spared. You know there are many openings for artists in these days. I have spoken to Mr. Gilles of my ideas, and he will endeavour to put you in the way of doing something practically useful. He is an old acquaintance of mine and knows our need."

"If he is an artist, Jack, what will he think of our miserable apartments, with those nasty tawdry papers, and those frightful curtains that mother bought at some sale. I shall be on thorns all the time he's here."

"Artists know better than any men what it is to have inartistic surroundings," Jack replied; "but that has nothing to do with it. If he is willing to teach you, you have only to learn. Try to forget the surroundings and think only of the object in view. It will be a bitter disappointment to me, Mara, if you don't do well."

The hot season of that year was one that is seldom known in this country. London and its immediate suburbs were deserted by all except those whose business obliged them to remain.

For the Johnstones there was no prospect of relief. They must stay in their close cramped quarters, unrefreshed by sight of green fields or taste of sea breeze. Even Mrs. Johnstone's stoical fortitude gave way, and for the first time she poured forth doleful regrets for the cool shady rooms of Providence-place.

Jack's work did not seem to relax. He was always out and about, or writing sermons, or reading, both of which had to be done in the one close, stuffy sitting-room, which for half a day at least felt like a furnace. Mara remarked that the heat and hard work were very visibly telling upon him, and that he had aged years in the last few months; but Jack declared that when the hot weather had passed away he should revive again.

The heat suddenly lessened and was succeeded by a cold damp autumn. Many people who has sustained the heat broke down under the humid chill which followed it, and sickness was rife everywhere, but especially among the London poor. Jack was harder worked than ever, although he was feeling far from equal to the extra demand. Mara had a slight attack of aguish fever, but soon recovered, and while Mrs. Johnstone was congratulating herself that the fever had attacked the useless instead of the useful one, it became evident that Jack was not to escape.

He fought desperately against the malign influence that was surely creeping over him, as doctors know that determined spirits can fight even against disease, and hold it in abeyance for a time, only to break forth at last with the more devastating force.

Mara, coming home one evening from some small expedition, found him with an ashen face and the book fallen from his hand to the floor. "I don't feel well; I think I must get to bed," he said, feebly, but even this he could not do without her help.

Mrs. Johnstone was out hunting for bargains. Mara met her with the information that Jack was ill, and very ill too, she believed.

"Then God help us," said Mrs. Johnstone, only too fully aware what that meant.

"Do we have nothing but what Jack gets?" Mara asked, incredulously.

"Certainly not; and, poor boy, he has worked hard enough, and borne it all so cheerfully," Mrs. Johnstone replied, with more feeling than Mara had ever given her credit for possessing.

"And I don't see what reward he has for it," Mara muttered, as her mother hurried away.

"I think we ought to have a doctor," Mrs. Johnstone said, anxiously, when she had seen him. "He is certainly very ill; but how are we to pay a doctor's bill?"

"Never mind about that," said Mara, recklessly. "If a doctor is necessary, he must come. He'd be a brute not to, and I'll undertake to appeal to his charity. Do you suppose any human being who knew our wretched poverty would let Jack die for want of his help? He'd cure Jack if he could, if it was only to save the parish the necessity of providing for us."

"Don't talk in that awful way, child," Mrs. Johnstone exclaimed, brokenly, and Mara looking up in surprise, saw what she had never seen before—her mother's stern eyes softened with tears.

Some impulse caused her to rush from the room—from the house into the street. "I'll find a doctor," she called back after her.

It was many years since a doctor had been seen inside their house, for Mrs. Johnstone ruthlessly physicked and doctored her household with considerable skill, when she thought they needed it. Their old doctor of Mara's childish days was dead, and they had never required another, so that Mara had not the least idea to whom to apply.

Undecided what to do, she wandered on into the familiar High-street. Before she had gone many yards who should come out of a shop on the other side of the way but Nannette Fletcher. Mara hurried away at her quickest pace, but Nannette had seen her and ran to catch her up.

"How lucky!" she exclaimed, pleasantly; "I have been wondering whenever I should meet you. How unkind of you, Mara, not to have informed me of your new address."

"I don't mean to tell it you now, Nannette," Mara said, in the cold tone that people found so repellent. "It would be no kindness to come and see us."

"How can you say that to me?" Nannette said, in a grieved tone. "You know how sorry I have always been for you and poor Mrs. Johnstone."

"It's Jack who wants the pity now," said Mara, abruptly, inclined to be offended at the omission; "he's ill."

"Ill?" asked Nannette, quickly. "What's the matter?"

"That's more than I know," Mara replied. "I expect it's the fever that's been about so. I had a touch of it, but Jack's got a bad attack, I think. I'm going now to find a doctor."

"What doctor?" Nannette asked.

"I don't know; any that'll come. He'll have to be told beforehand that he isn't likely to be paid anything, and if Jack's ill long I'm sure I don't know whether we shan't starve. That's the state of affairs, Nannette, and I don't care who knows it."

"I know where to find a doctor," said Nannette, hurriedly. "Come along, Mara, quickly. He will do the best that can be done. It will be all right."

The two girls went on at a rapid pace, and after having gone some way, stopped at last at a house bearing a doctor's plate on the door. Nannette was evidently no stranger here, for she sent a message that she must see Dr. Graham at once.

"My friend is in great trouble about her brother, who is very ill," she said to the kindly old gentleman, who presently came to them. "She wants you to go and see him at once. You will, won't you?"

"Where is it?" Dr. Graham asked.

"Clayton-road, near the great boot factory," Mara replied, in a half-defiant tone.

"I know it," the old man said, looking at her curiously. "I'll be there in less than half an hour. Will that be quick enough for you, Nannie?"

For a moment Mara stood nervously regarding the doctor, then she said abruptly, "We are very poor, quite as poor as poor people. We have only my brother to depend upon, and now he is ill we have not even him."

"You needn't say anything more, my child," the old man said, patting Mara's shoulder in a fatherly way. "I will come."

"Thank you," Mara murmured, awkwardly, and left the room with Nannette.

"What do you think, Nannette," Mara said, when they were again walking along, "mother actually cried over Jack's illness this morning. I never saw her do such a thing before in my life. I suppose she is really very fond of him."

Nannette walked nearly to Clayton-road with Mara before she turned to go home. "I shall come round to-morrow," she said, as they parted, "to hear how you like Dr. Graham. He's one of my dearest old friends."

Dr. Graham's report was one that Mrs. Johnstone knew to be grave, although spoken so cheerfully that neither Jack nor Mara suspected danger. "Everything depends upon the nursing," he said. "Youth and a good constitution are excellent weapons to fight disease."

The next day brought not only Nannette, but her mother, who came to assure Mrs. Johnstone of her sympathy, and to tell her that it would be her greatest delight to make beef-tea or any invalid fare, which it was quite impossible for her to see to herself.

"Mr. Gilles," said Mara to her drawing-master when, a day or two after, he came as usual to give his lesson, "I am sorry to tell you that I cannot have any more lessons. You know our circumstances. My brother is very ill, and it is impossible for me to go on."

"If you will allow me," he replied, "I would rather continue. You are doing so well now that I should be extremely sorry for you to leave off. You may safely leave that matter to your brother *and me*. *I* have struggled myself, and am only now beginning to make my way. Your brother has served me many a good turn. The obligation is rather on my side."

"When can I begin to earn money?" Mara asked, abruptly. "It is absolutely necessary that I should begin at once."

"Ah! that is a difficult matter," Mr. Gilles replied; "but you have the creative faculty. It ought to be useful. I should like to see a sketch from your pencil illustrative of some poem. Will you try that for me? Choose the poem yourself, and form your picture entirely according to your own fancy."

Mara thanked her master and set to work. Several sketches were begun and thrown aside in disgust. At last one was completed, and with much diffidence Mara put it into her master's hands.

"You are a true artist, Miss Johnstone," he said, delightedly; "make me more sketches, and I will see if I cannot introduce your work." Then he pointed out to her the few technical faults which had marred the perfectness of her performance.

Encouragement and hope seemed to breathe new life into the girl. From early morning till the light had gone she sat pencil in hand, and working in earnest rapidly improved, till Jack's increasing danger caused her to throw aside her work and watch by his side in fear and dread.

"'YOU ARE A TRUE ARTIST, MISS JOHNSTONE.'"

Coming down one day, half beside herself with anxiety, she found Nannette waiting to see her.

"If he dies," she cried, with some of her old impatience, "it is nothing but this crushing, grinding poverty that has killed him."

She *stopped suddenly*, for Nannette had caught hold of her hand and was asking with white lips, "Is he so bad as that, Mara?"

What was it that filled Mara with sudden compunction and concern for her friend? She was certainly learning gentleness, for she replied reassuringly, "He is no worse, but I get so mad when I think of it. I have no patience to bear such a fate as ours."

When Nannette was gone, Mara sat a long while thinking. A revelation had dawned upon her, and casting back in her memory she found many things to confirm it. "Poor Jack," she said, softly, "and poor Nannette! What good can ever come of it?"

But in order to see what ground there was for her suspicion, she took the first opportunity of introducing Nannette's name to Jack, narrowly watching him the while. When she went to bed that night she cried a good deal, and this was the burden of her thoughts: "The only person who has ever been kind to me, and now I am second in his affection."

It was hard to bear that torturing secret alone, for it seemed to Mara only to imply more care and misery; but all through the weary days of Jack's slow convalescence it had to be borne. At last it burst forth. "Jack," she said, one evening, when they were alone together, "how long have you cared for Nannette?"

"That is past," Jack answered, quietly. "It was one of the things that are not to be."

"Oh," was Mara's inconsequent remark; but she added mentally, "because you have a mother and sister to keep."

And to Nannette she said a day or two afterwards—

"Do you think you will ever marry anyone, Nannette?"

"No, never," Nannette answered, quickly. "There is no one I could care about sufficiently."

"No one?" Mara asked. "What a stupid mistake I have made then."

Nannette looked up quickly with a flushed face, and asked, "What do you mean, Mara?"

"Jack told me that it was past, and one of the things that are not to be," replied Mara, deliberately. "What did he mean?"

"I do not know," Nannette faltered. "There is nothing past. I have never seen Jack since you left the old house. He has always avoided me."

"Jack," said Mara to her brother the same evening, "I think you and Nannette had better make it up as soon as possible. I believe she would willingly wait for you all her life. I know it's no business of mine, but it's a matter that requires a little interference. Why shouldn't you have a little happiness? It would be a new experience in the Johnstone family, wouldn't it? We should manage to do without you somehow."

"Mara," said Jack, affectionately, "you don't suppose I should ever leave you and mother in such straits. I have considered all this long ago, and made up my mind about it. And, Mara, dear, one thing you must manage for me: Nannette must not come here."

"I see now why you agreed so readily to my not giving her our address. Fancy your being so cheerful and good to us when you had given up so much! Oh, Jack, I am thoroughly ashamed of myself!"

"I could not have acted differently. It would have been unjust to her," Jack said, with something like a sigh.

"Do you know, Jack," Mara cried, triumphantly, "Mr. Gilles has got me a commission. What do you think of that?"

"I think something has bewitched you," replied Jack, gladly. "You are not like your old self, Mara."

"I see my way to a glorious future. Who knows but that *I* may be able to support mother and myself too, some day," Mara replied, with emphasis.

Something certainly had happened to Mara. It was strange that she should so entirely disregard her brother's wishes as to invite Nannette to come in the very day that she knew Jack was coming downstairs for the first time. Strange, too, that she should run out of the room and stay out for quite an hour, arranging with her mother what would be the best thing to get for Jack's supper—much stranger than that Jack's resolution should vanish, and that Nannette should verify Mara's belief that she would willingly wait all her life for him.

But her constancy was not put to such a test as that. That year of trial and probation was the turning-point in the Johnstone family history. Mara made rapid progress in her art, and developed even more pleasing talents than the one for drawing—in a great measure the result of Nannette's influence. Jack found many friends and a brighter prospect before him. Nannette shared his enthusiastic love of going about doing good, and was more than content to help him in his divine mission. Mrs. Johnstone was happier than she had ever been before in the attentions of her three children. Mara was growing a comfort to her, she acknowledged, and Mrs. Fletcher frequently remarked that Mara was really developing into quite AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD AND COOKERY.

AT the present day, when cookery classes are so much in vogue, and ladies of all ages are bestirring themselves to teach, or be taught, this most important of all domestic arts, we have no doubt that many an intelligent young lady, while proficient enough in the practical preparation of food, has often wondered why such and such dishes were served together, or why this sauce was used with one thing, that with another.

It is always commendable in anyone to be desirous of knowing the why and the wherefore of things, and with a view to answering these and many other questions connected with "our daily bread," we would ask those of our fair amateurs at cookery who are desirous of such information, to give us their attention while we endeavour, in as simple words as possible, to give a brief outline of the chemistry of the food we use.

It will require no deep acquaintance with the sciences to fully understand all we have got to say, for though the whole of our paper will be scientific, science is not quite so dreadful a thing as some young folks imagine. Its long unpronounceable words are no doubt formidable, but we shall take care to use none of these, for science can be taught very well in the plainest English.

Well, we shall endeavour, in the first place, to find out what sort of food it is we need, and then look about to see where we can find these materials. In the next place, we shall try to gain some information as to how our food is digested, and how it builds up our flesh and bones, and lastly consider how we may assist Nature in her wonderful and often difficult operations by means of cookery.

To understand aright what is the food we really need, it is necessary to find out what our bodies in their full-grown, healthy condition are composed of. In preparing a plum pudding, for instance, the ingredients we require are flour, suet, fruit, &c., and for building a house the necessary materials are stone, bricks, mortar, wood, &c., and if we do not use the proper materials we cannot expect to have either a good pudding or a substantial house. So it is with our bodies. We must first learn what substances are necessary for building up the noble fabric which for a time has such a wonderful inhabitant.

Let us endeavour then to find out what our bodies are made up of. There is, first of all, the framework, upon which all the rest is built, namely, the bones. Now, if we were to analyse a piece of bone we should find that it is almost all made up of one substance called phosphate of lime. Everyone knows what phosphorus is—the substance which shines in the dark, and is so much in use for making matches. If a small piece of phosphorus be burnt in the air, it will give out an intense light and produce a dense white vapour, which when dissolved in water produces phosphoric acid, and if some chalk or lime be added to phosphoric acid we obtain the substance mentioned above—phosphate of lime—of which our bones are almost wholly composed. But there is something beyond this mere limey material in them, something which helps to bind the lime firmly together, namely, gelatine. When we are very young our bones consist almost entirely of gelatine, and this explains how it is that children's bones are so much more pliable and difficult to break than those of grown up people, for as we grow older the lime which we eat finds its way through the minute tubes in the bones along which blood is always flowing, and is left upon the sides of these little tunnels, so that in course of time the bones get quite hard, and the more lime there is in them, of course they get always the brittler.

Now, covering all the bones and rounding off their angularities is an entirely different material which we all know as flesh or muscular fibre, while closely connected and irregularly mixed up with it is another substance which we all are familiar with under the common name of fat. There is, however, another important constituent of the body, namely, water, which is present, more or less, throughout every part, but exists in greatest abundance in that wonderful fluid which through artery, capillary, and vein is continually hurrying on in the performance of its unremitting service. In the same fluid, too, there are certain salts which, although not present in large quantity, are yet indispensable to the healthy condition of our bodies, and all these require to be provided for in the food we need.

Flesh or muscular fibre is mainly composed of a substance called fibrin, which is very similar in composition to the white of egg. In various animals it presents various appearances, being reddish-coloured in some, owing to the presence of numerous minute vessels filled with red blood, in others, such as many fishes, exhibiting altogether a different character. Now, if we wish to find a suitable

food to build up this portion of the body in our early years, and repair the waste of flesh which is continually going on within us, we must look for a material possessing a similar composition, for were we to use pig-iron and salt for producing glass we should certainly fail; and in like manner no one wishing to manufacture good steel would think of using lead or tin or copper for that purpose. To produce flesh we must use something which contains the same elements and in a form capable of ready digestion. This we may procure from several sources, for in plants we have abundant supplies of gluten, in the milk of animals we have casein, in their eggs albumen, and in their flesh fibrin—all substances capable of esay digestion and affording the exact materials needed to produce good muscular fibre or repair its waste.

Of course, from plants we obtain the cheapest supplies, but as there is a great deal of good flesh-forming material in the vegetable kingdom, which would either be unpalatable or indigestible by us, mankind have tried to utilise as much of it as possible by keeping herds of domesticated animals, which we may really regard as our cooks, for they consume such valuable yet unpalatable vegetables as grass, &c., and by transforming these materials into their own flesh or into such substances as eggs and milk, they actually make the grass and such-like plants into delightful articles of diet. There is thus sufficient reason why we should not altogether discard animal food from our dietary, even apart from the fact that in this form of provender we have that most resembling the material we are endeavouring to build up or repair in our own bodies. But as flesh building is only one of the aims we have in view, we find that not only is animal food the most expensive, but it is scarcely adapted for our *entire* dietary.

Another important fact must not be overlooked: the body requires to be kept at practically a uniform temperature of 98 degrees Fahrenheit, and to effect this another variety of food or fuel becomes indispensable, namely, such substances as fat, oil, starch, or sugar. Widely as these materials may seem to differ, they are chemically almost identical, for they all consist of carbon or charcoal combined with the elements of water, and none of them contain nitrogen, the element which specially distinguishes albumen and other flesh-forming substances. These substances, as their composition may indicate, are the heat-giving constituents of our food, and as it happens that in certain vegetable products, such as grain, we find a rich store of this heat-giving substance in the form of starch existing along with a large amount of flesh-forming material in the shape of gluten, vegetable food thus possesses the advantages of cheapness and suitability combined. From this fact we can understand the true reason why bread forms such an important item in our diet, and why it should come to be called "the staff of life." Fats, oils, and sugar serve the same purpose as starchy food, but as they do not combine the various properties which cereals possess, they are not made such use of. Fats and oils in the shape of animal food, butter, &c., are even more valuable as heat or force producers than starch, as anyone may gather from personal observation of their combustible properties, and sugar, from the fact that it is already half cooked, is a valuable heat-giver and fat-producer. There is a great deal of misconception about sugar spoiling the teeth, &c. Such a belief is altogether absurd, for sugar may be consumed without the least detriment to the teeth; it is the many objectionable ingredients contained in confections which do the damage, and it were well if children were allowed more pure sugar and less sweets, for the desire for sweets in childhood is a very natural one, sugar being the most easily digested heat-giver, and a great deal of this as of the other food materials, being necessary in early life, as everyone knows who has the slightest acquaintance with youthful appetites. Therefore, I believe in letting children have a good many "knobs" from the sugar bowl, and not unfrequently having one myself.

Having thus briefly referred to the flesh-forming and the heat-giving portion of the food we need, let us now shortly consider the bone-builders and the salts so necessary to the healthy action of the blood. The chief bone-forming material, as we have already said, is phosphate of lime, and it so happens that not only gluten and starch, but likewise various salts, especially phosphates, are found all together in wheat, oats, and other cereals. Thus we have still another reason for partaking largely of these vegetable products. It is of considerable importance, however, to know more exactly how these substances occur—in a grain of wheat, for instance. If we cut through a well filled grain of wheat, we find the central part is composed in great part of starch, but the outer layers are more rich in gluten and salts, so that if we remove these outer layers as we do in preparing flour, we lose a good deal of valuable material, for although the central portions of the grain retain a considerable amount of gluten, the bone-building salts have been mostly all removed with the external layers of the wheat. Thus we see that, especially for the young, who require a large amount of bone-forming food, whole meal or brown bread is very much superior to ordinary white bread; but if we examine the composition of oats, we shall find they are superior to wheat even, and that oatmeal porridge and milk is by far the best food for children, for it supplies abundant materials for producing flesh, for giving heat, and for building up the bones. The reason why we so often see poor children in the streets of towns with bent legs is because they have been fed on improper food, which did not contain enough of lime and other salts to produce a substantial framework for the body. And this explains, too, why in Scotland such children are scarcely ever to be seen, or, if seen, only in the large towns, and fed on something else than oatmeal.

But lime is not the only substance of this class which the body needs. Other salts are required, for the red colour of the blood is due to iron, of which continual if not very large supplies are thus necessary. The brain, too, contains a large amount of phosphorus, not in the shape of phosphorus, but as a salt, and to keep the blood in solution, soda and potash are constantly required; for without these it would cease to be fluid. Then the bile contains a considerable amount of soda, by which a busy little soap factory is kept constantly at work within us, so long as there is any fat in the food we eat. These and other salts are as necessary to the health of the body as what we more commonly regard as "food." In the form of common salt we provide a certain portion of these supplies, but most of the saline food which we require is eaten unconsciously, for although we may never be aware of the fact, in the water we drink and in the bread we eat we are, nevertheless, obtaining the principal part of those salts of lime, soda, potash, phosphorus, &c., which we require to keep the body in good working order.

In many minor portions of our food, however, these salts are abundantly supplied. Fish is rich in phosphorus, and contains that substance in a form very suitable for repairing the waste of phosphorus in the brain, so that for students and brain workers fish should be largely made use of. Then, again, the potash and soda so serviceable in the blood are found abundantly in those vegetables which we class as "greens," and as not only composition but taste must be taken into account, this class of food materials deserves to be even more extensively made use of than it is.

But beyond all the various ingredients we have spoken of as necessary for the maintenance of health, is another substance of prime importance—namely, water. It serves so many purposes in the body that a mere enumeration of them would occupy considerable space, and we leave our readers to think out for themselves its chief uses. It is sufficient for our present purpose that it is a necessary article of food, and that we require a very large amount of it. But although we lose about half a gallon of water every twenty-four hours, and consequently require to make good that waste, there are very few who take their liquid food as pure water from the tap or spring. For one thing, the mere introduction of such a quantity of cold water into our bodies would considerably reduce their temperature even though taken at intervals, so that in this fact we have some explanation of the reason why we drink our water hot. But someone remarks, "Who ever drinks *hot* water?" Just consider a moment; what is our tea but water with a mere flavouring of tea, &c. Our coffee is the same, and so with our soups. Milk is in great part water, even when the milkman does not introduce more than it originally contained, and indeed every article of food contains more or less of that most precious fluid—water.

Having thus briefly and generally discussed the first part of our subject, we must leave the chemistry of digestion and of cookery to a subsequent occasion.

JOHN GRAY, F.C.S.

NEW MUSIC.

ALPHONSE BERTINI.

The Marlborough. March. Composed by Frederick Croft.—A most stirring composition in the key of C; well marked, and presenting no difficulties.

The Donegal. March. By the same composer.—Written in the key of G. Is very pretty, and moderately easy.

Christmas Greeting. Composed by Frederick Croft.—In the key of G. A short and well-arranged piece, with pleasing introduction to a *tempo di polka* air.

The same may be said of the *Bon Soir* Schottische. Also by Frederick Croft.—Written in the key of G.

St. Valentine's Day. Composed by Frederick Croft.—A very merry set of quadrilles, in original tunes—not difficult.

Saturday Evening. Leave the Future. Two sacred songs. Composed by Frederick Croft.—The music simple and appropriate to the words, which are very pretty.

He loves me, He loves me not. Written by Wynne Britton. Composed by Frederick Croft.—A simple and easy ballad, arranged to words that tell a tale of blighted love.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co.

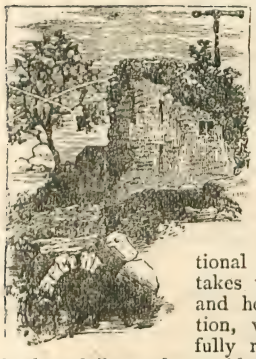
Air de Ballet. In the key of F. A cheerful and easy little piece, useful as a study on account of the double notes, which require to be distinct and well marked to carry out the composer's ideas.

Au Bord de la Mer. Reverie.—A very very pretty drawing-room piece. The theme introduced in the left hand with accompaniment in the right is most effective. It is in the key of G, and is suitable for moderately advanced pupils.

A STUDY OF HATS.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



THE latest craze is certainly on the subject of "Dress." First we have dress made from English materials, which may be called "patriotic dress"; then the National Health Society takes up the subject, and holds an exhibition, which has been fully reported in most of the daily and weekly papers. This exhibition was called one of "hygienic clothing," and for it were gathered together "all things, new and old." The two newest things were the divided skirt and the digitated stockings, for pedestrians, made after the pattern of gloves, and supplying a separate division for each toe.

The divided skirt I shall allow the National Dress Society to describe in their own words:—

"The divided skirt is one divided in the centre, so as to clothe each leg separately. The underclothing to be arranged under this, as is most convenient. It should come to about the instep, quite clearing the ground, and should measure about a yard round at the ankle. An ordinary dress skirt is worn over this, which may be as much, or as little, trimmed as the wearer may fancy, although, to secure lightness, the less the better.

The divided skirt may appear under the top skirt about two or three inches, without exciting the least notice. The divided skirt and the undergarments may be fastened to a broad band fitted round the hips, so avoiding pressure of any kind round the waist." My own opinion of the divided skirt is that it would form a great increase of trouble in walking, and I fail completely to see the end served by its adoption. The students of Girton and Newnham sent to the exhibition boneless corsets, as designed and worn by themselves, which seemed lacking in shape and elegance; and Miss Bella Gladstone, who is, I believe, one of the aforenamed students, contributed a doll, dressed on hygienic principles.

Amongst other dresses, the Greek dress was shown, inaugurated under Mrs. Pfeiffer's influence, one of the great advantages of this form of costume being that it removes all temptation to tight-lacing, as a small waist and the flowing robes of Greece do not look elegant in conjunction. My own difficulty with this dress is, that although very pleasant and becoming for the rich and idle, it is not suitable to the busy housekeeper, nor the working woman of any class. The "Patience" dress, and its crossed ribbons in front, was also shown, and likewise a pretty tight-fitting "Princess" of green woollen stuff, over which was a pinafore tunic of a brighter shade of silk.

The National Dress Society protests against corsets and tight-fitting bodices of any kind; against high or narrow-heeled boots and shoes, as injurious to health; against heavily-weighted skirts, as rendering healthy exercise almost impossible; and against all tie-down cloaks, or other garments which impede the movements of the arms. Lastly, against crinolines of any kind and shape.

I have gone into the question of this exhibition at length, as, of course, in any article on dress it deserves a mention; and because I earnestly wish to impress on our girls the need of care in all matters connected with it, and its great influence over both health and happiness. The girl who wears pointed toes and high heels will most likely be a martyr to headache; and if the doctors are to be believed, her sight must suffer also; in addition to which she will be cross, and unable to enjoy herself; and thus will never be able to do her duty in contributing to the enjoyment of others. It is the same with every abuse of dress; and I most desire that the young readers of this paper should look at the matter as one of principle; avoiding carefully all extremes and peculiarities which would mar their usefulness—in obedience to their Maker—to their fellow men.

In our "study of hats," three of the prettiest and least extravagant of those prepared for the spring season may be seen. High crowns of the Tyrolese order and wide brims seem the most elegant of all, as they are certainly the most becoming to girlish faces. The favourite trimmings are black lace and feathers; but there are many also with a very simple one of black velvet, or black watered silk. The new spring bonnets will be worn to match the dresses in colour, and even in material, occasionally. The shapes are the small and ever-worn "Princess," and the bonnet with an open front is called the "Mrs. Wheeler." Both of these bonnets can be easily trimmed at home, and our girls will pick up ideas on the subject very quickly by glancing at the shop windows.

The amount of lace now worn on bonnets, both beaded and Spanish, renders it easy to re-trim all the winter bonnets, and with a little lace, and a pretty flower, to make them look nice and Spring-like. Very handsome beaded lace may be purchased at about 3s. 6d. the yard, with a thick leaf edge, which can be cut out on the lower edge. A yard and a half of this will make a wonderful difference to an old black bonnet; and now that the beaded crowns are so cheap, an entirely beaded bonnet is easily made.

A large number of capes and fichus have been brought out as a covering for the shoulders; when the warm weather comes, small fichus, like the material of the dress, will also be worn, made rather narrow, and crossing in front. They fasten under the arms on each side. Some of the capes we have mentioned are very tasteful and pretty; some are of silk and velvet, others of embroidered silk, and others of Spanish lace, beaded, both in black and cream-colour. It seems likely that a great deal of lace will be worn this year, so those who are fortunate enough to have it put away will find an opportunity of using it.

Parasols and sunshades are also very pretty this year. They will be selected to match the dresses in many cases, but especially when the dress is of sateen. Others are trimmed with round upon round of black or white Spanish lace, and lined with a colour. This last fashion

was a great relief to an economical friend of ours, the other day, who instantly decided that her last year's parasol should do for this year also—after being brightened up by her own careful fingers, and decorated with a few yards of cheap black lace.

Stockingette jackets are much used, and are very desirable indeed for the chilly and dubious days of April and the early part of May. They are tight-fitting, and made quite plain. In many instances, when for indoor wear, they are covered with coloured beads on the fronts and backs. Black silk and taffeta gloves will be again used this year. They are made very long on the arm, and the most favourite colour, after black, will be a very dark green. The *gants de Suède* are cheaper than ever, and will be much used in tan-colour and yellow.

Stockings form the next subject, which is likely to be of interest to our readers. Black is still the correct colour, and very good well-dyed stockings in both cotton and Balbriggan can be had at reasonable prices. Self-coloured clocks are more fashionable than coloured ones, and the very elaborately embroidered fronts are no longer in vogue. For young girls, ribbed stockings are the most worn, and dark colours are always selected.

In speaking of capes, I should have mentioned that the young lady with her back towards us in the picture of hats is wearing one of the prettiest shapes in which the capes are made, *i.e.*, with a yoke-like gathered top.

NEW DRESSES.

This forms a part of the cape itself. The large design shows a pretty walking-dress of striped and plain materials. The Paris dress from which it was copied was of black cashmere, with black striped satin and moire. The bonnet shows one of the newest shapes, and is made of coloured straw to match the hue of the dress. These new-coloured straws appear likely to be favourites, and they are to be had in all shades of blue and green; the myrtle being especially pretty.

The young lady playing with the bird shows the style in which the figured and plain sateens will be made this summer. It is represented as long in the sketch, but, of course, it can be changed into a short dress without altering the style or effect. This dress is trimmed with the new *ficelle*, or string-coloured lace.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"IS IT SAFE TO VENTURE?"

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS is not talkative, for a wonder. For awhile they climb upwards in silence. Now and then he stretches out a hand to help her, and when his own foot slips, or the loose soil gives way beneath his tread, he mutters something below his breath that does not sound pleasant. Damaris is not a little amused at his evident ill-humour, but not even to soften it can she hasten her steps sufficiently to overtake the others.

At last she hits upon a theme that loosens the string of his tongue.

"It is quite a pleasant addition to our life at the *château* to have Mademoiselle Leonie with us," she says.

"She is a dear little thing, is she not?" he responds. "I don't wonder at your liking her."

"One can hardly help doing that. Have you known her long?"

"She was nursing a staring-faced waxen doll when Etienne and I first saw her. Since then we have not met until she arrived here the other day."

"You can hardly be said to have known her then, monsieur."

"Oh, I don't know that; I think the impression left from that first interview was rather indicative of what she is now. You know my mother's absurd idea with regard to her?"

"I know for what she destines her, but I don't see the absurdity."

"Don't you? Well, I do."

"That is conclusive, monsieur," says Damaris, laughing.

"I wonder whatever possessed Etienne to bring us along such a rough pathway as this! For every step I take upwards I slip back two at least. Is that the mode of your progression?"

"Retrogression, *n'est ce pas*, monsieur? But at that rate you ought to be down in the valley now, instead of nearly at the summit of the hill."

"I am sure you must be tired, mademoiselle; do let us rest awhile."

He throws himself lazily down on the grass and heather. The exertion of climbing is really no light matter to him.

"But what will become of us if we lose sight of Monsieur St. Just?"

"We can go back the way we came," he says easily, quite oblivious of any disappointment she may feel at missing the promised views. "It is perfectly useless to think of overtaking them, and I confess to you that I do not in the least know the way."

Damaris seats herself on a knoll a little removed from him, and rests her chin in her palm. They are on a higher level now than the top of the tower of the little grey church, and here and there the sunlight picks out a white tombstone half buried in green. Far below lies the valley with its gleam of foaming water breaking through the trees. In the middle distance the *château*, grim and grey in the hazy sunlight, and, far beyond, green heights fading into misty blue, with the clear sky overarching all.

Monsieur le Marquis's eyes wander no farther than the solitary figure seated on the knoll, and his conscience smites him as he notes the pensive droop of her figure, the wearied, far-away look which has come into her eyes, and thinks of his letter to his brother and of the words that passed between them with regard to it only a week ago.

"It's just like my bad luck," he says to himself, and sighs. "Why couldn't I have waited a day or two longer. And now, I suppose, a nice gentle storm there'll be from Etienne if I happen to change my mind, as seems very likely. It is well he has walked off with the golden bait. In his eyes, I expect, I stand committed to Mademoiselle Damaris. But ought I to be blamed if he understood more from my words than I meant them to express? I'll just sound this Mademoiselle Petite; perhaps she wouldn't have me, after all. By Jove, that's a grand idea! I wonder it never before occurred to me."

He drags himself lazily a few paces nearer to Damaris.

"Take care, monsieur. You may make the descent of the hill more quickly than you desire."

"That is about the only thing I can do to perfection, mademoiselle—take care of myself."

"I see you have managed to do so in this instance."

"Yes; I don't mean to go down without you, and I cannot flatter myself that you care enough for me to follow me in like fashion."

"No, I certainly will not if I can help it."

"It is an understood thing, then, that if I lose my equilibrium, you remain here?"

"I certainly should prefer to do so," says Damaris, amused.

"*Mais*, mademoiselle, have you the same objection to lead that you have to follow?"

"Do you wish me to lose my balance first, and set you the example of rolling down into the garden of Monsieur le Curé?"

"My ideas had taken flight to leading and following in the abstract."

"I have never attempted to lead anyone."

"Then you will do some day?"

"No, monsieur, it is not in the least probable."

"*Quoi!* Do you mean to say that you have already formed a determination never to marry?"

The colour in her cheek does not vary in the least; her countenance is perfectly impassive.

"I have not troubled myself to think much about the matter, certainly not sufficiently to make a resolution one way or the other."

"I hardly think I may safely venture to give her the opportunity," says this amiable egotist to himself. Then aloud,

"Perhaps, mademoiselle, like me, you believe that a marriage without fortune *doit être un enfer?*"

He fixes his eyes upon her face as he speaks, anxious to discover how this suggestion may affect her. He is quite assured by the calmness of her smile that she does not suspect him of any ulterior motive in putting the question.

"Marriage without any means would be decidedly wrong, of course," she says. "But, monsieur, if there were great love on both sides, the question of means is a secondary consideration."

"Decidedly unsafe to risk it," is his internal conclusion.

"And without that *grande passion*, mademoiselle?"

"It would undoubtedly be the *enfer* you suggest."

"My mother's opinion is that even where there is love and poverty, the one must in the long run kill the other. Is that your opinion also?"

Damaris shakes her head.

"I know so little of the world, monsieur, that I am not qualified to disprove any statement of La Marquise."

"Nevertheless, you are decided enough in your own mind to form and to hold opinions."

"But what is poverty, monsieur? The question is a relative one. That which is poverty to some, is opulence to others."

"Oh, certainly. You, for instance, would consider yourself rich with an income of ten thousand francs per annum?"

"Assuredly, for that would much more than cover my modest requirements," she answers, perfectly innocent of the fact that he has named precisely the extent of his own income.

"Then, if anyone offered you so much with the necessary amount of affection, you would at once accept both?"

Damaris laughs unaffectedly.

"I should decidedly decline both with thanks, monsieur."

"That settles the matter," says Mon-

sieur le Marquis to his conscience. Nevertheless, he is piqued to inquire further.

"You would—but wherefore?"

"Because I am much too well satisfied with my present position to wish to change it," she answers.

"That ought to satisfy even Etienne," Monsieur le Marquis decides. "I should be a fool to risk more in the face of such a declaration."

He takes the matter much more philosophically than he would have done a few days ago, and although he looks upon Damaris's words as tantamount to a refusal to marry him, he is not greatly troubled by them. He decides that there is no need to say anything more on the subject at present, his easy conscience assuring him that he has done all that duty requires.

"Ought we not to be going?" asks Damaris, rising to regard the sun which is sinking towards the hill-tops.

"There is no hurry if we take the shorter way."

Nevertheless, he rises to his feet and shakes himself lazily together.

They begin to descend towards the valley.

"Now, mademoiselle, I call it hard. Here is Etienne, in all respects as disinterested as you; who has a few modest wants, and, like yourself, cares for nothing so that he has just sufficient means to supply them. Yet our mother carefully hides up a golden plum until the fitting time arrives, then she takes care to place it between his very teeth. And what does he do but discard it as savourless."

Damaris walks on swiftly.

"In the absence of your brother, I do not think you should speak to me of his affairs."

"Mademoiselle, have you changed your mind about the precipitate descent into the valley? If you do not moderate your pace, I feel certain we shall both do the very thing you feared. Besides, I am in a complaining mood, and I want you to listen."

Damaris pauses for him to come up with her.

"Why could not my mother have laid this little plot for me?" he continues; "I would have fallen into it over head and ears at once. Being a needy, I should have been a most willing, victim. It is just because Etienne has neither eyes to see, nor heart to appreciate, that this *bonne bouche* is reserved for him."

"Monsieur," says Damaris, indignantly, "your complaint is unbrotherly. How do you know that Monsieur St. Just is not far more likely to appreciate the highest worth of Mademoiselle Leonie than you are?"

"Are you as ignorant as you profess to be, mademoiselle? Surely you know that having once made a marriage for him—and such a marriage—our mother is never likely to succeed in making another?"

"I know nothing," says Damaris, with flagging step and drooping head, forgetting her lately-administered rebuke with regard to the affairs of Monsieur St. Just.

"What! have you never heard the story of his unfortunate marriage?"

"Never," she echoes, faintly. "I did—not—know—till this moment that he ever had been married."

"It seems surprising that you should not; and yet, now I bethink myself, my mother is the communicative element in all our family affairs, and this act of hers, resulting as it did in so much unhappiness, she was hardly likely to tell you."

Monsieur le Marquis is not looking at her now, or the sudden whiteness of her face and the startled pain in her eyes must have struck him with wonder.

They are walking through the valley now side by side, he, somewhat disturbed, kicking the stones along carelessly with his feet.

"She thought to distract Etienne's mind, to wean him from his books. He was young, and his passion for study almost a mania. So she invited our pretty young cousin Desirée to St. Aubin. She and Etienne were constantly thrown together by La Marquise's arrangement. Desirée was as artless, as unsophisticated as Leonie is, and about as charming, from all accounts. She loved him passionately. Etienne cared for nothing but his books, and thought only of the easiest way back to them when he consented to our mother's importunities. He and Desirée were married quite quietly in that little grey church behind us by Monsieur le Curé. My mother was satisfied. She left them in the *château* and went to live in Paris. There she remained until the awful intelligence was carried to her that Desirée was no more."

With a flash the full truth bursts on Damaris. She stops short and turns suddenly upon her companion. She is white and trembling, but she wishes to spare him the recital which is giving him such evident pain.

"You need say no more, monsieur, I know the rest, only it has not occurred to me to connect the story with Monsieur St. Just. I wonder that it did not. He told it me, himself, only he told it as of someone else."

"I had never heard it myself until last winter when we met in Paris," says Monsieur le Marquis. "I have been awfully sorry for him ever since."

Damaris speaks under great constraint.

"But a marriage like this, for which he can hardly be considered to have been responsible, need not debar him from making a happier one. It seems to be all the more desirable that he should do so in order to efface the cruel memory that must be with him night and day."

"So I said — so I urged," cries Jerome, eagerly, "but he has vowed that it shall not, cannot be; and sorry as I am that such consolation may not be his, knowing Etienne as I do, I cannot think that he will ever break this vow."

Damaris leans heavily upon the stone bridge that crosses the Mousse. They are now close under the walls of the *château*. The water eddies and swirls beneath, carrying along with it many a fallen leaf from the trees above.

Dreamily back to her come some well-remembered words that had borne little import for her at the time they were spoken, but which seemed now to convey to her an unalterable fiat—

"I will yield to her all she is pleased to exact of my time or means, but I will never again cede my liberty."

But why should the memory of these words affect her? She has never built any hopes for him upon Leonie. She has seen from the very first that she has not sufficient strength of mind and character to attain any lasting ascendency over a nature like his. Did it only shut the door of some vague hope for him? By the light of this revelation another is made. It shows to her what lies at the root of all the pain and sickness that oppress her, the cause of so much that has been mysterious and inexplicable in her own feelings. The secret of her own heart stands revealed, and this secret no living soul must ever guess.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

UNEXPECTED FORTUNE.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain—
"My brief existence now is ended—
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die."

It chanced to fall into the sea—
And there an open shell received it;
And, after years, how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
That drop of rain had formed a gem
Fit for a monarch's diadem.—*Anon.*

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES.—About forty years ago a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. W. Harrison, thought of a new way of improving the flight of time. Hearing the clock strike one day, it occurred to him that to connect the sound with some Christian precept might not only induce people to use the passing hours to the best advantage, but might constantly remind them how time is but a preparation for eternity. He therefore selected a series of twelve scriptural passages—forming a short synopsis of Christian principles and duties—arranging so that the number of words in each should correspond exactly with the number of strokes sounded out at the different hours. Here are the twelve passages:

1. Watch.
2. Fear God.
3. Honour all men.
4. Be careful for nothing.
5. The Lord is at hand.
6. Why sleep ye? Rise and pray.
7. Ask and it shall be given you.
8. I am the vine, ye are the branches.
9. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.
10. Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt.
11. Walk in wisdom towards them that are without redeeming the time.
12. Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

ANSWER TO PLAIN STATEMENT (page 307):—

I see icy sea;
Icy sea eyes see;
Icy sea I see eyes see.
Sea I see icy.

G. B. R. B.

CROCHET WORK IN WOOL.

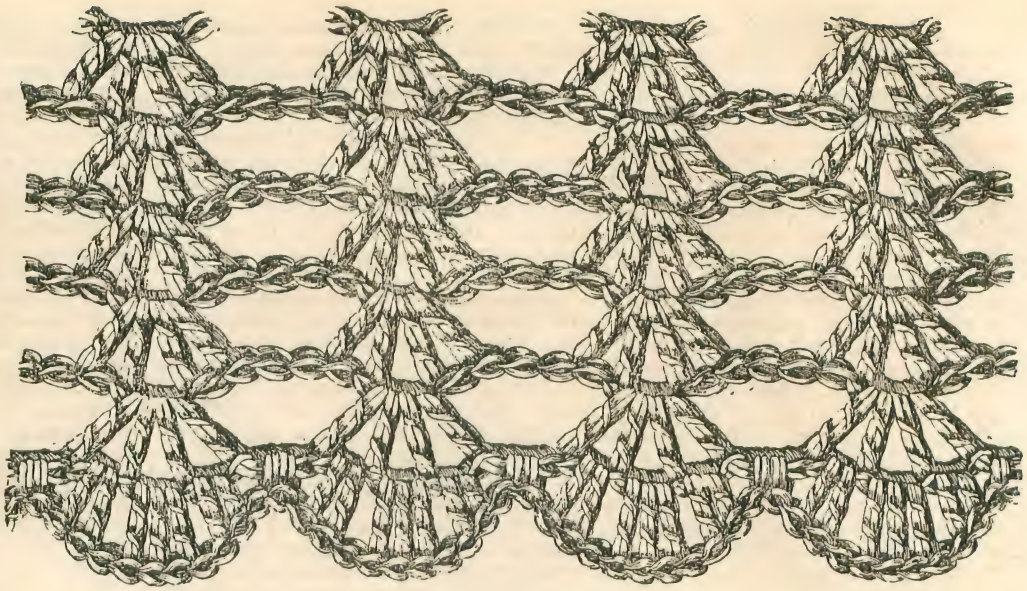


FIG. 2.—SHAWL.

AMONG the prettiest articles in crochet to be quickly made are certainly woollen boots. In this class may be included those for babies or ladies, the latter requiring them for night and bedroom use, as well as for carriage wear to be slipped over the ordinary ones. For all these styles the method may be the same, with the difference that, to be worn over the shoe, a greater width is needed, and a rather more elastic stitch that will stretch easily without being drawn out of shape.

I cannot too strongly impress upon you, girls, the importance of working with a little judgment, so that you are able to adapt a given recipe to your own wants. Thus, the directions for the comfortable boot illustrated have been worked for one of Pinet's make, lady's medium size, and would not be correct, for instance, for a wider or gouty foot any more than for a child's. Again, the difference of wool and hook employed naturally alters the number of stitches. Inattention to these points is the secret of many blunders. If girls wish to be saved from a deal of trouble, they must always remember that sense is quite as indispensable in small as in great matters. The general rule for working the boot consists in taking the right measurements. Begin with the toe by a chain just answering to its width, and take the length from thence to the ankle. Fill up the space by crocheting a series of horizontal rows, increasing in the centre at every alternate one. If the boot is to be worn without a sole, the chain, instead of merely going across the toe, must extend right round it, and the increasings may also be altered according to the height of the instep, which has been ascertained by a tape. In this way even deformities may be comfortably fitted. When once the ankle is reached the increasings stop and the front part is completed. Now remains the execution of the back, usually represented by a straight piece, worked along the left side up till one stitch short of the centre line. The band, when long enough to encircle the ankle, is sewn or crocheted to the opposite side, again stopping short of the middle stitch. If the height is considered sufficient, a crochet, lace, or fur band will be a pretty finish, but, for more warmth, this kind of boot generally has a deep anklet which may be continued as high as desired up the leg. Suppose you choose a fancy stitch, you must work it in rounds, catching up all the stitches of the circular opening; if you prefer, however, the original stitch, crochet it lengthwise in one with the side pieces, starting immediately after the front has been done. When first you commence your side rows, instead of turning back to descend in the usual way, add to chain of 30 or 40 stitches, according to the desired depth, and return over these extra stitches and the original ones. This additional number will, of course, be retained throughout the back. The slit thus left in front is generally closed by ribbons, or, perhaps more fussily, a band of looped crochet surrounds both ankle and opening, hiding the buttons and loops of elastic. The under-parts of the boot have now to be sewn together or secured on a cork or felt sole, prettily bound or quilted. A sole can also be crocheted lengthwise or shortways, with the reductions and increasings managed from a pattern.

Is it not almost superfluous to remark that for night socks neither fancy anklets nor cork or felt soles are admissible? the softer and smoother the better. The circular anklet is, however, suitable, unless perhaps the foot be swollen by rheumatism, &c.

Such is the ordinary mode, subjected, of course, to many variations. Let us now proceed to the detailed description of the cut (fig. 1). Three-thread fleecy and No. 12 hook Walker's Be'l Gauge are the materials selected, but four-thread wool and a No. 6 hook are constantly recommended by good workers.

1.—RIBBED CROCHET BOOT.

Foot: *Front.*—Commence with a chain of 13 and rib for a depth of 11½ ribs or 23 rows. Increase by working three stitches instead of one into the centre stitch at every alternate row; and at the end of each row turn with one chain to avoid losing a stitch. Always seize the back part of the chain to rib the work. At the 23rd row there should be 39 stitches.

Back.—Divide the crochet into two parts, leaving 1 stitch in the centre, which will give 18 on either side. Now proceed with the left side, which is really the right side of the boot. Make 16 rows or 8 ribs, and to shape the heel work 9 stitches only of the 17th row. Return on these 9, then work a line of 18 stitches again, and continue 15 rows for the other side. Unite at the instep.

Sole.—For this part horizontal ribs are too ridgy, hence it is generally worked lengthwise, or with the flat tricot stitch which moulds so beautifully. My recipe is for a beautiful shape, with quite a delicate waist, but it may be found a little bit tedious, therefore I should advise you to make one by simply following one of your own soles. Make a chain of 7, and work back on them a row of

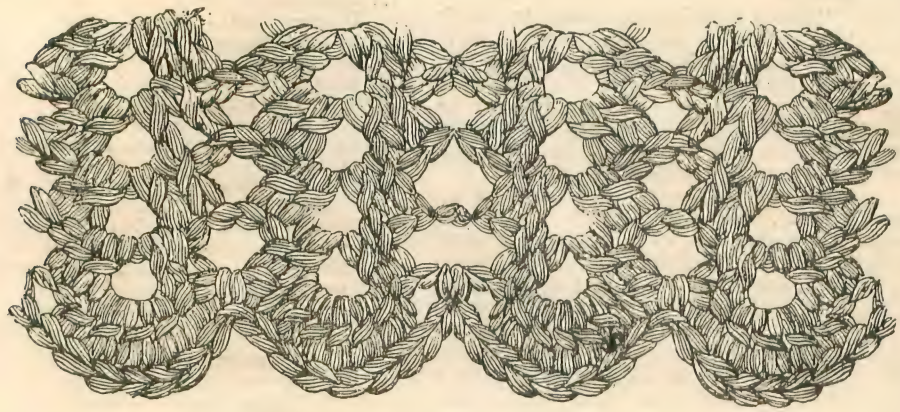


FIG 3.—ANTIMACASSAR.

tricot. 2nd R.—Increase one after the first stitch and before the last stitch, making 9. 3rd R.—Work plain. 4th R.—Increase again in the same manner, forming 11. 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th R.—Plain tricot. 10th R.—Decrease by taking together the

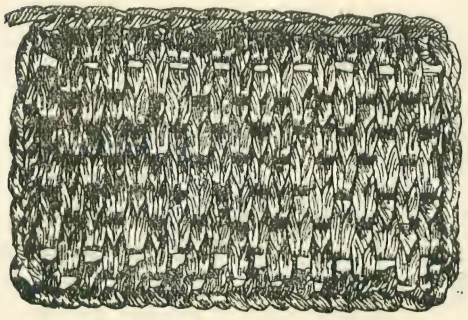


FIG. 4.—FANCY TRICOT STITCH.

2nd and 3rd and 9th and 10th stitches, leaving 9. 11th R.—Plain. 12th R.—Decrease 2 again, making 7. 13th R.—Plain. 14th R.—Decrease to leave 5. 15th R.—Plain. 16th R.—Decrease 3. 17th R.—Plain. 18th R.—Plain. 19th R.—Increase one in the centre. 20th and 21st R.—4 plain. 22nd R.—Increase one after the second stitch. 23rd R.—Increase one in the centre. 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th R.—Plain. 29th R.—Decrease one after the second, leave 5. 30th R.—Decrease one before the end, leave 4.

In this wise we have three different parts for the foot—the instep, the ankle, and the sole.

Be sure not to leave, either inside or outside, any of those teasing and unsightly knots, and sew the sole carefully into the boot, giving a nice curve to heel and toe. I may as well tell you, at the same time, that the ribbed stitch is also called the kilted stitch, as it is much used in imitation of pleatings for children's garments.

Leg.—With contrasting wool and a short hook crochet round the anklet to form rings of balls. Into the first stitch work 5 or 7 trebles, according to the relief wished. Over the next stitch make 1 double crochet, then alternately 7 trebles, and 1 double crochet to the end of the round. 2nd R.—Above the double crochet of the preceding circle make 7 trebles, then set the trebles below into a ball by drawing together tightly from the back the first and last stitches. Continue thus making 7 trebles, and setting those beneath so as to allow the balls to lie between each other. Work the runner and repeat the two rounds at will.

In a lighter pattern the balls consist of spots merely produced by five long loops, alternating with circles of clumps of matted stitches forming a kind of X. 1st R.—Crochet 3 loops out of the 3 foundation chain, draw the wool through the three at once, set by a chain drawing the wool at the same time through the original loop on the needle, 1 chain, pass the hook under the 3 loops again, draw the wool through, making 2 loops on the hook, now pierce the needle under the last of the triplet of loops, and draw the wool through the 3 loops now on the needle at once. Repeat from*. 2nd R.—Make spots above each single chain stitch which intervenes between the clumps:—Put the hook underneath the chain, and make four long loops, winding the wool round the needle between each loop; draw the wool through the whole at once, and set by a chain stitch. Make 2 chain stitches, in a special way, to make them look like hooks and eyes. For this seize the back part of the chain with the needle held hooked side upwards, draw the wool through, then through the two loops on the needle; this little trick of the needle prevents the stitch from twisting. Repeat.

Runner.—Pierce the hook through a stitch of the preceding row; draw the wool through, leaving a loop on the needle, put the needle into the stitch again and make 2 chain; draw the wool through the two loops on the needle at once; 1 chain. Repeat.

Insert a ribbon to be tied in a bow, or a crochet cord finished off by tiny balls or tassels.

Edging.—Complete by a simple scallop of 7 chain and one double crochet.

I am afraid this lengthy description will frighten many of our girls. In reality, twenty lines would have been sufficient, and, as I have already told you, it would be difficult to find anything more quick and easy of execution, much indeed to be recommended for weak sight and long winter evenings. Having once gone into each trifle so fully, there will be no need to wade through them again next time a boot of this description comes under our notice. My numerous remarks will show you how careful you have to be in the simplest things, and yet I have not mentioned the choice of colours nor the difference between a loose and a tight worker, or the starting of the boot from the top.

As a rest, however, I will indulge you with two easy stitches, that you will be able to teach to your young sisters or pupils. Both are suitable for shawls and antimacassars. For fig. 2, make a loose foundation chain divisible by 6, and an extra 4 chain to turn. These 4 stand for the first treble, miss them and make 1 long treble into the next, 2 chain, 1 long treble into the following stitch, 1

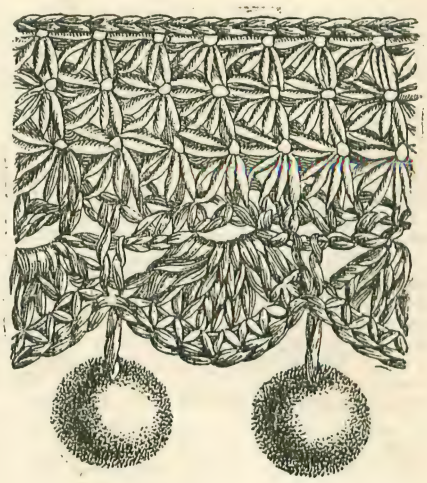


FIG. 6.—STAR STITCH.

chain, 1 long treble into the next, *2 chain, miss 2 of the foundation, then 1 long treble 1 chain, 1 long treble 2 chain, 1 long treble 1 chain, and 1 long treble into the four succeeding stitches. Repeat from*. Make the four following rows in the same manner, with the exception of working the 4 trebles through the 2 chain of the group beneath. For the scallops make *2 double crochet above the 2 chain of the space, 2 long trebles into first hole of the group, 1 chain, 3 long trebles into the next hole, piercing them this time into the chain stitches instead of beneath them, 1 chain, 2 long trebles through the next hole. Continue from*. Several of these rows, with the scallops, could form an edging for a quilt, &c., as well as the next one (fig. 3), which, when made in cotton, might be utilised for a bread or cheese cloth.

For a square shawl, I think it would be rather prettier to copy fig. 2 in ordinary trebles instead of long trebles, and adapt the stitch thus:—Begin by a circle made by winding the wool three times round the forefinger, and form a regular Greek cross with four

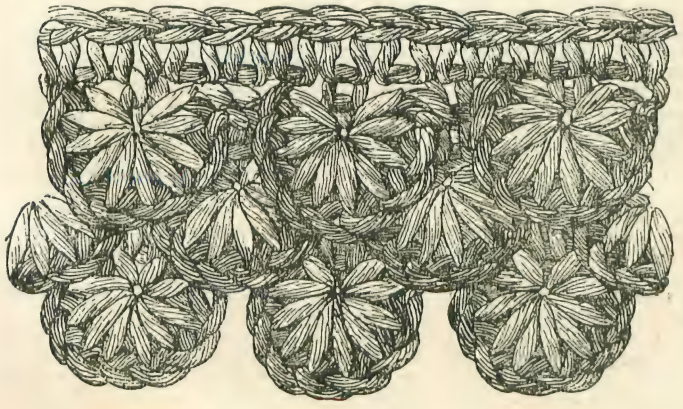


FIG. 5.—BORDER.

FIG 7.—FAN STITCH.

clusters of the pattern, in this wise:—1st Round.—Pierce the hook under the ring, draw the wool through, and make 3 chain to stand for the 1st treble, 1 treble 2 chain, 1 treble 1 chain, 1 treble; *2 chain, a group of 1 treble 1 chain, 1 treble 2 chain, 1 treble 1 chain, 1 treble; repeat from * twice more, finish with 2 chain, and attach them to the top of the 1st treble. From the four spaces or angles of this cross will start the rays formed by the increasings, which gradually widen the square to any size. 2nd Round.—Slipstitch along 2 stitches to get to the first space of 2 chain, and through that work *2 clusters separated as usual by 2 chain; 2 chain. Repeat from * 3 times. Join the 2 chain to the 1st treble and slipstitch as before to reach a space. 3rd R.—Every corner will have 3 spaces of 2 chain, into each of which a cluster is to be worked. 4th R.—Make 2 clusters or groups above the corner or centre one of those below, and a single group over every intervening one. The 3rd and 4th rounds alternate throughout the shawl.

The same adaptation could be employed for the pattern fig. 2. As illustrated, it forms a border worked thus:—1st R.—Make a chain of the required length; turn, and into the 4th work 1 treble 3 chain, then 2 trebles into the two next stitches; 1 chain; miss 3, and into the next four stitches make 4 trebles, divided by 3 chain. Continue thus: 2nd and 3rd R.—Like 1st.

4th R.—Repeat the groups of trebles with 3 chain between.

5th R.—*Make scallops of 8 trebles, working 7 through the 3 chain, and the 8th above the right hand set of 2 trebles; 1 chain 1 double crochet over the intervening 3 chain; 1 chain. Repeat from *.

The fancy tricot stitch (fig. 4) is a nice solid one for children's dresses, paletots, gaiters, &c. Work it thus:—Make a foundation chain of an even number of stitches. Turn 1st row. Pierce the hook in the 2nd stitch, draw the wool through, twist the wool over the hook and pierce it again in the same stitch, pulling the wool through, forming thus 3 loops on the needle. Repeat into every other stitch. Return as in ordinary tricot, drawing the wool through each set of 3 stitches at once. 3rd R.—Commence with 3 chain, and through each hole between the clumps of the preceding row make 3 stitches as in the 1st row. Return as in the 2nd row, then repeat the 3rd and 2nd rows as often as necessary.

The design of overlapping scallops (fig. 5) is exceedingly effective as a border worked in double Berlin wool of two colours; still more richness can be imparted to the work by using arrasene, which is now becoming rather popular for knitted and crochet articles. Experiment first on a small piece to obtain the proper looseness with regularity, and to judge of the width of each scallop. Suppose each measures 1½in. and you require an edge 12in. long, make 8 scallops. Every scallop requiring 11 stitches, work a foundation chain of 88 with white wool or arrasene.

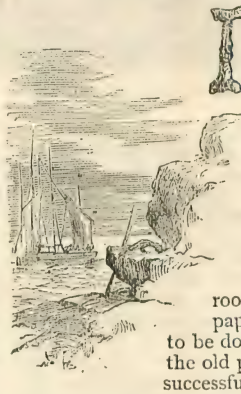
1st R.—With a contrasting colour make 1 double crochet, raise 10 loops out of the 10 succeeding chain, as in crochet *tricoté*, which, with the double crochet, make 11. Draw the wool through all at once, and set by 1 chain. Repeat. 2nd R.—Return with 1 double crochet above every chain stitch of the preceding line. Break off. 3rd R.—Take the red wool and make 1 chain, pierce the hook into the first stitch of the white chain, then under the double crochet of the 2nd row, which lies above the centre of the 1st scallop, draw the wool through the 3 loops on the needle at once, thus joining the 3rd row to the 1st. Make a scallop as before, and join it again above the middle of the next shell below, in order to alternate. Hence in reality each set of shells is composed of three lines, viz., a foundation chain, a row of scallops, and a row of double crochet to fix them. Make 2, 3, or 5 sets of shells, according to the desired depth. This raised stitch will also make a very pretty tea cosy, starting from the centre with 1 scallop, increasing to 3 at the 2nd, 5 at the 3rd, and so on, till one of the halves of the cosy is completely covered. To keep the shells in a good position just tack them at the back. Repeat for the other side, and sew together the two pieces, hiding the join by a cord twisted into a trefoil at the top. This is, of course, added when the lining has been put in. First back the crochet with some thin lining, matching the colour of the wool, which is generally double Berlin. Between this backing and the outer lining of cashmere insert an interlining of wash-leather. This mode I far prefer to the more old-fashioned one of wadded silk or cashmere, which is generally clumsy, and indeed not quite wholesome, when one remembers that the steam of years is concentrated in it.

The star-stitch border (fig. 6) is a rich and solid finish to a child's jacket, shawl, &c. To make it, commence with a chain of an even number of stitches, turn, and from the first four draw out loops as in crochet *tricoté;* these, with the loop already on the needle, will make five; draw the hook through all at once, and set by a chain stitch. This completes the first star; for the next and all succeeding ones draw one loop out of the little hole of the preceding star, another through the back part of the long stitch below, and two more from two of the foundation chain stitches; pull the wool through the five at once, and set by a chain stitch as before. Break off the wool. 2nd and 3rd Rows.—Similar to the first, working every star above the 2 chain stitches of the one beneath; for the commencement, however, join on the wool and make 4 chain as the ground of the first shell or star. 4th R.—2 double crochets above 2 chain stitches, 1 chain, miss 1. 2 double crochets into the next 2 chain, and so on. 5th Row.—*1 double crochet between the 2 double crochets of the 4th row. 7 trebles through the one chain. Repeat from*. To each double crochet attach a small woollen ball.

Here is another variation of the fan or star stitch (fig. 7). The foundation chain also has an even number of stitches, and the work commences for the first shell only by drawing loops out of the 4 first stitches, then pulling the wool through all the five at once, and setting by a chain stitch. For the second and following fans, however, miss one of the foundation chain.* Pierce the needle into the next one, pulling the wool through it without touching the chain stitch that closed the previous fan, and which will remain undisturbed until it is caught at the end, as we shall presently see. Make 2 chain, keep the wool on the needle, turn the hook back and pierce it beneath the under part of the last long stitch or loop of the fan just made. Draw the wool through this, and through the chain already on the needle to firmly connect the two stars. Again 3 chain, making 6 in all. There are now 2 stitches on the needle, viz., 1 from the chain and 1 from the tightening or undisturbed stitch of the preceding star. Pull the wool through both, and draw out a loop from each of the four first stitches of the 6 chain; draw the wool through all at once and fix by a chain stitch; then miss one foundation chain and continue from * to the end. It seemed an easier mode, but workers can follow their own taste. Turn, and work back in double crochet to form a firm heading for the 1st row and a footing to the 3rd, which latter row will be made precisely like the 1st. For a sofa blanket or perambulator-cover the fans can be wider, say about 8, 10, or 12 rays. Anyhow a knack is needed to shape and flatten them down before the closing chain stitch, between the thumb and first finger.

To give more regularity in spreading the loop, it is most convenient to use a short thick hook about 5 inches long. The ordinary tricot stitch, on the contrary, usually requires a longer needle to hold all the stitches of a row at once, some of the longest measuring about 16 inches. The coarsest hooks, to my knowledge, are those used for the crochet patchwork. I have not one under my hand just this minute, but I should say they average about the size of the middle finger.

HINTS FOR AMATEUR PAPERHANGERS.



IN papering a room, the first thing to which attention must be directed is the state of the walls. If new and smooth, the only necessary preparation is to lay on a coat of size or thin glue, on which the paper will adhere better than on the bare wall. If the room has been previously papered, the first thing to be done is the removal of the old paper, and to do this successfully, the walls must be made thoroughly wet, and, when well soaked, the old paper can easily and quickly be stripped off. After the paper is removed, wash the walls well, to get off any particles of paper that may adhere to them; allow them to be nearly dry before beginning to lay new paper, and as in the case of a new wall, so with one from which the paper has been removed, it is safest to lay on a coat of size before papering. If the walls have been whitewashed, instead of papered, wash them with vinegar, which will make the paste and paper adhere the more securely. Any parts of the walls where the plaster is loose should be re-plastered; small holes or cracks can easily be stopped with putty, or else strips of paper can be pasted over them, otherwise the cracks will soon show through the outer paper.

If a common deal table cannot be had, a bench for measuring and cutting the paper is easily made by placing boards of a suitable length across two empty barrels, or on two chairs.

Before the pasting process begins, the paper should be unrolled and cut to proper lengths, and in sufficient quantity to cover the room; one edge of each strip should also be closely and neatly trimmed. The edge is sometimes cut off the whole length of each piece of paper on one side before cutting into lengths; but this it is easier to do after it has been cut into lengths. The lengths of paper should be at least half an inch longer than the height of the room, and they must be cut in such a manner as that the second will match the one first cut, and so on successively. There are always marks on the edge of the paper to show where the match or same repeat of the paper is to come, and this must always be carefully attended to, as sometimes in cutting the lengths a piece will have to be cut off to make the marks on the edge meet, for the match must be the same as where it started in the first length.

The lengths should be laid one over the other on the table, the plain side upwards, to be readily at hand when the paster is ready to begin. The liability of turning the edges or

damaging the paper will be greatly obviated by this course.

The cut edge of the first length of paper is to be put up close to the window on one side.

Two persons are required to lay on paper rapidly—one to paste and the other to apply the paper. This is especially the case if the paper be a very common one. When pasted, it should be handed to the person on the step-ladder, who holds it about a foot from the top, and lays it evenly against the wall so as to meet the ceiling. By looking down the wall, it may then be seen when it matches the previous length and hangs straight. Having done this, get down from the ladder, take it by the lower end, lift it away from the wall to within a short distance of the top; then let it fall very carefully, and you will find that it will drop into its place without a crease. When this is done, take a clean soft cloth and press the paper to the wall down the middle, from the top to the bottom. Then begin at the top and press from the middle to each side by turns, regularly and carefully, till you reach the bottom. Run the scissors along where the wall joins the skirting-board, making a mark on the paper that may be easily seen: raise the paper for a little distance, cut it off evenly and replace, pressing it carefully into its place. When pressing the paper into its place with the cloth, hold the cloth loosely in your hand, and be careful not to rub too hard. In putting up the second length, proceed as with the first, but great care must be taken to make the cut edge meet the pattern of the length first put up, so that there be no gap left between.

For pressing the paper on to the wall a clothes-brush is sometimes used instead of a cloth, as being less likely to spread any paste that may be on the edge of the paper. It also works more evenly over the surface of the paper, but must be used with a light hand.

Flour paste is what is generally used for papering, and rye flour is considered better than wheat, as it has more powers of adhesion. Mix the flour with cold water thoroughly, by stirring until the paste have a thin creamy consistence, and then boil, when it will thicken according to the length of time it is submitted to the heat. If found too thick in cooling, add boiling water till the desired degree of thickness be obtained: then add a little carbolic acid to prevent the paste from souring or becoming mouldy. A broad whitewash brush is the best to apply the paste with, and the paper should be laid on the wall quickly after pasting, to prevent its becoming soft and tender to handle.

As will be seen from the above description, the requisites for amateur paperhanging are not of an expensive kind—the cost of a brush being from half-a-crown to three shillings. One of an inferior kind is neither advisable nor economical. A large pair of scissors may be obtained for a shilling, and the clothes-brush (if used) for about the same price.

Girls in the colonies, especially in Canada, frequently assume the duties of the paperhanger.

In new countries, where so many other things are of greater importance, and the elegances of life are of necessity less thought about, the art of the paperhanger becomes almost a luxury. In England, where the struggle to obtain the means of living becomes yearly more difficult, any practical knowledge which saves the outlay of money and adds to the comfort and beauty of our surroundings is worth the trouble of acquiring. Armed with courage, an old dress, and a big apron, I think most of our girls could manage, if they tried, to lay on a new breadth of paper in a soiled place; to add a new dado behind a washstand or table, or to put one round a room, even if they did not undertake to repaper it entirely. Such timely touches give a freshness to the dwelling, and, what is better, to the tired hearts and weary eyes of its inhabitants. The new paper will be a breath of change, a promise of the springtime which comes with every year to the outward life.

JULIA B. LAWRASON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

RIP VAN WINKLE.—The pictures you send us are done by means of zincography, we think, which is an art resembling lithography, zinc plates being employed instead of stone, and the process being almost identical with it. Another method is called "Anastatic printing." The drawings for this must be made in lithographic ink on well sized paper, and the drawings are submitted to the action of dilute nitric acid.

COCKLESHELL.—A slight coat of copal varnish will enable the terra-cotta to be washed with impunity. See "Terra-cotta Painting," vol. ii., page 226. See "Useful Hints."

A LAZY GIRL.—Use water-colours for both gelatine and ivory painting. No varnish is used.

JAPONICA.—Use the transparent colours for the flower—lake, gamboge, Indian yellow, purple, lake, &c. A touch of gum-arabic was formerly used as a varnish, but has been considered of late years inartistic.

A. G. E.—The mediums for painting on satin and silk, used with water-colours, are—glycerine, to prevent the work drying too rapidly, cracking, or peeling; and gum-arabic, to harden the colours. Spirit has opposite qualities to both, and oxgall facilitates the flow of the colours from the brush. All of these should be at hand, and need experience to use them.

WORK.

MYRZA.—To extract grease from silk or satin, see page 14, vol. ii. We do not know whether your dress be very much out of date, but three flounces are now worn, and so are jackets with waistcoats. Perhaps if you added small paniers at each side, and a draped scarf, the dress would be improved. The material might be either of satin or cashmere.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Try a little turpentine on a small portion of one of the articles you have painted, and see the effect when dry. Probably a coat of it will be sufficient. How kind and pleasant a letter you write!

GATANA.—You must purchase the foundation for your hat first, of any shape you desire. It should be black. Sew the feathers on it with black cotton, and when finished line it with black silk.

SUNFLOWER.—Fill in the centre of the flower with "French knots." You will find instructions for making them, and a design, on page 140, vol. i. The colour used should be a very dark brown, and not black, which would be too extreme a contrast.

A SHROPSHIRE LASS.—The black brocaded velvet would look very well with your grey dress. Do not describe it so we cannot help you further.

NELLIE.—Linen is the best material for cross-stitch. Why not use "drawn work" also, as shown at page 204, vol. iii.?

DAISY.—Instructions for making lawn-tennis nets will be found at page 15, vol. ii. They are worked with mattress twine, a wooden needle with curved—instead of forked—ends, and a flat mesh an inch in width. The knot made is called the "fisherman's knot," as it is used for fishing-nets. Hold the flat mesh and the needle in the ordinary way, put the twine round the mesh, but not round the fingers, and pass the needle upwards through the loop on the foundation that is to be worked, and then draw the loop up to the mesh, and keep the thread tight by holding it down with the thumb. Let the loose thread fall to the left of the work, round it, and put the needle through the loop on the foundation from right to left, so that the loop is enclosed by the thread, and draw up tight. Commence the net with one loop, and increase by working two loops into the last loop of every row, until the depth of the net be obtained (from 2 feet 6 inches to 3 feet). Put a piece of worsted into the last loop of one side, and continue to increase on that side, at the same time decreasing on the other, by netting the last two loops there together. Measure the length from time to time, and when nine yards—or, for a small net, eight yards—can be measured from the first loop of all to the last increase, form the other oblong of the net by decreasing in every row at the last loops until only one loop remain. We have repeated and enlarged the instructions, and explained carefully the method of making square meshes.

FANNY MALCOM.—See the design given on page 333, vol. ii., for working the armchair. See also "Folding Stool," page 172, vol. ii., and the design for a cover of a hanging pocket, page 372, vol. ii. From these you will be able to form an idea of the work for your rug.

EDUCATIONAL.

BERENGER.—The answer about the "Sunnites and Shiites" has already appeared. We do not quite understand your question, and think you had better write to the Secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

M. N. S. H., X. Y. Z., and SWEETBRIER.—Write to tell your wants to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay. See also the *Cambridge Examiner*—Editor, 21, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W.; price 5s. 6d. per annum.

L'HAMPTON KATE.—The Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's-inn-road, London, W.C., holds classes for resident and non-resident students, to instruct them in the art of teaching. Apply to the Principal at the College. The volume will end with September next.

ALICE TAYLOR.—See answer to "Nursey," page 367, vol. iii.

A. B. C.—We think you should do nothing to over-tax your health, which is so precious to you and yours. Write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, and she will advise you. The course of "Correspondence Classes" under her guidance are charged at 10s. and 15s. a year. Do not omit the courtesy of sending a stamped envelope for your answer. If you can study for both examinations at once, it will be worth your while.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Wet the leather of the library-table with a little water, to take off the woollen particles; and when they are gone, restore the polish to the leather with the smallest touch of thin gum-arabic.

A. L. O. N.—The first recipe for which you ask we must decline to give, as it might be turned to evil purposes. A chemist would probably give you the information you require.

EXCELSIOR.—You might rinse the oatmeal-cloth dress in water in which hay has been boiled, to give it a colour. This is the process for restoring colour to linen. The third finger of the right hand; there is no imperative rule.

CRIMSON.—The instructions for cleaning marble will be found on page 655, vol. ii. Thank you for your kind letter.

M. E.—Use bath-brick and oil to clean the brass, but no acids; finish with whiting and a leather to give a good polish.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Serve in the jar, if you wish, or else as ginger is served—on a small glass dish standing in a dessert dish, prettily garnished.

A. M. Z.—The "J" pen is generally recommended for all ordinary household use.

WILD ROSE.—It is impossible to find puddings without some description, as one pudding is sometimes known by three different names.

VIOLET.—There is an excellent article on washing and getting-up muslin curtains at page 107, vol. ii. Stain the floor with the ordinary oak or walnut stain, diluted with sufficient water to make the proper colour, which can be procured at any oil-shop; and polish with beeswax and turpentine. The method of preparing the latter is to cut the beeswax up into little pieces in a jar, and pour on the turpentine; stir it up occasionally, and it will dissolve without trouble, between night and morning. Apply with an old flannel, and polish with a hard brush.

MILK CAKE.—To clean ivory, see page 240, vol. ii.

IDA.—Sweet-oil and rotten-stone, powdered, are generally used to clean brass; but most chemists sell a paste which is convenient and effectual.

ANNABELLA F.—For general purposes, pitch is the best preservative for wood. You might use a wash of one pound of chloride of zinc to five gallons of water. Creosote is also recommended.

A DENSE IGNORAMUS.—You do not tell us where you live, or else we might give you the address of a school of cookery, where you might receive regular instructions.

MUSIC.

AN AMBITIOUS STRUMMER.—The address of the Royal Academy of Music is 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. Write to the secretary for particulars.

SHAMROCK.—You must be guided by your parents' wishes. Ask your present master whether he considers your voice worth more extensive cultivation, and in case he should do so, ask him to speak to your father and mother.

AN ADMIRER.—It is quite possible to become a fair musician with first-class instruction, without having either much taste or much ear.

ROSALIND.—At any large musicseller's they would find you a selection of songs suitable to your purpose. See also page 407, vol. iii., at the end of the "New Music," for a notice of part-songs newly published.

WHITE PUSS.—Inquire at any music shop. "To take out ink-spots," see "Useful Hints," page 410, vol. iii.

A FEMALE CLERK.—At a musical instrument dealer's the cheapest would be second-hand. You would need a knowledge of music and a good ear to teach yourself.

J. B. C.—It is safer, in all cases of doubt, to consult the publishers of the song before singing it, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for the answer. Avoid trouble of that kind, if possible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACK'S AUNT.—From your description we think your plant must be what the popular voice calls "red-hot pokers," which would be better transplanted into the garden.

ELEANOR DAVIES.—The address of the Victoria Press is Praed-street, Paddington, W.; that of the Woman's Printing Society, 21*b*, Great College-street, S.W.

EVA ST. CLAIRE.—"Conservative" is a name of modern date, given to a political party whose leading principle is the preservation of our national institutions (*1830*). *In popular* language the name is now opposed to "Liberal," under which name are known the more advanced "Whigs" and so-called reformers since 1832. Your writing, and that which you enclose in your letter, is both legible and good.

DAISY.—The "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, or the "New Introduction to the Study of the Bible," both published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would be useful to you.

PAPA'S LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—Read "Mourning Attire," page 398, vol. ii. You write a beautiful hand for your age.

BEGA.—Your quotation descriptive of the three points in a good wife will be found on page 59, vol. i.

SNOWDROP.—The cheapest way to construct a flower-box for the window is to have one of unpainted wood made, and cover the side next the street with cork. Some people do not go to this trouble, but only have a wooden front made, on which they nail the cork. This prevents the flower-pots from showing. For the plants, see pages 198 and 346, vol. iii. Any evergreens and ivies are also useful and effective.

A DESCENDANT OF EVE.—Your knowledge of English, and the correct manner in which you write it, does you great credit, especially if you have acquired it without help in so short a time as the space of one year.

A BROTHER OF ONE OF THE GIRLS is referred to Dr. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," under the letters "A. U. C." It is not needful for us to defend Dr. Brewer's scholarship.

DAISY.—To restore rusty black lace, see page 303, vol. ii. A very weak solution of gum-water would answer.

ANNIE EVERETTE.—Use the bath, as advised by "Medicus." You will find one of the Egyptian "Loofahs," or the inside skin of the gourd (to be purchased at every chemist's), very excellent to use for friction, with soap. You must not forget that others need reproof and instruction, though you may be happy enough to have had both.

JESSIE.—If the "finger marks" on your book are caused by the dye from black gloves, they will be difficult to take off. Spirits of salts, diluted with five or six times the quantity of water, may be applied to ink spots, and after a minute or two may be washed off with clear water. To take out spots of grease ether may be used, the leaves being then placed between white blotting-paper; where the stains are mixed, and not very bad, rectified spirits of wine will be found to answer the purpose. As all these prescriptions are wet ones, we need not remind you that they must be used with great care, or you will spoil your book, and do nothing towards the removal of the stains.

LAURA ROBGERS.—Accept many thanks for your contribution, which, however, is not up to the mark of our amateur page. Try to improve your writing, which is not so good as that of the majority of English girls at fourteen. Your little article shows that you think, which is a great advantage to any girl. "I shall be glad if you will point out the criticisms" is not what you mean to say; "point out the faults" would be right. The expression, "loose in our etiquette," would be more elegantly worded "careless," or "less particular in our etiquette."

AN IGNORAMUS.—Read "How to Converse Agreeably," page 675, vol. ii., which gives you full instructions.

FOXHALL.—You have no cause whatever to doubt the age of the writer of the verses. From your letter, we should think your experience of clever children is small. A little volume of verses, by two children, was published in America in 1879, the first poems being written at the ages of nine, and ranging from that to thirteen and fifteen. The reviewers unite in praising them as being full of originality, and wonderful as to their sense of rhythm.

J. B.—"Utopia" was an imaginary island, represented by Sir Thomas More, in his book by that name, which enjoyed the greatest perfection in politics, laws, and the like. The word you send us is probably derived from this, but you have misquoted it.

K. BURY.—"The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," by Sir Walter Scott, would contain what you want.

CAPILLUS VENERIS.—The singeing of the hair is said to be more advisable than cutting it, as it stops up the hollow ends of the hair-tubes completely. All authorities join in the opinion that every hair should be cut, and unless the hair-dresser be very painstaking, the practice of singeing would be more efficacious.

SNOWDROP.—The thoughts of the poem which you send us are good and pious, but they do not form anything but good prose spoiled. Cultivate the Christian spirit, but not the attempt at writing poetry. The situations you mention are obtained by advertisement.

IVY.—You cannot achieve the French pronunciation properly without the aid of some one to teach you. After four or five years' instruction in music, you ought to be a good player, if you have made the best of your opportunities. Your writing is irregular, but your composition and spelling are both fairly good.

WELSH LASSIE.—We do not mind the "horrid letters" at all, when we receive such kind letters as yours, dear "Welsh Lassie." Clean the white fur by rubbing it with flour, if you do not send it to a furrier.

VERINA.—There is an excellent "Handbook of English Literature," by Dr. Angus, published at 56, Paternoster-row, which goes over the ground you propose to cover in your book, and there is Haydn's "Book of Dates," and Chambers's "Book of Days," which are both books within the reach of everyone. Such a book as you propose to write would, we think, be quite unnecessary.

YSEULT.—W. M. Thackeray was born in 1811, and died in 1863. Two questions are allowed only. The lights and shadows in your writing are improperly placed.

PEARL AND EMERALD.—We do not think the letter of the "two little sisters" at all bad, and will make a note of their politely-worded request.

JUDY.—There are several large firms in London where they fire china very inexpensively, and with less disappointment than you could do it for yourself, even if you possessed the oven for firing, and the great experience needful for doing it.

MARJORIE VEREKER.—You are mistaken, we think, about De Foe. He died in London on the 24th April, 1731. In 1877 Her Majesty the Queen granted pensions to three old ladies of the name of De Foe, who were lineally descended from him.

GROUNDSEL.—The "Ionic School," in ancient Greece, were all natives of Iona, and were the earliest of the Greek philosophers. They tried to prove that all created things spring from one principle—Thalës said that it was water; Anaximenës said it was air or gas; Anaxagoras that it was atoms; Heraclitas that it was fire or caloric; while Anaximander asserted that the elements of all things are eternal, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*. We cannot help thinking that this was not quite what you wanted to ask, and that you have not written your query correctly. If so, write again, and we will explain to you the term we think you have misspelt.

E. G. H. S.—The meaning of "Cassandra" is, "She who inflames with love." The word is of Greek origin.

SAPPHIRA.—The day of the month on which the poet-laureate was born does not appear to be given in any biographical sketch. The year was 1810. He was one of seven sons, and was born at the Parsonage of Somersby, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire. We cannot but observe that your choice of a name was a very unseemly one, and appears to show a levity of which we should be sorry to think you were guilty.

LUCY LINES.—Your idea about the pictures for the walls of the Princess Louise Home is a very kind and sensible one, and we hope you will carry it out. Also, the Swiss cottage would do for the bazaar beautifully.

BLOCK.—Unslaked lime is an excellent thing with which to clean steel articles, and if steel ornaments be kept in it they suffer but little from rust. Greens, browns, and greys are fashionable.

EVELYN.—Read "The Eyes and Eyesight," at page 805, vol. ii. Do not use any eye-wash, unless prescribed for you by a doctor, or it be some very simple application. Nothing is better for the purpose than the large-sized plasters sold by every chemist.

RAGGIE.—Thank you for your pleasant letter, which does you infinite credit. Florists' gum is made as follows:—Take some of the best white gum-arabic, pick out from it all the discoloured lumps, and dissolve in boiled water. When quite liquid, strain through a handkerchief, and place in a bottle for use. It should be very strong, and one drop from the point of a clean paint-brush, dropped into the centre of a flower, is sufficient.

MABEL H.—We sympathise much with our dear little afflicted correspondent, whose trouble has been so cruelly and wickedly augmented by some evil-minded ignorant person, who does not deserve the name of "friend." "The sins of the fathers" are certainly visited "upon the children" in many ways—as, for instance, a spendthrift may leave them in extreme poverty, a drunkard or evil liver may hand down ill-health to them, and an unbeliever deprive them of all religious privileges and home instruction. Yet even in such sad cases as these God is merciful, and provides other means of teaching the ignorant, and soothing, if not curing, those that are sick. But no circumstances of your birth, whatever they may be, could stand between His divine mercy and love and you, dear reader. Seek His forgiveness for all your own sins, and His grace to help you against them, and trust only in His death on the cross for your salvation, and thus your "reaching the kingdom of heaven" need be no matter of doubt and distress to you, nor to anyone else.

MOTHERLESS ROSALIE.—We feel truly for you in the bereavement you have just experienced. The work which now naturally devolves upon you, if involving very great responsibility, is one of deep interest, and it must be a comfort to you in your sorrow and many new anxieties to feel that you are carrying on your dear mother's own especial work, which she would have wished to place in your hands.

NAOMI.—The third volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER began with October, 1881. We could not give you any advice on the subject; you must choose for yourself. Your letter is so badly written, and your commendation of a rude letter so extraordinary, that we think you must have been much out of temper when you wrote to us. In such cases you will find the best and wisest course is to write the offensive letter (which seems to relieve your feelings) and carefully lock it up for the night, and destroy it in the morning.

JANE P——Y.—We regret we could not accede to your wishes. We should have thought that a family, evidently so industrious, and so well provided for in England, would have done better to have remained there. The following extract from a letter is sent to us by "Pensive Nineteen." It is dated from the interior of Queensland, December, 1881:—"I do not know what pay State teachers get with you, but here they do well. An acquaintance of ours gets £135 a year, with free house, wood, water, &c., all found; and if she were to go farther north she would get more." This lady, who emigrated some years ago, has done well, and considers the bush better for girls who do not mind work, than the coast-towns—which are often over-stocked.

AN INVETERATE TALKER.—"Helen" and "Iphigenia." Send the contributions to the amateur page at any time.

GALATEA.—The value of an Edward VI. sixpence is from 3s. to 8s., with the reverse *Civitas Eborae*, 15s.; crown piece of Charles II. (milled), 8s.; milled, 1666, elephant beneath bust, from 8s. to 12s.; 1681, elephant and castle beneath bust, 15s.; James II. shilling, "gun money," Scotch, July, 1690, 11s. 6d.; pattern "gun money" one shilling, May, 1690, large head, from 12s. to 14s.; "gun money," copper and pewter, June, 1690, one shilling, 1s.; George IV. lion shilling, from 2s. 6d. to 5s. You will find the best guide to the current prices of coins is a catalogue of one of the great sales. English coins are ever fluctuating in value, as fashion is largely concerned in their purchase; and an accidental discovery of a great number of one type, till then considered scarce, will reduce its price to the value of the metal of which it is made.

J. H.—Your description of both coins is too vague to enable us to identify them.

PHEBE RANDLE.—1. The tradition of the aspen-leaf is that it has trembled with shame and horror ever since our Lord's cross was made from its wood. 2. Iron the sash on the wrong side, placing a cloth between it and the iron.

QUEEN MARIE.—From what you tell us, it is evident that no time should be lost in procuring the best advice. If you have any intimate friends in London, you had better come up to them, and see some experienced practitioner. If you cannot do this, procure the best country advice that you can obtain. Tell your family that we urge this step to be taken at once. Your writing is exceptionally good, and might be placed amongst our best specimens.

MAID OF KENT.—It appears that by virtue of a statute of Queen Elizabeth, the "women of Kent" have certain privileges given to them, in recompense for the devotion all the inhabitants of the Kentish coast displayed at the time of the preparations against the Spanish invasion. The married women are said to have a right to vote in elections for members of Parliament, but there is a distinction made between "Kentish women" who cannot vote, and "women of Kent" who can. We give you the information we have culled from the weekly press for what it is worth, as we can find no other authority on the subject.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.—Benne, or beneseed, the *Sesamum orientale*, or oil-plant of the West Indies, from the seeds of which an oil is expressed called benne oil. *Dhourra*, called also *doura*, *durra*, and *dura*, an Arabic word; and Indian millet and guinea-corn, the botanical name being *Sorghum vulgare*. It forms the main food of the inhabitants of Upper Egypt, and is so wonderfully productive that Hamilton says he counted 3,000 grains in one ear, and each stalk has in general four or five ears. It is said to yield to the Egyptian fellaheen a return of 240 for one.

A NOVICE.—The name "Janet" is a diminutive of Jane, the feminine of John, which is from the Hebrew, and means "the gracious gift of God."

JUMBO.—The "daughters of the house" hold the rank—whatever that may be—of their eldest brother as it was during their father's lifetime. This is demonstrated in the case of an earl's eldest son and his sisters. He is "Lord So-and-so," and they are "the Ladies So-and-so," while all the younger brothers and their wives are simply "Honourable." Thus the "daughters of the house" (the sisters of this eldest brother) take their place next immediately after his wife, and, of course, precede his daughters so long as unmarried. After that, their station in society may be changed. Your writing is pretty good.

ROSE.—We see no reason why you should not make use of tramcars, provided that your parents do not object to your so doing.

PHŒBE.—You have our sympathy. It might be well to consult some friends, and try to obtain pupils through them before you risk the loss of money in advertising.

MIRRIE.—The address of Miss Macpherson is Spitalfields Home of Industry, Commercial-street, E.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 122. APRIL 29, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "On the Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER III.

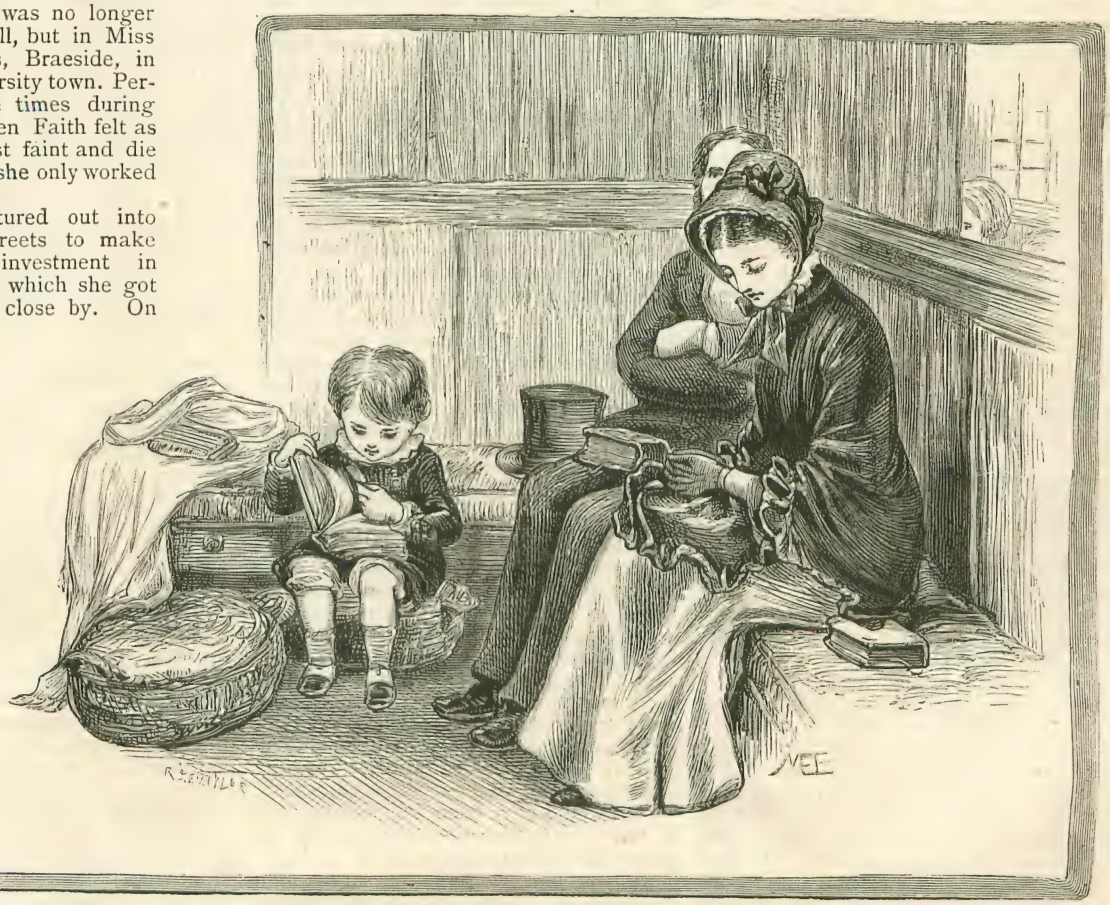
AN INSPIRATION.

FAITH found plenty to do when her brother left her alone next morning. Perhaps it was a little eerie and dreary to open out all the dear home relics by herself—to gaze at remembered photographs, and potter about among familiar relics, until she had to give herself a resolute little shake to realise that she was no longer in Westering Mill, but in Miss Milne's lodgings, Braeside, in the Scotch University town. Perhaps there were times during that morning when Faith felt as if her heart must faint and die within her. But she only worked the harder.

Once she ventured out into the stranger streets to make some modest investment in Turkey red twill, which she got at a little shop close by. On her return up Miss Milne's steep steps she passed a young man who was coming from the house — a tall, gaunt youth, dressed in strong rough tweeds, who looked as if his own slight frame might wear out sooner than his serviceable garments. The only impression Faith received was of two hungry-like grey eyes which looked sharply at her from beneath their bushy brows.

"I suppose that is Mr. Robert Finlay," she thought, and then thought no more about it.

Faith was so self-conscious of her own unskilled labour and the cheapness of its materials, besides that she had made



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"'I SAW A DRIED WHITE ROSEBUD BETWEEN THE LEAVES.'"

herself so thoroughly weary, that she was not at all surprised that Denzil did not go into ecstasies over her work. Indeed, she was so tired and disheartened, that it would rather have seemed to her strange, but refreshing, if he had It would have done Faith good if, when Miss Milne brought in the tea, that good woman had uttered aloud the exclamation she only thought,

"Eh, but it's bonnie!"

But Miss Milne had been bred in that stern school which, in its loyalty to plain truth, seems half afraid of pleasant truth. With uncompromising remorse, the worthy soul still remembered some words of passionate hatred she had uttered to a village schoolfellow more than forty years before, but it would never have occurred to her—as it occurs to few—to count among her sins of omission the bright and cheering words which she might have spoken and yet had left unsaid.

And if the utterance of Miss Milne's admiration would have gratified Faith, she would have been still further pleased by the proof Miss Milne presently gave of its sincerity and guilelessness. For Denzil proposed another evening walk with his sister. He had been cooped up all day, he said, in all the fuss and worry of his preliminary examination, and he wanted to stretch his legs. Faith consented so readily, that perhaps Denzil was not to be blamed for forgetting that while he had been sitting in physical ease, only racking his brain for sundry answers, which perhaps ought to have come more readily than they did, she had been standing and kneeling, unpacking, unfolding, nailing down, and fitting on.

And as soon as the two had descended the steps, Miss Milne went to Mr. Finlay's door.

"I'd just like ye to see the way yon lassie has set off my little room," she said; "I wouldn't have believed it, with her bit white fingers, and morsels o' this and that, that I'd have just thought scraps o' wastrie. Eh, young gentleman, ye need na turn sae stiff, as if I was asking ye to go into their room afore ye are invited. They've left their door open, an' ye can see everything from the passage."

Thus advised, Robert Finlay yielded, more to please his kind landlady than to gratify any curiosity of his own, for the lad was one of those who grudge every moment taken from work. But the youth was no churl to refuse to admit that what he looked on was a pleasant sight. The stern young face softened; it grew almost wistful. For he had a mother at home—a widowed mother, sick, too, not unto death, but in the living death of a helplessness and weakness that would never be relieved in this world. The thought of her, in her little, lonely, bare home often shot a pang through his heart, and made him buckle to his work with fiercer energy. How different would be her lot if she had a daughter such as this girl must be! The very rudeness and cheapness of poor Faith's art-decoration made half its charm for young Finlay. It had never before occurred to him that a bit of red twill could make an effective dash of colour, that a few little pieces of china set out on a shelf could break the monotony of a dun grey wall, or that photographs would be more attractive mounted and set out in neat home-made frames than huddled away in an envelope in a box. Why! he might even do something of the same sort for his mother's room, though it struck him at once that he would go very bunglingly and awkwardly about the task which Faith had done so deftly.

"Women do seem to have a knack of their own, after all," he admitted, rather reluctantly. For at the very last discussion in the College Debating Society, Robert Finlay had taken the ungallant side on the question, "Are women inferior to men, or only different?"

"Aye, that do they," returned Miss Milne, who was quite aware of the lordly attitude assumed by most of her young lodgers, but who held them in a quiet, confident, good-humoured contempt that was too amused by them to contradict them; "that they do; but men might have a deal more of it if they cared to take a little trouble, just as women have more sense in them than they generally bring out."

When Robert Finlay returned to his own little den it looked strangely dreary, and the thought of his mother's chamber was drearier still. She had been a good mother, and he had been a dutiful son in all the sternest and highest aspects of goodness and duty. But they had had to face death, and neglect, and perpetual penury—gloomy influences which none but the brightest heart-sunshine can conquer. And Mrs. Finlay and Robert had been by family tradition and habit afraid of their own hearts. Robert had never once seen his mother merry; she would have feared that he should do so. Their very creed had made them unregarding of times and seasons; they kept no Christmas, and birthdays came and went without wish or token. They had had no friends. Kindred they had, of course; those ties which, when loveless, are only fetters; and theirs had had small chance for love. There was an aunt on one side, a many-childed, much-absorbed woman, by nature mean and narrow and given to grudge her sister-in-law her gentler breeding and her ambitions for her boy, and there was an uncle on the other, a very flourishing, prosperous man, rising high in the world, and inclined to despise his sister's husband, for his toilsome life and his early death, and that uncle had a wife who took it upon her to criticise and deprecate every movement made by Mrs. Finlay and her boy, feeling she had full right so to do, since "they had no one to look to" but her husband, though certainly they had never yet looked to him for any help, and would probably have looked vainly if they had. Visits from such connections as these were the only home-galas Robert could remember, and it was to be feared that he was growing to regard them with a bitterness, which would have been inexcusable had a wider range of life allowed him to place them in true perspective.

Robert had won the bursary which kept him at college, and he managed to live on it, eked out by a little teaching, and at his brief visits to his mother generally took home a pound or two—the bare cash—the dirty one-pound notes which are the currency of those northern regions. He did not dare to invest them in anything which might have imparted to the gift a little cheery individuality and grace, for might not his masculine inexperience have failed to extract its utmost value from every shilling? Robert wrote home, punctually and unfailingly, every week, but he never gave his mother the treat of even an unexpected letter, for postage stamps cost pence, and stationery had a knack of running into serious bills, and he knew she would remember this as much as he did.

Does all this show that the widow and her son were of mercenary, avaricious spirit? Nay, it shows how highly they valued independence and honesty and knowledge, and they valued them, too, not so much for themselves as for each other. Mrs. Finlay sat propped against her pillows, and knitted her Rob's socks and mended his clothes, and lay sleepless for a whole night, when some heedless neighbour who had been into town came back reporting that "young Finlay was looking white and wan." And Robert toiled over his books, and asked no dainty and no freedom, and no pleasure for himself, so that he might stand high at the end of each session and have those stray pound notes to take home. The pity of it was that the struggle was so strenuous, that it seemed likely to cost them all that is best worth struggling for. The terrible thing is, that so much of life seems set so. The warrior advancing, dare not pause to gather flowers, and they are only trodden under foot by the camp follower and the traitor!

Probably Robert Finlay could not have set forth the train of thought into which he fell when he returned to his room, but it must have been after this style—

"This girl thinks it worth while to make bright and pleasant these hired rooms of hers. I suppose she feels that she and her brother can never live again the months they pass here, and that therefore those months must be made as cheerful as possible. I do think, sometimes, that there is such a thing as living too much in the future. One sees how it wastes the life of those who are always looking forward to some new happiness, instead of making the most of what they have. I think I have heard a proverb, 'He who is always thinking of going away, does no good while he stays.' I am only pressing forward as fast as I can that I may be able to provide my mother with fit comfort and attendance for her increasing infirmities. But I doubt if I am as kind as I might be to her at the present time. It is likely that pleasure and happiness of all sorts are like condiments, more wholesome when sprinkled all over our daily food, than when taken in lumps apart from it."

And then he heard Faith and Denzil return. He heard their light feet and chattering tongues as they ran up the front steps, and a great yearning rose in his heart. Could he ever give his mother

anything better than his love? And could he not give it to her more frankly, more genially than he had done? Was it not after all the bestowal of the little things, the little considerations, the little tendernesses which could alone make great gifts gracious—setting forth all the difference between the largesse of love and the bounty of patronage?

"I shall write to my mother at once," he said, seizing a sheet of note-paper. "I shall write just because she does not expect a letter, and because I have nothing to say, except that somehow I wanted to write."

The letter was short and simple enough, after all:—

"My Dear Mother,—I know this is not my regular day for writing, and I hope therefore that the sight of my calligraphy will not frighten you. But because I always do write a weekly letter, I don't see why I should never write one in between. I have been thinking a great deal about you to-day, because there are some new people come into Miss Milne's other lodging, and they have made their sitting-room look so pretty with a lot of little devices that I might contrive for your chamber when I am with you for the holidays.

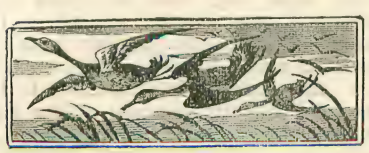
"I wish I had somebody who would put me up to ways of giving you pleasure, for I'm afraid I'm not very sharp in hitting on them myself, except in telling you of the place I have in class, or of the praise I get marked on my papers. Why should I not do these things, and yet not leave the others undone? Ah, do you remember a sermon we once heard from that text at the Kirk of Logie? It is long ago. Father was with us then. Oh, I was quite a little fellow. It was spring, I remember, and you had on a pale green dress, and I thought you looked like part of the beautiful fields that had begun to live and move. And I sat on a hassock at the end of the pew, and when I peeped inside your bible—the old one, with the bent clasp—I saw a dried white rosebud between the leaves. How strangely all things come back when once one begins to remember! I hope you will think this letter worth reading, and believe me to be, your affectionate son, Robert Finlay.

"P.S.—I do hope you have always felt how much I love you, though I don't believe I ever said a word about it before."

How astonished Faith Alleyne would have been if she had known this result of her trifling industries! As it was, her heart was made light by Denzil's exclamation, as he came in, in high good spirits, from their walk.

"Upon my word, Faith, but your room does not look so bad, after all. The change you have made for the better is wonderful, considering all things!"

(To be continued.)



VARIETIES.

Poetical Mottoes for Menu Cards.

The most simple matters of daily occurrence as well as events of the most momentous consequence are capable of illustration from the writings of our great poets. In the following selection we have supplied mottoes from our greatest poet for only a few viands. But should any reader care to amuse herself by searching for additional ones, we are pretty certain she will find quotations to suit almost every article in the cookery book.

First Course. "Continue in courses till thou knowest what they are."

Second Course. "Great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast."

Third Course. "Whatever the course, the end is the renown."

Fourth Course. "The fruits are to ensue." "And any pretty little tiny kickshaws."

Apple Tart. "Carv'd like an apple tart."

Capon, Roasted. "You cannot feed capons so."

Cheese. "My cheese, my digestion."

Chickens. "You would chickens i' the shell."

Cream, Ice. "Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes."

Cucumber. "For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps."

Duck. "Oh! dainty duck, with wings as swift as meditation."

Fig. "The fig of Spain, very good."

Lamb. "Innocent as is the sucking lamb."

Lettuce. "We may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb."

Nuts. "And fetch the new nuts."

Onions. "An onion will do well for such a shift."

Oranges. "Give this orange to your friend."

Oysters. "This treasure of an oyster."

Peas, Green. "I had rather have a handful or two of pease."

Potatoes. "Let the sky rain potatoes."

Prunes and Raisins. "Four pounds of prunes and as many raisins o' the sun."

Pudding, Plum. "Blessed pudding, the more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns."

Quince Pie. "They call for quinces in the pastry."

Salmon. "Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish poor tributary rivers as sweet fish."

Shad. "A very fresh fish here."

Snipe. "I should time expend with such a snipe."

Soup. "Expect spoon meat."

Veal. "Veal," quoth the Dutchman; "is not veal a calf?"

Double Acrostic.

A pious, good princess, surpassing fair,
Benevolent and wise, whose fostering care
Gave her adopted country useful trade—
Brought in her countrymen her views to aid,
Gave them new homes wherein their looms to ply,
And made a nation's special industry.
Her honoured name th' initial letters spell;
Her native land the final letters tell.

1. On reading his "Lives," we're astonished to find
   How great were the follies and faults of mankind.
   When a Greek takes his aim he is certain to hit,
   So the follies were *glory*, the faults were called *wit;*
   And his parallels drawn 'twixt his heroes have shown
   That they sought not the good of mankind, but their own.

2. A seaport and capital city, well known
   In that world which was "given to Castille and Léon
   By Columbus;" whose bones—after hardship and strife,
   Ungrateful imprisonment, toil-harassed life—
   Consigned to the ground whose discovery he made,
   In its noble cathedral were peacefully laid.

3. I have read of a tribe that in Africa dwelt,
   Among whom the desire for a change was not felt;
   For their breakfast was fish, and their dinner the same,
   Which no doubt will account for their very odd name.

4. What was it Diogenes took when he went
   Through the Forum of Athens, with cynic intent,
   Into every corner and cranny to scan
   And to find—if 'twere possible—*one* honest man?

5. There is one of the States of America, named
   From its ancient possessors, the Red Men; 'tis famed
   For its mineral wealth and its rivers that flow
   By the fields where the "breadstuffs" luxuriantly grow.

6. In this ancient castle a hero was born,
   The Protestants' hope and the Catholics' scorn.
   Of his own country, king; yet was chosen to reign
   O'er another; he ruled it with wisdom humane.
   Through battlefields fearlessly ventured his life,
   To fall at the last by a murderer's knife.

7. The captive, in solitude hopeless and sad,
   To whom memory brought back the days that were glad;
   His spirit soar'd free from the misery and gloom
   As he wrote the sweet air on the walls of his room.

8. Come hither, ye sluggards, come hither to me,
   And wise lessons of industry shall ye all see.

Ximena.

THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

If our girls could look into the offices of the Princess Louise Home, in New Broad-street, they would be amused and astonished to see them lined with band-boxes and packing cases. These represent gifts for the coming bazaar—work either finished or in progress—and materials generously presented by several City firms. Miss Tidd no longer looks downcast, but is radiant with hope; for have not the promises of the readers of The Girl's Own

PAPER surpassed her expectations? One huge case is filled with their handiwork and presents. We examine them all conscientiously: the useful first, on the principle of "business first, pleasure afterwards." Here is underclothing, both woollen and linen, socks and stockings, baby clothes of all sorts, pinafores and aprons, jackets and scarfs, hats and caps, toilet sets and towels, &c., &c. Then comes the ornamental. What dolls for the children and embroidered articles for their mothers! Besides, we have slippers, penwipers, purses, scent bags, d'oyleys, scrap-books, and a whole legion of mats and pincushions. Many of these contributions have come from very young children. Here is a whole box full of pretty things from "Kathleen and Mabel," which leads one to hope that some generous friend may undertake a stall! Our expectations grow with success. And no wonder, when "our girls" are so kind. Even the hardest workers for their daily bread amongst them express sympathy. Governesses, who have little time, send a trifle in money, and several servants enclose stamps, together with wishes and prayers for the salvation of their tempted sisters. They will like to learn that these, their sisters, are working hard for the bazaar; and the "home" is truly a hive of busy bees gathering honey for future use. Already several new inmates have been admitted, and many thanks are due to kind ladies who have sent clothes to the home, rather than contributions to the bazaar.

A pile of letters lies before us, that have come from all parts of the kingdom. Some of these have accompanied parcels or enclosed smaller gifts. Others have contained monetary donations. All have been gladly and gratefully welcomed. One informs us that the Rev. and Mrs. Vere Freeman have formed a committee at Exmouth to assist our cause efficiently; another suggests that if every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER were to send one shilling, a considerable sum would be raised; a third, the head of an educational establishment, says her pupils are aiding us. Indeed, we have heard of other schools that are kindly helping. Therefore, "We thank God and take courage." We have had our first committee meeting, held in the quaint vestry of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, one of the old City churches, situated near the Bank. The Lady Mayoress was unable to attend, but we hope that the members present laid the foundation of a grand superstructure. If only we can have a successful bazaar, how many poor friendless girls may we not all help to rescue!

We again append a list of donations received from the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER since the publication of our last short report:—

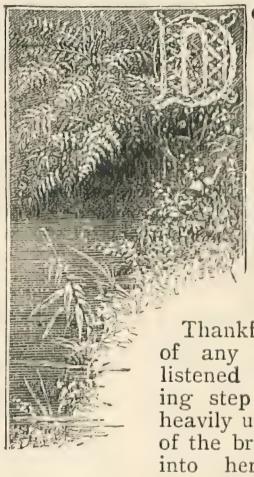
Spring, 8s.; A. M. B. T., 2s.; A Mite for the Home, 1s.; A Reader "G. O. P.," 1s. 6d.; Agnes and Alice, 4s.; Clara Branch, 10s.; Mrs. Clisby, £1 11s. 6d.; Anon, 6d.; L. McN., 10s.; A Reader "G. O. P.," 10s.; A. Jenkins, 1s.; Ada Long, 1s.; Nelly Eckham, 2s. 2d.; A. O. S., 5s.; W. A. S., 5s.; Eleanor A. M., 1s.; Katie Ashton, 2s. 6d.; E. A. Stilwell, 4d.; Mary Fountain, 2s. 6d.; A. Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; One of Our Girls, 2s.; A. Gardener's Cottage, 3s.; E. R., 6d.; E. Pigott, 10s.; Misses Wilford, 7s. 6d.; A. A. C., 7s. 6d.; Mrs. Mitton, £1 1s.; S. G. T., 2s.; Eliza Hatcher, 1s.; A Well Wisher, Exeter, 6d.; Edith Carlill, 5s.; Isabella Gane (with Needlework), 4d.; Mary Jones, 6d.; Miss Richards, 10s.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PERSIAN GAMBIT.



"Do not let me detain you, monsieur. I am very tired, and will rest here a little before climbing the zigzag."

"I am only going to the stables," he answered; "I will come back to you in a little while."

Thankful for a respite of any kind, Damaris listened to his departing step as she leaned heavily upon the parapet of the bridge, and gazed into her tortured reflection below. But just as the swirling water, with its broken rings and ripples, contorted her image, so did she, in unsparing self-martyrdom, look into a self which was but a twisted semblance of the reality. She looked back through a misty vista of dreams to that first marvellous day at the *château*, amazed now at the fulness of her unsuspicious delight.

The sun rested low upon the hills, and already shadows were filling the valley. Immediately above her, on its gloomy height, frowned the old *château*, with the sunlight gilding its towers and battlements. It seemed to overawe her with its stately solemnity. She was no more, comparatively, than one of those leaves dashed along by the stream below, on the march of events that swept through its walls and chambers. Yet she had dared to suppose that she could put down her little straw into the stream and direct the course of her floating leaf. So much for her presumption. The little leaf was stranded on a mud-bank, and the stream dashed on in no way affected by its fate.

What was there left to her? Damaris asked herself, dreamily.

The friendship of which Madame la Marquise had spoken.

But could she steady her hand enough to take it? No sooner did this question occur to her than she saw that this was precisely what she must do in order to prevent others seeing what she had seen. She might even claim it as a right upon the strength of what had been. Perhaps, if she could do this, the quiet tenor of their intercourse might be resumed. Was it because he had suspected what she had only to-day discovered, that it had been broken?

Thicker grew the shadows in the valley, louder roared the foaming water, and lower bent Damaris's proud head as a very agony of shame crept up and over her.

Sharply she recalled every incident of that morning's ride to Chambuisson, every word that had been spoken. She had wondered, as she rode back to the *château*, what had prompted Monsieur St. Just to talk to her in that way. Now she believed she had discovered the reason. He wished to check any wild dream she might be entertaining with regard to him.

Having once started upon this path of self-torture, Damaris was ingenious in prolonging and widening it. With something of the self-same martyr spirit which prompted the victims of olden time persecutions to thrust their members defiantly into the flames, so did she probe and expose the quivering sensibilities of her own heart.

Probably, on his return, he had seen and misinterpreted her joy—the joy which she had by instinct hidden far more successfully than she supposed, and, being an honourable and rigidly righteous man, he had withdrawn himself as completely as he could from the sphere of her daily life.

The thought was terrible to her that she could be so humiliated in the eyes of Monsieur St. Just. Like all proud and sensitive women, she could hardly be called upon to endure keener anguish than that which came from the thought that she was suspected of having given her love unsought.

Bending lower over the stream, she crushed her hands tightly together, so that the nails dug themselves into the pink flesh. The wavering, broken image of herself looked back at her with pitiful, humiliated eyes.

"How could I help loving him?" she said, apostrophising it. "I love all that is true, and pure, and good. I never dreamed of possessing more than his friendship. With that I should have been perfectly satisfied. And now there is only one thing left me to do. I must disabuse his mind of the idea he has admitted in obedience to those worldly suggestions, whose subtle whisperings it seems even he cannot wholly disregard. I must show him that I am perfectly indifferent to all but such friendship as he would accord me if I were a man, I will not evince the slightest degree more of interest in the things which please him than in those which delight Monsieur Jerome. I will be easy and unaffected, even by his coldness and incivility. God help me, strengthen me, sustain me in the carrying out of this resolution!"

She raised herself erectly; the colour came back to her cheek, the light to her eye. She thought she had arrived at a correct solution of all that had puzzled her, and that she had only to nerve herself to pursue the course of action marked out.

The sunlight had left even the highest turret of the *château* as she set off briskly up the zigzag path. She had forgotten Monsieur le Marquis altogether.

All save the two defaulters were gathered upon the terrace when Damaris, with cheeks glowing from the exertion made, and eyes dancing from the excitement that sustained her, emerged directly beneath. She lifted her eyes as she passed along below the balustrade. Several exclamations greeted

her, but that of La Marquise was most audible.

"*Petite*, we were just going to despatch scouts in all directions in search of you, thinking you must have lost your way. But where is Jerome?"

"Is he not returned? Oh, now I remember: he left me on the bridge to go to the stables. I lingered to try my fortune with a floating leaf, an old childish trick, dear madam; and then I forgot that I had promised to wait, and came on."

"You did right to come. If he cannot keep an appointment better than that, he does not deserve that you should wait for him. Ring the bell, Etienne, they may serve dinner now, we will not wait any longer."

"I am so sorry to have kept you," said Damaris.

"So you ought to be. Had you a pleasant walk, *petite?*"

Damaris laughed. Only one ear, preternaturally sharpened, detected the want of spontaneity in her merriment; only one eye saw the restless glitter of hers.

"Not much of one after all. Monsieur le Marquis was lazy, and rested so long amongst the heather that we had to come back the way we went."

"What a pity!" cried Leonie, "it was so lovely over the hill."

As they proceeded to the *salle à manger*, she poured into Damaris's ear a little rhapsody about hills, and woods, and streams.

Jerome came rushing in just as they sat down, with an inquiry for Damaris on his lips, merrily penitent over having just at that moment remembered where he had left her. He had come up by the escalier, quite forgetting his promise to return to her.

Over dinner that day Damaris did not lapse into silence, as she had so often done of late during general conversation, but sustained her part in it ably, and was more than once called upon to defend some position taken, with no one to assist her but the amiable and good-natured curé.

When they all adjourned to the *salon*, neither did she seek to hide herself behind the Marquise's chair, as she had done the night before. The game of chess seemed to be one of general interest, and Leonie being openly supported and assisted by Monsieur le Marquis and Monsieur le Curé, Damaris, with what was, perhaps, exaggerated *sang froid*, took the side of Monsieur St. Just.

He saw in her action only a little resentful flash against Jerome's devotion to Leonie, and said—

"Mademoiselle, I give you fair warning that you will not find me amenable to advice."

She did not chafe against the brusqueness of his tone, as he had expected she would; on the contrary, she replied quite amicably—

"I do not suppose you will stand in

"'I AM ATTENDING, MONSIEUR.'"

need of even so much as a suggestion, monsieur, but three to one appeals to one's sense of justice."

"Then I may thank you for support that is nothing but an empty show?"

"If you feel it to be deserving of thanks, yes, monsieur."

He darted a keen glance at her which Damaris, armed at all points, received without the least disturbance.

At the very outset of the game, Monsieur St. Just, thinking of other things, left one of his knights uncovered, and it was instantly snapped up by the enemy with a flourish of trumpets.

"You boasted too soon, monsieur," cried Leonie, clapping her hands with delight.

Damaris remained imperturbable, though she, too, might very well have exulted. She knew more of the game than Monsieur St. Just supposed. It had been one of the means of cheering the last broken days of her father. Evening after evening they had fought their mimic battles, and the old soldier had imparted to her the secret of many a legitimate manœuvre not known to the ordinary run of players. So it came to pass that at an exciting crisis of the game, when danger threatened Monsieur St. Just's queen, Damaris suggested to him the means by which it might be extricated by the sacrifice of an inferior piece. Monsieur St. Just had not been aware of the move; he saw its excellence at once; but, after the warning given her, would not take the hint; he took his own way and placed himself at a disadvantage, which finally resulted in the loss of the game.

Nothing would satisfy Monsieur Jerome and Monsieur le Curé then, but that the pieces should be replaced exactly as they had been, and that Damaris should continue the battle, making her own move, and following it up as her own judgment dictated.

La Duchesse and the old Marquise drew near to watch the result. Monsieur le Curé rubbed his hands together excitedly. He and Jerome fought desperately. Damaris pursued the advantage which her own especial move had given her, quite coolly. Leonie looked on and applauded, her interest being all on the side of Damaris now. Monsieur St. Just audaciously went over to the enemy and aided them with his advice; but Damaris said, like him, she needed no help, but was quite equal to defending herself. All were laughing and talking at once when she steadily and quietly pronounced, "Checkmate!"

"No, it cannot be!" exclaimed Jerome.

"Yes, it certainly is," said Monsieur St. Just. "You play an original and skilful game, mademoiselle."

Damaris pushed her chair from the chess-table. She seemed to be the only one present who was not excited by the interest of the game.

"Now, Monsieur le Curé, you shall have your favourite song, for which you have been kept waiting a long time."

"*C'est bien gentille*, mademoiselle," and he crossed the room as fast as his short legs would carry him to open the piano for her, managing at the same time to slip in an exaggerated compliment about her chess-playing.

Damaris did not care half so much for the chess victory as she did for the one it had covered. The strain was growing greater almost than she could endure, and yet it must be sustained awhile longer She sang more brilliantly than she had done any evening yet at the old *château*, without one quavering note to tell of the effort it cost her. Monsieur le Curé was enchanted, and Leonie crept up and listened, wishing that she had even one of the numerous talents which Damaris possessed.

The evening came to an end at last. In the solitude of her own room Damaris paid dearly for the restraint put upon herself. But only for a little while did she break down. True to her brave resolve, she fought and conquered her weakness.

For many following days she undauntedly pursued the course marked out for herself. Monsieur St. Just, though he failed to penetrate her motive, saw clearly enough that her gaiety, her carelessness, were no more like the spontaneous joyousness which had been hers during those early days at St. Aubin, than an artificial light is like the clear brightness of the sun. She deceived the others, but she could not deceive him. Her spirits were unequal, her laughter forced, her carelessness far too studied to be natural. He noticed, too, that the soft oval of her cheek was giving place to sharper lines, and the heavy shadow beneath her eyes, while it added to their brilliancy, seemed to tell of sleepless nights. To one who had studied to understand her in her actions as he had, it was evident that some secret anxiety was oppressing her, and that she was opposing it with every power she possessed. He believed that he understood the cause, believed that he saw more than enough to account for all her proud heart was enduring in the gradual, but evident, defalcation of Jerome.

An angry indignation worked within him, but, without bringing any actual charge against his brother, he redoubled his efforts to keep Leonie out of his way.

La Marquise and La Duchesse, comparing notes, decided that affairs were so far satisfactorily advanced that a little judicious hastening of matters might now be ventured upon.

La Marquise, with the most admirable and delicate *finesse*, made an opportunity to sound Etienne concerning Leonie, and La Duchesse, as became her position and authority, more openly questioned Leonie with regard to her sentiments. Neither was as successful as might have been expected. Etienne at once perceived and frustrated his mother's designs by telling her frankly that any views of the kind she was foolish enough to cherish with regard to him must, for reasons she knew well enough, be utterly vain. He begged her to relinquish them, assuring her that if she persisted in them they could only end in confusion and pain.

Leonie, on the other hand, was driven to evade the truth; she did not dare to open her mind to La Duchesse, to tell her plainly what she thought, that, although she liked Monsieur St. Just very well indeed, Monsieur le Marquis was much more pleasant and agreeable. She begged for more time to think the matter over; was sure her *marraine* could not wish to hurry her, &c. La Duchesse thought well to confer with La Marquise before pressing the question further with Leonie. To her astonishment, she found her old friend of Leonie's way of thinking, that for the present it would be better to let matters remain as they were.

"The dear child is so extremely young," said the old Marquise, in her pretty way; "by all means let her have liberty to consider to the full the importance of this step."

La Duchesse could not think what her old friend was about to give such counsel as this, but being somewhat obtuse, and never seeing a thing unless it was placed beneath her very nose, she had no suspicion of what was the real obstacle.

All things considered, the atmosphere inside the *château* was not too pleasant just at this time, but, being well-bred people, very little of this troubled undercurrent appeared on the surface of their intercourse. Monsieur le Curé, good easy soul, came and went, and never suspected for one moment that all was not as harmonious as it appeared.

A showery morning kept them all indoors. The sun, breaking out at midday, dispersed the clouds and shone dazzlingly upon the myriad raindrops pendant from every twig and leaf.

La Marquise had not yet left her room. La Duchesse, with her little pug dog curled up on a velvet cushion beside her, was absorbed in an intricate piece of ecclesiastical embroidery. Leonie, at the chess-table, was working out a problem set her some little time ago by Monsieur le Marquis, and Monsieur St. Just coming in from the library as the luncheon hour approached, lingered by her chair to make one or two suggestions.

Damaris had been reading, but the watery sungleam had wooed her from her book; she stood half within, half without the open window, her wistful gaze fixed upon the broadening bit of blue sky.

Upon this group Monsieur le Marquis came, fresh from the stables.

"Etienne, do you know that colt you had up from the farm awhile ago is eating his head off for very idleness? André says he has absolutely not had a day's work since he came in, and advises his being turned out again."

"Tell André from me to mind his own business. Let Jacquet eat his head off if he likes—it is about all he is fit for."

"So I should think from the look of him," said Monsieur le Marquis, laughing. "I never saw such an uncouth little creature. Why on earth don't you get him civilised?"

"Jacquet is a diamond in the rough, and, like all such diamonds, unappreciated. Take care, you are endangering your queen, mademoiselle."

Damaris turned from the window with

that sharp decisiveness which so frequently characterised her actions now, and addressed Monsieur le Marquis.

"André's complaint shall not be utterly disregarded. May I trouble you to ask him to saddle Jacquet for me to ride this afternoon?"

Monsieur St. Just bent over the chess-board, and, with his long thin fingers, moved one of Leonie's pieces for her. Jerome glanced from him to Damaris, puzzled.

"What! do you mean to say you can ride, mademoiselle?"

"I have only been on horseback once for years, but I do not think I have forgotten how to hold the reins, monsieur."

"But this is such a rough little animal, more like a wild boar than a pony; and perfectly untrained, I should say."

"You do not do Jacquet justice. He and I have already made each other's acquaintance, and I can assure you he is as gentle and as fleet as one can possibly wish."

"Then you really mean to ride him?"

"Certainly I do."

"You are strong-minded, mademoiselle," said La Duchesse, looking up from the eye of a saint she was putting in with brilliant torquoise blue, "to ride alone, and a horse that has not been properly trained."

"Mademoiselle is quite fearless," said Monsieur St. Just, "as all who know her are perfectly aware."

"She shall not risk anything in this case," said his brother. "I will superintend her equipment, and answer for her safety."

Damaris was not to be deterred, either by the evident disapproval of La Duchesse, or by Monsieur St. Just's cutting remark. At any rate she would show him that she had no especial object in continuing to neglect the means of exercise he had placed at her disposal. She simulated indifference, although the thought of a wild scamper alone in Jacquet's company, as a relief to the oppression which was weighing so heavily upon heart and mind, quickened every pulse.

She coolly discussed Jacquet's qualities and equipment with Monsieur le Marquis.

"Where will you ride?" he asked.

"In the least public place to which you can direct me, for fear Jacquet and I should afford amusement to the uninitiated."

"Oh, there is no fear of your coming to grief," said Monsieur le Marquis, laughing; "you have nerve enough to carry you safely through more trying ordeals than this."

"One would think that Mademoiselle Damaris was a dragonette at the very least," said Leonie, lifting her eyes, "by the way in which you all speak of her. I wish I could accompany you, mademoiselle."

"I will not have you risk your neck in any such foolish manner, Leonie."

"Don't disquiet yourself, *ma marraine*. I envy mademoiselle, but I have no courage to imitate her. I have very much fear of horses. Shall I advance this pawn, monsieur?"

"You shall ride in the *basse vallée*," said Monsieur le Marquis to Damaris, "it is shadowy and quiet, and you will not be likely to encounter any living person. But you must have someone to follow you on horseback. I wish I could offer my services as escort, but Blanche will not carry my weight, and my own horses have all been disposed of. Cannot old André be spared, Etienne?"

"André has orders to be ready to accompany mademoiselle whenever she wishes," said Monsieur St. Just, shortly. "Now, Mademoiselle Leonie, your queen's bishop forward one square and the problem is ended."

"Is that checkmate? Oh, how delightful! and the easiest thing in the world, is it not, monsieur?"

"Yes; one has only to get a clear idea of the end to be attained, and then make for it, oblivious of all obstacles. That is the way to the solution of many problems."

Damaris looked up with a startled glance. Monsieur St. Just had slipped into Leonie's vacant chair, and was carefully moving the pieces in accordance with his own fancy.

Leonie had gone out into the sunshine on the terrace, and Monsieur le Marquis had followed her. Unconsciously Damaris's glance had wandered in their direction, and for the first time it occurred to her what strange complications might arise if, as seemed probable, they conceived a liking for each other.

Monsieur St. Just, seeing the direction in which her eyes travelled, and the stillness which had all at once come over her, misinterpreted both, feeling keenly her supposed mortification.

"Mademoiselle, there is an old problem which I have often seen worked out, and which had once even a heavier stake depending upon it than has the game you play."

Damaris looked at him with sudden fear and recoil. Her momentary perturbation and her quick recovery of self-command did not escape him, even though he purposely kept his eyes upon the chess-board, where he was calmly replacing certain pieces.

"The white has king, rook, bishop, and two pawns, placed severally in these positions; the red has king, queen, and two rooks. Are you attending, mademoiselle?"

"I am attending, monsieur."

Damaris, who by this time had calmed her startled nerves with the reassurance that she had been needlessly alarmed, and that his words could not have contained any covert allusion, left her seat and drew nearer the board with an assumption of careless interest.

"The game was played by two Persians, and the stake was the favourite wife of the one who played the white. It had reached this critical point, as you will observe I place the pieces, when the lady looked down from a window above. But, stay, the story has been quaintly told in rhyme. Now watch the moves as I give the measure—

'Where the stream of Solofrena
Winds along the silent vale;
Where the palm-trees softly murmur,
Waving to the gentle gale;

By the myrtle-woven windows
Of an old romantic seat,
Sat, at chess, two noble Persians,
Shelter'd from the scorching heat.

Here, with beating breast, Alcanzor
View'd the deep eventful play;
There, with black o'erarching eyebrows,
Sat the Caliph, Mehmed Bey.

But with wary eye the Persian
Marks each passion of the heart;
And the gallant, brave Alcanzor
Yields, a victim to his art.

Soon his ancient store of treasures,
Soon his wealth and wide domain,
Soon the glories of his fathers,
Fall—the crafty Caliph's gain.

Now he maddens as the lion
Raging through the desert grove;
Now, with desperate oath, he pledges
Zaida's beauties, Zaida's love.

Mehmed Bey the offer seizes,
Triumph glistens in his eyes;
Ah! rash youth, that thou hadst never
Dared to risk so fair a prize!

For impending ruin threatens
To devote thy hapless love;—
But, what piercing accents issue
From the lattic'd height above!

'Tis the beauteous Zaida crying,
Half distracted, "Oh! my life,
To thy foe concede thy castle,
And from death preserve thy wife!"'

"Quite a pretty story, monsieur," said the Duchess, approvingly. "Leonie, did you hear it?"

"*Non, ma marraine;* of what are you speaking?" asks Leonie, turning back towards the open window.

"A charming little chess-story in verse that Monsieur St. Just has been giving us. You must ask him to repeat it in the evening."

The Marquise's chair approached the *salon*, and her voice was heard giving directions to Angelique.

Monsieur St. Just rose and swept the chess-pieces together; as he did so he dropped his voice—

"Take Zaida's advice, mademoiselle—let your castle go—it may prevent a harder and more lasting sacrifice."

Damaris, in fear, moved away. How much did he know? how much did he guess of the terror which was disquieting her? And if he knew anything of it at all, how dared he define a trouble such as hers by the suggestion of a remedy? She had never before thought him vain, even in the small degree common to the best of men; but if he could quietly admit the fact of her preference, and warn her, at the same time, against its indulgence, he must be the vainest of his sex.

To him it seemed that she defied and resented his kindly-meant warning, for what did she do but step out through the open window and join Jerome and Leonie, striving to eclipse the latter by the dazzle of her own forced gaiety.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By DORA HOPE.

THE position in which Margaret now found herself was a truly perplexing and unhappy one. The task of misleading Wilfred as to where she had been on the night of meeting Tom was only too easy; indeed, she half wished he had shown a little suspicion, and so have discovered the truth, without her having to directly break her promise to her brother. But no, the explanation that a poor person who had been very ill wished to see her was sufficient for Wilfred, knowing as he did how many friends and *protégés* his wife had in the poor districts at hand. So he only laughingly begged her to persuade her distressed parishioners to choose a more timely hour for their summonses in future, and then thought no more of the matter.

How she longed to tell him the truth! To be joining with him in grieving over the boy's silence, and making plans for tempting him home, whilst, on the other hand, she knew he was living miserably not many miles away—such a dual kind of existence was unbearable, and the deceit of it so utterly repugnant to her nature that she felt she could not go on with it. But then came the remembrance of Tom's resolute face and decided tone as he said, "and you will never hear from me again"; and, recalling his ever firm (a harsher judgment might have called it "obstinate") will, she dare not put him to the test.

Thus she went painfully on, with a very troubled heart. Mr. Colville, her father, remained abroad, always in the hope of meeting with his son in some of the places with which he had become familiar during past holidays; this idea seemed plausible enough to all the family, save Margaret. That Joanna was almost convinced of Tom's guilt was evident to her during a two or three days' visit which she paid to the Helliers at this time. Joanna had left home whilst her brothers were little more than children, and had had few opportunities of knowing their matured characters.

Besides this, it seemed to Margaret that baby Annie (as little Miss Hellier was generally called) monopolised a great deal more than a fair share of her mother's attention, and poor Tom's troubles were of much less importance than the premature premonitions of a tooth.

"She seems a little inclined to be fretful, Madge," said Joanna one day, when Margaret had been trying to talk guardedly about the subject which lay ever near her heart. "Do you know I really shouldn't be surprised if—oh, yes, Tom we were talking about; well, you know, boys are so easily tempted. I always thought that dear Tom was rather weak, and then his keeping silent does seem so very strange, doesn't it, baby darling?" and she fell to kissing and crooning to the little one in a way very aggravating to Margaret, who felt Tom's affair a crushing weight which nothing had power to lighten.

"I cannot understand how you can treat the matter so lightly, be so calm about it," she exclaimed. "Why, if I thought he had done this thing, I should hardly lift my head for shame! And as it is, to think about him, innocent and suffering, no doubt, somewhere or other—oh, it is heart-breaking!"

"Calm! my dear Madge. I was dreadfully upset about it, I can tell you, and I do feel it very much indeed, and we are doing all we can to find him even now, in concert with Wilfred and you and father, though as to pretending to think he didn't do it, I'm afraid there's no room for doubt about that. Do you know I sometimes see such a decided look of you about baby Annie's eyes, particularly when she smiles——" But Joanna was talking to space, for Margaret, with a white face, had gone from the room.

"Oh, don't go, Madge!" Joanna called after her. "I want to ask you a number of things. I will send baby up to nurse now if you like, and then we can have a little quiet time before Arthur comes home. How does the wonderful Anne go on?"

"Oh, we are very comfortable at present," said Margaret, mollified somewhat, coming back to her seat, and preparing for a chat. "I find I made one mistake when she came in not saying anything about perquisites, of which in consequence Anne takes a good many."

"And if that is once allowed, there is no end to the waste and pilfering, for pilfering it undoubtedly is, though no cook would admit it," rejoined Joanna. "The only thing to do is, at the beginning, to say you are willing to add something to the year's wages, but that *no* perquisites are allowed. If that is made quite clear, there is no more difficulty. I always tell them frankly that anything I get by selling, what in some houses is considered cook's perquisites, I give away in charity. That is a better use of the money than adding it to the already good wages of the servant, and they always agree with me if they are worth anything. The people who buy those sorts of things call quite openly and purchase whatever there may be for them, and there is no secret at all about it. But if you do not like that plan, you should, at any rate, have a clear understanding at first as to what Anne is to take and what she is not, for if the subject is avoided, the waste and extravagance that go on are immense."

"Anne is more wasteful with bread than anything; I cannot get her to be careful. When she has a great accumulation, she moistens a quantity with water, and throws it into the garden 'for the birds,' she says, but it really nourishes an army of stray cats, who are the pest of the neighbourhood."

Joanna laughed at her sister's woes. "You should look into the bread-pan every morning, and make Anne empty and wipe it out. Then pieces always come in well for puddings, apple charlotte, or the plain baked puddings with currants and candied peel. These, cold, turned out and sprinkled with white sugar, are really nice and look well too. But you ought not to have many pieces in your small family, and you will not have if you insist upon care being taken in cutting it."

"It seems to be the general custom about us to have a boy in for an hour every morning to clean the boots and knives, and do anything else he can to fill up the time. Very useful he is, too, but two shillings a week seems a good deal; still, as everyone does it, I am obliged to, too."

"Why do you not offer Anne a shilling a week to clean the knives and boots herself?" suggested Joanna; "it would save you half the expense, and I think she would agree to it readily. If she does, by the way, tell her to mix the blacking with beer instead of water, it is so much better; and another hint is that boots should be kept constantly cleaned even when not in frequent wear."

"Anne is very clean on the surface; she is perpetually cleaning the silver and her 'brights,' and giving a superficial polish to things which show, but she has several corners and cupboards which are what the boys used to call glory holes of dirt and rubbish, and into the contents of which I should be very sorry to pry."

"Oh, that is very bad, Madge; it is so unpleasant to feel that one's house is not thoroughly clean in every crack and crevice. You must make some excuse for having these places cleared out, for perhaps you would not like to offend her by telling her outright. As to the silver, it is very hard wear for it to be cleaned frequently; once a week is quite sufficient, so long as it is thoroughly washed every time of using in boiling water, *perfectly* dried with a soft cloth, and finally polished with a leather. By the way, I know of a capital method of improving electro from which most of the silver has departed. You take a pennyworth of powdered chalk, and twice the amount of mercury, and mix them to a paste with a drop of water in a saucer; and if you well rub the tarnished article with this it will soon be quite bright and white."

"Our electro does not require any doctoring just yet I hope, still it is useful to know of a simple thing like that," returned Margaret. "But, Joanna, to return to the former subject, I think it is rather an imposition to have to decide on a certain fixed 'day out' for servants, with which nothing may interfere, however inconvenient it may be to the mistress, don't you?"

"But *I* do not submit to such an arbitrary arrangement. It is, I think, only right that they should go to church once every Sunday, and I see that they do go to church, and not spend the time in walking about. This I always promise them, but beyond this I do not bind myself. I tell them they shall have a holiday as often as ever I can spare them, and if they have a special reason for wishing to go at a certain time, I shall try to make it convenient to let them do so."

"That must be far more pleasant; but is it not difficult to persuade the maids to think so?"

"If they demur at all, and I think them worth coaxing, I generally explain that they will find they have even more liberty in my service, as I wish them to be happy and contented; and after trying my plan a while if they are not satisfied, I say I shall try to make other arrangements. But they invariably do like my system, when they consent to try it, for it is really more pleasant for both mistress and maid."

"Yes, so I should think, but I could hardly venture to begin a new order of things with Anne, could I? That reminds me, Joanna, do you keep a hospital drawer?" asked Margaret.

"I don't know what you mean exactly; I have a little medicine chest, you know, with the ordinary staple medicines, but that is all."

"Well, I have started a hospital drawer; now and for once I am ahead of you!" rejoined Margaret, triumphantly. "Wilfred's dear old aunt, Mrs. Trent, with whom he used to live, came to see us the other day, and at luncheon she somehow managed to let her knife slip, with the result of a cut finger. Anne flew in one direction and I in another, in search of sticking plaster, for I knew I had some somewhere. We ransacked the house, and I think I never felt more ashamed, for not even a bit of soft rag could we find, and at last I had to tear up a pocket handkerchief, and by the time I came back to the room I found Mrs. Trent had already used her own as a bandage. I told her of my resolve to set apart a drawer for those sorts of things for the future, and she advised me to keep in it not only soft old linen, stout calico, and sticking plaster, but some cotton wool for burns, pieces of flannel and muslin for poultices, and some mustard leaves, so as to be ready for all emergencies."

"That is a wise precaution to take, certainly," said Joanna; "I must have one, too."

"Then she went on to tell me many uses to put old house linen to. Of course, she said, sheets can be made to last a long time by turning the ends to the middle, cutting away the worn parts, and darning them where thin. Towels can be turned in the same way for servants' use, and tablecloths, when past darning, will make nice tray cloths and fish napkins, fringed and made pretty by drawing threads a little above the fringe. But when they are *quite* done, even for this use, they may be cut to size, two or three thicknesses put together, stitched round, and they make lovely soft cloths for polishing plate and knives, rubbing the windows or crockery; in fact, all kitchen purposes."

"Yes, so they would; I have found from experience that old woollen socks and stockings, cut and stitched two or three together, make capital house flannel, and it is a shame to buy dusters when an old print or holland dress will furnish ever so many first-rate ones; in fact, much better than those expensive fluffy one you buy, which are beautiful in appearance, but no *use* at all."

Margaret quite enjoyed a talk like this; it was so like old times to be figuratively sitting at the feet of her clever sister again, and she thought to herself (and reproached herself for thinking) that Joanna was certainly *much* nicer when little tyrannical baby Annie was upstairs in the nursery.

For the time, too, she had ceased to be constantly oppressed by the miserable thought of the double part she was playing; but this returned in all its strength when she was again at home. Her only hope was that somehow the state of things could not last long. Some one must surely recognise Tom, she thought, though there was little chance of this, for he had no friends in London at all, save herself, Wilfred, and the Colvilles. Surely Tom could not intend to keep his whereabouts secret for many weeks, or in some way or other his presence must come round to Wilfred's ears—thus she reasoned with herself. She did not yet know how in the great metropolis every one goes his own way, and cares nothing for his neighbour's business.

Meanwhile, she could not let Tom be in actual want. Yet not one penny could she take of Wilfred's, her husband whom she loved so, and yet whom she was deceiving so shamefully. But by strict self-denial she thought she might fairly help Tom somewhat.

For example, hitherto she had rather enjoyed having little dainty luncheons, with tiny experiments in the way of cookery, which, if successful, would be carried out on a larger scale for Wilfred's benefit at dinner. But now, when Anne had spread the table and retired (for Margaret waited on herself at this meal), she would survey the viands spread, and say to herself, perhaps, "I should *like* that little piece of chicken, and then some of this cold tart, but I will have instead a piece of bread-and-cheese (I wish I liked cheese, but it is very satisfying), then the chicken will do nicely for Wilfred's breakfast, and the tart will serve instead of a fresh pudding at dinner, and I shall thus save at least sixpence to go to help that poor dear. Oh, what a wicked, wicked thing I am——," and watering her bread-and-cheese with tears, she would struggle through the repast, and presently sally out to see the hardly less unhappy Tom. In taking the money from her he would always display considerable reluctance.

"I *hate* to take it, Madge, but I know it's really your own; I know you wouldn't bring Wilfred's, and I know you'll believe me when I vow to return it some time. I shall make a good start some day, and get really rich, and then *won't* I pay you back with interest for all your goodness to me!"

(To be continued.)

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ESSAY WRITING.

Subject:

"THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS; ITS ORIGIN AND TEACHING."

Examiner:—THE EDITOR.

THE Editor is pleased to be able to report that more competitors have contributed to the success of this competition than has been the case on any previous occasion. Over 1,200 essays were sent in to be examined; the younger girls exhibiting clearer notions of the construction of an essay than they have hitherto done. The handwriting on the whole was not so good as at our last competition, but the subject was treated with greater skill. Although most of the essays were written in a highly interesting and unconventional style, we were glad to find less over-floweriness of language. We hope our girls will always remember that simplicity and truth with earnestness must ever be the chief elements in the writing of an essay.

FIRST DIVISION.

FIRST PRIZE (THREE GUINEAS).

Eleanor Watson (20), 17, Canonbury-park South, Islington, N.

SECOND PRIZE (TWO GUINEAS).

Marion Manson Clarke (20), Meddat, Parkhill, Ross-shire, Scotland.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Jones, Louie J. (20), Hampstead, N.W.
Cooper, Annie E. (21), Newmarket, Cambridgeshire.
Kendall, Emma Goldworth (20), Selby, Yorks.
East, Annie Elizabeth (23), Brentwood, Essex.
Walsh, Jane Nelson (20), Bristol-road, Birmingham.
Baddeley, Gertrude (24), Sydenham-park, S.E.
Orman, Lina Nainee (23), Bedford.
Lakeman, Isabel (23), Seven Sisters-road, N.
Phillips, Louisa Mary (21), Bench-street, Dover.
Skaife, Kate M. (22), Islington, N.
Stoneman, Eliza (20), Hulme Barrack, Manchester.
Jackson, Gertrude B. (20), Macclesfield, Cheshire.
Milner, Sarah Anne (20), Bute Docks, Cardiff.
Wilson, Annie Eliza (20), Preston, Lancashire.
Arthur, Agnes Augusta (25), Kingsend, Dublin.
Messeroy, Annie (20), Jersey.
Payne, Gertrude Mary (24), East Retford, Notts.
Burns, Catherine Sarah (24), Watford, Herts.
Humfrey, Jessie (23), Maidenhead, Berks.
Lakeman, Marion Elizabeth (20), Seven Sisters-road, N.
Macarthy, Florence (20), Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Sillifant, Florence L. (23), Cadoxton, near Cardiff.
Lys, Mary (20), Bere Regis, Wareham, Dorset.
Walker, Eliza Holland (21), Newton-hill, near Leeds, Yorkshire.
Smith, Blondina Charlotte (24), Fawley, Southampton.
Newton, Mary Jane (22), Southsea, Hants.
Parry, May E. (21), Shrewsbury.
Sutton, Emma (22), West Harnham, Salisbury.
Price, Mary C. (20), Overton, Ruabon, N. Wales.
Webb, Edith A. C. (20), Eaton-square, S.W.
Long, Clara Lydia (23), Godalming, Surrey.
Jameson, Mary Hope (23), Edinburgh.
Bartlett, Rosina Georgina (22), Winfield, Oxford.
Clarke, Mary Elizabeth (21), Westwood-park, Forest-gate, E.
Walton, Elizabeth (20), Quarndon, near Derby.
Bennett, Alice Mary (20), Bevois-hill, Southampton.
Gummer, Jane Elizabeth (22), Burton-road, Derby.
Jeff, Catherine Ann (24), North Petherton, Bridgewater.
Ward, Katherine Mary (20), West Cromwell-road, Kensington.
Dawson, Blanche Emily (20), Moor Allerton Vicarage, near Leeds.
Booker, Alice Mary (21), Humberston-road, Humberston.
Lovell, Ellen Mary (21), Gloucester-gardens, Hyde-park.
Thompson, Mary Jane (22), Preston, Lancashire.
Cameron, Margaret Eva (24), Fellercairn, N.B.
Watson, Charlotte M. (22), Trinity, Edinburgh.
Blayney, Jessie (24), Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Haysome, Bessie (21), Great Tower-street, London, E.C.
White, Nettie (22), Stow-hill, Newport, Mon.
Harston, Ellen (22), Laurel-road, Fairfield, Liverpool.
Twigg, Mary Charlotte (21), Southam, Rugby.
Ritchie, Alice Gould (21), Greenock, N.B.
Smith, Juna Rochfort (20), Cheltenham.
Welby, Fanny (23), Sherwood, Nottingham.
Hopkins, Marian Maria (25), Kidderminster.
Townsend, Pattie (22), Barnsbury, N.
Robertson, Agnes Fraser (20), Edinburgh.
Gates, Gertrude L. (21), Clapham, S.W.
Jones, Helen (22), Queen-parade, Harrogate, York.
Dare, Helen Webb (25), Park-lane, Stoke Newington.
French, Agnes Sarah (21), Walthamstow.
Jacob, Edna Melville (21), Highbury New Park, N.
Northcroft, Mary (23), Surbiton-hill, Surrey.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Cunningham, Margaret (24), Edinburgh.
Ranken, Alice (21), Guernsey.
Swinton, Alice, S. L. C. (21), Dunse, N.B.
Blaine, Helen Georgina (21), South Kensington.
Rae, Caroline Mary (21), Waterloo, near Liverpool.
Clark, Bessie (20), Harrietshaw, Maidstone.
Huntley, Amy (22), Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.
Mayell, Minnie Weir (20), Walton-on-Thames.
Gower, Annie (21), Baker-street, W.
Bowden, Sarah Ann (21), Hayfield, Derbyshire.
Brough, Emma Catharine (23), Fleet, Hants.
Shaw, Ella M. (22), Stratton, N. Devon.
Wright, Fanny Jane (21), Seaforth, near Liverpool.
Phillips, Blanche Elizabeth (23), Tenby, South Wales.
Mitchell, Eleanor Maude (22), Ashton-on-Mersey, near Manchester.
Sollory, Mary Rosa (21), Sherwood, Nottingham.
Hillyer, Jessie Laura (24), Ealing Dean, W.
Hobbs, Florence Mary (20), London-road, Reigate.
Ranken, Ellen (23), Rochford, Essex.
Tinney, Margaret (20), Winchester.
Harding, Gina (24), Morningside, Edinburgh.
Jarrett, Charlotte Jane (20), Croydon, Surrey.
Cornish, Mary Kate (24), Bishop's Teignton, near Teignmouth, South Devon.
Sills, Kate Sarah (22), Mansfield, Notts.
Parker, Annie (23), Olney, Bucks.
Wakeham, Alice Mena (20), Edinburgh.
Codd, Emily Frances (21), St. John's Wood, N.W.
Wathen, Bessie (23), Tollington-park, N.
Simes, Emma Gibson (20), Mare-street, Hackney.
Anderson, Mary Elizabeth (23), Grantham.
Robertson, Jane (22), Gatehouse of Fleet, Scotland.
May, Fannie (23), Colchester, Essex.
Biggs, Emily Sarah (24), Keresley, Coventry.
Covey, Elizabeth (22), Kingskerswell, South Devon.
Robertson, Florence Louisa (21), Batheaston, Bath.
Pollock, Mary (23), Bedale, Yorkshire.
Hill, Catherine Elizabeth (23), Roborough, Devonshire.
Thomson, Emily Eliza (22), Peckham, S.E.
Herring, Annie Helena (24), West Brighton.
Alcock, Annie Elizabeth (20), Mansfield, Notts.
Smith, Florence Mary (22), Nottingham.
Mitchell, Louisa (22), Clapham-park.
Bloxam, Eleanor Emma (20), Woolwich.
Wardens, Maud (23), Clapham-road.
Thompson, Ellen (24), Elwall, Derby.
Magor, Harriet Eliza (21), Penzance.
Hollands, Frances Elizabeth (22), Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.
Robinson, Edith Maud (20), Wellingborough, Northamptonshire.
Boyd, Alice (21), Spencer-street, Carlisle.
Fayers, Ellen Annie (23), Painswick, Gloucestershire.
Thomson, Augusta Louisa (21), Shepherd's Bush-green.
Yeates, Emma Elizabeth (21), South Circular-road, Dublin.
Budden, Kate Amelia (22), Winchester.
Hammersby, Nellie (22), Birmingham.
Last, Mary Louisa (22), Ipswich.
Dale, Minnie Louisa Sophia (23), Leeds.
Lock, Alice (25), Birmingham.
Buchan, H. McLelland (23), Leaton, Axminster.
Prior, Alice Marion (20), Guildford.
Presgrave, Frances (22), Tours, Indre-et-Loire, France.
Litchfield, Annie (22), Elston, near Bedford.
Leake, Sarah A. (24), Forest Hill.
Wray, Lillie (21), Farlinge-road, Rochdale.
Tarbuck, Elizabeth Rose (20), Kennington-park, S.E.
Broughton, Annie (24), Weetoe, South Shields.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Allbon, Olive Janet (20), Hitchin.
Harris, Jenny (22), Wavenston, near Woburn, Beds.
Holligan, Ellen (23), North Finchley, London, N.
Bull, Adelaide Helen Rebecca, Frensham, near Farnham, Surrey.
Roe, Frances (22), Mountmellick, Queen's Co., Ireland.
Jenkins, Mary Elizabeth (20), Tydu, near Newport, Monmouthshire.
Paton, Ella (24), Portobello, Midlothian.

Seppings, Amelia (20), Dover.
Martindale, Rosa Elizabeth (21), Stoke Newington, N.
Kinneir, Minnie Margaret (23), Swindon.
Green, Evelyn (21), Brighton.
Nicholson, Anna Mary (22), Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Macintosh, Mary Agnes (20), Camp, Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland.
Lewin, Alice Stevenson (23), Grange-road, Ramsgate.
Gamgle, Florence Marianne (20), Birmingham.
Pike, Marion (21), Burgoyne-road East, Southsea.
Cordner, Emilie Nelson (22), Newry, Co. Down, Ireland.
Richardson, Catherine (25), St. Julian's-road, N.W.
Heafield, Mary Agnes (24), Chapel-on-le-Frith.
Mustard, Mary Eliza (24), Wesley, near Colchester, Essex.
Leslie, Emma Margaret (20), Walpole-road, Brighton.
Bucknall, Alice Mary (24), Peckham-rye, S.E.
Steward, Nellie (21), Greenwich.
Dawson, Mabel (21), Kensington, W.
Woodbridge, Hannah Naomi (21), Waltham Abbey, Essex.
Grasby, Emily Clara (24), Lincoln.
Bird, Frances Caroline (22), Reading.
Mason, Ada Matilda (21), Horwich, near Bolton, Lancashire.
Stamps, Florence Emily (25), Gravelly-hill, Birmingham.
Knee, Julia Fanny (24), Waterperry, Oxford.
Cocking, Mary E. (21), Crown Point-road, Leeds.
Lowther, Florence S. M. (23), Hampton-park, Redland, Bristol.
Hayward, Kate (20), Willesboro, Ashford, Kent.
Johnson, Sarah Anne (24), The Greave, Rochdale.
Farmer, Florence Isabella (20), Cheetham, Manchester.
Kitchin, Mary Annie (20), Blackheath, Kent.
Rogers, Martha D. (25), Castle Fields, Shrewsbury.
Robertson, Margaret Raymond (21), Monkstown, Dublin.
Woodhouse, Isabel H. (24), Stokepoges, Slough.
Brown, Florence (20), Houghton, Huntingdon.
Garrett, Frances Sarah (23), Gosport, Hants.
Stanton, Annie (21), Bourne, Lincolnshire.
Gilling, Emma (23), Pudsey, near Leeds.
Wallace, Katharine Anna, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.
Gibson, Edith Jane (20), West Bristol.
Swan, Agnes M. (22), Midthorn, Falkirk.
Wilson, Lily Marion (23), Kilburn.
Nicol, Harriette Emily (20), Downs-park-road, Dalston, E.
Broadfoot, Margaret (25), Barrow-in-Furness.
Wotton, Ellen (22), Catford.
Rogers, Eliza Marian (20), Downham Market, Norfolk.
Winthorpe, May (21), Dover.
Day, Helen Amelia (23), Worcester.
Herrman, Eugenie Helena (24), Princess-road, South Norwood.
Quarrell, Constance (20), Clifton, Bristol.
Edridge, Alice (22), Wolverhampton.
Rusby, Emelia (24), Bradford, Yorks.
Newham, Louie (23), Berners-street, Leicester.
Rounds, Annie M. (23), Chorley, Lancashire.
Webb, Elsie (24), Brecon, South Wales.
Boyd, Martha (20), New Ross, Ireland.
Foster, Harriet (21), St. Anne's, near St. Helen's, Lancaster.
Hood, Annie (21), Tyneham, Wareham.
Butler, Ellen Jane (25), Canterbury.
Talbot, Lucy (21), Topsham, Devon.
Burford, Amy (21), High-street, Hampstead, N.W.

SECOND DIVISION.

First Prize (Two Guineas).

Jane Christian Richardson (18), 7, Bruntsfield-crescent, Edinburgh.

Second Prize (One Guinea).

Georgina Eleanor Manning (18), 4, Upper Ely-place, Dublin.

First Class Certificates.

Richardson, Christian (16), Wetheral, near Carlisle.
Lewis, Ida Gwendoline (19), near Swansea.
Roberts, Florence Ida (18), Clapham-common, S.W.
Cox, Clara (18), Oakley-square, N.W.
Garnett, Beatrice Mary (18), Upper Tollington-park, N.
Gwillim, Georgina (19), Cardiff.
Holton, Ethel Maude E. (18), Woolwich, S.E.
Ward, Edith Ellen (17), Rushey-green, Catford, S.E.
Tice, Martha Ellen (19), Grange-road, Egham, Surrey.
Webb, Eva (19), Shepherd's Bush.
Bury, Eliza (18), Co. Monaghan, Ireland.
Groves, Kate (17), near Frome, Somerset.
Poole, Catherine (19), Hoddesdon.
Barton, Agnes Emma (20), Kingsland R.S.O., Herefordshire.
Dawson, E. M. S. (17), Kensington, W.
Leeson, Kate Elizabeth (19), The Green, East Dulwich.
Boucher, Mary Agnes (16½), Portland-road, Nottingham.
Nixon, Marie (19), York.
Twigg, Gertrude Hanbury (16), Southam, Rugby.
Bellerby, Ada Mary (18), Polsloe-road, Exeter.
Toomer, Ada (18), St. George's-square, Portsea.
Cathcart, Katherine (17), Drogheda, Co. Louth, Ireland.
Shaw, Eleanor (19), Hastings.
Eastty, Hilda Elizabeth (17), Burnt-Ash, Lee, S.E.
Lawton, Ethel Beatrice (19), Hackney, E.
Major, Annie Jessie (17), Devizes-road, Salisbury.
Milne, Joanna M. B. L. (19), Edinburgh.
Vincent, E. U. R. (18), Weymouth.
Jones, Gwen. Elizabeth (19), Penarth, Cardiff.
Bayne, Clotilda (16), Kilburn, N.W.
Collins, Emily A. (16), near Wisbeach.
Chown, Nellie (18), Ashford, Middlesex.
McCormack, Isabella K. (18), Pultenay-town, Wick.
Robson, Grace Elizabeth (18), Claughton, Birkenhead.
Morgan, Lily (19), Sunderland.
Rossiter, Agnes (18), Weston-super-Mare.
Madeley, Dora (17), Kentish-town, N.W.
Hughes, Emma Caroline A. (18), Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake, near Leicester.
Hordle, Emma Mary (20), Wareham, Dorset.
Brown, Bertha M. D. B. (16), Bedford.

Second Class Certificates.

Downie, Helen B. (18), Burntisland, Fifeshire.
Richard, Gertrude (16), Leigham-court-road, Streatham.
Dawson, Emily Eleanor (18), Farcliffe-road, Bradford.
Handford, Frances (18), Swansea.
Green, Agnes (17), Portslade, near Brighton.
Ayling, Esther Emily (16), Junction-road, N.
Hern, Rosa Mary (19), St. Austell, Cornwall.
Codd, Helen Mary (16), St. John's Wood, N.W.
Pine, Marion E. (18), Maidstone.
Bartlett, Bessie (19), Weymouth.
Staveacre, Margaret Helen (18), Wellington-road South, Stockport.
Garrard, Gertrude Frances (18), Stratford-on-Avon.
Hindley, Clara (19), Alleyn-park, Dulwich.
Lewis, Mary F. (18), Grange, Edinburgh.
Hamilton, Ada (17), Westbourne-park, W.
Drewe, Ada Mary (19), Abingdon, Berks.
Elphinstone, Florence (16), Tours, Indre-et-Loire, France.
Sayers, Edith Elizabeth (18), Lewisham.
Kershaw, Catherine (18), Halifax.
Tompkins, Henrietta (19), Worthing.
Brown, Marian Ethel (16), Higher Compton, Plymouth.
Stock, Maud Emily (19), Ramsgate.
Paulig, Annie (19), Chesnut-grove, New Malden, Surrey.
Meadway, Laura (19), Rochester.
Barber, Harriet Anne (18), Shepherd's Bush, W.
Adams, Caroline Esther (17), Shepherd s Bush, W.
Lester, Minnie (16), North-shore, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Niblett, Jessie Beatrice (17), Haresfield, Stonehouse, Gloucester.
Cross, Annie Elizabeth (16), Weston-super-Mare.
Boase, Lilian G. (17), Hevitree, near Exeter.
Spotswood, Amy Adeline (18), Launceston, Tasmania.
Allen, Jessie (18), Sunderland.
Balcombe, Anne Maria (19), Southbank-road, Kenilworth.
Perry, Jane (18), Loundwater, High Wycombe.
Ashworth, Fannie (17), Bramley, near Leeds.
Burgess, Ada Maria (19), Upper Kennington-lane, S.E.
Foreman, Alice Phillis (17), Great Yarmouth.
Jordan, Ethel Mary (17), Woolwich.
Edmondston, Margaret S. H. (16), Shetland Isles.
Bishop, Florence Anna (16), Uxbridge.
Foster, Annie (18), West Ashby, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.
Plews, Emma (19), Spennithorne, Bedale, Yorks.
Fuller, Helena Mary (17½), East Moulsey, Surrey.
Mills, Elizabeth L. (16), Great Yarmouth.
Rylands, Caroline E. G. (18), Pimlico, S.W.
Batchelor, Catherine Jane (17), Gravesend.
Pratt, Beatrice Jane (18), St. John's-hill, New Wandsworth, S.W.
Morgan, Harriette Gayer (17), Mosstrevor, Co. Down, Ireland.
Smith, Ethel Margaret (17), near Guildford, Surrey.
Sharpe, Janet T. (18), Camberwell, S.E.
Janson, Lilian F. (19), Exeter.
Clowes, Edith Emily (18), Beccles, Suffolk.
Moffatt, Annie Rachel (19), Birchanger, Bishop's Stortford.
Taylor, Eleanor B. A. (19), Gordon-square, W.C.
Rabson, Ada Mary (16), Woolwich.
Benson, Mary Elizabeth (17), Taunton, Somerset.
Taylor, Ada Florence (19), Baker-street, W.
Drawbridge, Etty A. H. (16), Bedford-park, Croydon.

Third Class Certificates.

Somerville, Henrietta (16), Nantwich, Cheshire.
Brook, Ada Elizabeth (17), Dewsbury.
Hewett, Lizzie E. (18), Blackheath.
Cooper, Emily Jane (16), near Worcester.
Kershaw, Gertrude Mary (17), Skircoat, Halifax, Yorks.
Mason, Sarah Ann (18), Sudbury, Suffolk.
Green, Margaret Fanny (17), Southampton.
Sledge, Marion (19), Islington, N.
Hall, Ina Harriet Ellen (19), Millbrook, Southampton.

George, Mary Elizabeth (18), Anerley, S.E.
Forbes, Margaret T. L. (18), Mecklenburgh-square, W.C.
McCausland, Emily Bell (18), Co. Down, Ireland.
Peachey, Alice Amelia (18), near Chichester.
Hill, Eliza Charlotte (17), Kilburn, N.W.
Oldacre, Mary Jane (17), Limehouse, E.
Ransome, Rose (17), Stoke Hall, Ipswich.
Bushill, Beatrice (16), Herbert-road, Woolwich.
Millar, Florence Emily (18), New Park-road, Brixton.
Bannester, Elizabeth Sumner (17), Great Barling, Chelmsford.
Budden, Minnie Gertrude (16), Town House, Winchester.
Whitehouse, Mary Elizabeth (19), Windermere, Prospect-road, Moseley, Birmingham.
Black, Roberta Couper (19), Heacham, King's Lynn.
Fleetwood, Louisa Sarah (16), South Kensington, W.
Hamlyn, Miriam (18), Port of Spain, Trinidad, West Indies.
Rogers, Anita Russell (16), Hanover-park, Peckham.
Owen, Alice Mary (17), Peckham Rye.
Barton, Gertrude Mary (16), Wigmore Vicarage, Kingsland R.S.O., Herefordshire.
Allatt, Mary E. (17), West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks.
Hawkins, Elizabeth Alice (19), near Dorchester, Dorset.
Mant, Minnie Edith (17), Park Hill-rise, Croydon.
Palin, Clara Annie (18), near Southwell, Notts.
Andrews, Sarah May (16), Bitton, near Bristol.
Long, Lilian Ada (16), Erleigh, near Reading.
Ryall, Mary Jane (17), Axminster, Devon.
Hidden, Margaret Sarah (16), New-cross, S.E.
Gibson, Kathleen Mary (18), Peterboro'.
Gibbs, Ada (18), Potton, Beds.
Procter, Jennie (18), Great Gaddesden Hoo, Herts.
Cowdy, Letitia, Junr. (17), Market-street, Lurgan, Ireland.
Billinge, Nancy Ridyard (19), Little Hulton, near Bolton-le-Moors.
Dunn, Jessie Marguerita (19), Highbury, N.
Thursfielat, Lilla Mary (19), Worcester.
Heseltine, Annie Gertrude (17), Victoria-park, Harrogate.
Ratcliffe, Elizabeth A. (18), Leytonstone.
Backhouse, Elizabeth Grace (19), Laughe, near Blackburn.
Sprague, Janet Rosa (17), Hill-crescent, Epping.
Rogers, Ethel Gertrude (17), Hanover-park, Peckham.
Brooks, Mary (16), Varna-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Hall, Alice Mary (19) Stratford, Essex.
Mercer, Maria (16), Edenfield, near Bury, Lancashire.
Jury, Eliza Alberta (16), Preston, Lancashire.
Stephenson, Elizabeth Rebecca (19), Blanchland, Riding Mill, Northumberland.
Stephenson, Clara (16), St. George's-road, Newington Hall, Yorkshire.
Talbot, Millicent Mary (18), Market Drayton, Salop.
Dyke, Catherine Elizabeth (17), Notting-hill, W.
Battray, Maude (19), Poole, Dorset.

THIRD DIVISION.

FIRST PRIZE (ONE GUINEA).

Margaret Robinson (15), The Manor House, Farnley, near Leeds.

SECOND PRIZE (HALF A GUINEA).

Jeannie Blyton Ashmore (15), 63, Nile-street, North Shields.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Cunningham, Lottie (13), Dalston, E.
Hodges, Edith Muriel (15), Montmartel, Saillaus, Drôme, France.
Carpenter, Clara Emily (13), Camberwell, S.E.
Hill, Jennie (14), St. Anne's Well-road, Nottingham.
McDonald, Jessie (15), Fort William, N.B.
Stroyan, Alice Turley (15), New Mills, Derbyshire.
Hawley, Lilian Millis (14), Nerac, Lot-et-Garonne, France.
Corbett, Edith Marian (15), Thame, Oxon.
Postance, Rosa Philippa (13), London, W.
Winton, Ada Elizabeth (15), Sutton Coldfield.
Owen, Agnes Sophia (14), Hackney, E.
Clark, Nellie (15), King's Lynn, Norfolk.
Just, Ada Mary (14) Clacton-on-Sea, Colchester.
Eling, Margaret Elizabeth (15), Rose-hill, Derby.
Vasey, Nellie (14), Greenwich, Kent.
Martin, Constance Burgess (15), Forest-gate, E.
McPherson, Mary M. (15), New Brighton, Cheshire.
Clarkson, Sarah (15), Filey, Yorks.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Winch, Emily Edith (15), Cranbrook, near Staplehurst.
Webber, Alice (15), Rickmansworth, Herts.
Kennedy, Janie M. (12), Moffat, N.B.
Skinner, Ruth (15), Wellington, Shropshire.
Guy, Janet Christiana (14), Mansewood, Pollokshaws, near Glasgow.
Brown, Nannie (15), Edinburgh.
Brett, Clara Emily (15), Summer Hill, Birmingham.
Goodman, Florence (15), Fairfield, Liverpool.
Smith, Mary (15), Sneinton, Nottingham.
Sanders, Mary (14), Shepherd's Bush, W.
Chapman, Alice (15), New Brompton, Chatham.
Redfern, Alice Ada (14), Penrith, Cumberland.
Curtis, Lily (15), Salisbury.
Forsyth, Lilian (14), Aberdeen.
Elwood, H. Amy (15), Limehouse, E.
Smedley, Gertrude (13), Derby.
Pope, C. A. (14), Aberdeen.
Wilson, Florence (15), Alford, Lincolnshire.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Johnson, Edith (15), Stockport.
Philpot, Mary A. (13), Deal.
Green, Emily Maud (15), Southampton.
Purcell, Mariana Florence (10), Lee, S.E.
Townsend, Annie (15), Barnsbury, N.
Widdicombe, Madeline A. J. (14), High Barnet.
Barrett, Mary Louisa (11), Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford.
Goodwin, Isabel Augusta (15), Peckham-road, S.E.
Hunt, Nellie (14), near Alchester, Warwickshire.
Hyson, Florence (13), Yeovil.
Hernick, Adeline (15), Cardiff.
Crompton, Frances Eliza (15), Wilmslow, Cheshire.
Straker, Ida May (13), South Croydon.
Higson, Sarah Ellen (15), Tuebrook, Liverpool.
Braddock, Florence (15), Peckham.
White, Ellen (15), Haverstock-hill, N.W.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

IN our next weekly number and our next monthly part will be printed a reduced copy of the painting which obtained the first prize (first division) in connection with our recent Competition in Water-Colour Painting. To this picture our girls, one and all, are invited to write an original story, in prose or verse, in competition for prizes for the best specimens of English composition.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three years. For instance, every girl of thirteen years may compete for the Prize to be awarded to the most successful girl under fourteen years of age, every girl of fourteen years and under fifteen can compete for the Guinea Prize to be awarded to the most successful competitor of fourteen years of age, and so on up to the age of twenty-three. The Editor considers that this arrangement of Prize distribution will be an improvement, as every girl will have a greater opportunity to distinguish herself in this improving literary work.

The last day for receiving the stories is Midsummer-day, June 24, 1882.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The stories should be written upon one side only of four pages of ordinary foolscap paper. These four pages must be sewn together at the left-hand top corner.

Each story must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this story is the sole work and in the handwriting of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

MAY-DAY CUSTOMS.

By ANNIE KEMM, F.R.H.S.

IN the third century before the Christian era the Romans indulged in May games in honour of the goddess Flora, and hence called Floralia; they introduced them, it is said, into Britain, where they took deep and lasting root. Originally the feast opened on the 28th of April and lasted several days; but as England, at a very early period, showed signs of becoming utilitarian, the first of May was chosen. The Celts held similar rejoicings under the name of "Beltein," the remains of which exist in the Highlands of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man.

Our Saxon forefathers, high and low, rich and poor, welcomed May-day with great joy, until the accession of the

A VILLAGE MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

monk King. Edward the Confessor, who divided his time between the church and the chase, and never dreamt of mingling with his rustic subjects. Enthusiasm, therefore, cooled a little, but long after the Norman Conquest we find Geoffrey Chaucer, from his charming retreat at Woodstock, not only rising early to see the daisies open, but sighing gently for his youth, in order to bear the merry-makers company. This is what he says :—

"To the greene-wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall;
And home they bringen in a royall throne
Crowned as king; and his queen attone
Was Ladie Flora, on whom did attend
A faire flock of faeries and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare."

The Tudor sovereigns won a deal of their popularity by that graceful unbending, which touches the hearts of the multitude, and we learn from writers of the period that the whole Court went "a Maying;" indeed, Henry the Eighth and Katherine of Arragon rode from Greenwich Palace to Shooter's-hill, and spent the whole day in the woods with their delighted subjects, dressed as Robin Hood's men. Spenser, in his Shepherd's Calendar, and Herrick in his graceful pastorals, sing the praises of the month of flowers, and register the joyful manner in which our ancestors appreciated it.

The Stuarts encouraged rural pastimes, and even John Milton, the onlooker of the downfall of Monarchy and the temporary establishment of Puritanism, sings from his natural man's heart :—

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and fond desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

At the time of the Puritan revolution May games, maypoles, and other amusements savouring of levity were suppressed by statute, and the attempt to rescue the old customs from oblivion at the Restoration failed wholly to reinspire a permanent taste for what had been so rigorously kept in abeyance for twenty years. Except in remote country villages, May-day has become a fable.

Let us see what it presented in the days of good Queen Bess, when public recreation attained its zenith of perfection.

Lord Lytton, in his introduction to "Harold," describes part of the festival, namely, the "bringing home the summer" in

THE MAY QUEEN.

the shape of the maypole. The ceremonies had changed little in the course of five-hundred years.

Soon after midnight parties of youths and maidens started for the woodland nearest the town or village, taking with them as many draught oxen as could be procured, and a low trolly for the maypole. They selected and felled the tallest and straightest tree, then gathered boughs of hawthorn and birch, and abundance of flowers, and at dawn formed a procession homewards, singing, capering, and blowing horns. The old folk came out to meet them, and after due refreshment the sports of the day began. Sometimes the mirthful band returned in silence, and showed their likes and dislikes by adorning the doorways of their friends with boughs and flowers, those of disagreeable folks with bunches of nettles or thistles.

A procession was next formed to the village green, headed by the prettiest girl in the village and her band of maidens, two of whom placed a crown of sweet flowers on her head. The villagers adorned the maypole with stripes of paint, with garlands, and with long streamers, and then erected it amidst universal shouting. Bowers and arbours speedily sprang up round it, and in the best sat the queen, dressed in white and covered with flowers, the observed of all observers. She looked on, but did not share the sports of her subjects; and at the close of the day rewarded some chosen merrymakers with garlands and other trifling remembrances of the day. A poet of later date thus describes her :—

"As I have seene the Lady of the May
Set in an arbour (on a holy-day)
Built by the maypole, where the jocund swaines
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's straines.
When envious Night commands them to begone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one;
And for their well performance, soone disposes—
To this a garland interwove with roses;
To that a carved hooke, or a well-wrought scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter; to another then
A handkerchief, cast o'er and o'er agen;
And none returneth empty that hath spent
His paines to fill their rurall merriment."

Dancing round the maypole lasted the whole day. At first a small number joined

MAY-DAY IN THE TIME OF THE TUDORS.

hands, and then concentric rings were formed until the whole green seemed in motion. Another pretty figure was made by the lasses and lads each taking the end of a streamer dependent from the top of the pole, and by skilfully jetting "*in and out*" plait them all, and then by a backward movement unplait them.

The Robin Hood games made a prominent feature in the day's observance. An ample space, marked off from the crowd by a barrier of rope, was entered first by six young woodmen, bearing axes and garlanded with ivy. Six maidens, clad in blue and crowned with primroses, led in a sleek milch cow profusely decorated, and they were followed by six foresters dressed all in green.

The cream of the procession included Robin Hood, with Little John and Will Stukely; two maidens in orange-coloured kirtles, strewing flowers; Maid Marian, crowned and supported by two bridemaidens in blue, crowned with violets, and followed by four others dressed in green; Friar Tuck bearing a huge quarter-staff, and Much, the miller's son, came next, then the maypole, and at last the hobby horse and the dragon. The villagers were allowed to decorate the pole, which was raised amidst general acclamations, and then the gay party within the barrier danced and sang. The hobby horse frisked, ambled, curvetted, and performed feats of jugglery, the dragon hissed, yelled, and clapped his wings. Much cast meal slily into the faces of the gazing rustics, or rapped their heads with his bladder, and Friar Tuck dropped his staff upon the toes of those who pressed forward too eagerly, bidding them mind their prayers.

At last the horse and dragon becoming weary, Robin Hood and his men practised archery, Robin winning the prize. Then the villagers began dancing.

Among later customs, we read of the Milkmaids' dance even as near our own time as 1795. They formed a garland of silver plate, borrowed from the pawnbrokers, and tastefully arranged on a pyramidal frame with ribbons and knots of flowers. It was borne by two men, and the maids followed, pausing to dance in front of the houses of their customers.

The old customs have almost dwindled down to the practice of carrying garlands common among country children in remote villages, or to rude festivals, which bear the marks of their ancient origin. The May fair of some small towns in Leicestershire has still its juggler and clown, the apologies for the hobby horse and Much, the miller's son; and the song of the Mayers, in its reference to the Spaniards, points to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

It is still customary for the young girls of Edinburgh to rise early on May morning and to repair to Arthur's Seat, there to bathe their faces in the dew. And in the streets of London the chimney-sweeps collect about their Jack-in-the-green—a man concealed in a framework of evergreens and herbs, dancing and soliciting halfpence from the passers-by. As the gratuities thus obtained often provided a rough carousal at the close of the day, the more respectable sweeps have withdrawn from these displays.

Perhaps the most interesting relics of bygone days are the real maypole, still elegant and lofty in a small village near Chester, and the fragment of one which supports the weathercock of the church at Pendleton, near Manchester. The old church of St. Andrew's Undershaft on Cornhill indicates the position of one maypole in Tudor times; and Maypole-alley in the Strand, the site of the last planted there in honour of the Restoration, and removed thence to Wanstead by Sir Isaac Newton in 1717 as a support to his large telescope.

At Knutsford, in Cheshire, and at Worsley, in Lancashire, May-day customs have been revived with immense success.

In the former place, the prettiest maid is chosen from the national school, and she is elected May Queen. On May-day she and her maids, all dressed in white and crowned with flowers, head a procession which traverses the town.

Tiny children in waggons follow her, and after them boys dressed appropriately to represent all trades, and maids to personate gipsy girls. A short service is then held in church; and the company proceed to an open space, where the maypole is erected. The queen is escorted to a pavilion, where her maids dispose themselves round her; two courtiers approach; one crowns her, and the other presents the sceptre. Songs and dancing round the pole then take place, and then the queen and her subjects retire for refreshment.

THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

PERHAPS among the many and various phenomena of nineteenth-century civilisation none is more curious and interesting than the sudden springing into life and rapid vigorous growth, all over the country, of large public schools for girls. Twenty years ago even, if the daughter in an ordinary English household had twice the intellect and capacity of her brother, his head it was that Latin, Greek, and mathematics must at any cost be made to fill, or at least to seem to fill, while if she had aspirations for anything beyond her piano, some acquaintance (often the slightest) with the French and Italian languages, and such knowledge of English history and literature as could be gained from an accurate verbal acquaintance with "Mangnall's Questions," such unfeminine desires were not to be mentioned in a well-regulated family.

Of course, there were homes in which a girl who longed for higher culture found help and sympathy in a clever father, but even then the daughter's ambition and interest in her work were looked upon by the rest of the family as rather reprehensible eccentricities, and her education had to be conducted quite *sub rosa*. Now, though there are still some who sigh regretfully for those good old times, still the majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen are more than willing to allow their daughters to participate in the new educational life which, in the shape of good public schools for girls, is stretching out to meet them almost at their very doors.

Foremost among these public schools for the maidens of the present day is the North London Collegiate School for Girls, the school-house being a large and handsome building, standing close to the Camden-road Station of the Midland Railway. This school was started in Camden Town as a private undertaking by Miss Frances Mary Buss, the present able head mistress, and her mother, and removed in 1850 to Camden-street, where, under the supervision of the Rev. David Laing, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Haverstock-hill, it became much more widely known, and in 1870 numbered above two hundred pupils. In 1870, after the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission into the state of girls' education, efforts were made to place this school on a more permanent footing, and it was removed to 202, Camden-road, and placed in the hands of a trust. At the same time, the old house in Camden-street was given up to a new and lower middle-class school, a daughter, as it were, of the original institution. The grand buildings in Sandall-road, which are now the home of the North London Collegiate School, represent not only almost incredible exertion on the part of the head-mistress and her friends to raise a building fund, but also the generous aid of two City companies, the Brewers and Clothworkers, the former company having most liberally supplied the endowment from an Educational Fund belonging to them, and derivable from property in St. Pancras. These new buildings were opened in 1879 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, at the same time, distributed the prizes in the examination-hall. The Princess of Wales has been for some time the gracious and kindly patron of the school.

Let us go into the school-house. To the right of the entrance is a large, light, and pretty room, known as the office; to the left is a most artistic room, which is Miss Buss's own reception-room. Going straight through the corridor, and leaving on the right the library, already beginning to be well-stocked with the standard works of English and foreign authors, we ascend a small flight of steps and arrive at the examination-hall, the munificent gift of the Clothworkers' Company. In this grand hall, built of oak and red brick, and with its galleries capable of accommodating seven hundred people, prayers are read every morning at 9.15 by the head-mistress before the day's work begins, the organ, on which the hymn-tunes are played by one of the pupils, standing on the raised platform at the end of the hall. This organ is a gift to the school from past and present pupils.

There are three sets of class-rooms—the first, occupied by girls in the higher forms, opening on to the hall; the second, used by girls in the middle of the school, opening on to the gallery of the hall, and the third occupied by the younger children higher still. The class-rooms are supplied with rows of separate desks, each provided with a foot-rest and with a movable chair, having an extra support for the back. On looking round these rooms, one is struck by seeing on several desks dotted about the room what looks almost like a double top to the locker, but what is in reality a piece of wood several inches in thickness stained like the desk and shaped to fit the top of it. This is an appliance to raise the books of the short-sighted pupils, and so to prevent the injurious habit of stooping, so common amongst girls who suffer from myopy.

Beneath the examination-hall is the dining-hall, a cheerful, spacious room, with a panelled dado. In the basement are also cloak-rooms and a drying-room, furnished with hot-air pipes, to which on a rainy day wet garments are taken and returned in half an hour perfectly dry.

A short corridor leads from the dining-hall and cloak-rooms to the gymnasium—a large hall paved with square wooden blocks and furnished with parallel and horizontal bars, ropes and ladders, dumb bells, &c. The gymnastic teaching is in the hands of two ladies from the German Gymnasium, the classes, as well as the general health of the pupils, being under the superintendence of Mrs. Bovell Sturge, M.D. The girls who attend the gymnasium are all dressed alike in short, loose dresses, in colour dark blue, trimmed with light blue. Every now and then the young gymnasts are invited by Miss Buss to what is known as a "gymnasium tea"—that is a merry gathering in the gymnasium, where all appear in their gymnastic dresses, and after tea games of all sorts are carried on with great spirit, and great feats are performed with the gymnastic apparatus, soft mats being placed under the bars and giant stride in case of accident.

Above the examination-hall, in addition to the class-rooms, are a chemical laboratory, with every appliance for the teaching of practical chemistry, and a lecture theatre, with the

tier arrangement of seats. This lecture-room is associated in the mind of many a pupil with the little addresses on subjects relative to the moral life and well-being of the school, given by the head mistress once a week to every form. These addresses last about twenty minutes, and are marked throughout with the impress of the deep insight into girl nature, and power of sympathy with the weak as well as with the strong—points of that nature which are widely known as eminent characteristics of the lady now at the head of the school.

The building also contains a work-room, where the cutting-out and stitching of many and various garments are carried on, under the supervision of ladies who attend for the purpose. There is also a drawing-school, with a capital collection of casts, models, and copies; and in this studio, to those who are willing to give the extra time, not only model, ornamental, and freehand drawing are taught, but lessons are also given in water-colour painting. Below the Fifth Form drawing is a part of the ordinary school course; in the upper forms it is taken in the afternoon by those who show any talent for it. It is found to be an excellent plan that up to a certain age drawing should form part of the education of every pupil, for drawing trains the eye, giving it, so to speak, a second sense; for it is true in an artistic as well as in other applications, that "the eye only sees what it takes with it the power of seeing."

To use a common, if an ungrammatical, phrase, school begins at 9.15, the school doors being opened at 9, and any stranger walking about that time up the Camden or Sandall-roads must be literally amazed at the streams of girls pouring into these roads from all quarters, and flowing steadily in one direction. Indeed, it is not often that one has the opportunity of seeing so many girls together, for the school numbers four hundred and ninety pupils, and about a hundred other girls, who are waiting admission into the school, assemble at the same time in the morning in the preparatory classes held in the old school-house in the Camden-road.

By 9.15 hats and jackets have been taken off and boots changed by every girl in one or other of the cloak-rooms, and all are sitting silently in their places in the examination-hall when Miss Buss appears on the the platform to read prayers. After prayers, the girls, keeping time to a march played on the organ, pass in files to their respective class-rooms, leaving the hall by two entrances. The school is divided into six forms, these forms being subdivided into sixteen, so that there are really sixteen classes, each having a separate class-room, each form containing about thirty children. Lessons go on uninterruptedly for an hour and a half. At the end of that time, four of the lower forms go down into the dining-hall to luncheon. Every pupil is obliged to take luncheon during the morning, but she may either bring it with her, or procure it in the dining-hall, where fifteen or sixteen different kinds of buns, biscuits, scones, cakes, bread-and-butter, &c., may be procured, no single article costing more than a halfpenny. Milk, lemonade, and coffee are also to be had at the cost of a penny a cup or glass, and water is supplied for all who wish for it.

After ten minutes, during which time conversation is allowed—and a surprising amount of it has been done in those ten minutes—the four forms who first came down pass into the gymnasium for fifteen minutes' drill, and then upstairs to their class-rooms, their places in the dining-hall having been taken by other forms. And this goes on in rotation until every form has had luncheon and gymnastics, and every class-room has had plenty of time to get rid of its exhausted air, and to take in a fresh supply of oxygen.

Work then goes on without interruption until 1.30, when a bell is rung, and each girl straps up her books, and passes down to her cloak-room. Every girl must be out of the school-house by 1.45, unless she stays for dinner. The ordinary school-work is not carried on in the afternoon, but music and harmony lessons are given, and drawing lessons to the more advanced pupils. Those pupils who stay at school for these lessons are expected to dine. An excellent plain dinner is provided in the dining-hall for the moderate cost of tenpence.

The last Wednesday in every month is what is known as "Dorcas Day"—that is, the day on which every pupil is expected to attend in the afternoon for needlework. Then from one to two hundred stay to dinner, and the chatter in the dining-hall is almost deafening; but the teachers are many of them so young and all so bright and full of sympathy with the young life around them, that they not only survive, but often seem even to enjoy the confusion of tongues.

A few words must be said about the school course. It comprises Holy Scripture,* mathematics, arithmetic, natural science, Latin, French, and German, history, English language and literature, geography, drawing, economics, and class singing.

The lessons are in form something between the old-fashioned repetition lesson and the modern lecture, and, by a combination of the two methods, escape the disadvantage of both. A history lesson, for instance, would be given in the following way:—The teacher would begin by questioning her pupils upon the work done last lesson, the girls answering in turn, and in the case of the lady taking the lesson not being the ordinary teacher of the class, and, therefore, not familiar with every girls' name, she would be supplied with a box of cards with the name written on them, and each girl would answer as her name was read. Then the teacher, having probably prepared her lesson from two or three histories, would give an interesting sketch of the period, bringing out by judicious questioning any previous information on the subject her pupils might possess. Then, at the end of the lesson, she would give a brief abstract of it, the pupils taking this down in their rough note-books and bringing it in, neatly written out, filled in, and enlarged upon for next lesson. Mathematics are taught as low down as the Fourth Form. This branch of study is entered into by the pupils with a spirit that would certainly be a source of extreme surprise, if not of dissatisfaction, to those who still continue to pronounce the studies of geometry and algebra as "quite unsuited to the female mind." One old pupil of the North London Collegiate School having taken a scholarship of £100 a year for three years at the entrance examination at Girton College, Cambridge, was there examined for the Mathematical Tripos, and the examiners declared that, had she been placed, she would have taken the position of twenty-fourth wrangler!

Greek is taught to those pupils who are studying for the B.A. Examination of the London University, or who intend to go to Girton College. The examinations taken throughout the school are the College of Preceptors, Cambridge, Junior and Senior, and the London University Examinations, and the list of honours gained in them is a long one.

Two of the staff mistresses and two old pupils of the school are amongst the first lady graduates of London University; one lady teacher having taken double honours in the B.S.C. examination, and another being placed in the first class in the B.A. examination, while an old pupil not only took honours in Botany as a B.S.C., but won the first place on the list.

Discipline is as far as possible maintained in the school by means of a healthy public opinion. In each class there are two monitors chosen by ballot, the girls of the form, the headmistress, the staff-mistresses, and some of the visiting teachers having votes. These monitors are responsible for the general conduct of their forms, and in the case of any difficulty arising which is too great for them, they may apply to the prefects, who are elected by ballot from among the members of the Sixth Form. The prefects have the power of summoning before them, as a body, any girl for a repeated breach of the rules which has not come under the notice of a teacher, and if their remonstrance be unheeded, of reporting the matter to the headmistress. Small breaches of the rules are entered by the girl herself in a book called the Appearing Book; and if at the end of the half term the number of appearances against a girl's name be too large, she has to appear in person before Miss Buss. Lessons brought in badly written, or with too many careless faults, are placed on a list called the Default List, where they remain until they have been brought in re-written, when they are struck off. Every lesson on the Default List is also entered in the Appearing Book.

Prizes are given once a year throughout the school to all who obtain a certain proportion of marks in the various subjects of study, and kind friends have founded scholarships and offered several special prizes, so that distinguished merit is not

> "——born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

And on the other hand, if the natural fleetness of the hare is recognised, the steady perseverance of the tortoise is not forgotten.

And outside the well-defined boundaries of school-work, there is plenty of bright vigorous life. Annual plays, characters, and concerts are most heartily enjoyed, both by performers and audience, the parents of many of the young actors being asked by Miss Buss to share the fun. Foundation day, the 4th April, is a great day for the school, and has latterly been observed by an exhibition of toys, made by the girls' own hands, for distribution amongst the children of the workhouses and hospitals, &c. Once a term, the teachers, monitors, and prefects meet for tea and to spend a pleasant evening, and in various other ways, too numerous to mention, abundant proof is given that social life is not necessarily swamped by intellectual activity. Then the school has a magazine, which does its best for her young authors in endeavouring to coax into the publicity of a small world of kindly critics brain-children scarcely vigorous enough for the rough handling of a less lenient public. Courses of cooking lessons given and ambulance classes held from time to time give scope to the talents of those who have dexterous fingers, and like to know how to use them; and if the "Wonderland" Mock-Turtle's anxious question, whether instruction in washing forms a part of the school curriculum, cannot be answered by a North London Collegiate girl in the affirmative, yet she can boast of taking part in a damp lesson, for on summer Saturday mornings a swimming class, with a very skilful lady teacher, meets at the St. Pancras Baths, and at the end of the summer term a prize is awarded by Miss Buss to the swiftest naiad.

And the producing power of all this life and happiness throughout the school is to be found in the headmistress herself, and flows from her to the sweet, gracious, and able women whom she gathers round her to second her in her great work; and many a parent, whose daughters have been educated

* The school is a Church of England School, with the conscience clause.

by Miss Buss, is only too proud to acknowledge that, in coming into contact with a lady of such high intellectual power, such real refinement, and true tenderness, his children have gained a conception of the possible dignity of womanhood, which is of even more value to them than the excellent instruction given in the school. E. A. L. K.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

PEBBLE and THE CHASE (W.).—We advise you to write to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, France.

LILIUM ROSEUM.—Read "How to Improve the Education," page 794, vol. ii. Think more of others than yourself.

LETHE.—You would find it easier to order foreign books through a foreign bookseller. You can find the addresses in any directory.

GELTRUDA.—The origin of "Simnel," or "mid-Lent" Sunday, will be found at page 480, vol. i. It was also called "Mothering Sunday," from the custom amongst servants and apprentices of going to visit their mothers, and taking them a present. "Palm Sunday" is the Sunday next before Easter, and it is so-called from the entry of our blessed Lord into Jerusalem, and the act of the multitudes who cast branches in the way. The 16th December, 1868, was a Wednesday.

A SPRIG OF THYME.—An account of such lives would be best found in an encyclopædia or a biographical dictionary. You would find Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" and "of Scotland" very interesting as a book to read for both pleasure and instruction.

ART.

GIRLS OF GLOUCESTER.—Primroses or lenten lilies would look well.

AYACANORA.—Use a little glycerine with the water-colours, which, perhaps, you are keeping in too warm a place.

WYSALL.—The "Crown-Derby" china was always hand-painted by good artists, but towards the close of the last century white Derby china was sold to be painted by amateurs, which accounts for the tastelessly-decorated specimens frequently met with.

LOTTIE.—Your question is very vague. The earliest-known painters were Cimabue, Ghiotto, Ghirlandajo, &c. We think you mean the first-named, but he was not "French," but Italian. Cervantes was a Spaniard, and wrote "Don Quixote."

TERRA-COTTA.—A full description of terra-cotta painting in oils, water-colours, and in etching is given at page 225, vol. ii. Please refer to it, as, although you beg for an immediate answer, your question is of the vaguest kind.

STUDIOUS.—Use a porte-crayon for crayons or chalks, and erase with crumbs of bread. Boldness of outline and shading is required rather than delicacy of colouring. To fix crayon drawings, see page 415, vol. i.

WORK.

CHARITY must cast on a number of stitches according to the size she requires her petticoat to be in width; this she can do by measuring one in wear. When a quarter of a yard, or less, is done in straight rows, the decrease can be commenced by taking two chain stitches together about every twentieth stitch, and working three or four plain rows after each decrease. If the top is required to be very small it will be necessary to leave a slit in the back part, which is done by working the rows backwards and forwards instead of all round.

ALICE.—Send the articles to Miss Tidd, for the bazaar in aid of the Princess Louise Home. See page 349, vol. iii.

AN ENGLISH SCHOOLGIRL.—If the present must be a sofa cushion, use either serge or oatmeal-cloth. As a ground for the crewel design, you would find cross-stitch on linen very pretty; but why not try to trim a work basket, for which we have given so many hints in "My Work Basket"?

E. M. G.—See the long instructions for square netting in the lawn-tennis net lately given.

FRANCES.—The Ladies' School of Technical Needlework, 15, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W.

S. E. D.—Have your hat dyed and pressed by a proper person. Wear your hair in a thick plait at the back, tied with a ribbon, and hanging down.

JANE EYRE.—Curl the hair on hairpins, making little rings, and pinning them flat to the head. Many thanks for your kind instructions.

E PARKER.—We should doubt the geometrical design being either popular or effective. You had better work the screen in panels, using the designs given on pages 228, 229, and 230, vol. ii. If you do not like them, you could adapt an outline figure-design.

G. R.—For "Guipure on Net," see page 372, vol. ii., where designs and patterns are both given.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNIE.—Your writing is very fairly good.

NELLIE.—The following is the explanation of *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*:—Paris, for example, is divided into twenty arrondissements. Each inhabitant of one arrondissement votes for the member of his own arrondissement. By *Scrutin de Liste* is meant that each inhabitant votes for all the twenty members for the whole of Paris.

WORDSWORTH.—The poet after whom you name yourself was married to Mary Hutchinson, who survived him, and died January 17, 1859, at Rydal Mount. They had one daughter, Dora, who married Mr. Edward Quillinau, in 1841, and died in 1847. The life of the poet himself was published in 1851, by his nephew, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth. You would obtain the information from the family.

NUMBER SEVEN.—Be comforted, if you really desire to please God, that desire is the gift of His Holy Spirit, who is "striving" in your heart for your eternal good. It is not necessary to do any particular or great thing outside the walls of your own home. Obedience and dutiful attention to your parents and teachers, and the habit of diligence in the work they give you to do, are part of that work which you "want to do for God." Besides this, suppose you make a few little articles of dress for poor children in your leisure time?

A CONNAUGHT GIRL.—There are two homes for students — Brunswick House, Brunswick-square, W.C.; also Russell House, Russell-square, W.C. The terms vary from 15s. to 33s. per week. Apply for information to the Matron.

B. A. B.—We feel sorry for you, but can only refer you to our answer to "Number Seven." Your writing is fairly good.

"'IT COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID."

TWO IRISH GIRLS.—Cocoa-nut fibre refuse is very excellent for ferns. The English "maidenhair" requires shade and moisture, and decaying fronds should be cut off at once.

PAULINE P.—You appear to need a doctor's advice very much, and we hope you will persuade your relations to obtain it forthwith. He will probably advise change of air for a time, and tonic medicines. We should think from your account that you had outgrown your strength, like many another girl.

A GIRL.—We quite agree with you, and we hope that by means of bathing, swimming, lawn-tennis, and all the new ideas on women's physical training, they will ultimately become as strong and healthy as need be. The great fear is that over-study and competitive examinations will cause many failures of health in immature girls.

HEATHER BELL.—The expression, "Gone to the dogs," is commonly derived from the fact that the ace in dice was called "canis"—dog—by the Romans, and a cast of dice where all was lost was by throwing three aces; hence, "dog" meant ill-luck and loss, and "going to the dogs" to be in ill-luck, or to go to the bad. There are other suggestions as to the origin, but this appears to be the best.

A MOTHER.—Write to the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the leaflets for distribution. They are of various prices. Use the essence, to be obtained at every chemist's.

EDITHA.—For full directions how to preserve seaweed, see vol. iii., page 176.

C. F. S.—Clerkships in post and telegraph offices, see answer to "Henriette," vol. ii., page 112.

NELL.—The squares in the satin quilt are not arranged in any special design, but we advise you to confine yourself to either two or three colours. For instance, either blue and white, or pink and white. For a cradle quilt the squares should not be larger than an eighth of a yard each in size. Dame Durden is the heroine of a popular English song, which begins as follows:—

"Dame Durden kept five serving maids
To carry the milking-pail,
She also kept five serving men
To use the spade and flail."

She is described as a notable housewife in the succeeding verses of the song. Mother Shipton lived in the reign of Henry VIII., and was famous for her prophecies. But those remarkable ones attributed to her are forgeries. We regret to hear of your ill-health, and can well understand and sympathise with you in your longing for the fine spring days.

CLARA HOMFRAY.—Gytha, daughter of our last Saxon king, Harold II., who was killed at the Battle of Hastings. She retired with her brothers to the Court of Denmark, and was subsequently married to Vladimir, czar of Russia, to whom she bore a son, Mistislar Harold, the progenitor of an illustrious race.

TWO SCHOOLGIRLS, LITTLE INSEPARABLE, &c.—Send the text cards, &c., to the East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, E., but be careful either to mount everything thin on cardboard, or to put them in a scrapbook, or else they will be soon destroyed by use. Rats appear to feed indiscriminately on both animal and vegetable foods, grains, and wheat.

WATTEAU.—We suppose a doll dressed like a Watteau shepherdess is what you mean, which consists of a short quilted skirt, a bunched-up tunic, and a square-cut bodice, laced. This dress may be all of pink, or all of blue, and the hair may be worn flowing, or plaited in long plaits beneath a flat hat, trimmed with ribbon.

ONE WISHING TO BE LOVED.—We are glad that our advice has been of service to you, and hope you will soon win the regard and affection of your schoolfellows. Perhaps your father would like to have a set of handkerchiefs embroidered with his initials.

MILDRED.—All hardy annuals should be sown in April. With reference to your poem, we can only insert one verse—

"In the fields the lambs were frisking,
As if in time to Orpheus' lute,
And all their fleecy tails were whisking
At the glad sound of the shepherd's flute;
And every bird is trilling high,
To see whose song first will reach the sky."

What about the ducks? Not "every bird."

A. P. T.—We thank you for both your letter and your three verses. For a recipe for making chocolate cream, see page 399, vol. i.

KITTY P.—If you have an aunt you had better tell her how ill you feel, and she may arrange to procure you a doctor's advice.

MYRTLE.—The word "pass" is sometimes employed as a substantive, and more frequently as a verb. A mountain pass is, of course, a substantive; and in this sense it appears to be used in the passage which you quote.

PRIMROSE.—If marked before marriage, use the maiden name, but many people now delay marking the trousseau until after the wedding.

SCOTCH THISTLE.—"The day is cold and dark and dreary" are the words of a song by Longfellow. It has been set to music by several people.

A CONSTANT READER.—The words, "Richard's himself again," are not in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, but were interpolated from Colley Cibber by John Kemble.

LADY HENRIETTA.—The weight of Jumbo, who was supposed to be the largest elephant that ever came to Europe, amounted to upwards of six tons, we believe. Take the scent bottle to a shop where they mend china, and they will probably find you a new stopper.

NELLIE.—The cause of warts, we believe, is not known, and they appear and disappear spontaneously, sometimes defying all treatment. Rubbing them with the inside of the broad bean has been much recommended lately.

PANSIE.—You will probably find the kind of book you need in the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, sent post free from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

POPPY.—There is no reason why you should not take off your gloves in church if you wish to do so. No rule exists to be observed in the case.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—The three golden balls are the cognisance of the Medici family, and are probably a punning device on their name.

EMILY.—Your teeth, probably, require to be stopped, or else you may have taken cold in the jaw. Your writing is fairly good for your age, and your spelling is quite correct, but you should not abbreviate. Write "yours," not "yrs."

DAISIANA. — We maintain that the expression is a provincialism, and as such not to be employed.

*** *The author of "The Other Side of the World" wishes us to insert the following:—Those who have been interested in the fortunes of "Annie Steele" may like to hear that when, after she had gone abroad, the directors of the orphan school where she had been reared heard the story of her bright energy and brave endeavour, they wrote her a letter of encouraging praise, and one of them sent her a gift of ten guineas, as a testimony of his admiring approval.*

[*Drawn by Davidson Knowles.*]

CONVALESCENCE.

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CONTENTMENT.

BY LEWIS NOVRA.

THE summer morn is clear and bright,
The heavens are azure blue,
The lark, rejoicing in his flight,
Welcomes the day anew!

Each dewy blade of grass bright gleams,
Tinged with a liquid gold,
Caught from the warmly glowing streams
The eastern skies unfold.
As Kitty, with her milking pail,
Trips lightly o'er the mead,
Flush'd with the sweet fresh morning gale,
A type of health indeed!
And pure as that sweet balmy air
Is her young heart within;
As yet untouch'd by aught of care,
And ah! more free from sin
Than many who, with wealth untold,
At this calm, peaceful hour
Lie dreaming of their hoarded gold
And how to wield its power;

For Kitty owns one jewel rare,
Worth more than all their wealth,—
Contentment! aye, that kingdom fair
Of happiness and health!

[*All rights reserved.*]

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO. Author of "On the Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

TWO or three days went by. The preliminary examinations for new students were over, and the morning for beginning actual work had arrived. Faith, looking from her bedroom window, could see groups of red-gowned youths crowding down to the college in the ancient part of the town, while little knots of two or three in ordinary attire hastened in the direction of the other—that to which Denzil would belong.

"Classes do not begin to-day," he informed her. "To-day our professors only give us lectures calculated to set our work well before our minds. There is a great deal in getting that done. I have come across two or three capital fellows—one a second, and the other a third year's man—and we are going to take counsel together and set about things in the right way. Otherwise a great deal of time is lost at the beginning. I may bring one or two of them home with me this evening. You might see that a pot of jam is opened for tea, and that there is a bit of something nice for supper."

"This room won't receive a very large party," laughed Faith.

"No, indeed," said Denzil, "and I do think we shall have to change our lodgings pretty soon. This is such an out-of-the-way place. Nearly all our fellows live down in the town."

"But the distance only secures you a little walk every day," observed Faith; "and I'm getting quite at home with Miss Milne already."

"Oh, you are such a clinging creature," said her brother. "You are like those plants which one can't put down before they begin to strike root. But then they'll do it again next time."

That morning Miss Milne had occasion to go out for a longer time than usual, and she came to Faith's room and told her so, as she was leaving her alone in the house. The butcher and the baker had paid their daily calls, and Miss Alleyne was not likely to be disturbed, said the good woman, unless it might be by the mid-day post.

But before the time for that the door-bell rang, and Faith went to answer it. A telegraph boy thrust a missive into her hand, asking if that was right. Faith looked at it, read Robert Finlay's name, answered that it was quite right. Was there any answer? the boy inquired. "The gentleman is out," said Faith.

She carried the yellow envelope to young Finlay's room. His door stood wide open. It faced the mantel-piece, on the centre of which was placed the early riser's alarum clock. Faith put the telegram in front of it. He must see it there immediately on his entrance.

It was not long before Robert Finlay did come in, and he came, as he had never done before, with a snatch of song on his lips. The gathering-in of his scattered class-mates, the stirring words of an enthusiastic professor, the sense of once more starting on the race to the goal where he would be, even the crisp air and sweet sunshine themselves, were all elements in his exhilaration.

He went into his room. There was a moment's silence. Then he strode to the back of the house, towards Miss Milne's kitchen. Faith knew he would find nobody there. There was a pause. Then came one hard, heavy rap on her own door.

Faith opened it. There stood Robert Finlay, with a face white as death, and with features set and strained, like those of one who has died in bitter pain and struggle. He stood looking down at the girl. He remembered afterwards that he had thought what a slight, bright thing she was to be in such a world, and that he had half hated her for it. It was a moment before he spoke. Then he said in a harsh, husky voice—

"I have to go away at once. I don't know when I'll get back. Tell Miss Milne she will hear from me."

Faith knew it was the telegram which had done this. But what could be done or said? Only how could she cheerfully consent to take his message, and then shut her door, leaving him in his misery outside? She followed him into the lobby, and while he was hastily taking down hat and wraps, she said, timidly—

"I'm afraid you've had bad news."

He did not answer her by one word. There was a train to be caught, and he had to meet all the hard, unknowing faces on the highway. But with his fingers on the latch of the door, he suddenly turned, seized Faith's hand, gave it one strong grip, and then sped away. He did not even turn to shut the door. He never once looked back.

"I doubt it's something far wrong with his mother," observed Miss Milne, when she came back, and Faith told her all that had happened during her absence. "It wouldn't be a trifle which would unsettle that lad at the beginning of his session. Ah, well, poor body, even if she's been taken, it's sure to be all for the best—as it always is, even when it isn't so plain—for she's been down on her back for years, and will never get up again, and could only have been a burden on him, and the less he was like to complain the harder it would be for her to bear. Eh, me!"

The words sounded unsentimental, stern, almost unfeeling. Yet there was something in Miss Milne's strong face, and in the sigh with which she ended them, which made Faith feel that perhaps the old woman's sympathy with Robert Finlay's mother was truer than any which could have found softer expression. The girl had insight enough to see that her words were not dictated by that selfish spirit which would fain push pain, and loss, and death out of its own experience. The old landlady's pity, her hope for relief, was not for the bearer of the burden, but for the involuntary burden. Like the classic poet, she could

"Count it Nature's privilege to die."

"Certainly something very sad has happened, or is likely to happen," Faith said, as, upon her remarking that her brother might bring in some fellow students, Miss Milne set the tea things and produced a little superior crystal and plate. "And yet here, in this very house, which is Mr. Finlay's home when he is in town, there will be a kind of little festivity this very evening, and laughter and merry talk in the room next to his empty one! It seems so dreadful! And yet it is one of the things that must happen when separate lives get a little mixed."

"It will happen, anyhow," decided Miss Milne. "There's sadder things in the world than deaths and buryings, and they are things that may be in the hearts o' those nearest and dearest to us, and we never dreaming of it. There's no help for it." Miss Milne stood still as she spoke, and a far away look came into her eyes. Faith felt she was thinking of some experience of her own.

"Well," said Faith, "then I suppose all we can do is to think and speak always gently and kindly, so that our pleasure need not hurt grieving people. I don't think a funeral is sadder for the sunshine, and perhaps there may be some laughter that it would not hurt the mourners to hear; and it may be the happiest laughter, too, I think."

"Ay," returned Miss Milne, "but that would depend a bit on the mourners too. Selfish folks' grief is aye of a piece with themselves."

Denzil brought home three young gentlemen with him—one more than Faith had allowed herself to expect. The eldest of these, whom her brother introduced as "Mr. Edgar Cheney," was much older than the others, pale and thin, with a quiet, subdued, rather dreamy expression. As Denzil informed his sister that this was "a third-year's man," she looked up to him with some respect as one who had nearly finished the course on which the others were starting, and thought it was really kind of him to take them in hand and give them advice, when, doubtless, he had plenty of his own work to do.

The next, "Mr. Marcus Drummond," a dark, fashionable-looking youth about Denzil's own age, was announced "a second year's man," "but," added Mr. Drummond himself, "as I have not passed my exams. yet, your brother and I are thinking of working together and ending in triumph at the same time."

The youngest guest was introduced as "Mr. Hugh Duthie"—"not a fellow-student, but on the Arts side, only he lodges in the same house with Drummond, and has kindly come up with him to keep him from losing himself, as he does not know this remote part of the world."

"Oh, then you have not lived long in this town?" asked Faith, thinking she must be in some confusion as to the meaning of the phrase "a second-year's man."

"Yes, since I came to this country," answered Mr. Drummond, in his pleasant voice, which had an enticingly confidential sound in it, as if he were admitting his interlocutor to personal relations with himself. "But I live at the other side of it, and have never strayed this way before."

"The attractions are all in the other direction," drawled Cheney.

"Then you have not seen the fine old college up here, and you have never walked out to the seashore," said Faith, innocently, with notes of wonder and reproach in her voice.

Drummond gave a little laugh—a penitent sort of laugh—as if he had said: "Don't blame me, for I am blaming myself." What he did say was—

"I have always meant to do both. But indeed I have scarcely heard of the fine buildings, and the seashore I was used to at home. Whereas everything in town was new and bewilderingly attractive to a poor foreigner suddenly set down in this city of yours."

"It is not Miss Alleyne's city; she is not a Scotchwoman," drawled Cheney again, with a glance by which Faith understood that he meant the remark for a compliment. Of the three, she was the least attracted to Edgar Cheney.

"But she is a Briton by birth and breeding, and therefore all in Great Britain is hers," rejoined Marcus Drummond, in his sprightly, attractive way. "Why! I assert my own claim, though it is much more remote."

And then, from the remarks which passed among the young men, Faith gathered that young Drummond, though his name showed his Scotch descent, had been born and brought up abroad, in the West Indies. The lad spoke with great enthusiasm of his return to the land of his forefathers. He declared that he should procure a Highland costume for the next holidays. "Nothing could be so adapted for real enjoyment in any country as the original dress of its natives." He had already given orders that his "family crest" should be wrought in silver to wear as a brooch in a Scotch bonnet.

Edgar Cheney smiled in a way Faith could not understand. Marcus Drummond expressed himself delighted to hear that Denzil had brought good introductions among the professors. He had had none himself, and, as a consequence, had gone very little into anything which, as he said, "could be called society."

"And I hold that it is part of a college education," he asserted. "A young man comes here to grind, certainly, but he should come for something besides — something which can often hold its own, even against grinding—to wit, knowledge of the world—address—polish—tact—whatever you may choose to call it."

"I scarcely think you need have come here for that," drawled Edgar Cheney, again in the same sleepy way, with the very slightest emphasis on the personal pronoun.

Marcus Drummond laughed gaily, evidently flattered.

"Oh, I may pass muster in friendly opinions," he modestly admitted; "but they are very different from the ordeal of the world. Yet I think I may be able to make the best of myself—only perhaps that is because there is not much stuff in me to be made the best of!" he added, naively.

"Don't be mock modest, Drummond," said Cheney. "It is not only the most valuable materials which are hard to shape. It is true of diamonds, but it is also true of the rough granite, which is so over-abundant in these parts."

"But granite may really have a value beyond that of diamonds, may it not?" Faith ventured to put in. "For we could do better without rings and ornaments, and even without crown jewels, than we could without houses, and breakwaters, and fortresses."

Cheney looked at her with a faint interest dawning on his sallow face.

"I suppose you are right," he said, with deliberation. "Ladies always are, you know, only I never admit it till I am really convinced. But there is such a lot of granite, and it's very hard to set a value on what is so plentiful that it blinds your eyes and puts your teeth ajar whenever there is a breath of air."

"Daylight is plentiful," said Faith, mischievously.

"Yes, and I like candlelight better, myself," he returned. "I am never happy unless there are shadows in the corners."

"The shadows could not exist without light," answered Faith, at the same time rising from her chair, and thinking that it was time for her to retire, and leave the students to the real business of the evening.

Drummond sprang forward to open the door for her to pass out.

"I hope I should not say 'good-night,'" he observed. "We shall see you again before we leave?"

"Oh, yes," said Faith, simply; "for we hope you will stay to supper."

As Marcus returned to his seat, there was an air of silence and gravity about him so foreign to his usual gay, chattering demeanour, that Edgar Cheney looked at him and said—

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, of course. What could be the matter?" he answered, rather irritably, and instantly made one or two remarks in his usual vein. But he did not at once chime in with the conversation.

Faith had some work with which she could profitably occupy the evening—work with which, as it needed some spreading out and planning, she would not have cared to distract the studious atmosphere of the parlour, even if her brother had been alone there. Faith was one of those girls who are never idle, but whose work, by a wise forethought, is kept unobtrusive—a quiet background to those circumstances over which one has no control. She had never brought out her little sewing-machine when somebody was going to read aloud, or produced a heap of paper patterns and a tag of uncut cloth when her father was making up his ledgers, or Denzil was working at his algebra. For such seasons there was a stocking in readiness, or a strip of crewel work, or a planned and "basted" garment. Faith had learned that leisure is not idleness, but regulated labour.

She could not help thinking that the sounds which came from below indicated that the arrangements for a session's work could be of rather an hilarious nature. In her room, she could distinctly hear the sound of the voices below, though she could not distinguish an articulate word. And the loud laughter made her feel a little vexed, and then she was angry with herself for it, since even sympathy for the departed Robert Finlay should scarcely make her feel cross with those who might be only snatching those stray blooms of fun and humour which *will* often grow best in duty's sternest places. But somehow she was so afraid lest the duty was being neglected. However, at last there was silence, singularly profound, only broken by very short sentences, seemingly very seriously uttered. Even when Miss Milne arrived at the parlour door with the supper, she was asked to defer bringing it in for a few minutes. Faith's spirits rose, but her sense of self-condemnation deepened.

Miss Milne employed her waiting interval in coming to Faith's room, to communicate to her a letter she had received.

"I was right," said the old lady, in her driest matter-of-fact voice. "Mrs. Finlay is gone. That telegram was to say that she had been found dead in her bed in the morning. Mr. Robert wrote me a note in pencil as he travelled down in the train, and posted it at his home-station. It will be a great cut-up for him, but he'll get over it. It's natural when the old go before the young."

"I expect it's how God means it to be always. It doesn't seem like dying, it's like going on," said Faith. "I think sometimes that it might have happened even inside Eden. It's quite different when the young die before the old, or when the young die and leave each other. And so I always think that any care or skill which averts premature death is the doctor's part of bringing in the kingdom of God. I say so to Denzil."

"Ah, well, he'll need all the good words you can give him," said Miss Milne,

(*Continued on page* 501.)

"NEWS OF PRINCE CHARLIE."

grimly, "good plain precepts too, as well as pretty fancies. But there! they are pushing back their chairs, so I reckon I may take in supper now, and I suppose you'll be coming down."

Supper was rather a brief meal. Denzil informed his sister that they'd "got over a good deal of ground," but "there was much to be considered yet." And when the guests rose to go, she heard Edgar Cheney making an appointment that they should all meet again next evening at his "digs."

"You see we all live near each other," he drawled, "and it is better you should come to all of us, Alleyne, than that all of us should come to you."

"Turning Miss Alleyne out of her parlour, too," put in Drummond.

"Oh, that does not signify in the least," said Faith.

"And as for having to come up here for your dinner," said Edgar Cheney, "you might plan to take it down town sometimes, or I'm sure I'd be happy to see you with me. I get very fair cooking."

"Poetical people always do," laugned Drummond.

"Well, why not?" said Edgar Cheney. "Poets don't want to think of their food—only to enjoy it. And nobody can help thinking of a hard potato or a greasy steak."

"At any rate, Miss Alleyne may rest assured that whenever she does not see you at the usual time, you are being well taken care of among us," observed Drummond. "And now we will all say good-night."

"Good-night," said Mr. Cheney, with a limp finger in Faith's hand. But Marcus Drummond's grasp was firm and genial, and even more so was that of Hugh Duthie, who added—

"And thank you, Miss Alleyne, for your good word for the granite."

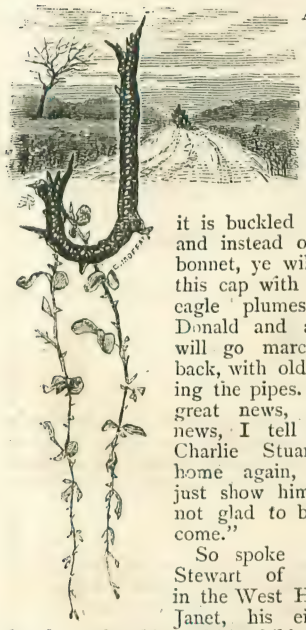
(*To be continued.*)

JANET STEWART.

A TALE OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER I.



"JANET, woman, come hither to me. I am going right away to the wars. See, the claymore no longer hangs on the wall, it is buckled to my side; and instead of my broad bonnet, ye will see me in this cap with its nodding eagle plumes, and big Donald and all the lads will go marching at my back, with old Niel blowing the pipes. For there's great news, lassie—great news, I tell ye; Prince Charlie Stuart is come home again, and we'll just show him if we are not glad to bid him welcome."

So spoke Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, in the West Highlands, to Janet, his eight-year-old daughter, the eldest of his children, a demure little maiden, to whom he had fallen into the habit of communicating much of his secret purposes, and who listened with grave attention to all he said, and with the earnest desire to comprehend him.

On this occasion Janet said nothing, but her wide open questioning eyes seemed to ask for further explanation, and her little hands nestled caressingly in her father's big palm.

"Janet," said the father again, tenderly caressing the smooth head of his little daughter, "you are growing a big woman—eight years old last Martinmas. Will ye strive to be good to mother, and help her to take care of the wee anes while I am away?"

"Big Donald and Murdoch will take care of us all," said Janet, doubtfully.

"Big Donald and Murdoch must go with me, Janet," said Stewart, with a touch of sadness. "Ye'll see Donald marchin' like a wavin' pine tree. The very look o' him 'll frighten the Hanoverians out of their wits—eh. Janet? Its pigmies that they grow south, no bigger than Henry Littleton, the preacher from Edinburgh."

"But, father," persisted the little maid, "who will mind the mill if Donald goes away?"

"The mill must mind itself, Janet, unless Elspeth take a turn."

"Maybe she will," said Janet, accepting the suggestion with evident relief. "But, father," she said suddenly, looking him full in the face, "what for do you leave mother and the bairnies and the house, and go right away?"

"Janet," said Stewart, rising and pacing the room, "I go, as a brave man must, to fight for my king. Wicked men have driven him from his throne, lassie, and he has sent his own son to call men back to their allegiance; he has trusted him to the leal Highland hearts, and we will die but we will put him on his throne again. Ye know, Janet, what a leal heart is?"

"I know," said Janet, softly, and she lifted her eyes to her father's face with a look that went to his heart, it was so brave, so true, so earnest.

"And ye would not have your father shrink from doing his duty for fear of evil that may come to him or his—eh, Janet?"

"No, father," said the little maid, steadily. "You and Donald and Murdoch and all must go, and God will take care of us at home—have no fear for us."

So Stewart of Invernahyle, like every gallant gentleman in the Western Highlands, gathered all the men he could to join the young Chevalier at Corryarrack, and went forth with plaids streaming, feathers floating in the gale, and pipes shrieking, up Loch Creran, through Appin, into Perthshire. Mrs. Stewart, the women, and children remained behind with a few old men to bide the issue of that terrible struggle. Alas! they knew too well what bereavement and misery it might issue in; there was scarce a woman who did not count among her nearest kin some of those who had suffered for their adherence to the Stuarts, when the Chevalier St. George tried to maintain his right thirty years ago—loss of life, loss of limb, loss of goods were the lightest penalties which the followers of the exiled house had incurred; but there was not a woman in Invernahyle, from Mrs. Stewart herself to the woman who milked the cows, who would have uttered a word to stay her husband from what he and she alike considered as his duty, or who would have grudged aught she possessed to furnish him forth gallantly to do honour to his Prince and to himself, and when the last flutter of the tartan had vanished, and the last sigh of the pibroch had died away among the mountains, when the stillness of desolation succeeded to the stir of departure, they set themselves to wait patiently, and to supply as best they might the places of those who were gone, and whom perhaps they might never see again.

When Stewart was gone, many and constant duties devolved upon his wife besides the care of her household and of her little children; and she often found comfort and help in her little daughter Janet, who, mindful of her father's parting charge, was ever ready to do her bidding; but it was a rest and a change to the little maid when she could run to the mill and open her heart to Elspeth, the mother of big Donald, who had been her father's foster-mother and her own nurse. Elspeth had now lived nearly sixty winters; she knew the terrible story of Glencoe, of the rising in 1715, and had many tales of war and bloodshed which made the ears of those who listened tingle. It is true Elspeth told these tales very sparingly to her little nursling, preferring gentler tales of deliverance and kindness; but in the absence of older listeners she now came to discourse much on the troubles of the times to little Janet.

Elspeth was faithful to the fallen house to the backbone, she had not grudged her son or her foster son to the cause—in truth, she drew some comfort from the fact of the presence of her gigantic Donald, which she thought could not but be a protection to Stewart, in whose defence he was bound to give life and limb, just as Stewart himself was bound to give all to the royal cause.

At first the dwellers in Invernahyle were cheered by the happiest tidings and by pretty frequent messengers from the laird. He had been graciously received by the Prince, whom he found at the head of 1,800 men, all the choice spirits of the West Highlands; numbers continued to flock to his standard, and the personal presence of the Prince, his comeliness, his grace, and the resolution which was breathed in the motto he adopted, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," were calculated to carry the enthusiasm of his followers to that pitch of daring which promises to sweep

all before it. Add to this the halo which misfortune throws around her victims, and which is most evident to the noblest and most sympathetic souls, and it is not difficult to imagine the state of exalted feeling into which the Highland districts were plunged by the appearance among them of him whom they fondly called their native Prince.

At Corryarrack the young Chevalier rewarded the devotion of his Highland followers by appearing among them in philibeg and sporran, and, tying the latchet of his brogues in the presence of his men, he swore that he would "never loose them until he had fought for his rights with the usurper in London."

All this and much more was reported by letter or by verbal message to Mrs. Stewart, and, whatever she heard that was comforting and inspiring, the good mistress lost no time in communicating to her people, and specially to Elspeth, who abode in great loneliness at the mill. Little Janet was a silent but an attentive listener to all this talk, and turned things over in her mind, rarely showing the workings of it to any one, till a great enthusiasm was kindled in her heart, and a longing that she also might do something to show her loyalty—an enthusiasm which at last burst bounds as she sat one day watching the play of Elspeth's spindle.

"Elspie, darling, cannot a woman go to war?"

"No, Janet, my bairn, women must bide at home and mind the house."

"But, Elspie, when I am grown up, I'd rather go and fight with father than bide at home and mind the house."

"Maybe, child; many a lassie has been of that mind, but ye must take heart and be patient, like your own mother. Doubtless the leddy would rather be away with Stewart and all the bonnie lads at Corryarrack yonder than bide at home with a parcel of silly bairns and weak women like you and me."

Janet's head bowed thoughtfully.

"What would become of house and home," pursued Elspeth, "of wee bairns and old folk, of stock and mill, if madam had left us a' to go to rack and waste, let alone Johnnie Cope and his lawless dragoons, who may be down on us any time?"

"Johnnie Cope? Who is Johnnie Cope, Elspie?"

"Never fash your bonnie head about him, Jeannie: he's no good for much. I'm thinkin' Sandie and Donald will sune settle his business."

"Then, Elspie," said Janet, gravely, "it is Sir John Cope, the general who is come to fight Prince Charlie, that ye mean?"

"Ye have it, my bairn; and I hope ye'll never know more about him or those awfu' Godless carles the dragoon lads."

"What are dragoons, Elspie?"

"They are just English soldiers, my bairn. But it is time ye were back to the house; see, the sun is getting low, so ye must say good-night; and ye'll come down again the morn and tell me if there is any news frae the east—eh, lassie?"

Janet promised, and tripped away on her homeward journey, some three-quarters of a mile through her father's lands, in all of which Janet felt as much at home as in her own nursery. Janet was necessarily rather a solitary child, for her brother, who would have been her companion, had been carried off by a fever, so that there was a gap of four years between her and Sandie, who, with little Marget, was still in the nursery. Janet's thoughtful self-possession, too, and the fact that no harm ever came to her in her wanderings, had secured her an independence and freedom of action which might have surprised Mrs. Stewart herself, if she had reflected how very little the child was under control.

So Janet took her way home, following the course of the little stream or burn to the loch, her young heart much soothed by the prattle of the water and the sweet, natural sounds of bird, beast, and plant upon its banks. Here a silver trout shot into the air, there a heron patiently watched for his prey, still and intent as though he were cast in bronze; and here and there bunches of heather or broad white flowers with golden centres gemmed the path, or a spray of a raspberry bush tempted the maiden's fingers with its late fruit.

Meanwhile the sun was rapidly sinking, and the clouds were robing themselves in gold and crimson to receive him. Janet stood and gazed her fill at his glory as it flooded earth and sky and water, and the little maid's heart yearned to the infinite—to that spiritual world which she had been told was her brother Malcolm's home. Janet could not have put that yearning into words. She was never a woman of many words, but without her knowing it her soul fed and grew on the beauty of hill and lake and sky, and came to be tuned to a higher tone than she, in her simplicity, dreamt of.

And now the water ceased to glow, the loch was grey and still, the underwood looked of a dark green; only the boughs of the birches and mountain ashes were still radiant in the golden glory. Janet thought of home and of her mother, and she quickened her pace.

The path led up between two rocks, richly covered with ferns. It was in a cave in one of these rocks that Katie Macdonald hid the infant son of Alister Stewart of Invernahyle, surnamed the Peaceful, when Green Colin of Dunstaffnage came upon him by stealth, burnt his house, and slew him and his household. Janet knew the story well. How Katie Macdonald, his nurse, had much ado to steal away with the infant; how, in despair, she tied a lump of lard by a string about his neck, and hid him in this cleft in the rock; how Green Colin's men seized her as she came from the place, and demanded the child; how they kept her closely confined for three days, threatening her daily with death if she did not discover where the child was; how, finding they could get nothing from her, they concluded that the child was dead and let her go; how she stole to the place where she had left the child, thinking perhaps that she might find some remnants of his little corpse and give them Christian burial, for it could hardly be, she thought, but that some wild cat or bird of prey had found the tender creature; how when, in fear and trembling, she lifted the screen of moss and ferns, she beheld no mangled limbs, no lifeless corpse, but her sweet, rosy charge sleeping peacefully, his chubby hand grasping the string that held the lard, reduced to about the size of a walnut.

All this story Janet knew. Did not Elspeth delight to tell it her? And how the infant grew to be the terrible Donnil nan Ord, or Donald of the Hammer, who called Green Colin to a terrible reckoning, did many fearful acts, and died at last an old, old man, a monk in the Abbey of St. Columba in Iona.

But this evening Janet passed Donald's "cradle" with scarce a glance, for she was in haste to be home; so she ran up the path shaking the dew from the grass as she passed, and disturbing a council of politic hares gathered in a little clearing to the left. When she reached home supper was spread, and her mother was asking for her, but she escaped with a slight reproof, for good news was come from the war. The Prince was in full march for Edinburgh, recruits were continually flocking to his standard, while King George's men, under Sir John Cope, showed little inclination to join battle, having, in fact, retreated before them, declining a general action.

Mrs. Stewart was too much occupied in entertaining her husband's messenger, in preparing supplies which he had asked for, and in communicating the happy tidings to her people, to take much heed of Janet; but when all that was necessary had been done, and she sat down for a moment to rest, Janet came and stood beside her, and, resting her head on her shoulder, she said—

"Mother, if all's well, father 'll soon be home again, won't he?"

"Aye, Janet, if God so will it," replied Mrs. Stewart, with a heavy sigh, for she was very tired, and knew in her heart the difficulties of the enterprise in which her husband had joined. "Ye'll pray for him, my darling; little Sandie and Marget said their prayers quite early, and Sandie said, quite out of his own head, 'Please God send father home again.' Little Marget tried to say the words after him, but she couldn't manage it, so she folded her hands and looked up to heaven with the prayer in her eyes; and He that is above could see the hands and the eyes just as easily as He could hear poor Sandie's words."

"Mother," said Janet very softly, but with the air of perfect conviction, "you know father is leal and true; do not fear, God will keep him in the hollow of His hand."

"True, my daughter," said Mrs. Stewart, "but ye'll say a prayer for him, nevertheless, for the Father in heaven loves to hear the little ones praying for their parents on earth. Have I not read to you how the Lord said that the angels of the children do daily behold the face of their Father in heaven?"

So Janet Stewart fell asleep that night with a tear on her cheek and a prayer for her absent father on her lips.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Fifth: The Redstart—A Few Words about "German Paste"—Jenny Wren—The Golden-headed Wren—A Golden Eagle—The Stone-chat and Whin-chat—The Goldfinch.

"They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd."

Cowper.

I WAS creeping, crawling, and scrambling one afternoon in the days of my boyhood through tall furze at the foot of the Drummond Hill, which in England would be called a mountain. It was the Saturday half holiday, and I was having a fine time of it among the birds. I was quite a mile away from any human dwelling, and, I flattered myself, from any human being either. I was speedily undeceived though. "Come out o' there,

youngster," cried a terrible voice, almost close to my ear. "I thought ye were a rabbit; I was just going to chuck a stone at your head."

I crept forth in fear and trembling.

A city rough of the lowest type—you could tell that from the texture of the ragged, second-hand garments he wore; from his slip-shod feet, his horrid cap of greasy fur, and pale, unwholesome face.

He proceeded to hoist a leafless branch, smeared with birdlime, in a conspicuous place, and not far off he deposited a cage, with a bird in it. Then he addressed me.

"I'm goin' away for half an hour, and you'll stop here and watch. If any birds get caught on the twigs, when I come back I'll mebbe gie you something."

When he came back he did "gie me something." He boxed my ears soundly, because I had lain beside the cage, and talked to the little bird all the time instead of watching.

You may guess how I loved that man. I have had the same amount of affection for the whole bird-catching fraternity ever since, and I do a deal every summer to spoil their sport. I look upon them as followers of a most sinful calling, and just as cruel and merciless as the slave traders of Southern Africa. Many a little heart they break; they separate parent birds, and tear the old from their young, who are left to starve to death in the nest.

Never, I beg of you, buy a bird from man or boy in the street, and never buy one from a dealer—unless to set free—that you even suspect has been caught wild in the country.

Now, before going on to say anything about finches, let me mention one or two birds of a different feather that make nice little pets.

There is the redstart, for example. In size and shape not unlike the robin; but the bill is black, the forehead white, the rest of the upper part of the body a bluish grey. The wings are brownish, the bird wears a bib of black, but on the upper portion of the chest and all adown the sides there is red, though not so bright in colour as the robin's breast. That is the plumage of the cock-bird, so these birds are easily known. They make charming cage pets, being very affectionate, and as merry as a maiden on May morning, always singing and gay, and so tame that you need not be afraid to let them out of the cage.

Food in the wild state: insects, beetles, moths, larvæ, &c. In confinement, egg food with a little scraped meat, meal worms, flies and insects, and German paste.

I have often been asked for a recipe for German paste, and take this opportunity of giving one which I think is as good, at all events, as any you will find in books, and forms a better diet for birds than that which you buy in shops. I have these objections to the German pastes that are sold over the counter: one does not know what may or may not be in them, nor how old they are, nor whether they be cleanly or not.

Most bird dealers mix up yolk of hard-boiled egg with their pastes, and seeds of various kinds. I do not advise this. I may be wrong, but I have an idea that the seeds are apt to aid fermentation, or sour the mass, causing it to produce diarrhœa in the birds. Seeds, I think, ought to be given separately. As to the yolk of egg, it is not so objectionable. But I like to give it by itself to a pet bird as a delicious tid-bit—a reward, perhaps, for the music it has just been charming us with, or simply as a gift of love, or *billet doux*.

Let me here remind my very young readers that to boil an egg healthily hard for a bird or even for a human being, a whole hour is required, not merely five or six minutes.

German paste, recipe for:—Take of the best pea-flour 4 ounces, finely ground oatmeal 4 ounces, three-day-old breadcrumbs 2 ounces, pure honey 2 ounces, powdered loaf-sugar 1 ounce. Mix together in a mortar, pounding it well, and adding by degrees a little of the best salad oil to form a paste. This should be pressed through a colander to divide it into morsels. Then in the cleanest of pipkins over the clearest of fires fry it till of a light brown colour, frequently stirring it until baked. This, when cold, should be turned into a wide-mouthed stoppered bottle, and will keep for eight or ten days. It would keep much longer, but the fresher a bird's food is the better. Old or young birds will eat this, but the very young require it softened or pastified with a drop of water. I do not approve of giving pet birds dainties; I have known so much mischief arise from this habit; but among the least harmless are the time-honoured morsel of lump sugar and tiny bit of cake, say sponge cake, Scotch shortbread, or, now and then, a little saffron cake. I must add one word of warning, however: pray do not forget that sweets are heating, and if given too frequently are sure to spoil the plumage.

From my study window as I sit here I can see hopping nimbly from branch to branch of the Austrian pines, evidently with an eye to business—for the bird, or one like it, built in a silver holly on the lawn last year—a humble jenny wren.

Dare I admit such a midge of a bird to a place among my girls' pets? I think I may. Some would love the mite for pity sake. It is very pretty and very gay, and possesses a sweet little voice of its own; it needs care, however. It must not, on the one hand, be kept too near a fire or in too warm a room, and on the other it should be well covered up at night; a draught is fatal to such a bird. There is also the golden-headed wren, the smallest of our British birds, but I do not remember ever having seen one kept in a cage. There is no accounting for tastes, however. I knew a young lady in Aberdeen who kept a golden eagle in a cage of huge dimensions. He was the admiration of all beholders, and the terror of inquisitive school-boys, who, myself among the number, fully believed he ate a whole horse every week, and ever so many chickens. While gazing at that bird, you could not help feeling thankful you were on the *outside* of the cage. I admired, but I did not love him much. He caught me by the arm one day, with true Masonic grip—I loved him even less after that.

Wrens are fed in the same way as robins or nightingales are. In the wild state they build a large roundish nest, principally of green moss outside, and with very little lining. There is just one tiny hole left in the side capable of admitting two fingers. Eggs about ten in number, very small, white, and delicately ticked with red. If I remember aright the golden wren's are pure white. The nests I have found were in bushes, holly, fir, or furze, or under the branches of large trees close to the trunk. The back of the nest is nearly always towards the north and east.

The stone-chat or stone-checker is a nice bird as to looks, but possesses but little song. It would require the same treatment in cage or aviary as the robin. So I believe would the whin-chat, but I have no practical knowledge of either as pets. I will have a word or two to say about some of the more common warblers in my next; meanwhile the goldfinch is waiting.

With the exception of the kingfisher, I do not recollect any British bird with brighter or more charming plumage than our friend the goldfinch. He is arrayed in crimson and gold, black, white, and brown, but the colours are so beautifully placed and blended that, rich and gaudy though they be, they cannot but please the eye of the most artistic. The song of the goldfinch is very sweet, he is withal a most affectionate pet, and exceedingly clever, so much so that he may be taught quite a number of so-called tricks.

If you wish to keep only one goldfinch, you will of course have a cock, and not a hen bird; but as the sexes are difficult to tell apart, you ought to get some one who really knows these birds to choose and buy for you.

In the wild state the bird eats a variety of seeds of various weeds that grow by the wayside, and at times in the garden of the sluggard. Dandelion and groundsel seed are the chief of these, and later on in the season thistle seed. So fond, indeed, is the goldfinch of the thistle that the only wonder is that our neighbours beyond the Tweed do not claim it as one of *the* birds of Bonnie Scotland, as they do the curlew and golden eagle. But, on the other hand, they might on the same plea claim a certain quadruped, whose length of ear exceeds its breadth of intellect.

The young goldfinches may be fed on German paste, moistened hard-boiled egg, crushed hemp, &c. The adult bird, however, is quite a seed bird, and the fewer varieties of seed he eats the better. Canary, rape, and linseed should be the staple, especially the former, with now and then a little hemp, chiefly in cold weather, and maw or poppy seed. If you can find groundsel, dandelion, and thistles in season, let them have some, only see that they are ripe, that is, just on the eve of casting their seeds. Fresh water must be given every morning, and the cage kept very clean, with sand and gravel in the bottom of it.

Green food should also be allowed, the best being chickweed and watercress.

Sometimes it may be observed that the bird's digestive organs are not quite what they should be, and that a little binding or toning food and medicine are required. Give more maw seed and a little lettuce seed, each of which possesses astringent properties. If this has not the desired effect, about twenty drops of paregoric and half a teaspoonful of the syrup of saffron (*Syrupus croci*) may be put in the drinking water every morning, but be sure to empty the glass and give the mixture fresh and fresh.

The syrup of saffron is also a mild diaphoretic, that is, it has a tendency to act skinwards. It seems to me one of the best remedies we have in simple colds. Always be careful when giving a pet bird medicine of any kind, or whenever he seems not quite so cheerful as usual, to put the cage in a somewhat warmer corner in a well-ventilated apartment. Let him have sunshine now and then, but always a shelter or awning to go under if feeling oppressed. Birds are wonderfully wise, and will not hesitate to take advantage of anything which is likely to act for their good. Goldfinches may easily be taught the value of exercise, and made to draw their own water and seeds. I do not think I would be very far wrong if I were to remark that the goldfinch holds the same rank among our pet birds that the poodle does among dogs, and that both are unrivalled for their aptitude to learn.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

II. — PAINTINGS IN OILS AND WATER COLOURS.

Subject.—ADVERSITY.

Examiners.—JOHN C. STAPLES and THE EDITOR.

THIS competition has not proved so successful as regards the average quality of the work sent in as the examiners had felt justified in hoping from the marked improvement manifested on a former occasion. Many of the drawings and paintings submitted showed, it must be confessed, but little aptitude for graphic expression, and some were of a quality which is but inadequately characterised by the foregoing criticism.

That any individual should not possess the artistic faculty may be a matter of regret, but it is much more a matter of regret that one, manifestly not so endowed, should spend time in vain endeavours, which might have been employed in other directions in a profitable as well as pleasurable manner.

These remarks, however, must not be taken as applying to all those who have not reached the standard of excellence which would entitle them to even a third-class certificate in their respective divisions.

Among those not classified are many whose evident promise has not yet borne fruit in performance. Let nothing that has been said above discourage these beginners. They will, no doubt, possess a conviction that they can do better, and where that conviction exists there is good hope that persevering efforts will be crowned by ultimate success.

In the first division there were a large number of competitors, and in this division the examiners had more difficulty in classing the drawings than in either of the others. Several of the works sent in were so nearly of equal merit that there was much hesitation and much careful balancing of qualities and defects before the decisions were arrived at which appear below.

Among those works which seem to call for a word of special mention are "A Girl with Large Straw Hat," by Miss Wilhelmina Young. This is good in drawing, texture, and expression, and is a very promising effort.

"Girls with Violins; background of sea and sky," by Miss May Oulton. This is a very good painting, and was deservedly admired, but is a little wanting in atmospheric effect, and is somewhat hard in execution.

Two drawings of still life attracted attention, both by their merits and by the coincidence of the young artists having selected the same rather uncommon subject of a worn and dilapidated volume.

Miss Margaret Tylor's drawing of a choice old book, reduced to a pitiable condition, and ticketed for sale for threepence, is very good. So, too, is Miss Harriet Boyd's Dictionary, torn and brown with age and misuse, and open at the word "Adversity." Both are good, but the first mentioned is more complete as a picture, and possesses better technical qualities.

Space fails to mention several other praiseworthy drawings, and the classification below must serve to point the degrees of merit in the remaining cases.

In the second division there were fewer candidates, and the task of decision was a comparatively easy one. The prize winners were divided by an easily appreciable measure of excellence from the holders of first-class certificates, and these from the second, and so on.

If there is nothing in the individual examples that calls for special remark, yet all in this division may be interested to learn that they come very near in point of comparative merit to their sisters of the first division, even if they do not, in one or two instances, surpass them.

In the third division what is most remarkable is the rarity of the combination of a good conception of the idea to be expressed with a good power of execution. Several have selected well chosen incidents for the expression of adversity. Several have executed commendable drawings, but very few have combined the two claims to excellence.

In this division is found a representation, not the only one by the way, of a little broken spray of rose, half withered too, which is very nice in drawing and feeling, though extremely slight in subject, and which has come all the weary way from New Zealand to the Girls' Own Competition. With a word of recognition and welcome for this distant contributor, we refer the "Girls" to the subjoined list.

FIRST DIVISION.—FIRST PRIZE OF THREE GUINEAS.

*N.B.—This is the picture to which stories are to be written by the girls by the Editor's invitation—**See page 492 of previous number.*

FIRST DIVISION (AGE 20 TO 25).

First Prize (Three Guineas).

Parting, Alice (20), 6, Florence-terrace, Ealing.

Second Prize (Two Guineas).

Clarkson, Margaret Ann (23), 13, St. Hilda's-terrace, Whitby.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Boyd, Harriette (24), 17, South-street, New Ross, Ireland.
Hillyer, Wilhelmina Rhode (22), 9, Churchfield-road, Ealing Dean, N.
Tylor, Margaret (25), 6, Atlantic-terrace W., Weston-super-Mare.
Oulton, May (20), Portrush, County Antrim.
Hale, Sarah (22), Cedar House, Taptonville, Bromhill, Sheffield.
Nells, Joanna Margaret (20), Thorpe-lodge, Campden-hill, W.
Loung, Wilhelmina (21), Ellesmere-grove, Ellesmere-road, Eccles.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Griffiths, Ada Ellen (21), The Grambleys, Cheltenham.
Moffatt, Caroline (24), Dounderry, St. Germans, Cornwall.
Helps, Emily (21), Newstead Lodge, Westhall-road, Forest-hill, S.W.
Janson, Emily Mary (21), 6, Pennsylvania-park, Exeter.
Rankin, Ellen (23), Broomhills, Rochford, Essex.
Newall, Lina (23), Farquhar Lodge, Upper Norwood.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Fell, Margaret (22), Knells, Carlisle.
Knight, Adah Emily Gomperty (20), Brunswick-square, Gloster.
Buckley, Florence (21), Holly Bank, Glossop, near Manchester.
Aitkens, Mary Alice (22), The Lodge, Twickenham.
Masters, May (23), Harcourt Lodge, Beaconfield-road, Clifton, Bristol.
Maguire, May I. (22), 11, Harcourt-terrace, Dublin.
Brook, Emily (21), Carlton House, Fareham, Hants.
Porter, Marion (23), Bloomfield Lake, near Sandown, I. of W.
Wall, Annie (20), Swansea Hospital, Swansea.
Clews, Bena (24), Shernett House, Erdington, Birmingham.
McKean, Mary (20), Rosemount, Victoria-park, Havertree, Liverpool.

"OH, FOR THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND!"
FIRST DIVISION.—SECOND PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS.

SECOND DIVISION (AGE 16 TO 20).

First Prize (Two Guineas).

Didham, Beatrice (17), Middleton, Bideford.

Second Prize (One Guinea).

Gresley, Alice (19), Derwent-cottage, Drycott, Derby.

SECOND DIVISION.—FIRST PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Webb, Eva (19½), 56, St. Stephen's-avenue, Shepherd's Bush.
Calvert, Edith Laura (17), 15, North Villas, Camden-square, N.W.
Powell, Blanche Constance (17), Salcombe, Woolston, Southampton.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Woolhouse, Emma Margaret (19), 60, Greenhill, Derby.
Pierce, May (18), Frettons, Danbury, Essex.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Tinniswood, Ella (18), Howard-cottage, Warwick-bridge, near Carlisle.
Eddowes, Florence (18), 10, Wilson-street, Derby.
Ashley, Alice Maria (19), 81, Isledon-road, Holloway, N.
Squire, Helen (19), 37, Acacia-road, N.W.
Hall, Maud Rosalie (18), Claremont, Millbrook, Southampton.
McKean, Susan (17), Rosemount, Victoria-park, Havertree, Liverpool.

THIRD DIVISION (AGE UNDER 16).

First Prize (One Guinea).

Stuart-Menleath, Evelyn Ogilvy (15), Plas Esguis, Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire.

Second Prize (Half a Guinea).

Heywood, Maude (14), Warwick-cottage, Serpentine-road, Park-village East, Regent's-park.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Hunter, Beatrice Sara (15), Shrublands, Saundersfort, Pembrokeshire.
Birch, Alice Amy (15½), 8, Grand Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Tripp, Eleanor Howard (14), Orari Gorge, Waikibush, Canterbury, New Zealand.
Wise, Kate (14), 7, Aberdeen-terrace, Cotham, Bristol.
Orphool, Mary J. C. (13), 113, George-street, Edinburgh.
Pope, Maggie C. A. (14), 28, Victoria-street, Aberdeen.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

II.—PAINTINGS IN OILS OR WATER COLOURS.

THE subject of the paintings for the next Prize Competition in oils or water colours is—

PROSPERITY.

This subject can be treated in a variety of ways by our young artists. The size of the picture will be left to the decision of the worker.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three years. For instance, every girl of thirteen years may compete for the Prize to be awarded to the most successful girl under fourteen years of age, every girl of fourteen years and under fifteen can compete for the Guinea Prize to be awarded to the most successful competitor of fourteen years of age, and so on up to the age of twenty-three.

The last day for receiving the paintings is Midsummer-day, June 24, 1882.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

Each painting must bear at the back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this painting is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

HOW TO COOK FISH.

THE other day the amiable fishmonger with whom I deal asked me to step into his inner room and inspect his apparatus for frying fish. Of course I did so, and I wished that I could have taken with me every girl belonging to our cookery class, for I knew that no one who had once seen what was to be seen there would ever again imagine that to fry fish properly it is necessary to have only as much melted lard in a frying pan as will suffice to keep a fish from burning. The fat in which the fishmonger fried his fish was in what looked like a copper with a fire underneath it, just as there is a fire under the copper in which clothes are boiled on washing day. The pan itself was about two feet square and six or eight inches deep. It was more than half full, not of oil, nor of lard, but of good dripping. This fat was never thrown away. It was not sold for kitchen grease, as so much valuable fat is sold nowadays, to be replaced by expensive and very much inferior lard. As it gradually boiled away, fresh fat was added to it, and it was used again, and again, and again. I did not wonder that so large a trade in fried fish was carried on in the neighbourhood when I saw what facilities the fishmonger enjoyed for frying his fish.

I have already in another place* spoken of the method to be adopted in frying of all kinds, and of the fat which is best suited to the purpose. The girls who have attended our class from the commencement will remember that I said then, that in true frying the article to be cooked must be entirely covered with fat, just as an article to be boiled is entirely covered with water. Fish is no exception to this rule. It should be plunged into plenty of hot fat (so hot that it is still, that a thin blue vapour rises from it, and that it will brown very quickly a small piece of crumb of bread thrown into it), and there left until it is brightly coloured. It may then be taken up, drained, laid on kitchen paper to free it from the outside grease, and it is ready.

Before, however, fish can be fried successfully it must be prepared. The first process of preparation consists in cleaning and trimming the fish. This is not peculiar to frying; it belongs to all other methods of cookery. The same cannot be said of the next preparatory detail, which is drying the fish thoroughly; unless the fish is perfectly dry it will not brown as it should do. Many cooks, in order to secure thorough dryness, cleanse the fish some time before it is wanted, and fold it in a clean soft cloth to absorb the moisture; others wash it, dry it in a cloth, then rub flour over it, and shake the superfluous flour from it. I should advise you to do both; dry it as thoroughly as you can in a cloth, and afterwards rub it with flour; you may then be satisfied that no moisture adheres to it.

The next step is to encase the fish in an outer covering, in order to preserve the juices. This may consist of flour only (very excellent results may be produced with flour). It may be formed also of a thick batter of flour and water, of frying batter, and of beaten egg and bread or water biscuit crumbs. I believe that fishmongers almost always use the thick batter, made of flour and water. The fishmonger whom I visited told me he did, and I know that at his establishment fish is superlatively fried, as, indeed, it is at the majority of London fried fish shops. When egg and crumbs are used for this purpose, the yolk and white of egg should be lightly beaten together, and the crumbs should be stale, dry, and well-sifted, to make them even. Unless this is done, the coarser crumbs will fall off, imparting to the fish that dappled appearance which is so frequent and so undesirable.

Before going further, I must say a word or two about the breadcrumbs used in frying fish. In a great many households stale bread is one of the burdens which press on the mind and conscience of the housekeeper. If the members of her family like crust, the crumb cannot be disposed of; if they like crumb, the crusts increase and multiply. "Oh!" she thinks, "how can I allow all this nourishing food to be wasted, when there are so many poor creatures starving!" So, in order to ease her mind, she makes a handsome present of the stale bread to the first beggar who knocks at her door. He receives it with effusion or growls, according to his disposition, yet in either case it is most likely that if the donor walk out a few minutes afterwards, she will find the broken bread thrown into the road. The professional beggar has not yet been brought so low that he has to eat broken crusts; he throws them from him with scorn.

Doubtless there are honest, poor folks who would be thankful for the pieces, but they do not go begging in dirt and rags from door to door. They hide their heads in miserable homes, and struggle bravely with poverty and want. If we want to help them we must seek them out, give them work, and help them to support themselves. It is not probable that we can afford to do this so long as we permit good food to be wasted. Therefore our first duty is to look well to our own ways, and try, even in this small difficulty, to follow the example of One who, while He devoted His life to healing the sick and comforting the sorrowful, did not forget to tell His followers to "gather up the fragments, that nothing should be lost."

It comes, then, to this: if we wish to prevent waste, we must take the first step towards it in our own homes, and make the most of the materials at our command. Crusts and broken pieces of bread are really very valuable, and one very excellent way of employing them is to use them for frying fish. We shall find it to our advantage, therefore, to preserve them for this purpose. It is not unlikely that if a cook has to prepare crumbs for a special dish, at the moment she will be in a hurry, and not have time to dry and sift the crumbs properly, and so her fish may be spoiled. But if she has a supply of crumbs on hand she will have no difficulty in this direction. Let her, therefore, when she has crusts or stale bread which she has no other use for, dry them thoroughly in a cool oven (not allowing them to brown), crush them with a rolling-pin, sift them through a fine wire sieve, and keep them in a bottle tightly corked and ready for use when wanted. Thus prepared, they will keep for awhile.

* See "The Frying Pan," in No. 14, vol. i.

A sole is a typical fish for frying, and therefore we will suppose that we are about to fry a sole, and that it is skinned, trimmed, and perfectly dry. We put the fat (sufficiently deep to cover the fish) on the fire to heat gradually. We may then adopt one of five methods:—

1st. Roll the fish in flour, shake the loose flour from it, and fry. When rolled in flour, or dipped in batter, the fish should be prepared just before it is fried.

2nd. Brush the fish with milk, cover it with flour, shake the loose flour from it, and fry.

3rd. Dip the fish into thick batter of flour and water, and fry.

4th. Dip the fish into frying batter, and fry.

5th. Beat an egg lightly, lay the fish in it, brush it all over with egg, then stick a fork into the head of the fish and lift it out, lay it on breadcrumbs, shake crumbs over it to cover it entirely, lift it out once more with a fork, and press the crumbs on gently with the flat side of a knife, and fry. When egg and breadcrumbs are used, the fish may be prepared some time before it is to be fried.

Perhaps you are inclined to say, Why not turn the fish with our fingers? Why is it necessary that we should use a fork or skewer? Because, after the fish has been egged it must not be handled. If it is, the egg will be taken off in places, and this will prevent the crumbs adhering to the fish. It is important, also, that the crumbs should be pressed on with a knife, otherwise they also may drop off and spoil the look of the fish.

The fish is now ready, and when the fat also is ready for it, it may be laid in the hot fat, which should be deep enough to cover it. I daresay you remember that I said that the fat was hot enough when a light blue film came from it. Yet even in this there is room for the exercise of judgment and experience. Large fish, which need to be cooked through, should not have the fat so hot as small fish, which require very little cooking.

The rule, therefore, is, the smaller the fish the hotter the fat. Whitebait, which are the smallest of *all* fish, need fat so hot that it seems to be almost on the point of burning. A good-sized sole, on the other hand, should be cooked in fat from which the blue film rises only. Very large flat fish are seldom cooked whole, however. They are usually filleted, and this process was described at our last lesson. Filleted fish and small fish should be put into the fat in a frying basket.

I know quite well what some of my readers are thinking as they read this. "It is all very well for you, who have just been to see the frying kettle at the fish-shop, two feet square and six or eight inches deep, to speak of how fish should be fried. But we have no pan of this size. Small pieces of fish we might fry in an iron saucepan, but for large fish such as soles we have to use the frying-pan, and what can we do with it?"

I do not suppose you have such a pan, and it is quite certain that if you have not got it you cannot use it, and also that you must manage with the utensils you have at your command. If you have a sole to fry and do not possess a pan large enough or deep enough to contain fat which will cover the fish entirely, you must use the frying-pan, and cook first one side of the fish and then the other. The frying will not be so easily done in this case, but it can be done for all that. There is this consolation attending it: it is very usually done thus. For one person who has a large frying kettle there are hundreds who have nothing but a frying-pan, and many of the latter can fry fish very well too. The only thing that we have to remember under these circumstances is to have at any rate a good depth of fat, as much as we can get and find room for, and to have it hot. Then we lay our fish in, and when one side is cooked we turn the fish skilfully over to the other side. This is the awkward part of the business. Stick a strong fork into the fish near the head and turn it that way; do not attempt to do so with the slice. When the fish is done drain it, put it between two folds of kitchen paper to free it from grease (all fried things should be laid on kitchen paper before they are served); then lay it on a dish covered with a napkin or with a fish paper, and it is ready.

"When the fish is done!" But how are we to know when it is done? How long will it take to fry? That must depend upon its size and thickness. A moderate-sized sole, for example, would be done in about seven minutes, a very large sole would require fifteen minutes; fillets of fish would be done in about a minute. There is one thing to be said: it is only while you are new to the business that you will have any doubt on this point. A little experience will enable you to tell at once when the fish is cooked. Till you gain this experience you will do no harm if you test the fish—that is, stick a knife into the thickest part as soon as it colours, and take a peep to see how things are progressing. When the flesh leaves the bone easily, the fish is cooked. It ought to look moist, not dry, otherwise it is over-cooked. It is well to remember that fish is much more frequently over-cooked than under-cooked. It is an excellent plan to have some finely-sifted bread raspings at hand, and to sprinkle a pinch over the place where the knife was stuck in, and any other weak parts there may be, at the last moment, when the fish is dished ready for the table, just as artists give one or two finishing touches to their pictures after they are hung on the walls of the Academy.

A little while ago I said that frying batter was an excellent coating for fish that was to be fried. This batter is made as follows:—

Frying Batter.—Put a quarter of a pound of flour and a pinch of salt into a bowl, and mix it very smoothly with two tablespoonfuls of pure salad oil. Stir in gradually one gill of lukewarm water, and beat well and briskly. Let the batter stand for awhile, then ten minutes before it is wanted stir lightly into it the whites of two eggs which have been whisked to a firm froth.

Thick plaice neatly filleted is excellent when dipped in this batter and fried, or even when it is simply dried and rolled in flour and fried. When thus cooked and accompanied by Dutch sauce, plaice is, in my humble opinion, quite a superior dish. When I say this, I am quite aware that plaice is cheap fish, and that it is scorned by many people. This is because it is inexpensive, and therefore cooks will not condescend to find out which is the best way of cooking it. If only it were difficult to get, and sold at a high price, cooks would take the trouble to learn how to cook it properly, and then epicures would speak of it rapturously, and poor folks would wish they could get it. But that is always the way. What comes to us easily we scorn, while we over-estimate that which is obtained with difficulty.

There are still two or three little details which should be noted with regard to frying fish. One is that when there are a number of fish or pieces of fish to be fried, all should be prepared before any are cooked, otherwise the cook may get into difficulties; another is that not many pieces of fish should be put into the hot fat at once: if they are the fat will be cooled too much, and the fish will not brown properly, and will be greasy. The third point worth noticing is that the fat should be taken from the fire as soon as it is done with; it should be allowed to cool a minute or two, and then poured through a strainer into a basin and put by for future use. It is necessary that it should cool before it is strained, otherwise it will spoil the strainer.

The fat should be strained each time it is used, because little pieces of crumb or batter are sure to fall into it, and if these are not taken out they will burn and discolour the fat. You will remember that we have to preserve our fat and use it again and again, never throwing it out, though adding to it occasionally. To do this we must be careful of it all the way through, not by fits and starts, but constantly. I once knew a very clever cook who said that she had used the same fat for more than a year for all sorts of things—sweets, fish, and meats—and that it was excellent all through. I should not recommend you to adopt this plan, because I think it is safer to keep the fat for frying fish and the fat for frying sweets, &c., separate, but still the thing can be done and has been done.

Fried fish is usually garnished with fried parsley. To prepare this, we wash a few sprigs of parsley, dry it well in a cloth, put it in the frying basket, and dip it in the hot fat for a second or two till it is quite crisp. If kept in the fat too long it will be discoloured. When about to fry parsley the cook should remember not to hold her face too near the pan, for parsley contains so much water that it is sure to make the fat bubble, and if not careful she may be burnt.

I think now I have spoken of all the general principles of frying fish, and I hope the hints I have given will be useful when you carry them out for yourself. Do not be discouraged if you do not succeed perfectly the first time of trying. Frying fish is not at all easy work, but skill in this direction, as in so many others, comes with patience and perseverance, and remember that—

"Experience join'd with common sense
To mortals is a providence."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

BY MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TWILIGHT IN THE ALLEE VERTE.

DAMARIS'S ride was deferred until the evening, after all. La Marquise dismissed her then, after giving Jerome especial directions to see that she was safely mounted.

"Now go, *petite*, the air will do you good. I am beginning to think, in spite of all your protestations, that Paris suited you better than this *triste* country."

Damaris dressed and descended, longing for the cool evening air to allay the fever of her blood. When she entered the *basse-cour*, she found Jacquet saddled in readiness, with Monsieur le Marquis at his head. André was already mounted upon the rather extraordinary-looking quadruped he had ridden the day they went to Chambuisson. The St. Aubin stables had been reduced to their lowest ebb by Monsieur St. Just, and the animal André bestrode was the only saddle-horse they contained besides the mare Blanche. It was used for the domestic purposes of the establishment, and in consequence had a somewhat bare-

SECOND DIVISION.—SECOND PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

boned and jaded appearance, quite in keeping with André himself.

"This is why I am debarred the pleasure of accompanying you," said Monsieur le Marquis. "Cast your eye over that hewer of wood and drawer of water, mademoiselle, and tell me how you would like to see me in André's place?"

"Not at all. André is in keeping with his steed; but I could hardly say so much were you on its back."

"That is not strong enough for a compliment. I have a good mind to turn the old fellow off and try what I can do."

"Pray do not think of such a thing, you would certainly come to grief."

He assisted her to mount, arranging the curb and tightening the saddle-girths with a kindness that was quite free from affectation.

"Unfortunately Etienne is such a light weight that Blanche is no use to me, but this Riquet looks equal to any amount of burden-bearing. Don't you think so? Besides, I am answerable for your safety."

Damaris assured him that he might set his mind quite at rest with regard to her, thanked him most cordially, touched Jacquet with her whip, and trotted smartly out of the *basse-cour*.

She took the road which led past the old mill, which, she had been assured, wound onwards into a secluded valley, thickly shrouded with trees, where she might freely ride without encountering anyone. The air was moist and fresh; the ground without dust. It was pleasant below and above. Jacquet's quick pace soon brought her over the slope, beyond which the road seemed to plunge down, and lose itself in a mass of green—a perfect *allée verte*. The sun had sunk behind the hills, but his soft after-glow was in the sky. A silvery haze filled the valley, but under the avenue of trees lay a solemn gloom.

Damaris pauses for her escort to approach. She hears Riquet's heavy hoofs somewhere behind, but the bend of the hill lies between her and his rider.

"André ought not to ride so fast as that. I will wait and tell him that he need not trouble to keep up with me, so that he keeps me in sight or himself within call," she says, and watches for him to appear.

It is not Andre's grey head that comes over the hill—a younger and handsomer one is in his place.

"*Comment! Est-ce vous*, monsieur? Nay, I will not permit you to accompany me; it is not safe. Let us go back."

She turns Jacquet's head round. Monsieur le Marquis, mounted on Riquet, comes up laughing, and protesting against being deprived of the double pleasure of accompanying her and of riding so gallant and spirited a steed.

"You said yourself that he could not carry you safely," she says, striving to hide her annoyance.

"I said Blanche could not. This animal is as safe as he is ugly. But if I fail to keep up, mademoiselle, don't blame either my equestrian powers or my gallantry."

"I shall hardly be likely to judge your horsemanship by your steed."

"I believe you are ashamed to be seen in my company."

"Oh, as to that, we are about upon a par. Jacquet's good qualities outshine his appearance."

"*A bas les préjujés*, mademoiselle, let us enjoy ourselves. If Riquet and I should come to grief, I am quite satisfied to break my neck in your service."

"*Tenez*, monsieur. Let us see what your beast is made of!"

Damaris is longing for the canter she has promised herself. If Monsieur le

THIRD DIVISION.—FIRST PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Marquis, in taking André's place, has expected to put conversation in the place of hard riding, she will disappoint him. Jacquet springs forward at full speed in prompt obedience to rein and whip. Adown the long avenue the gallant little pony and his rider fly. Wild winds wandering here and there toss her hair and freshen her cheek. She would have preferred to ride in the open, on some breezy English downs, for instance—these valleys are so shut in; and here, with this heavy canopy of trees, their intersecting branches mottling the sky overhead, the confinement is even greater. Nevertheless, the easy motion, the freedom, the freshness are wonderfully grateful after the restraint which has been upon her of late.

She does not draw rein until she reaches the further extremity of the valley and emerges from the shade of the trees. As she rests, the loneliness of the whole valley seems to strike her for the first time. She hears the far-away notes of the wild-fowl down in the marshy ground by the river, and the melancholy sough of the wind amongst the treetops.

Where is her escort? Has she done right to leave him? She turns again under the trees, letting Jacquet walk leisurely now. Half way down the long avenue she comes upon Riquet and his rider. Monsieur le Marquis is afoot, and Riquet, with solemn and dejected mien, stands by the roadside. Evidently some portion of his unique accoutrements has given way under the extra strain put upon them, for Monsieur is busily engaged in repairing a breach as well as the twilight gloom will allow. Damaris preserves a very meritorious gravity as she approaches.

"How now, monsieur! Has the spirited Riquet unseated you?"

"Certainly not; but these wretched saddle-girths are as rotten as tinder. I can't imagine how that old idiot André has contrived to make them hold together at all."

"I am very sorry for you. What can be done? You will not dare to mount again."

"I shall not be able; the mischief is past repair. I must lead the brute back. But the worst is, I shall be obliged to abandon you, mademoiselle, and send André to join you in my place."

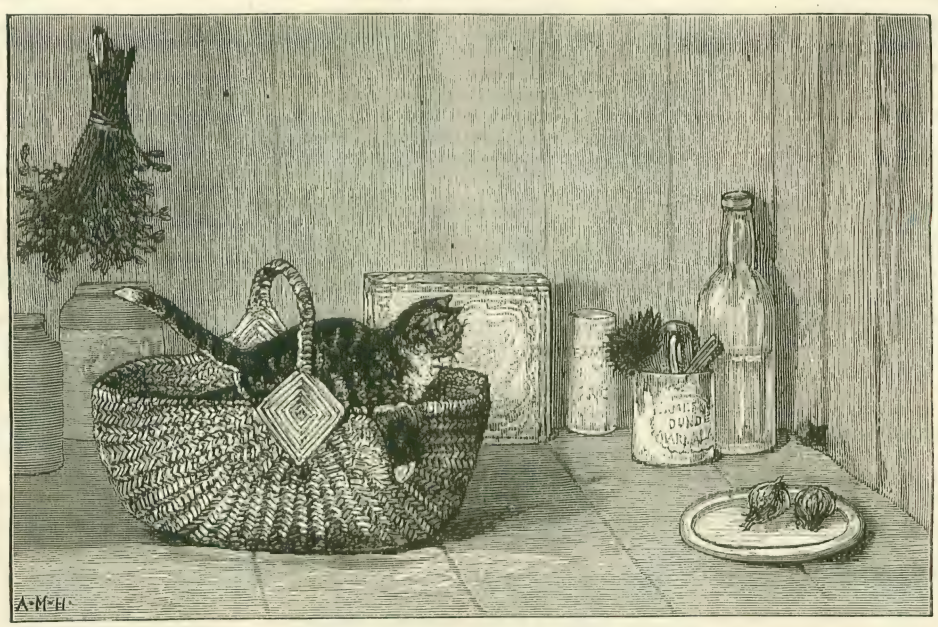
"There is no need to send anyone. I will ride with you now to the hill, take one more canter down the avenue and back, and then follow you. I shall have had quite long enough ride by that time, and I am not afraid to be left alone."

"But what will my mother say? However, I have very little choice in the matter, unless you will return with me the whole of the way?"

"I cannot give up my ride for no better reason than that, monsieur."

"*Très-bien*, mademoiselle. You must, then, put up with my impoliteness."

"It is your too ready politeness, monsieur, that has brought you into this difficulty, and if you leave me to continue my ride I shall consider such proof of confidence preferable to any mere formal politeness."



THIRD DIVISION.—SECOND PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

"You have, perhaps, had too much of my company already," he says, with chagrin.

"Oh, no," she responds, laughing, "pray don't think that. I thank you a thousand times for your kindness to me."

Damaris is riding slowly along under the trees now, and Monsieur le Marquis, with Riquet's bridle thrown over his arm, walks beside her. So they pass, without perceiving a solitary figure hidden in the gloom on the other side of the road.

Monsieur le Marquis is not in the most benignant frame of mind. He took a great deal of credit to himself for his attendance upon Damaris that evening, yet it has brought him nothing but disappointment and mortification. Even while he is mentally weighing her beauty and spirit against Leonie's gold galore, and finding the balance gradually, but surely, turn in favour of the latter, her seeming indifference to the honour of his attentions wounds his self-love.

A petty expedient for piquing her vanity occurs to him.

"Do you not think Mademoiselle St. Cyr wonderfully lovely?" he asks.

"I do indeed," she frankly responds. "She has one of the prettiest and most child-like faces I have ever seen."

"She is only young at present. And that, mademoiselle, I consider another great advantage. If she were older, she would in all probability have pronounced opinions of her own, and that is always objectionable in a woman. Her husband will be able to mould her mind to suit his own."

"Yes," says Damaris, with a little accent of scorn, "a woman should never dare to form an opinion independently of her lord and master. In fact, her mind should be an unwritten upon slate, where he may trace his own impressions and rub them out when he pleases."

"Or a mirror in which he sees himself reflected," says Monsieur le Marquis.

"Precisely. What a grand pity it is that La Marquise has not reserved Mademoiselle St. Cyr for you!"

"That is just what I think. Would you advise me to endeavour to supplant Etienne, as Jacob of old supplanted Esau?"

Damaris is silent for an instant, biting her lips. Then she answers—

"You had better take the old story as a warning, rather than an example."

"You and Mademoiselle Leonie are great friends, are you not?"

"*Pas beaucoup*, monsieur. There is too great an inequality in our position and experience for that. She is very loveable, and she has been very kind to me, consequently I like her."

"Do you always like people who are kind to you?"

"It is only natural to do so, monsieur."

"Then you like me, for I do not think I have ever been unkind to you."

Damaris is amused.

"Certainly, you have been very good to me, and I like you accordingly."

"But you say it in the same tone that you would use if you were speaking of some tame animal—of Jacquet, for instance."

"You underrate my assurance; I have a very friendly feeling for you, monsieur."

He gnaws his moustache to conceal his annoyance.

"And this friendly feeling, do you ever speak of it when you are alone

with Leonie? Do you ever praise me to her?"

"Sometimes, monsieur."

"And she! What does she think of me? Does she also like people who are good to her? And does she think I am good?"

"Mademoiselle Leonie is a good little girl, you must remember, monsieur, too young to have pronounced opinions. She will do what La Duchesse tells her; and it is more to your interest to stand well with La Duchesse."

"Yes, that is true; *la vieille* Duchesse is, I fear, a little suspicious of me. I hope she does not think that I have ever made the smallest pretensions to your favour, mademoiselle?"

This idea strikes Damaris as so preposterous that she laughs merrily.

"No, I do not think your greatest enemy could ever accuse you of having had the assurance to do that."

"But we are friends?"

"Good friends, because we could never, under any circumstances, be anything else."

"What! not even enemies?" he asks quickly.

Damaris colours, being vexed at this turn of the conversation.

They have reached the top of the hill; she draws rein.

"Now, monsieur, I am going to leave you. I will take one more turn down the avenue, then ride back to the *château* and deliver Jacquet into André's hands."

She turns Jacquet's head and trots away.

"I shall send André after you," shouts Monsieur le Marquis, and waits to see her enter and disappear amongst the green gloom. Just as she, at full canter, is about to plunge into the coppice, he sees the figure of a man emerge, then turn and glide back again. The night is falling, the twilight too far advanced for him to distinguish at this distance the person of the stranger. There seems, however, to be something furtive in his movements.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Wise Bird.

In the Isthmus of Panama, a black vulture, the gallinazo, is a very familiar object. You see it everywhere, perched up on heaps of refuse. It renders great service in cleaning the streets, by removing carrion, and there is no need of any law to protect it. The gallinazo is of a uniform black, but its head and neck are entirely devoid of feathers.

The inhabitants of Panama have a reason to give for this baldness. At one time, they say, the gallinazo had feathers on his head. After the deluge, Noah, on opening the door of the ark, thought it well to give a piece of advice to the released animals. "My children," said he, "when you see a man coming towards you and stooping down, go away from him; he is getting a stone to throw at you!"

"Very good," exclaimed the gallinazo; "but what if he has one already in his pocket?"

Noah was somewhat taken aback at the question, and decided that in future the gallinazo should be born bald in token of his remarkable sagacity.

The Cross.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek;
The way of truth,
To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ, as the only true and living way,
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in Heaven;
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them He bore
His Father's frown;
For them He wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the Cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor e'en dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

An Enigma for Loyal Girls.

1. A title bestowed on the late Prince Consort.
2. The symbol of consecration for royal heads.
3. The motto of Her Majesty's volunteers.
4. That which "shows the force of temporal power."
5. A state which we hope may never exist in England.
6. That which we hope Her Majesty may ever be.
7. Her Majesty's last-acquired title.
8. The seat to which Her Majesty alone has a right.
9. The officer who proclaims Her Majesty's titles.
10. One of Her Majesty's most illustrious predecessors, though not an ancestress.
11. A colony named after Her Majesty.
12. That in which the strength of a nation lies.
13. The nation to which we girls are proud to belong.
14. The country of which the poet wrote, "With all thy faults I love thee still."
15. That by which Britannia rules the waves.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 339):—

L U S I A D
A U R O R A
ULRIC VON HUTTEN
R U P E R T
A M B R O S E

W. C.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 446):—

L U C K N O W
U N A*
B U L L
B E L L
O C E A N I A
C O G N A C
K Y R L E†

Lubbock (Sir J. Lubbock, whose papers on Natural History excite so much interest).

Wallace (author of "The Malay Archipelago," &c.).

* Spenser's "Faerie Queen."

† John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," immortalised by Pope.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Hair Awry.—Section A, Religious Knowledge, is compulsory, except where conscientious objections are advanced. In the Cambridge Examinations it comprises the Holy Scriptures, Prayer Book, and Christian evidences.

Two Students.—The Oxford Junior Examinations for girls under sixteen are held in June; fee, £1. The seniors in the same month, for girls under eighteen; fee, £1 10s. Write to the Secretary, G. E. Baker, Esq., Magdalen College, Oxford.

Guinea Pig.—The name of the Principal (not "Principle") of Cheltenham College is Miss Beale. Pupils are prepared for the London University Matriculation and "B.A.," the Oxford Higher and "A.A.A.," and the Cambridge Higher. Write for full information. We should imagine it to be healthy; the climate is mild; the season from November to April.

The Milkmaid.—The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C., trains, boards, and lodges nurses, from seventeen to thirty-five, at 7s. 6d. per week, for not less than six months. Write to the Matron.

MUSIC.

Cherry Blossom.—"Where there is a will," &c. If you are careful to avoid faults, there is no doubt that you would, at any rate, prevent yourself losing what you had gained.

N. H. A. T. and E. O. K.—Weber was born in Holstein in 1786, and died in London in 1826. June 2nd, 1869, was a Wednesday. Write "respectfully," not "respectally."

Nokomis.—The composer of the song called "Ruth" (on the Scripture words, "Entreat me not to leave thee") was Miss Davies, author of the music to Mrs. Hemans's "Better Land." The music of "The Rainy Day" is by Dempster.

Pimpernel.—A harp would not be expensive if purchased secondhand. We do not know what kind you desire, as your description ("a small harp") is vague.

Nan.—We do not know of another setting. The words of "My Queen" are by "Stella." Sir Thomas Gladstone of Fasque came to the title on the death of his father, because he was the eldest son; W. E. Gladstone was the fourth son.

Home, Sweet Home.—If you have copied the bar of music correctly, there is one note short in the treble, which must be a misprint, as the notes are equal in value. We can only advise you to try to see another copy of the same piece, and find out. Dr. Kenealy's poems have been published, also several prose works.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Hope.—French polish for boots and shoes is made thus: Take of logwood chips half a pound; glue, a quarter of a pound; indigo, pounded very fine, a quarter of an ounce; isinglass, a quarter of an ounce; soft soap, a quarter of an ounce. Boil these ingredients in two pints of vinegar and one of water during ten minutes after ebullition, then strain the liquid. When cold it is fit for use. To apply the French polish the dirt must be washed from the boots or shoes. When they are quite dry the liquid polish is put on with a bit of sponge.

A Wee Lassie.—About as much sal volatile as will lie on a sixpence is sufficient for a pound of flour. The pastry need not be left to rise. It should be put into the oven at once. Surely some one has been amusing themselves at your expense, by trying to persuade you that the names you mention are to be found in Scripture.

Sarah.—The following is the recipe you ask for:—Oatmeal biscuits. Three-quarters of a pound of Scotch oatmeal, three ounces of butter, one egg, three ounces of brown sugar, three small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well, and bake in a slow oven.

Forget-me-Not.—To clean your red brick floor rub the bricks with a brick of the same kind and a little water or milk, wiping afterwards with a cloth. Give your parrot clean water to drink, not milk. The meaning of the word "Mizpah" is "a watch tower," Genesis xxxi. 23 to 49.

Mabel G.—A little warm water and soap should be sufficient to clean the ordinary leather chairs.

Young Housekeeper.—The unpleasant smell after boiling cabbage, &c., arising from the water, is often made worse by the thoughtlessness of the cook in leaving it either on the fire or near it. It should be instantly thrown away.

Rhododendron, Gabriella.—To clean marble take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift all through muslin, and mix with water. Then rub all well over the marble, and the stains will be removed, washing the marble afterwards with soap and water. Fuller's earth and hot water are also used to clean marble.

Patroeas.—Wash the black and white cotton in tepid, or nearly cold, water, and rinse in salt and water with plenty of blue in it, wringing very well indeed in a towel afterwards.

PROGRESS.—We have read your interesting letter with much pleasure. The price of ordinary "charity blankets" would be from 7s. to 8s. the pair. They should be lined, after working, with a coarse ticking. We should have the teapot, cream-jug, and sugar-bowl taken out before anyone arrives in the afternoon, and brought in when you ring for tea. The bread-and-butter is cut very thin, and rolled. Many people do not remove the fender nor fireirons.

COOKERY.

NOELLINE.—We cannot find nor hear of "Devonshire pudding" under that name. There is an "Exeter pudding," which is very rich, and is made of sponge cakes, sago, suet, ratafia, &c., and baked. It is too expensive to be generally useful. Your writing is legible and good.

DIDO.—A recipe for "hotchpotch" will be found on page 415, vol. ii. We are glad to hear you have found our paper so useful to you. Your writing is not pretty, and lacks light and shade.

BEATRIX.—We give you Francatelli's recipe for preserving oranges whole, called "oranges in syrup." Score the oranges all over in imitation of some ornamental design, representing basket-work, trellis-work, &c., and simmer them very gently in water until nearly done through. They must then be thrown into cold water, to soak for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time they should be allowed to drain on a sieve for several hours, and then being placed in an earthen pan, with sufficient syrup of twenty-eight degrees' strength poured gently upon them. For three successive days let the syrup be boiled up and skimmed, and when nearly cold poured back to the oranges. After this the oranges may be put away in jars, carefully tied down to exclude the air.

WORK.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.—Knitted Braces:—These can be knitted in wool, cotton, or silk. The following recipe is for cotton; the wool would require fewer stitches and the silk more than the cotton:—Needles No. 18 (steel); cast on twenty-eight stitches; knit a few plain rows, then begin a row. Knit one, * put the cotton in front of the needle; slip one, putting the needle inside the loop. Then put the cotton to the back again, knit one, as before, and repeat from *; knit very tightly. The length must depend on the size of the gentleman for whom the braces are intended. Finish with a few rows of plain knitting. Leather buckles and straps to be attached to the ends of the braces can be bought.

PEBBLE.—A sermon case may be made like a book-cover, with a ribbon in the centre to slip the sermon under. It should be made of velvet, and generally has a monogram in the centre of the front side. Read the article on "How to Make a Blotting Case," page 11, vol. ii., in which you will find some useful hints to help you if you wish to make it more ornamental. The size depends on the paper generally used by the owner.

EASTER DAISY.—Many thanks for your kind letter and good wishes. We fear, from experience, that the red marks in your white silk dress are really stains, and will not come out. Can you not hide them with a trimming of white or black lace? Answer by a written note in the usual form.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CONSTANT READER.—*A Deo* means "from God," and *et Pater*, "and Father."

LENORE.—Lay your head down on one side, the ear into which the insect has intruded uppermost. Then let someone drop some sweet-oil into it, filling the orifice to overflowing. The animal will float to the surface, and endeavour itself to get out. By a reference to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, vol. i., page 611, you will see the mention of a little book which supplies home-remedies for all common accidents, such as that concerning which you write, and to which children are especially liable.

A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER.—Always share the use of your hymn-book with your next neighbour, if the latter have none. It is a nice thing to keep an extra one for the use of strangers. To clean discoloured ivory, see vol. i., page 240.

MERCEDES.—The first syllable is accented in the name "Dam-ar-is." The signification of the Latin words adopted by Carlyle for the book which you are reading, *i.e.*, "Sartor Resartus," is 'the 'Cobbler mended.'"

SUNFLOWER.—We advise you to consult a lawyer, if, through the kind offices of any friend of good standing and weight, the matter cannot be set right in a more friendly way. The salary of a young lady of about twenty, as a companion to an elderly person, should not be less than £25. But, of course, there are circumstances, such as the advantage of having a comfortable home and a chaperone, which may prove a sufficient compensation, apart from any salary, supposing you have some little private means of your own. It would be unwise to refuse any first offer because not in every respect all that you desire to obtain. Make a start, and so gain experience, and a certificate or testimonial of practical efficiency.

BLAISE WALDORF.—You go into a warm room too soon after exposure to the cold out-of-doors; then the skin becomes heated before the flesh is warm, and the circulation quickened. This sudden external heating makes people's noses, ears, and fingers drop off when frostbitten. Remain in a room without a fire for some time, rub your hands and feet, and also your face. Restore the circulation thoroughly before you go into a room with a fire. Your writing is very legible and fairly good.

HERMIA.—The initials, "A. K. C.," mean "Associate of King's College," London. An arrangement was made between Caxton and one Colard Mansion, who was engaged in the introduction of the art of printing into Bruges, at the time that the former was desirous of bringing out his book, "The Recueil of History," which he had translated from the French (1471). Caxton supplied the money and Mansion set up the printing-office. From this office the first English book ever printed was brought out, viz., "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye." We do not see any mention of the name you give in connection with Caxton.

DECIMA.—A "mother's help" is expected to perform the duties of nursery governess and nursery-maid combined. In fact, she is to do everything that has been left undone for the children, and to make herself generally useful in every way required of her by the mother. The salary depends on the age and efficiency of the "help," and the circumstances of the "mother."

DAISY.—1. We cannot alter the rules of the competition. Those girls who object to having their ages attached to their certificates, which is the standard by which merit is to be gauged, must only take their choice and not compete if the subject of age be a sensitive point. Up to the age of thirty it would scarcely be reasonable, but for little schoolgirls it is a childish objection. 2. The early turning grey of the hair is generally constitutional. It cannot be arrested.

CAXY.—Geraniums should be planted out in May, and cuttings should be made from them at about the middle of August. To protect your plants from slugs, make a ring of soot all round each. To catch them, make use of cabbage leaves, which, after having been warmed in an oven, should be rubbed over with unsalted grease, such as dripping. Place these near the spots most frequented by the slugs, and in a few hours' time the leaves will be covered with them. The gardener can then get rid of them for you.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.—Pronounce the name exactly as written—"Dor-ritt." There are two "r's" and there is no "e."

SAIE.—We thank you for your nice letter, but while we think there is much feeling and a certain degree of easy flow about your verses, they are very incorrect in metre. Lines of eight feet are made to correspond with those of ten, and of nine with eleven, and so forth, and the emphasis does not fall on the corresponding syllables respectively in each line.

A CORRESPONDENT.—We feel for your trouble, but can only counsel you to act in such matters according to your mother's wishes. Perhaps she would not object to your knowing the clergyman whose church you attend. Always remember that you are "working for Christ" when you deny yourself, and are in subjection to your parents, under whose roof and protection you live.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—Of course, God over-rules all for the good of His people, whether of the character of "chastening," or trial of faith. And He likewise permits and ordains the punishment of evil-doers. But he is not the "author of evil," although, for a time, the wicked are allowed to prosper. Remember that we are told that "the goodness and forbearance of God" leadeth us to repentance, and that you are absolutely responsible for all your actions or omissions of duty.

ELIZABETH B. B. tells us that she has written a story "with a good dash of sensation through it," and suggests our writing "at once" for it. But while thanking her for her obliging offer, we must assure her that we are not "dashing" people, that our staff is complete, and our stock of MSS., read and unread, enormous. Thus we are obliged to decline her proposal, regretting that she will be disappointed.

MOSS ROSE and A TROUBLED GIRL.—There is no remedy that we know of save the tweezers.

A LANCASHIRE COTTON-WEAVER.—The rules for a healthful life are the same in any case. "Medicus" makes no distinction in his advice between the rich and the poor. Your writing is fairly good.

MILL GIRL.—We think you will find bathing, whenever possible, the best help, and a regular walk as opportunity offers. Be careful also to protect yourself from cold and draughts by proper clothing.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Payment for poetry can only be expected, and is only made, when it possesses great merit. We could not give you any further advice.

LA ROSSIGNOL.—As you put the case, it does not seem as if the wife had anything but a life-interest, and no power of willing. But you had better take a legal opinion.

DI VERNON.—Consult a surgeon without delay.

ESPERANCE.—We can only advise you to "try and try again." If your manuscript has any value, people will find it out.

SUNFLOWER and DAHLIA.—We regret that we cannot assist in the disposal of your work. It can only be done by personal energy and exertion.

GWYNETH PENSHYN should have considered the matter of the disparity of age before she became engaged. Now it is "a day behind the fair." If he has done nothing to forfeit your esteem and affection, your honour is pledged to him, for you are both of age—unless he desire to be released, then your own self-respect, as well as regard for his happiness, must constrain you to grant his wish.

MAGGIE.—We regret that you should have waited so long to hear what we think of your "verses." You wish them to appear in print, and we give you your wish, that our other readers may form an opinion of the correctness, or otherwise, of the versification, the matching of the first and third and the second and fourth lines, respectively, and the music of the rhymes. One verse will suffice—

> "Oh, yes, we shall meet,
> Though distant and long it may be,
> Yet, what joy it doth bring, to think
> That we shall meet upon some future day."

DAME MARY.—Write to the publishers, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the monthly numbers unbound.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—"Mary" is a Hebrew name, and three meanings are given to it, viz., "bitter," "their rebellion," and "star of the sea." "Jane" is the feminine of "John," and means, "the gracious gift of God." "Bertha" is Old German, and means "bright." "Helen" means "light," and "Frances," "free," being the feminine of "Francis."

CORA.—Read "How to be Healthy in Springtime," page 411, vol. iii. See "Breakfast Dishes," page 294, vol. iii.

WYCH HAZEL.—The "Black Watch" were companies employed to watch the Highlands of Scotland. They dressed in a black or dark tartan (1725), and were afterwards enrolled into the 42nd Regiment, under the Earl of Crawford, in 1737. Your writing is irregular and careless.

PORTIA.—Lear was a legendary king of Britain. The original story is given by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his chronicle, and is also related of Ina, king of the West Saxons.

PEARLE.—You did quite right in offering your hand only. Those who proposed such a forfeit were much to blame, but the hostess still more so, as she should have interfered when an unseemly forfeit was inflicted upon you.

SWEET BRIAR.—Headaches arise from so many different causes that we could not prescribe for you unseen. What do you mean by "a dull heavy pain to despondency"? If the pain had been to yourself, you would have had our pity, but if the headache were only a pain to "despondency," we do not know who the individual is, but suppose it may be a character in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

ALICE'S writing is regular, but only in general appearance. Her "n's" and "m's" are only "u's."

DAISY.—A walking-stick, if a good stout one, is of much use sometimes when there are steep places to be climbed or descended. But we do not admire the "second-class" style of using a mere cane or useless little stick as an appendage only, and to give a masculine air to the girl who carries it. A whip, not a stick, is what is used to keep dogs in order when they run at people, or fight with other dogs.

A. U. S.—The meaning of the name "Vinegar Bible" is very easily explained. It originated in a mistake in the printing, at the Clarendon Press, of Oxford, of the word "vineyard" (1717). It occurred in the "head-line" of St. Luke xxii.

ROB ROY.—The best recipe for "red and sunburnt hands" is to wear no gloves. If you want one, on the contrary, to procure white ones, keep them covered as much as possible, and use glycerine and water. "Exigma" is a complaint with which we are not acquainted. You had better show it to a doctor. We suppose that you mean "eczema." 2. We cannot assist you in the selling of your old school-books.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The brain is occasionally at work during sleep, and the dreams more or less vivid and important. Cases are well authenticated of somnambulists who have worked problems at night during sleep which they had failed to understand, or of which they had not perfected the working while awake. Unimportant and trivial fancies that pass through the brain during sleep are not likely to leave any impression on the mind, so as to be remembered on waking.

ADA SEARCH G.—1. Place the cocoons in hot water, and wind off the silk while so immersed. 2. Inquire about a spinning-wheel in a fancy needlework shop. Writing good.

DAMARIS HARTLEY.—Your very appreciative letter gratified us much. Certainly, there is no objection to your reading the *Boy's Own Paper*. In reference to your writing, it would be greatly improved if all the letters sloped the same way.

DAISY BLOSSOM tells us that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "ought to be in every home, quite as much as *Eno's fruit salt*." How far the latter should be considered an essential article of household consumption we are not prepared to say, but we accept the encouragement gratefully which the curious comparison is designed to convey. We particularly approve of the sentiments expressed in your verses, such as in the lines—

> "Some missions lie in active work,
> Others in sitting still."

But your other little poems are more correctly constructed, and give promise of still better compositions. We regret that we cannot supply prices for any article. Write to a musical instrument seller.

TOBY.—This little correspondent has selected the name of a man, not a woman, now only employed for a dog. There appears to be something all wrong about her, as she says: "I am getting something terrible. . . . . My father says he never heard such speeches for a girl in his life." All we can advise is, that you should give yourself a few moments' reflection before you venture to open your lips to speak. If you really desire to break yourself of so low and unfeminine a habit as using "slang," it may be done without much difficulty.

MADAME RACHEL.—1. If you still contemplate marriage with him, you had better tell him that you will adopt a less vulgar style of dress. No nice man would like his wife to make herself an object of notice in the streets. 2. You give us no idea of what the conflicting orders are. As a rule, the mother is the right person to train the daughter. But, in such sad cases as a difference of opinion between two parents, the less you make apparent and offensive your rejection of advice or of submission to either in favour of the other, the better. Show respect and consideration, as far as in you lies, to both, and do not aggravate any differences by your own want of tact.

THIRTY YEARS.—No Christian can lay down a "hard and fast" rule with which to bind another, or even himself, since we are allowed much liberty (see St. Matt. xi. 18, 19, Rom. xiv., St. James iv. 12). There are only certain things about which the Divine laws leave no room for a difference of opinion. Short of these laws of absolute obligation for every man or woman, you cannot regard your own opinion, nor that of the best friend you ever knew, as infallible. People are too apt to "bind heavy burdens" on themselves and others, forgetting sometimes (though it may be unwittingly) the "weightier matters of the law," as, for instance, the obligation to study how you may please your husband. See 1st Cor. vii. 34. Your great anxiety to act consistently is not a proof of the "worldliness" with which you charge yourself.

A DESPAIRING ONE.—Try to make yourself useful to everyone around you, and to make them as happy as possible. You will then no longer have the weight on your conscience of living an "idle and selfish life."

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We are shocked at the terrible ignorance which your question betrays. Do you not know that our Lord Jesus Christ is God the Son incarnate, who took our nature upon Him to bear the punishment due to us, and so to open the gates of heaven to all who repent, and turn from their sins to Him, trusting only in Him for their salvation? People speak chiefly of God in the Person of Christ, because the Divinity cannot be approached out of Christ, since out of His character as a Saviour of those whose flesh He took, He is 'a consuming fire." Do not think so much about your own "frames and feelings." Think more of the mercy of God in Christ; study such passages as Hebrew vii. 25, St. John vi. 37, and Isaiah li. 17, and lvii. 15; and endeavour to do your daily duties heartily, and to rule your own spirit.

A LITTLE GIRL.—Shortness of breath may proceed from more causes than one—such as indigestion asthma, an affection of the heart, or a "fatty" degeneration, hindering the free action of the lungs. We have no means of knowing to which of these you owe your trouble, and advise you to consult a doctor. Perhaps you attempt to sing, or read aloud, too soon after meals. At any rate, cure the injurious habit of stooping.

WHITE ROSE OF IRELAND.—The address of the Universal Beneficent Society is 15, Soho-square, W.C. The Beneficent Society is at 16, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

AN OLD GIRL.—The Governesses' Benevolent Institution has a provident fund for the savings of governesses, and also grants annuities, and has an asylum for the aged. The address is 47, Harley-street, W.; office, 32, Sackville-street, W. You mean the "Somerville" Club, we suppose, not "Somerset."

SHAMROCK.—To "show the cloven foot" is to betray evil intentions, or that you are not what you profess to be. The allusion is to the arch-fiend, Satan, who is represented as having the legs of a goat, the latter animal being selected as typical of those who are "set on the left hand," and who are the servants of Satan; while the sheep are on the right.

A POOR LAUNDRESS.—When the leaves of bulbs are dead, they should be taken out of the ground. Colour the lace yellow with saffron flowers, or coffee.

VIOLA.—We think every woman's money when she marries ought to be most carefully settled on herself and her children. The father of her future husband ought to be equally desirous to carry this out.

BERTIE.—Legal forms can be purchased at a law stationer's, and two witnesses are absolutely needful.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Smile, and say anything you can say truly—"Don't mention it," "I am not at all hurt," "It does not matter," &c. Your writing is peculiar, and very legible.

PATTIE.—Near-sighted people especially should wear spectacles, as they are likely to strain the eyes in trying to see. No plants will flourish without sunlight and air.

PAT.—The food of owls in a natural state, where they can get their own, is mice, beetles, and crickets. In a cage, according to Bechstein's "Caged Birds," they should be fed on dried mutton, from which fat, skin, and bone have been taken. Let it soak in water two days before being eaten. Three-quarters of an ounce is sufficient in the day, with occasional small birds and mice, five mice to a meal. We think you have chosen an unfortunate pet.

AGATHA.—We do not know of any such book. Perhaps you would find "A New Introduction to the Study of the Bible" useful to you. It is published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

JUMBO AGAIN.—We think from your description that your bird has been having too much of either hemp or rape seed, either of which are heating foods. Give a few stale bread-crumbs now and then, a biscuit, a few melon seeds chopped up, and plenty of watercress, which you will find excellent. A hard-boiled egg is a very good thing for sick birds. Groundsel, chickweed, and watercress should be made a part of every bird's daily food, and the seed should be mixed in the proportion of one part of hemp to three parts of canary seed.

MONA.—Serge should not shrink if well washed; the use of too hot water is the cause of it. The most wonderful of all washing materials is "workhouse sheeting," which looks better every time it comes from the laundress. Your letter is very interesting, and we are glad to hear our paper has proved of so much use to you.

RUFFUS.—A whispering gallery, or dome, is one of such a form that sounds produced in certain parts of it are concentrated by reflection from the walls to another part, so that all whispers or feeble sounds are made audible at a greater distance than under ordinary circumstances. Thank you for your pleasant letter.

JUMBO.—You have a delightful country near you to the south, and Sussex and the South Downs are full of interest too. Lewes, as the head-quarters, is quite near enough to numbers of places for walking parties. You would find Murray's Handbook very useful to you.

LOLA HENRIQUEZ.—We know of nothing better to mend marble, &c., than a little plaster of Paris, which you may obtain of any chemist. If carefully used, it should answer for what you require. Gum-mastic is also used for the same purpose.

ANNETTA.—Many of our best bulbous roots come to us from the Cape, and appear to flourish well in England. They generally require a warm sandy soil, and protection from wet and frost during the winter. If the lily be the "belladonna lily," it must be put out only after all danger from frost has ceased, and taken in before it comes. It needs a warm situation. In the West of England it does well.

A LACE MAKER.—The word "dragon" was constantly used in the Middle Ages as the symbol of sin in general, and paganism in particular. The metaphor is derived from the Book of Rev. xii. 9, where Satan is termed the "great dragon," and in Ps. xci. 13 it is said that the saints "shall trample the dragon under their feet." The words you quote have reference to the first.

NEVA.—The author of "The Spacious Firmament on High" is Joseph Addison, who died in 1719. The canary is a native of the Canary Islands, and was brought to England about the year 1500.

H. M. S. (Northampton).—March 22nd, 1837, was a Wednesday; Oct. 15th, 1865, was a Sunday; and July 4th, 1864, was a Monday.

M. E.—Use white copal varnish.

GIRLIE.—See "Ink Spots," page 439, vol. ii.; also on page 410, vol. iii., you will find the very latest scientific plan for taking them out.

FLORENCE, HYACINTH, and MABEL G.—The cherry laurel is propagated by layers, seeds, and cuttings. March is the usual month for transplantations and alterations.

BRACELET.—Clean the silver ornaments with a little borax and water. Watches are not usually worn with evening dresses.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—Make yourself happy in doing as your father wishes, especially at present, when he has been bereft of his nearest and dearest companion, and probably clings to her children as the best links with the one who is gone. We are much obliged by the suggestions of our correspondents, they are so many and various, but surely we may be considered to know our own business best?

RED RIDING HOOD.—We could not give space in our columns for anything so old and trite. Do not forget that there are other girls beside yourself. The word is "referee," an arbitrator or umpire, or "referendary," an obsolete term, used in early history, and applied to an officer charged with the duty of obtaining and despatching diplomas and decrees.

"LOST."—The two lines you quote are those of the "Diës Iræ," a famous mediæval hymn, on the Last Judgment, the composition of Thomas of Celano, a native of Abruzzi, who died 1255. The translation is—

> "On that day, that day of ire,
> Saith the King of Wisdom's sire,
> Earth shall melt with fervent fire."

RUNNYMEDE.—We are much obliged by your kind letter. The collecting cards would doubtless be got from Miss Tidd, if you wrote to her, or to the Home.

AUNT BETTY.—Harness composition is made in the following manner:—Put into a glazed pipkin 2 oz. of black resin, place it on a gentle fire; when melted add 3 oz. of beeswax. When this is all likewise melted, take it from the fire, add half an ounce of fine lampblack, and half a drachm of Prussian blue in fine powder, stir them so as to be perfectly mixed, and add sufficient spirits of turpentine to form a thin paste, then let it cool. To use it, apply a coat with a piece of linen rag pretty evenly all over the harness, then take a soft polishing brush, and brush it over, so as to obtain a bright surface.

LITTLE E.—The difference between summer and winter rape seed is, that summer rape seed is imported from Germany, price a shilling a quart. It is a smaller seed than winter rape seed, and is considered more wholesome for birds. Winter rape seed is grown in England, price 6d. a quart. It is much richer and more fattening in its nature, and therefore not so safe a food for caged birds as summer rape seed.

LITTLE INQUISITIVE.—The explanation of "Grimm's law" is as follows. From the double fact that there are allied sounds in all alphabets, and that particular tribes are fond of certain sounds—labial, palatal, and guttural—a conjecture was formed years ago, and announced by Jacob Grimm in his German grammar, that the changes of sound in words passing from one tongue to another are likely to follow some general rule. If "p," for example, becomes "f," "m" passing into any language, is not "t" likely to become "th"? Grimm applied this rule to a large number of cases, and though later inquiry has shown that the law itself, as laid down by him, has so many exceptions that it needs to be considerably modified, still the law deserves to be remembered, as it in principle substantially sound. It is called Grimm's law. Thank you for your pretty card. May we suggest to you for future guidance that, as a rule, "slang" terms are not generally used in business letters—"crummy," for instance.

J B.—We think your plan of lending good books a very desirable one, but why should you not allow the girls in your class to make a small payment each week themselves? Read the "Girl's Own Club," page 564, vol. ii., which contains the account of a society similar to that of which you speak.

COSTANZA.—Could you not use silk or cotton for the curling of your straight locks? or a few hairpins with which to fasten them up in curls before going to bed?

LILIUM.—The article entitled "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii., would help you, as it contains the names of many books. Also "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii.

TASMA.—We are very happy to hear from one of our girls in Tasmania. The quotation, "I could not love thee, dear, so much," comes from a poem by Richard Lovelace, "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars." Wear a veil, and apply a little cold cream to the face before going into the air.

ALLINGTON.—The yellow calf-skin gloves may be cleaned, perhaps, by rubbing them with a flannel and a little white curd soap, wetted with skim milk. Lay the gloves on a clean towel, and use the flannel as nearly dry as may be, so as to wet the gloves as little as possible.

MOLLY BAWN.—You could not have a prettier dress than one of the new floral sateens. The shape called the "Normandy" is the most becoming for a cap.

M. H. T.—You need make no change in your ordinary afternoon dress, save to add nice frills and gloves. Dolman mantles are more worn than jackets, and we think are more generally useful and becoming. Watered silk and lace seem to be the usual trimming. You write a very pleasant letter, which is so well expressed and grateful that we could not find fault with the writing, even if it were bad.

MADGE WILDFIRE.—You will find rosemary tea a very excellent hair tonic, also "vaseline," to be obtained at any chemist's. We think you must get some one to teach you to n et, that will be far easier.

IGNORANCE.—Any of the children's hospitals are only too glad to have cast-off clothing. You might like to send to the East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell, London, E.

MIDSHIPMITE.—Either the blue or the brown dress would answer. Perhaps the first would be the best for summer. You should have a white cashmere or alpaca dress, and a flowered sateen for everyday. Capes will probably be worn like the dress. We do not think the tithe, or "tenth," was intended to apply to the allowances of young girls, but to the general income of the head of the family. If you gave, for instance, the material for needlework and your time to make articles for the poor, it would be better than taking too much from a sum which is given you by your parents for a certain specified purpose, not for anyone else.

A DISAPPOINTED INQUIRER.—We regret we cannot give names and addresses of the kind. There are several seaside manuals and small handbooks that would give you every information.

A DEVOTED READER.—Thread a large darning-needle with strong twine or string, and pass the needle through the middle of the stamps. Stop biting them, and they will grow quickly without any assistance.

NANCY.—If the orange stain has taken the colour out of the velvet, we fear it cannot be restored. Try however, a lather of soap and water, with a little potash; applying it on the wrong side of the velvet.

M. THORPE.—You would need five monthly numbers, price 6d. each, to make up your number. Write to the office of publication, 56, Paternoster-row E.C.

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE.—Tennyson's 'Gareth and Lynette" is what you probably mean

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "On the Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST DIFFICULTY.

ON the fifth day after his hasty departure Robert Finlay came back—coming in by an early train, which enabled him to be in time for his classes at college.

Not a single word did he say about his grief, or about any little circumstances surrounding his loss. He did not tell anyone that in the small, heavy, old-fashioned desk—his father's—which he brought back with him (sole remnant of his home) there lay beside the old family certificates and relics a fresh paper—even a letter to himself, which his mother had begun in immediate response to his last, before she lay down to what had proved to be the sleep of death. Surely it might have been some strange weariness which overcame her so early in her task, for she had written but a few words:—

"MY BOY ROBERT,—God bless you! I was so glad to get your unexpected letter! I think perhaps we have both been too——"

And that was all. But what was it not to Robert? His mother had died with a pleasure given by him fresh upon her heart! She had heard one frank utterance of the secret feelings working through his life.

During Robert's absence Miss Milne had brushed up every corner of his room and every article in it, had repaired the frays in the carpet, and put up a clean curtain at the window.

"Dust and disorder look more drear than ever through tears, be they shed or unshed," she said.

"But your rooms are never dusty or disorderly," said Faith, who began really to understand her landlady, and all the depths of reliable sympathy in her nature, though only brought out, as it were, dried and packed in the common uses of life.

Yet at their first interview, when Miss Milne took in the student's tea, after he had got through the day of his return to college, all that the two said to each other was—

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"'I KNOW ALL THAT,' SAID DENZIL, IMPATIENTLY."

"Ye had a bonnie day for the funeral, Mr. Finlay."

"Aye; so we had."

"And I suppose you laid her beside your father?"

"Aye; in the old churchyard of Gamrie."

"And is that so? My own mother's folk lie there. Many's the time I've walked among those graves. It's a grand view from there, on a summer's evening."

"I suppose so. There was a white mist yesterday, though the sun was shining. And when my father was buried the snow was on the ground."

And that was all. But they both came of the same reserved race, and understood all that their few words meant.

As for Faith, Robert Finlay saw her occasionally passing in and out, and acknowledged the strange chance which had made her the sharer of the tragic moment of his life by a grave raising of his hat, and presently by the ghost of a smile. He still thought, with a half-grudge, what a bright little thing she looked, though he also thought by-and-by that surely she did not look quite so bright as she had—perhaps by contrast—on the morning of his sorrow.

In truth, Faith was not finding her life very happy, and yet there were so few causes for unhappiness which she could or would have assigned, that the girl was fain to accuse herself of sickening with a vague unrest, and to despise herself accordingly. She might have owned that she was rather too much alone, but then, of course, Denzil had his college work, and she had understood all about its exigencies from the first. Only she certainly had not reckoned on his finding it so advantageous to work with other students, and it would have made an immense difference to her had he sat at home, as she had anticipated, silently poring over his books at the table, while she sat silently sewing by the fire, with the cheery possibility of a brief refreshing ramble in the frosty moonlight while Miss Milne set the supper-table. But Denzil seemed inclined to accept Edgar Cheney's standing invitation very often. And in one way, poor, unsuspecting Faith was not altogether sorry, for on the rare occasions when he did attempt work at home, it did not seem to her that he made much progress. He littered the table with all his books at once, set out his watch before him, and then turned from one tome to another with fevered restlessness, and with sundry groans and gasps, and tearings of his hair, that made his sister quite nervous. Without doubt, thought she, Denzil is launched on unknown seas of thought and study, and scarcely knows yet how to steer his way among their waves. If, therefore, he could find fellow-oarsmen of greater skill and experience, ought she not to be thankful, rather than to complain?

Only she wished she had liked Edgar Cheney better. To the two other lads, both younger than herself, she was rather attracted; there was something winning in the bright vivacity of Marcus Drummond, something pleasant in the boyish simplicity of Hugh Duthie. And yet what reason was there for her disliking Edgar Cheney? What had she against him? A mere mannerism of speech and gait—for what else did she really know of him?—except it might be that he seemed to take a kindly interest in younger students of inferior standing—a trait surely to be commended! Yet in sheer honesty, and because she did not wish any uncontrollable coldness with which she might meet her brother's praises of his new friend to be misunderstood, she gently hinted her feeling towards Edgar Cheney, putting it forward rather as an inclination to ridicule his affected drawl and forced sentiment. To her surprise, Denzil took up the matter quite hotly, as he might if he had been called on to defend his fellow-student from all manner of accusations.

"Cheney is a gentleman," he said, "with a temperament and a breeding quite different from those of most of the yokels here. They have no thought for anything except to stand high in their exams., and to push through college as soon as possible. Cheney has larger views both of learning and of life. Exams. merely are no test of a man's knowledge."

"But Mr. Cheney gets through his exams.," observed Faith, anxious to say a good word, and thinking that so much at least was implied by his being described as a third-year's student.

"He is a third-year's man," reiterated Denzil, and Faith was far too innocent to suspect any evasion. "And I can assure you he is received in the best society here—in houses to which scarcely another student goes. The fact is, Cheney is received as a gentleman, and not as a mere student. Many of the students here are not gentlemen. They are the sons of little crofters and country 'merchants,' as they call the keepers of what we English would call 'chandlers' shops.'"

"Denzil, dear, our own father was a miller, and our great-grandfather was a miller's man," put in Faith.

"With sheer necessity driving them on," pursued Denzil, regardless of this interpolation, "they are beggars to grind! But their highest ambition is to be country doctors or ministers, or board-school masters."

"Well, there might be worse ambitions," said Faith. Then seeing that her brother's brow lowered, she changed the subject by asking if Hugh Duthie belonged to the shire.

Denzil's handsome face relaxed into a contemptuous smile.

"Oh, yes," he said, "one can easily see and hear that. But he's better than most of them, thanks to Cheney's having taken a good deal of notice of him."

"Seeing that Mr. Cheney is an Englishman, and that he and Mr. Duthie are not even in the same college, how did they happen to come across each other?" asked Faith.

"Through Duthie lodging in the same house with Drummond," answered Denzil. "Of course, Drummond lived in the parlours, and poor Duthie roosted like a sparrow on the house-top. But he is a good-hearted fellow, is Drummond, and he made friends with everyone under the same roof. And so Cheney met Duthie in his rooms last summer when Duthie was grinding away for the bursary competition at the beginning of this session. And Cheney was as good as a private tutor to him—got old exam. papers for him to test himself by, and lent him books, and gave him a great many tips and all sorts of help."

"And did Mr. Duthie get a bursary?" asked Faith.

"Oh, yes, a pretty good one, as the bursaries go—twenty pounds yearly for four years, I think it was—a great consideration for these fellows here, who live on meal sent from home, and go teaching or ploughing through the summer, though there are fewer of that sort now than there used to be."

"Oh, is not that a pity!" said Faith.

"Duthie was no end grateful to Cheney, of course," Denzil went on. "He told Drummond privately that his mother wanted to make Mr. Cheney some return for his kindness—she was anxious to pay him as much as she could, only as she was not able to afford much, she had bidden Hugh ask Mr. Drummond's advice as to what she might offer. Of course, Drummond said at once that Cheney was quite a gentleman, and would not think of anything of the sort, but would take a word on the subject as an insult."

"But do you think he should?" asked Faith. "Any gentleman may be a teacher, and may be paid for teaching. It was exceedingly nice of Mr. Cheney to have been willing to help young Duthie out of pure kindness, but then it was so nice of Mrs. Duthie to wish to repay him as far as she could, that I almost think he would have been only continuing his kindness if he had pocketed his pride of benevolence and allowed her to do so."

"Oh, we don't go in for these refinements and subtleties," said Denzil. "However, the old lady finds a way to express her gratitude by votive offerings of fresh eggs and butter, and an occasional plump pullet, and then Cheney invites her son over to share the spoil."

"Ah, now we are getting upon household matters," remarked Faith, "I am reminded to ask you to give me some money towards your share of our expenses here. We have been here several weeks now, and as I have paid everything as yet out of my own money, my cash is running rather low, and of course I can't get any more till after Christmas, as Uncle Alleyne has arranged that I am always to receive my money on the quarter days."

"Well, really, Faith," said Denzil, in a confidential tone, moving a little along the sofa towards her chair, "I have been thinking for the last few days that you would be asking me this presently. And really, do you know, this beginning college life has been harder upon my purse than I suspected; and, indeed, I am beginning to be afraid that it won't be quite such an economical affair as we fancied from a distance. You know in estimates of any kind matters are generally stated too favourably, and a thousand little items omitted. Why, I've

heard you say so about printed recipes and patterns!"

"I know it is so sometimes," said Faith, with a grave face, "but I thought you were so sure about this, and Uncle Alleyne took every pains to ascertain facts. You were more sanguine than he was, you remember. You stated everything at very low figures—figures which he found had only been facts many years ago. But he got the latest information, and your money, Denzil dear, he computed will just divide into portions to carry you comfortably through your course, with a trifle over to provide against illness or other unavoidable delay, or to give you a little travel after your matriculation."

"I know all that," said Denzil, rather impatiently, "and there's no fear but that I'll be earning money somehow, long before I am through my course. I'll get a house-surgeonship, an assistantship, a thousand things. Or, I'd go as doctor on a whaler. When a ship has a lucky voyage, there's a lot of money to be made that way. The present is all we need concern ourselves about just now; and there is no mistake that information received at a distance is misleading, and has misled us. Now, in the simple matter of lodgings, Uncle Alleyne found out how cheap they could be had, but I don't think he realised the sky-parlours in which two or three students manage to roost together, and——"

"But Uncle Alleyne made no mistake about rent, at any rate," said Faith. "He knew exactly what Miss Milne was to charge us, and his computation included that item exactly as it is."

And Faith could not help thinking within herself that even if it had not been so, no surplus expense in that matter could have hastened the consuming of Denzil's store, since he had, as yet, contributed nothing from it.

"Oh, of course, of course," answered Denzil, hastily. "I only mentioned that as an instance of what holds good in many things. Books, for instance, come much more expensive than I thought they would. Many of the fellows borrow a good deal among each other. I might do that myself if I lived in the heart of the town, like most of them do. And with my home out here, too, I have to pay for lunch every day, and all these things, and some trifles of expense I find necessary at college, all mount up in a mysterious way."

There was a moment's silence.

"Do you keep your accounts very strictly, Denzil?" Faith asked, gently. "For that is always the best way to know how the money goes, and it guides us in our forecasts, by letting us see whether it has gone on needs that will continue, or on needs which, once supplied, will cease."

"I think I may be trusted to manage my own affairs under that head, Faith," said Denzil, haughtily. "My revenue is not so large as to need a chancellor of the exchequer."

Faith feared she had hurt and offended her brother, when she only wished to help and comfort him. She went on quietly with her needlework, waiting till he himself should speak again and give the cue to their further conversation.

"Of course, I, too, shall get my next supply at Christmas-time," he said, in a tone more conciliatory, but still that of one who condones an offence which he is inclined to admit may have been unintentional, and for which he trusts the offender is sincerely sorry. "And I shall be able to let you have some money then, but then that will make me short again for the oncoming quarter, and I'm quite certain my expenses—to do myself any justice—will be higher than I reckoned on. But there's no need for any alarm or readjustment; it just means that that 'trifle over,' which was to provide against calamities or to provide for pleasures, will be gradually absorbed in daily needs instead. And perhaps there is more pleasure to be got out of it in that way than in any other. 'What's the odds,' you know, 'so long as we are happy?'"

"Oh, Denzil," cried Faith, "I don't like to hear you say such things in that way. There is a difference—all possible difference—between a group of travellers feasting while an avalanche is coming down upon them, and travellers toiling upward ever nearer to their goal."

"Dear me, Faith," said her brother, coolly, "what an oration! I only used that objectionable phrase thinking it might cheer you up a little, for you looked as if you were getting into the blues. As for me, I never think except about the matter immediately in hand; I am sure that has a virtuous sound. I believe it is what all moralists recommend—aye, there is even a text, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"If we are doing our utmost duty today, that is the best we can do for tomorrow," assented Faith.

"You are a good little Faith," said Denzil, "for you tried not to emphasize that 'if,' lest your remark should seem like a dig at your dear brother. Never mind, Faithie, trust me, and you shall have a nice pony-chaise all to yourself when I have patients at a guinea a visit. There is a good time coming! And here's something else coming first—surely it can't be supper time yet."

For it was Miss Milne, and she brought in, not the supper, but a note which had been delivered by hand.

It contained a card, whereon "Professor and Mrs. Murray requested the pleasure of Mr. and Miss Alleyne's company for the evening of the 22nd."

Professor and Mrs. Murray were among those to whom the Alleynes had letters of introduction. These had been duly delivered, and the ladies had exchanged calls, but neither had found the other at home, so that they were still personally unknown to each other.

"Now, that will be delightful," cried Denzil, "and you must get yourself up as nicely as you can, and not look dowdy or downcast as you do just now. And, I suppose, Faith, after all, you *can* manage with your own money until Christmas. It is not so many days off now."

"Yes, I can just manage," said Faith. But she said it sadly. For it would involve the surrender of a little ambition she had been cherishing, namely, that sundry old folk in the green lanes near Westering should receive some little seasonable gifts from her in lieu of her father's accustomed benefactions, which they would miss for the first time this year.

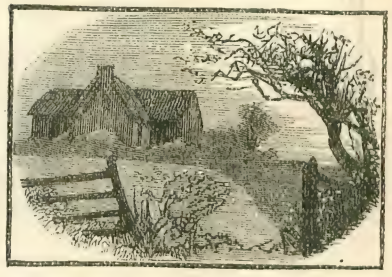
"You could do it on credit without the least trouble," advised Denzil. "It is quite the usual thing. I believe scarcely anybody here pays any money down between what they call their term-days. I believe the tradespeople like it better, for I find they give discount on a term bill, when they don't on weekly ones. Yes, Faith, they actually give you interest for the time you keep back their own money!"

"Then somebody somewhere is cheated," said Faith, decidedly. "The right price and ready money were father's rules, and I wish them to be mine."

"We should be richer if they had not been his rules," returned Denzil, sulkily. "One need only look around to see that it is not these rules which make fortunes."

"Or lose them either!" said Faith, trying to speak gaily. But her heart felt heavy. And her prayer at her bedside that night was one long cry that God would help her to be true and wise and kind. And she lay long wakeful, immersed in minute financial calculations.

(*To be continued.*)

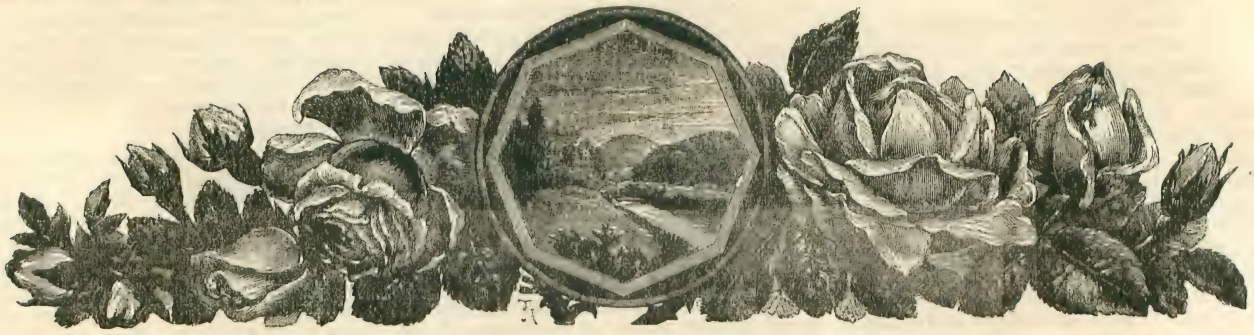


USEFUL HINTS.

DEVONSHIRE JUNKET.—To one quart of new milk, made just lukewarm, add a few drops of essence of lemon and four teaspoonfuls of essence of rennet. Mix well, and put into a glass dish; stand in a cool place until set, and serve with sifted sugar and clotted cream. The essence of rennet can be obtained of any chemist.

TO MAKE ESSENCE OF CELERY. — Soak half an ounce of celery-seed for a fortnight in a quarter of a pint of brandy. A few drops of this will flavour soup or broth as well as a head of celery, and at a quarter of the expense.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—Slices of cold roast or boiled beef are suitable for this dish; pepper, salt, and fry them. When done lay them on a hot plate to drain free from the fat in which they were fried. Have in readiness a good-sized cabbage, which has been boiled in two waters. Chop it small and put it into the frying-pan with some butter, adding pepper and salt, and stirring it well while it is frying. When done, and after it has been dished, sprinkle over it a little vinegar, to impart a very slight acid taste; then place the cabbage in the centre of the dish, and arrange the fried meat round it.



CANZONETTE.

Words from "Measure for Measure." *Music by* WALTER WESCHÉ.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

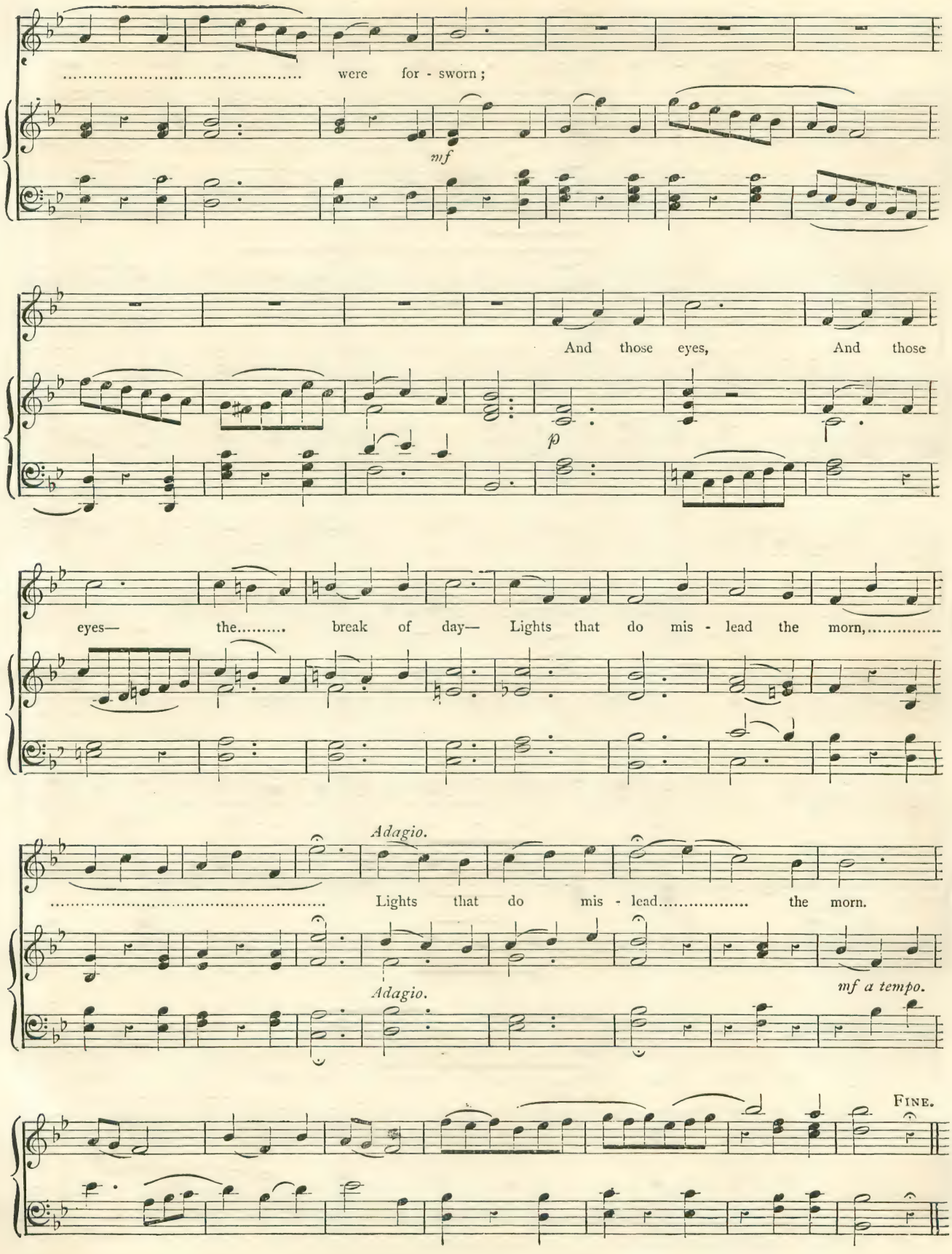
Take, take, take, oh, take those lips a - way,

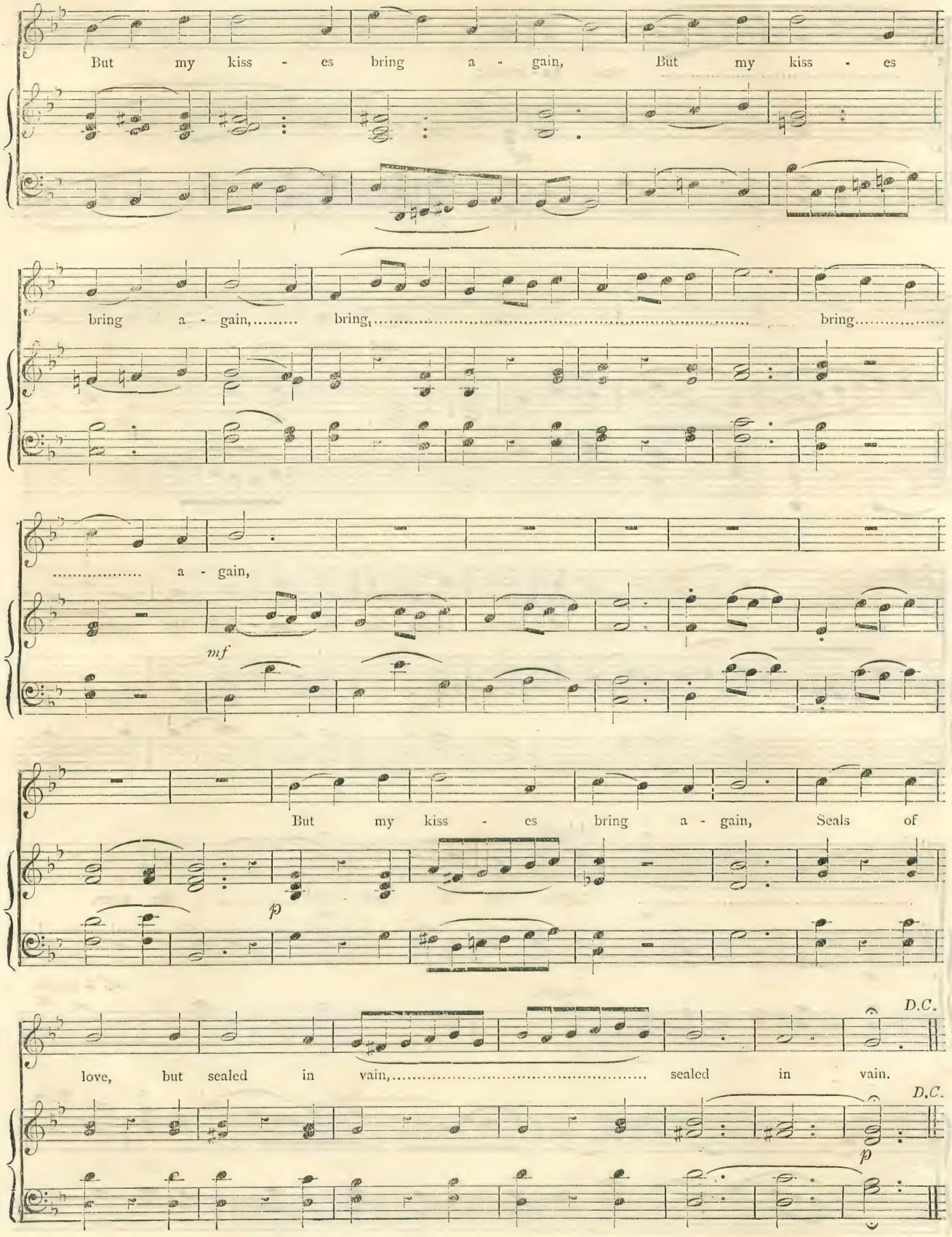
p *p*

Take, oh, take those lips a - way

That so sweet - ly, That so sweet - ly were for - sworn,.....

mf


were for - sworn;
mf
And those eyes, And those
p
eyes— the..... break of day— Lights that do mis - lead the morn,.....
Adagio.
Lights that do mis - lead..... the morn.
Adagio.
mf a tempo.
FINE.


But my kiss - es bring a - gain, But my kiss - es
bring a - gain, bring, bring.
a - gain,
mf
But my kiss - es bring a - gain, Seals of
p
love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.
D.C.
D.C.
p

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

By MADAME DE BUNSEN.

THE present Queen of Sweden, formerly Princess Sophia of Nassau, was born at Biebrich July 9, 1836, being daughter of Duke Wilhelm of Nassau and Princess Pauline of Würtemberg. Prince Oscar, Crown Prince of Sweden, became acquainted with her in 1856 during his first journey through the Continent of Europe. He had been in 1853 flag-captain of the combined squadron of Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish ships, which reminded Europe of that combination of the three Northern States which is known as the Calmaric Union, lasting from 1397 to 1523. After the wedding at Biebrich on the 6th of June, 1857, Oscar Frederic, Duke of Ostrogotha, brought his young bride to Stockholm. She was then quite unknown to the country of her adoption, whose future Queen she was destined to be. Those who saw the princess could not fail to observe that her features expressed dignity, intelligence, and nobleness of heart. This first impression time has confirmed in every way. Yet Queen Sophia's character is not of that superficial kind as to be at once understood by all. To appreciate her full value, time and favourable opportunities are required. Being by nature shy and reserved, she has occasionally been misunderstood by those who are unable to judge of inward merit. During some years owing to her serious illness she has had intercourse with few beyond the members of her own family. But long before she became Queen her rare qualities as wife, mother, and princess had been discerned by all who had the opportunities of forming a correct opinion. Warm sympathy and love soon greeted her everywhere.

A marked trait of the Queen's character is her strong sense of duty. Her aim has always been to benefit others and to deny herself. Her pleasure is the pleasure of others. It is no indiscretion to say that as a faithful and loving wife she has been a never-failing friend of her consort, sharing his joys and sorrows. As a mother she has indeed been a true model, watching over her sons' education with great judgment, as also with the most tender and devoted care. She knew how to make their life at home unusually happy and instructive. Other predominating qualities in the Queen's character are her deep humility of soul, her patience in bodily and mental sufferings, and her active and ever ready sympathy. Thus she was enabled to bear and to make the best of the long trial of sufferings she had to undergo, being strongly aided by her conviction that she derived her strength and consolation from above. She was never heard to murmur or to complain, but bore her cross with submission, praising and glorifying the Lord. She was full of thankfulness that He had spared her from a still heavier cross, and she felt happy that it was herself and not her consort or her children who suffered.

Perhaps no feature in the Queen's character is more remarkable than her strict truthfulness —her love of truth for the truth's sake. In all things she wishes to know the exact truth, and she therefore listens willingly to the expression of opinions different from her own. On such occasions she tries to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Her attendants are not required to give up their individualities, as is often the case at Court. She wishes all to remain true to themselves. No wonder that all her servants, from the highest to the lowest, are deeply attached to their royal mistress, and feel bound to her by the strongest ties of esteem and devoted affection.

As a mother to her country, Queen Sophia is a worthy successor of those Queens of Sweden whose memory is blessed. Without the least aim at being noticed, she exercises in secret an extensive and judicious benevolence. She founded an orphan home at Christiania, and at Stockholm a home for discharged female prisoners.

Before commencing the Home for Discharged Prisoners, the Queen wrote to England, to gain every information respecting similar institutions here, adding in her letter, "I am really very curious to collect everything tending the least to enlighten me on the subject, as it is so important to the success of the institution to do the thing rightly at the beginning."

All persons who in any way have made it their object to work for the benefit of their fellow-creatures, always find an active support in the Queen, and will never address her in vain.

Queen Sophia is a decided Christian, always ready to confess and act upon her faith. She is a faithful member of the church, but tolerant and liberal. She takes a warm interest in the progress of the Kingdom of God, and every faithful work in the vineyard of the Lord is sure to meet with her ready sympathy, whether carried out by the clergy or the laity.

As to the outward life of Queen Sophia, it has not been very rich in what are called events. From her marriage in 1857 to 1872, when with her consort she ascended the throne of the united kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, her life was passed principally in the education of her children. In winter she lived at the ducal palace in Gustaf-Adolphs Square, in summer at Sophiero on the Sound, occasionally making excursions to Kreuth and Ems, and to her half-sister the Princess of Wied, at Monrepos, near Neu-Wied. After her coronation at Stockholm in May, 1873, she accompanied the King to the coronation at Drontheim in the same year. In the years 1877 and 1878 she went to Heidelberg to consult Dr. Friedrich. Although relieved by the treatment of this eminent physician, serious relapses followed, which were especially painful in 1880. The Queen then undertook the journey to Amsterdam, and under the treatment of the famous Dr. Metzger she was restored to her usual health.

During her stay at Bournemouth in 1880 her health increased daily, and in 1881, after her return to Sweden, she was able to be present at the festivities in Baden connected with the festive occasion of the Crown Prince's marriage with Princess Victoria of Baden, whose mother is the only daughter of the Emperor of Germany, and thus sister-in-law to the Princess Royal of Great Britain, the Crown Princess of Germany. Thus were again united the two royal families of Sweden and Baden, the grandmother of one bride having been the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Those who were privileged to see the King and Queen of Sweden on this occasion—when, also, the silver wedding of the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden was solemnised—those who saw the welcome given by high and low to the royal family of Sweden, must have carried with them the conviction that these honours were well deserved by such a royal pair and the noble family to which they have given birth.

Her Majesty's last act before leaving England was to enroll herself as a life-member of the British and Foreign Bible Society and of the Religious Tract Society. The reports of these societies testify to the great work performed in Sweden by their agency.

THE DOG VIOLET.

BLUE, modest, but deceitful flower,
We learn of life from thee,
Deluding all thy little hour
With semblance fair to see.

For, culling thee, we seek in vain
The violet's scented breath,
And cast thee on the sod again,
Unpitied in thy death.

Like thee, deceitful violet,
The world's false friends are fair;
We view them, and awhile forget
That perfume dwells not there.

For many live on this bright earth,
Most lovely to the eye,
In whom we often find a dearth
Of Christian charity.

The sun unto the mountain height
May lend his rays of gold,
But when his radiant beams take flight,
The mount is grey and cold.

So round the lips sweet smiles may dwell,
The eye, as thine, be blue;
But softest smiles can scarcely tell
If the deep heart be true.

'Tis not the bland and courtly air
That proves the inward mind;
But deeds that speak, and hearts that share
The sorrows of mankind.

These, like the perfumes that exhale
From thy sweet sister's sigh,
Are wafted far upon the gale
In blessings ere they die.

ANNE BEALE.

JANET STEWART.

A TALE OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER II.

"THIS is my little counsellor, Major," said Alexander Stewart, bringing forward his little daughter Janet, "and this is Sandie, or Alexander, the defender of men in times to come, we'll hope; and here's little Madge, Maggie, or Marget, as we call her—our pearl of price—our youngest. Give the gentleman a kiss, my little lady. Are they not bonnie bairns, Whiteford—almost worthy of their mother, eh?"

"It must have been hard to leave such a household," said the stranger who had come as a guest with Stewart to Invernahyle; "one would have thought such anchors would have held you fast to your moorings."

"And they do hold me fast, man," replied Stewart, the dew glistening in his eye; "they live here deep in my heart of hearts, and there is not a minute, night or day, that I don't feel them there. But how could I look my wife in the face, or how could I lay my hand in blessing on these dear heads, if I let the claymore rust in the scabbard when bonnie Charlie was piping for his Hielandmen? No, sir; it could not be. My Dorothea knows well that for all our sakes it couldna' be, don't you, my woman?"

"I know that life and limb, wife and bairn are of no account with Alexander Stewart in comparison with what he holds to be his duty," said Mrs. Stewart, with a sigh, and yet with a flush of pride on her fair cheek; "and it is as it should be. We are born to suffer, ye know, sir, but suffering does us no scaithe if the heart be true and the conscience clear."

"True, madam," said the stranger, bowing very low. "You are the wife, and deserve to be the mother of heroes. God turn from your head and from your roof-tree all the ill which you would bear so nobly, and in which this fearful enterprise is rife! Alas! madam," he continued, for Stewart had been beguiled out of hearing by his little son, who was impatient to show him a litter of puppies which had arrived during his absence, "would that it were possible to convince your husband of the utter impossibility of ultimate success against an organised and powerful Government."

"He is not very likely to see it, sir, after such a victory as that at Preston Pans," said Mrs. Stewart, a little proudly.

"True, madam," said Major Whiteford, with a deep flush of shame crimsoning his forehead, "and if enthusiasm and courage could win the day, doubtless King James would pass his Christmas at Whitehall; but all our generals are not like Sir John Cope, and without a miracle Prince Charles Edward cannot make head against the overpowering force which is coming rapidly North under the Duke of Cumberland."

"With seven men his Highness landed in Moidart; it might almost be counted as a miracle that he now holds his Court in Holyrood, girt by peer and chieftain ready to shed the last drop of their blood in his cause."

"It is wonderful, certainly, madam, and it is not for me, your husband's guest, a man who owes his life to his generosity, to dispute the justice of the cause he has espoused. Grant, madam, that he you call King has the true title to the throne — that hereditary right which makes a man a king, do he what he may—and that the Chevalier is indeed the son of James VII., the great-grandson of James VI. I am not here to discuss the quarrel, though, madam, there are gentlemen by the score, all as brave and well-born as I, who are ready to risk life and limb for King George and the Protestant succession. It is not for that that I am come hither, but to urge you to use your influence with your husband to save him from the ruin which must overtake him if he persist in attaching himself to a cause which cannot succeed."

"Major Whiteford," said Mrs. Stewart, proudly, "in such a way my influence over Alexander Stewart shall never be employed; if I gave him such treacherous counsel, think you not that he would cast me from his heart as base and unworthy. No, sir, I may have to see him die, to suffer, to be disgraced, but no word shall ever be spoken by my lips which shall weaken his courage or shake his loyalty to his sovereign!"

So saying, she walked proudly from the room, leaving her guest alone with little Janet, who had looked with wonder from one speaker to the other, and who did not attempt to follow her mother, but remained standing by Major Whiteford's knee.

Major Whiteford watched Mrs. Stewart as she swept from the room. He sighed heavily, then his eye lighted on Janet's quiet little figure and watchful eyes, which were raised to his face as if she were trying to comprehend what was passing.

"Ah, Mistress Janet!" said the Major, putting his arm gently about the child, and looking attentively in her face, "you are the little lady that father calls his counsellor, eh?"

Janet nodded.

"Does she know what 'counsellor' means?" ruminated Major Whiteford.

"How can she? How old is the 'little counsellor'?" he asked aloud.

"Nine years next Martinmas, sir, and father says he'll take me to see Prince Charlie next birthday if all's well."

"And ye'd like to go?" said the Major, thoughtfully.

"What for no?" cried Janet, lifting her eyes in amazement.

"Janet," said Major Whiteford, tenderly stroking her hair, "do you know why I am here?"

"Father brought you," replied Janet, as if that was perfectly sufficient explanation for her.

"Do you know, you wise little woman, that I am a Hanoverian—that I am King George's man?"

"So much the worse for you," said Janet's eyes, but the only words she spoke were, "I know." Presently she added with a gush and an effort which showed that the words were an expression of her inmost feeling, "But if you were King George himself, you would be safe at Invernahyle!"

"Did your father tell you why I came home with him, Janet?" said Major Whiteford, presently.

"He told us that he had been staying with you at Balloch, and that you had come home with him to see mother and the bairns."

"Janet, did ye hear that there was a great battle fought?"

"Aye, at Preston Pans, near Edinbro'."

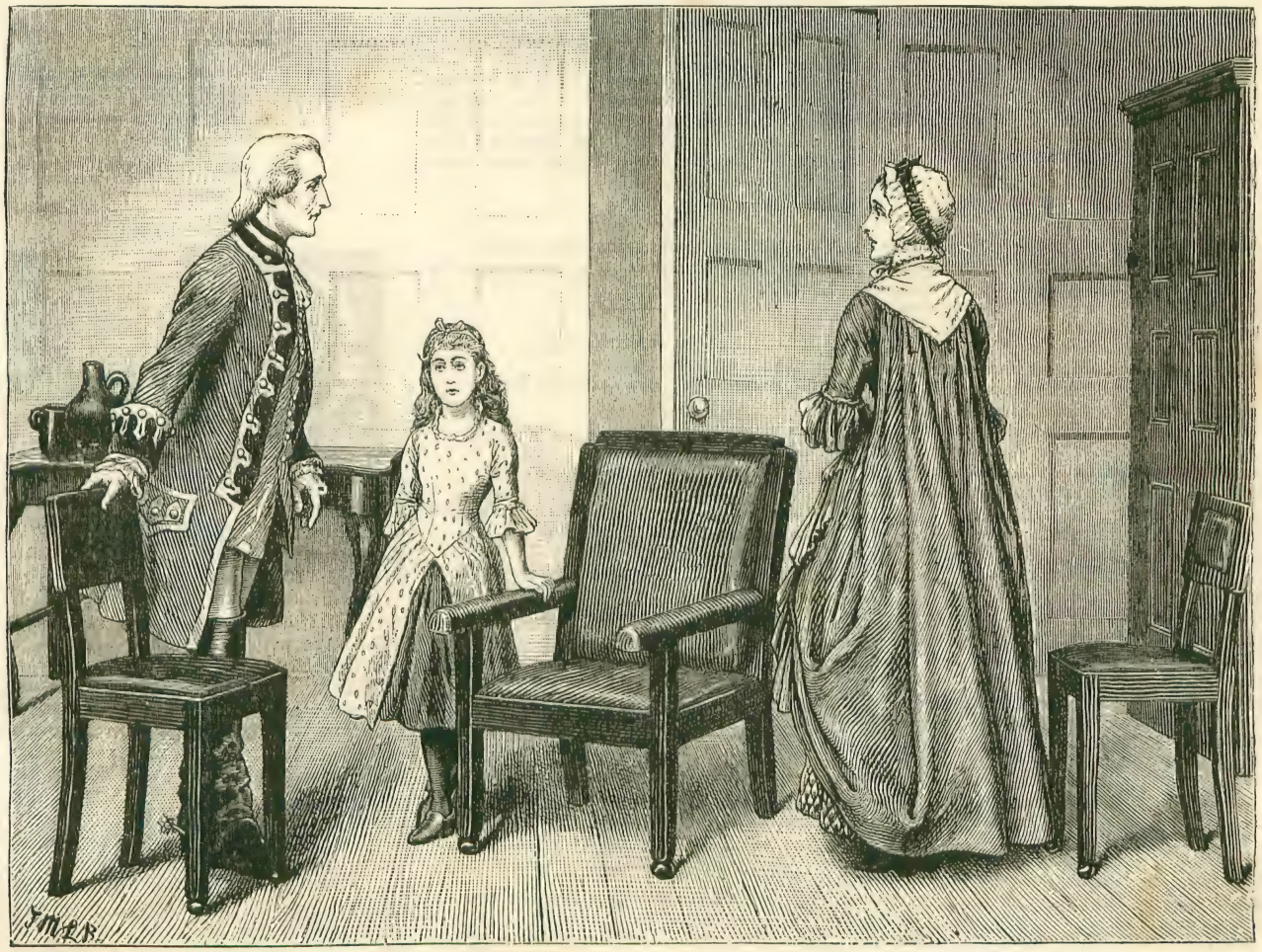
"Just so, lassie, and in that battle of Preston Pans King George's men had the worst of it, as ye doubtless well know."

Janet nodded her head, but she was too much of a lady to triumph over a vanquished enemy.

"I was one of King George's men," continued the Major. "I did my best, but it was of no use, the men were panic-stricken and fled—they knew not why."

"The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth," said Janet, softly, probably repeating a text she had heard applied to the rout of Sir John Cope.

"It seemed so indeed," said Whiteford, sadly. "Well, Janet, there were some among King George's men who would not turn tail; but ah! my lass, may ye never know the horror and the fury, the tumult and the savagery of a battle-field. I was one of those who would not fly; but the tide of the battle swept me away. Your Hielanders are awful fellows, and come on with the force of their own torrents. I was overborne, trampled under foot, wounded, and helpless. A gigantic Hielander, armed with a Lochaber axe, stood over me ready to dash my brains out, when



"SHE WALKED PROUDLY FROM THE ROOM"

your father, my child, generous as he is brave, threw himself between us, and at the risk of his own life saved mine—nay, he even paused in the tide of victory to see me conveyed to a place of safety; and afterwards cared for me and nursed me himself, until I was able to return to my home. Nor was that all: he came to see me in my own house, though the country was swarming with dragoons. How could I do otherwise than attend him home when he invited me?"

"And we are all very glad to see you, sir. Father says you are a brave gentleman and a true friend."

"May you ever find me so, lassie, and when these troubled times are over ye must all come and see me, in our house by the banks of Loch Lomond—a bonnie loch, Janet, bigger than Loch Creran here, with islands, and a big mountain close on its side—and ye must promise me that if ever ye want a friend, ye'll remember ye have a true friend and faithful servant in Allan Whiteford."

"Do ye know who it was that father stopped?" said Janet, thrusting her caressing hand into the Major's, as much as to say that she rejoiced exceedingly at his safety.

"Aye, Janet, I know him well now. It was Donald, the miller, your father's foster-brother. No one but your father could have saved me from him then."

"Donald is fearful when he is angered," assented Janet.

"It would have been as easy to tear a sheep from a ravening lion, but Stewart is as fearless as he is merciful, God bless him! Now will ye take me to see Donald's mother? He and I are great friends now, and I have a token for her."

"Elspeth will be right glad to see ye, and it's no way at all," said the little maid, as she cheerfully led the way.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Hints for Comfort and Usefulness.

Cultivate the habit of using spare minutes. The amount of good work done in what is usually spent in *listless* minutes—quarters of hours and *waiting* times—would fill us with wonder and regret.

Have some work or book always at hand, and so fill in time necessarily to spare in usual occupation. Judge Hale says, "Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man (or woman) has to do the more he is able to accomplish—for he learns to economise his time."

Avoid all matters of contention. Be cheerful without levity. Beware of silly, thoughtless, and unkind speeches, for though you may forget them, others will not.

To speak wisely may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only our silence.

Many pride themselves on "speaking their minds" without reflecting on the harm they may do either to feelings, character, or credit.

Happiness is what we all seek; the Bible is our only true guide-book.

Watch against a dependent spirit; they gain the most help who help themselves.

Remember difficulties are not impossibilities.

Avoid praising yourself and speaking of the faults of others.

As a rule, it is better to listen than to talk. When speaking, look at the person to whom you are speaking, and let your words be distinct and considerate.

The truly kind are those who pay attention to the little deeds of kindness; being content to perform their part in the general rounds of duties, without ostentation or desire for applause.

Sir H. Davy has left his opinion of "habitual kindness" as: Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Nonsense in Verse.

The French had at one time a favourite and ingenious kind of versification called Amphigouri or Nonsense Verses. The object was to give verses the appearance of good sense and fine poetry, whilst in reality they meant nothing whatever. The following is a very good example—richly rhymed and elegantly expressed, but actually nonsense:—

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu!
Mais qu'il est fâcheux de se rendre
Quand le bonheur est suspendu!
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Egarez un cœur épandu:
Souvent par un mal-entendu
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

This has been imitated in English as follows:

How happy to defend our heart,
When Love has never thrown a dart!
But ah! unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends!
Sweet in a wild, disordered strain,
A lost and wandering heart to gain,
Oft in mistaken language wooed
The skilful lover's understood.

The original French version of these lines was sung one evening by Madame Tencin to Fontenelle, and the verses bore such a resemblance to meaning that Fontenelle requested they should be repeated. "Do you not see," said the witty authoress, "that they are nonsense?" "Ah," replied the poet, sarcastically, "they are so like the fine verses I have often heard here that it is not surprising I should be for once mistaken!"

Acrostic.

A torch of light, amid a darkened world,
Who error's time-built fabric to confusion hurled.

1. A knight of old, in deadly fight,
   Did always wear me;
   Now mighty steam, by day and night,
   Doth onward bear me.

2. Throughout this isle the noise is heard
   As home he flies—
   The whirring of the gorgeous bird
   Of paradise.

3. Dutch painter, who, for sake of pelf
   And sordid gain,
   Closed up his house, stretched out himself,
   And death did feign.
   Like wildfire all the prices rise,
   A "gem" to obtain.
   The wily man unclosed his eyes
   And lived again.

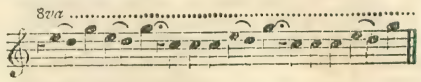
4. The prison that the mob broke through,
   Above, beneath,
   And from his cell John Porteous drew
   To sudden death.

5. A woman's name to us hath come
   From ancient Greece;
   Happy the maid and blest the home
   That bring us "Peace."

6. His words are wise; experience bring
   His four-score years;
   The Greek chiefs listen when this king
   His form uprears.

Ximena.

The Song of the Thrush.—Not long since we gave the song of the nightingale as nearly as that sweet song could be represented by a combination of letters. Here is the song of the thrush:—



Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 483):—

P L U T A R C H
H A V A N N A
I C H T H Y O P H A G I
L A N T E R N
I N D I A N A
P A U*
P E S T A L
A N T

* The birthplace of Henry IV. of France.

Answer to Enigma (p. 510):—'God Save the Queen."

1. Good.
2. Oil.
3. "Defence, not defiance."
4. Sceptre.
5. Anarchy.
6. Victorious.
7. Empress.
8. Throne.
9. Herald.
10. Elizabeth.
11. Queensland.
12. Union.
13. English.
14. England.
15. Navy.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By Maggie Symington.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UICK as thought Monsieur le Marquis gathers up Riquet's bridle, loops it in place, then strikes him with the riding-whip to give him a forward impetus towards his stable, and darts down the hill. He enters the avenue breathless, and glides along over the grass amongst the thickly-planted trunks of the trees.

Damaris canters to the end of the avenue, then draws rein to caress and encourage with hand and voice her gallant little steed.

She returns more leisurely, loosening the rein, and giving herself up to the thoughts which Monsieur le Marquis's presence has hitherto kept at bay. She is not afraid of the darkness, which has so far increased now that every object by the wayside looms indefinitely before her. Far away, at the end of the avenue, she can see a glimpse of the white road winding upwards, and the pale purple sky beyond; but all about her is a thickness of shadow. She has already forgotten Monsieur le Marquis, and is wondering sadly and

regretfully over the inexplicable conduct of Monsieur St. Just. Between pity and resentment her heart is torn and tortured. There is something very offensive to her in the advice he had given her only that morning. What castle has she to surrender but the interest she has felt in him since the first day they met? In vain she probes and examines her conscience, she cannot find anything of which she needs be ashamed. Nor anything to regret, either. Since it affects no one's happiness but her own, she feels it as an honour that she has been brought, even for a little while, within the sphere of so noble and so true a spirit as his.

Perhaps the reason she is vainly seeking does not exist, and in its place is a cause so sad that she fears even to admit its possibility. Perhaps that which his mother long ago dreaded for him is coming to pass, and his mind is being unhinged by over-much travail of study and grief. But this thought is not calculated to weaken the profound compassion which fills her breast.

While given up to her dreams, Jacquet, whose instinct informs him of the stable and the supper which lie before him, quickens his pace to a trot. Damaris is rudely recalled to the present by him coming to a sudden standstill. She is thrown forwards upon the saddle, and has much ado to recover her balance and prevent herself from falling. At the same moment, a few paces in advance of her to the right, she sees the hardly-defined outlines of a man's figure. Jacquet gives a neigh of recognition, and Damaris, straining her eyes through the darkness, calls out—

"Is that you, André?"

There is no response.

"Is it you, Monsieur le Marquis?" she asks, with a little uneasiness. "Why have you stopped my pony?"

Again no answer. The man has passed by in the darkness.

She is filled with a vague fear, and not daring to look behind her even, she pushes Jacquet onwards.

Monsieur le Marquis, a little in front of her, hearing her affrighted voice, hastens to reassure her. As she flies past, he calls to her—

"I am here, ride on. I will find out who has alarmed you."

Damaris needs no second bidding. She does not draw rein until she reaches the *basse-cour*, where André is waiting to take her pony.

Monsieur le Marquis hastens onwards, and quickly comes up with the unknown cause of her fright, whom he seizes unceremoniously by the collar, and administers to him a vigorous shake, at the same time demanding—

"Who are you? Speak! How dare you intimidate a lady by skulking in the darkness in this way?"

"Jerome! Jerome! What do you mean by this treatment?" gasps the stranger.

"Etienne!" cries Monsieur le Marquis, relinquishing his grasp with instant recoil. "Have I hurt you? But why, in the name of goodness, did you not speak?"

"I don't know," replies Monsieur St. Just, deeply agitated; "I did not recognise your voice. Did you speak to me? For whom did you take me?"

"By my faith, for a thief, or something very like it. You frightened Mademoiselle Petite nearly out of her wits just now."

"I very unintentionally frightened her horse, perhaps. Where is she?"

"*Parbleu!* Did you not hear her galop off at full speed?"

"But why should she be afraid of me?" asks Monsieur St. Just, bitterly. "I have done nothing to excite her fear. I came out to walk because I wished for a little fresh air, not feeling quite well, and also because I hoped to get an opportunity of speaking to her alone."

"Of whom? Of me?" asks Monsieur le Marquis, feeling guilty of having deserved to be called to task by his brother.

"Yes, of you. It is high time that someone should interfere for her sake."

"Then why did you not speak to her?"

"I hardly know. My heart failed me. I lack the courage to draw the veil from her eyes and break the delusion."

"Delusion!" laughs Jerome. "I very much question whether anyone takes me at so just an estimate as does Mademoiselle Petite."

"How can that be?"

"You are ill, Etienne!"

"Yes: I am very far from well today."

"Let us go back. Your hand is burning with fever, and the dew is falling heavily."

"It is no matter," says Monsieur St. Just, but he turns so faint and giddy that he is glad to sit down upon the fallen trunk of a tree that lies by the wayside. "It would perhaps be better if I were dead."

He droops his head wearily into his hands.

"Etienne," cries Monsieur le Marquis, with sudden enlightenment, "it is you who love Damaris Hartley. Do not deny it, I see it all now. Can my selfishness, my folly, my egregious vanity ever be forgiven?"

"I who love her! Of what are you speaking? Has she not promised to be your wife?"

"No; nor shall I ever ask so much of her now."

"What do you mean?"

The intense passion breathed in the low quiet tone unnerves Jerome.

"Have you forgotten the letter you wrote me? the words that passed between us when we met?" continues Monsieur St. Just, under the fierce restraint he is putting upon himself. "Do you mean to say that you *lied* to me?"

"It was not my fault if you understood more than my words expressed," says the other, sullenly.

An instant's silence. Then Monsieur St. Just speaks again, still in the same low voice as of suppressed thunder.

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to explain so clearly that I cannot misunderstand."

"The only explanation necessary is this: I have not asked Mademoiselle Hartley to marry me, nor do I ever intend to do so."

"But you told me she had accepted you?"

"You inferred that from what I had told you of my wishes on the subject. I have altered my mind."

Monsieur St. Just springs to his feet, his form seems to dilate through the thick gloom, and Monsieur le Marquis feels the power of something he has never before encountered, as his brother confronts him in his just and avenging wrath.

"Do you know what you have done? The meanest, most cowardly thing of which any man can be guilty. You have used every artifice and every opportunity to possess yourself of her pure young love, only to cast it from you in the moment of success as a worthless gift. You whose many blandishments make it so easy for you to wreck the happiness of a woman as defenceless as she. And because you thought me to some extent her protector while under my roof, you artfully blinded me to your real intentions, making me believe them honourable when all the while you were but amusing yourself, and breaking a noble and sensitive heart for your summer day's pastime. I say you shall, so far as you can, right the wrong you have done by making the offer of your worthless self to the woman whose love you have left no stone unturned to win, or you shall never again be brother of mine."

Monsieur le Marquis is so astonished by this outburst of rage from the usually calm and equable Etienne, that for the time being he is absolutely deprived of the power of speech.

Without waiting for any reply, Monsieur St. Just passes his brother with something akin to loathing and contempt, and strides rapidly away. Monsieur le Marquis takes a few hasty steps after him, then bethinks himself, stops abruptly, and casts himself down in the place where his brother has so lately been seated.

His worst feelings were the first to be provoked by Etienne's stinging words, and raged uncontrolled in his breast for a time. But even when most furious, his brother's person was still sacred in his eyes, he could not do him a personal injury.

He could not understand Etienne's wrath. The wrong that he might have done did not appear to him what his brother's words represented it; while the wrong done to himself by that lofty sense of justice he magnified trebly. The language of truth had no power to crush his irrepressible egotism. He was far more enraged than grieved.

He lingered in the avenue until his anger had evaporated, then he determined to seek and effect a full reconciliation with his brother. Nor did he for one moment despair of its accomplishment. That comfortable self-confidence of his, while blinding him to his own faults, made him ever sanguine of overruling the prejudices of others.

(To be continued.)

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

III.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

Examiners.

JULIA B. LAWRASON.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

THE idea of working samplers, which, if good, should eventually become valuable as standard certificates of the powers of the worker, has evidently been approved by the sensible amongst our girls; and over three hundred of them have sent us specimens, more or less praiseworthy. The Editor has decided to return all the samplers, whether they have taken prizes or certificates or not, which will enable each girl to see for herself, after reading our list of faults, where she fell short; and we hope each will try again, endeavouring to arrive at greater perfection in the art of needlework. Those samplers which have obtained prizes or certificates are stamped as such by the Editor before being returned to the worker.

First Division.

(For girls of or between the ages of 20 and 25.)

The number of competitors in this division was one hundred and fifty-six. As might have been naturally expected, the work was better than that of the younger girls; but we regret to say that it was not nearly so good as it should have been, considering the average age of the competitors, and the fact also that the majority of girls of that standing have left school, and ought certainly to have learnt all the needlework that they are likely to acquire in their lives. The faults which were exhibited in this competition were as follows: Those in the buttonholes, from the use of too coarse cotton and the adoption of an improper way of cutting them, as well as a lack of care in both cutting and working them, which should have been by one thread only of the linen. The hem-stitching was very good in many cases, but the hem beneath was not properly sewn down. The whipping was decidedly poor in nearly every case.

Second Division.

(Girls between 16 and 20.)

Eighty-six competitors entered the lists in this class, and it may be truly said that in many cases their attempts at plain needlework were shockingly bad. Indeed, the examiners could not but remark that the work of the younger girls (of the third class) and that of the elder ones (of the first class) were both of them disproportionately superior. The faults in the work of these competitors were very glaring; one of them—consisting of the improper finishing of the corners—must be particularly mentioned, as well as the fact that very few of the competitors appeared to have divided the frilling into four equal portions before sewing it on. This neglect of an essential rule caused it to be nearly plain at some parts, and two full at others. The whipping was coarsely rolled and overcast, and the joins of the frilling were untidy. In many instances no attempt at hem-stitching had been made, and, in fact, in some of the samplers there was no hem at all.

Third Division.

(Girls under the age of 16.)

The faults of this competition (sixty-five competitors) were, in most cases, the same as those last-named, with the addition that the frills were cut the wrong way of the material, and the hemming was poor and uneven, besides which the backs of the samplers were very untidy also. However, the marking and lettering, as a rule, were wonderfully good in this competition.

Many of the competitors in the different classes had had their samplers washed, which of course would necessarily debar them from receiving a prize, as one of the tests of good work is that of its cleanliness, which should be carefully maintained through the whole course of its execution. A visit to one of the great wholesale manufactories of both plain and embroidered underlinen would enlighten our young needlework competitors not a little. In these houses the work has to be performed with such exquisite delicacy and cleanliness that it passes at once into the hands of the ironers, and thence to those of the folders and packers; being then quite ready for sale. In such condition as this we expect to receive the handiwork of all those of our girls, if they aspire to such a distinction as the presentation of either a certificate or a prize.

FIRST DIVISION.

First Prize (Three Guineas).

Madeline Bland (24), Wanstead, Essex.

Second Prize (Two Guineas).

Annie Adean (23), 123, Castle-hill, Reading.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Shilston, Helen (24), Remington, The Folly, Fountabelle, Barbadoes, West Indies.
Keturah, Mary Gooding (21), Union St. Philip, Barbadoes, West Indies.
Burgess, Jessie (24), 7, Whitehall-gardens, S.W.
Burgess, Louise Annie, 7, Whitehall-gardens, S.W.
Mackenzie, Ina (24), The Vicarage, Budworth, Tarporley, Cheshire.
Phipps, Annie (20), Clarence-street, Dartmouth, Devon.
Martyn, Frances Emma (21), 149, Bentham-road, South Hackney.
Whatley, Alice (20), 1, Aveley-road, Upper Clapton.
Hope, Sarah Priestlay (24), Trinity Cottage, Cirencester.
Cockrane, Lilias (22), Middlesboro'.
Banfield, Mary Ann (24), St. Mildred's School, Canterbury.
Grady, Rosa (22), Charchley-road, Sydenham, S.E.
Vine, Eliza (22), Orphan Working School, N.W.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Baker, Annie (20), 17, Enfield Lock, Middlesex.
Spence, Kate Elizabeth (23), Eastern Villa, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Bishop, Annie (23), Glastonbury, Somerset.
Milligan, Helen Wood (22), The Manse, Guthrie, N.B.
Brown, Ada (23), 6, St. Hilda's-terrace, Whitby, Yorkshire.
Thornhill, Rosa (22), Turvey, Bedford.
Bland, Margaret (23), Wanstead, Essex.
Jones, Sarah (22), 24, Thurlow-road, Hampstead.
Windle, Catherine Elizabeth.
Joy, Annie (22), 1, Hubert-terrace, Dover.
Cave, Ada (21), 25, Sheppard-street, New Swindon, Wilts.
Moppett, Mary (25), 5, Rock-street, Brighton.
Gibbs, Hettie (20), Whitecross House, Weston-super-Mare.
Fowle, Eliza (21), Ripon, Yorkshire.
Gee, Frances Mary (21), 2, Cloudesley-street, Islington.
Coltis, Elizabeth (23), 12, Polygon, Clapham, S.W.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Heald, Charlotte Hannah (24), Mere, Knutsford, Cheshire.
Merelay, Eva (22), Manerstrasse House, Potsdam, Germany.
Coates, Eleanor (25), Stanley-crescent, Prescot.
Woodhouse, Annie (22), Dorrington, Salop.
Trott, Jessie (23), 15, York-place, Clifton, Bristol.
Taylor, Marian (21), Woodford-green, Essex.
Williams, Fanny (23), Park-villas, Measham, Manchester.
Simmonds, Ada (22), 166, High-street, Rochester.
Archer, Eleanor Elizabeth (20), Westfields, Harbury, Leamington.
Harding, Emmeline (15), 36, King-street, Southsea.
Stackey, Emily (22), Church-street, Tiverton.
Flower, Florence (20), Stafford, Dorchester, Dorset.
Andrew, Florence (20), 12, Prospect-place, Milton-next-Gravesend.
Rushforth, Mary (22), Whitchurch, Hants.
Treays, Louise (23), Eltham-road, Lee, S.E.
Bearn, Annie (20), Albert-road, Rochester.

SECOND DIVISION.

First Prize (Two Guineas).

Ada Gill (16), Regent-terrace, Hall-street, Harpurlay.

Second Prize (One Guinea).

Euphrosyne Empedocles (18), 48, Minerva-road, Athens.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Behrens, Marie (18), 38, Percy-park, Tynemouth.
Air, Gertrude (18), 122, Crofton-road, Camberwell.
Stewart, Margaret (18), Cedarlea, Broughty Ferry.
Daniell, Leonora (18), Rose Bank, Saltash.
Jordan, Annie (19), H.M. Gun Wharf, Portsmouth.
Pearson, Isabella (17), Cambs Vicarage, Northumberland.
McDougall, Mabel (16), Torwood, Pollockshields, near Glasgow.
Longmaid, Edith (17), Kendal House, Southport.
Gibbs, Ellen (17), Exeter.
Gillard, Gertrude (17), Mount Radford, Exeter.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Bunker, Fanny B. (19), 4, St. Margaret's-terrace, Park-road North, Acton.
Barker, Elizabeth (16), Wisewood House, Sheffield.
Berven, Julia Mathilda (17), West Hartlepool, Durham.
Dale, Mary (19), Armley Lodge, Leeds.
Martin, Esther (16), Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead.
Biara, Josey (16), Ivanhoe, Bournemouth.
Blomfield, Alice Mary (19), Blamsters, Halstead, Essex.

Shaw, Lizzie (17), 16, Highbury-park, N.
Bolton, Susan (17), Dempster-road, Wandsworth.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Horsley, Annie (17), 21, Mowbray-street, Leicester.
Barker, Ann Cox (17), Wisewood House, Sheffield.
Barnes, Jessie Elizabeth (18), 114, Great Union-road, St. Heliers, Jersey.
Crout, Ellen (17), Franklin-road, New Brompton, Kent.
Martin, Mary Ann (18), Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead.
Hall, Edith Mary (18), Westbury, Wilts.
Gaunt, Ada Catherine (19), The Shrubbery, Alvechard.
Bolton, Alice (16), Dempster-rd., Wandsworth.

THIRD DIVISION.

First Prize (One Guinea).

Minnie Webber (13), Stoke-hill, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Second Prize (Half a Guinea).

Mary Brown (15), Cambs, Northumberland.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION SAMPLER. (*See page* 526.)

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Ashley, Sophie (15), Modbury.
Grist, Agnes (14), Kingsborne, Stockbridge.
Henderson, Hannah (15), Cambs, Northumberland.
Buckle, Florence E. (13), Orphan Working School, N.W.
Sayer, Jane (12), Orphan Working School, N.W.
Barham, Ellen (13), Chapel-road, Redhill.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Downs, Florence Jane (15), Orphan Working School, N.W.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Redington, Lily (13), Haberdashers' School, Hoxton.

THE NEW SAMPLER COMPETITION.

WITH certain alterations and improvements, so as to make it both more difficult and more improving, we continue the sampler competition. The description is as follows:—The material of the sampler is white linen, the frill of white mull-muslin. The marking of the alphabet in the centre is to be done in red ingrain cotton, in "cross stitch." The size of the sampler, after the hem has been made, should be 8 inches long by 6 inches wide; and the width of the frill 2 inches. The alphabet must be worked as shown in the illustration. The hem of the frill is to be hem-stitched, and below it a tuck very neatly run. The whipping and sewing on of the frill will require special attention, also the turning of the corners and the dividing of the material into four quarters, which must be accurately placed into four equal corresponding parts of the sampler.

The width of the hem of the linen must be one inch and a quarter, down the centre a row of buttonholes must be worked, and four eyelet holes at the corners, and on each side a row of herring-bone and one of double feather-stitch in red sewing silk.

Washed samplers will be disqualified for the competition, perfect cleanliness in working being essential. No knots are allowed, and all threads must be properly finished off. Every hem, tuck, and turning must be done to a thread. The stitches of the tuck must be small and regular; three is the largest number to be taken on the needle at one time. Great care must be taken to keep the tuck even with the hem, and to run it to a thread. Buttonholes must be of two kinds, those with rounded edges, and those "barred" at the ends. The cut must be perfect, and lie with a single thread.

The hem of the sampler must be stitched, the turnings of the hem to be taken at the back of the sampler. The stitching is to be on the right side, and then comes the row of "veining," and another of stitching on the single linen. It will be seen that the sampler has been increased in difficulty, and in time we hope to make it a perfect collection of the most needful stitches known.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-five years. For instance, every girl of thirteen years may compete for the Prize to be awarded to the most successful girl under fourteen years of age, every girl of fourteen years and under fifteen can compete for the Guinea Prize to be awarded to the most successful competitor of fourteen years of age, and so on up to the age of twenty-five.

The last day for receiving the samplers is Wednesday, August 16, 1882.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

Each sampler must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written, and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this sampler is the sole work of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

REST AND COUNTRY AIR FOR THE WEARIED AND AILING.

LADY BRABAZON has sent us the following interesting account of a very useful work, with the request that we should lay it before our readers:—

To the Readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Have you, or any of those dear to you, ever been detained in the hot crowded city, just when the country is most enjoyable, and summer skies, summer flowers and foliage all seem to vie in tempting you away to a purer atmosphere? If so, perhaps you have often thought, with feelings of pity, of the many wearied men and women, denizens of gloomy streets, courts, and alleys, to whom the genial season comes round just as it does to us, but brings no relaxation from work or pleasant summer holiday. It is no exaggeration to state that numbers of persons permanently lose their health, some even their lives, through the want of timely rest. There are cases where the physician's skill is quite unavailing, and where only repose, change of air, and good food can be expected to work a cure. To meet the requirements of such invalids, convalescent homes have been established; and it would indeed be difficult to over-estimate the relief which has been afforded to the invalid poor by the establishment of these admirable institutions. Accommodation, however, cannot be provided in these homes—especially during the summer season—for the thousands of ailing men, women, and children to be found in our densely populated towns, whose health might be materially benefited by the enjoyment of a few weeks' holiday, spent in the country or by the seaside. Can nothing be done to remedy this? Surely; for where the will exists to help others, the way can be found.

A lady, herself a very great invalid, but one who has not allowed her own ill-health to deprive her of the pleasure of assisting fellow-sufferers, contributed not long since a paper entitled "Strangers Received" to a magazine, in which she advocated that *poor* visitors should occasionally be received into gentlemen's houses. Fabulous sums are annually spent on the entertainment of the rich. How little satisfaction to either entertainers or entertained do they frequently afford! If a tithe of the money thus expended on the wealthy were devoted to the purpose of enabling poor persons who require rest to enjoy a fortnight or three weeks in the midst of the beauties of nature, how much real pleasure would be given! Classes would be brought together; grateful feelings, never to be effaced, would be aroused, and many a lesson for good, learnt in brighter surroundings, would be carried back to east-end homes. I have had some experience with regard to receiving invalid women into my house. Two years ago I invited a pale-faced girl—thrown out of work in consequence of having met with an accident—to my home in the country. She came from a most wretched London dwelling, and in a few weeks' time left, restored to health, to enter a situation. The experiment answered so well in every respect that last year I repeated it in three different instances, and hope to receive every summer at least one poor woman needing rest. I am sure many ladies would make a similar resolve if they would but give the experiment a fair trial. The cost involved is very trifling, whilst the boon afforded to the overworked woman is incalculable. Some may doubtless prefer the system of boarding-out convalescents in cottages, under their own supervision. Both plans have been tried, and both have proved successful.

Last year (1881) the Convalescent Committee of the Charity Organisation Society signified their approval of a scheme for boarding out poor London women and children (who needed change of air) in cottages in the country, under ladies' own supervision. The society guaranteed the respectability and freedom from infection of those sent to country or seaside. Many poor women and children invited down by kind-hearted people were thus enabled to enjoy an unlooked for treat. Amongst these was a little girl, 8 years of age, whose maintenance during her sojourn in the country was defrayed by two boys, aged respectively nine and eleven (whose parents were, of course, well off), and who devoted some of their little hoard of money to the purpose of benefiting this child. She was a regular specimen of what London-bred little ones may become—pale-faced, fragile, with a troubled expression of countenance. Though she numbered twice as many years, she was not as tall as the little entertainers' sister of four summers. "Yes, marm," "No, marm," were almost the only answers she would give at the first interview, and the elder boy was much amused when he too was addressed as "Marm." There were many commonplace sights for country children, but rare ones for her to see. First, there were the live creatures—the pigs, the donkey, the pony, the cocks and hens. One little maiden of fourteen, sent into the country last year, had actually never seen a live pig! Then there were the children's gardens, the see-saw, the swings; but what she liked best of all was playing with the gardeners' children. So a fortnight slipped by and she must go home. A sad home it must be with no father (as we believe) and a mother who drinks! But any way this little girl had a little brightness shed on her life, and who knows if the kind friends she then met may not be able to help her again! Now, might not many rich little folks thus benefit many poor little folks? The former often have a good deal of money given them by those who love them, which money is sometimes frittered away; but better than money they have warm, generous little hearts. They would be sad indeed if they realised how few pleasures fall to the lot of poverty-stricken London children. If parents or elders could suggest to children that by saving up odd sixpences and shillings they could make a little town boy or girl very happy, they would, doubtless, wish to make the attempt, and learn thus early that self-denial and not self-indulgence brings true happiness in its train. It may be said that rich children might do just as much good, if not more, to a poor one by saving up money to send the little one to a convalescent home. Very true, but homes are full to overflowing during the summer; they cannot keep pace with the demands upon their resources. There is one great advantage to be derived from the poor child's being, as it were, the guest of the rich one: the former learns gratitude, whilst the latter is led to realise that there are others less well off than himself and whom he can help, and it might be fairly expected that a taste for being kind to "God's poor," thus early engendered, might continue through life. To the parents, of course, must fall the choice of the cottage. It is of the utmost importance that a kindly good woman should be chosen to have charge of the stranger, and it would be well that she

should be a mother herself, and have children to be companions for her small visitor. Once established, the little entertainers can do much for their guest: they can show their treasures, lend toys or games, save up dainties. If any boys or girls living in the country, or at the seaside, not very far distant from town, can obtain the sanction of their parents to become entertainers this summer, they are invited to write to Lady Brabazon, 83, Lancaster-gate, London.

Surely, amongst the many generous English girls who dwell in the midst of beauty and of brightness, some will be found to open their doors, as well as their hearts, to poor children, the lonely sempstress, the wearied shop-girl, the well-nigh worn-out daughter of toil!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

LIESCHEN.—There is the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. There is also a Ladies' School of Embroidery and Dressmaking at 15, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W. The latter we imagine would suit your sister best. Write to the Principal.

SHIRT STUDS and BROWN BESS.—See page 268, vol. ii., for crochet mat-making. Also page 597, vol. i.

PRISSIE.—For a deep crochet edge for your cake doyleys, see page 597, vol. i., also pages 507-8, same vol. To make macaroni cheese, see pages 400 and 525, vol. ii.

MISS B. says that she thought the "Work Basket," to which, she informs us, she wrote, "was done by women," and that, if we (the Editor) "cannot tell her how it is done" (query—the "Work Basket?) "she would thank us to return it." We are very sorry not to oblige her, but we really cannot send her our "Work Basket." She can, however, read all about it in each monthly number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

BROWNIE.—We thank you for your kind letter and good wishes. The writer calling herself a "Lady Dressmaker" says she much approves of French spun-silk under-garments—but all cannot afford them. She also approves of stays, but not tight-lacing; also of shaped chemises, and yoke-bands of cotton; the stays being worn over all petticoats. She does not advocate Lady H.'s patterns.

MONA.—Get some powdered plaster of Paris and rub it well into the white fur, then brush and beat it with a little cane. Repeat this treatment until the fur be clean. Flour might be substituted for the plaster of Paris, but might not prove so effectual. We are sorry that your first letter was overlooked.

POGGY.—You will find full instructions requisite for the learning of "Swiss Darning" in vol. i., at page 314.

CIGARETTE.—Perhaps a little flour might help you to clean your fan, but it would be better to allow it to remain as it is, than to spoil it by wetting it. It is wise to "avoid the appearance of evil;" when you consider your responsibilities as a Christian, and that dress is nearly always an index of character, we think you will eschew the appearance of "fastness" as being contrary to your profession.

HAWTHORNE.—Full instructions as to washing crewel embroidery are given at page 141, vol. i. As you have taken THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the beginning, we wonder you had not seen it.

Z. Y. X.—The address of the National Health Society is 44, Berners-street, W., where you may make all inquiries.

NEMO.—If the dress be a plain silk, trim with striped watered silk and satin, or watered silk only, of the same or slightly darker hue. Perhaps you might like white lace better.

MANCHESTER C.—The price of vol. i. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is 6s. in cloth, 7s. 6d. with gilt edges.

MOLLY BAWN.—Some excellent domestic economy classes are being held at 21, Mortimer-street, W., which began on April 17. They comprise dressmaking and clear starching, and the teaching occupies one hour and a half each in length; the pupils being twelve in number. Being held on the same days (Mondays and Wednesdays) you will find it easy to attend both. The courses will be charged £1 4s. for each, 2s. 6d. each lesson. Pupils will have to write a report of each lesson, and at the end of the courses examinations will be held and certificates granted to the pupils. Apply by letter, or personally, to the lady superintendent.

ANOTHER JUMBO.—You will find full and clear instructions on refooting socks and knitting them at pages 111, 287, 486, vol. i., and also at page 157, vol. ii.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—Violet, relieved with red, black and violet, and that beautiful dark blue known as "amethyst," would suit you. The first especially, as it relieves the whiteness of your complexion, and the mixture of the two first colours will be very becoming for the occasion you mention.

CATERINA.—Squares in crochet, suitable for quilts, will be found on pages 394, 598, 620, vol. i., and many other patterns throughout the volume.

LAURIE.—There are border crochet patterns at pages 507-8, 597, vol. i., and at pages 311 and 312, vol. ii.; but the best border to use for *point de neige* is to be found at page 517, vol. ii., as used for a small crochet jacket. Thank you for your pleasant letter.

FRIENDLESS KITTY.—If you obtained a situation with a milliner, you would find it difficult to obtain wages, unless you were willing to give a certain amount of time. Excepting it were through friends, you could only obtain such a place by advertising. Many thanks for the card.

WISHING TO DO GOOD.—Woollen balls, scrapbooks, mounted on sheets of coloured glazed calico, and bound with worsted braid; written cards bearing a text inscription, and painted with a flower, &c., are any of them easy to make, and suitable for a children's hospital.

MONARQUE.—A pair of silk socks, knitted by yourself, would be a very nice present. You should not go out to any evening amusement before three months have elapsed.

HELENE.—You write English very well, but the handwriting itself seems careless. Use soap and water, and rub well; and take plenty of exercise.

ART.

EGERIA.—Use the water-colours as thick as possible. The address is given at page 349, vol. iii.

JUDY.—Black satin needs no preparation for oil-colours. Use Roberson's medium, and paint carefully with great attention to cleanliness.

ELECTRA.—Certain flowers are unwholesome in a bedroom. Read the fourth part of "Sketching from Nature," page 283, vol. ii., and you will find an excellent description of the uses of the colours.

F. W. S. T.—The greater portion of the architecture of Worcester Cathedral is in the Early English style, but the crypt is Norman. The western arches of the nave are considered to be a part of the original building, erected in the tenth century, but the rest of the edifice is of subsequent date to the Conquest, being restored by Wulstan in 1084. The stone vaulting was commenced in the north aisle of the nave in the fourteenth century, and all the different developments of Gothic, as they came into use, appear in the building as the work was continued by the successive bishops. The nave "later pointed" and "transition," the choir "early pointed," the north of the nave "decorated," the south "perpendicular." Prince Arthur's chapel "florid," and the cloisters "decorated pointed." King John is buried in this cathedral, and Prince Arthur, the eldest brother of Henry VIII., and husband of Katherine of Arragon.

COOKERY.

ETHEL.—"To Ice a Cake," see page 399, vol. ii. Small coloured comfits, or coloured sugar, may be added by sprinkling them over the top of the cake, in a pattern if desired, before the iceing has become hard.

LADYBIRD.—Crystallized lettuce is prepared as follows: Cut the stalks of the lettuce into six-inch lengths. Wash them, simmer in water till tender, throw them into cold water, drain them, and, putting them into a suitable dish, pour boiling syrup over them until they float. Let them rest for a day for the sugar to penetrate into the stalks, then boil all up together; when cold pour the syrup off, and dry the pieces of stalk in a warm room. Your writing is fairly good.

WILD ROSE.—Pikelets are made in the following manner:—Put half a pint of milk, and the same quantity of water, into a saucepan with an ounce of butter, a lump or two of sugar, and a little salt. Stir it over the fire till rather warmer than new milk, then beat the yolks of two fresh eggs and the white of one, and adding a tablespoonful of good yeast, that is not bitter, put them into a jug with the milk, &c., and mix them well together. Then put in one pound of fine dry flour, and stir it quickly till free from lumps. Do not let the jug be quite half full. Set it by the fire, covered with a plate, till it rises to the top of the jug. Rub a little butter, tied in muslin, on the baking-iron; then pour on the batter, either with a hoop made on purpose, or without. They will not take long to bake. Turn them with a broad knife.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SUNFLOWER.—"Edith S." meant to say that she used a little, thin, useless kind of stick or cane, such as a recruiting sergeant would flourish about. Not a good crutch-stick, to be used as a support for hilly or slippery ways and walks. We guessed her meaning of the term "pin-stick."

A COUNTRY GIRL.—The system known as "the Kindergarten" is one by which children are taught by plays certain movements like drilling and singing. Toys are specially made for the carrying out of the method; and for very young children it is certainly to be recommended. Something of the same kind is adopted in infant-schools.

BOOKWORM.—The "New Companion to the Bible," with maps, 2s. 6d.; "Cruden's Concordance" (Dr. Eadie), 3s. 6d. These are published by us; and there is probably a depôt of the Religious Tract Society at Bristol. In any case, you have only to write to 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., enclosing postal notes or a post-office order for the amount, and the books will be sent to you. Both are bound in cloth. The other works are not ours, but any bookseller would procure them for you.

FLORENCE L. L.—We are exceedingly glad to hear that our reply to your letter of some months ago was productive of so much good to you; and that, following our advice, you are now so much happier, and have been enabled to take so decided a step in the right direction. May you have strength granted you to continue faithful to the profession you have made! It is quite possible that you may have "overdone" the tea-drinking; and as you have felt better since you reduced the quantity, we think you wise in so doing. You might substitute chocolate for it once a day.

JAPONICA writes a nice little grateful letter. Singeing the hair is preferable to cutting it, if disposed to fall.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—If you suffer from a pain in your chest, and your shortness of breath be such that you have to re-fill your lungs oftener during singing than other people in general, we should think that your singing is of doubtful advantage to you. We imagine that you should endeavour to strengthen your general health, and especially attend to the state of your chest and lungs, before you begin any course of vocal practising.

SWALLOW.—See "How to Play the Violin," page 232, vol. ii.

JUDY.—The Italian words employed in music which you quote—"*Piu mosso*"—literally mean "more motion," and signify "quicker." You write too large a hand.

TREBLE.—We do not give addresses. Inquire at any of the music publishers'.

ORTRUD.—We should advise you to pursue your musical studies in England. If we may judge from the advice given by recent American writers to their young compatriots (many of whom go to Milan to study), it is a step of doubtful service to any girl. The openings at home are now very great; good masters may be obtained and good music heard, and, except, perhaps, for the finishing touches, you will do better to stay at home.

DODO.—It is evident that you have not been reading our "Answers to Correspondents." See page 63, vol. iii.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—On no account fail to consult an experienced medical man as soon as possible. The two symptoms which you name are doubtless closely connected one with the other, and are both symptomatic of a cause which should be treated at once. The case is not one, we believe, in which the expense of advice can be safely spared. This is the best counsel that, as strangers, we can give.

MARGARET C. R.—Take your July number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to the shop where you get the paper, and show the bookseller the error that was made, and ask him to set it right for you. If he cannot, you will have to get that number; and you might make the other single copy a present to someone, who will not thereby have a volume spoilt. We are much pleased to hear that your papa is so much pleased with our paper, and that it affords you so much pleasure. We also thank you for your nice, well-written, and well-expressed letter.

F. E. G.—1. To re-curl feathers, see page 511, vol. i. 2. Give a sheet of thin paper a coat of gum-water, the latter tolerably thick, and not so thin as to fall in drops when the brush is held up. Lay weights at the four sides of the paper to prevent its curling up when wet.

SUNSET.—1. You should wear a blue, green, or brown veil of silk gauze. 2. Cod-liver oil, when fresh, is almost colourless; and you will gain no advantage from taking the "brown."

HYDRANTHA.—1. There is no objection to your wearing gloves, but in such cases you should be guided by the general rule to be observed, about which you should make local inquiries. 2. We could not prescribe for headaches without first knowing their cause. They may be nervous or bilious, from blood to the head, or from too little or too poor blood. They may also arise from over-fatigue or loss of sleep. You must therefore consult a doctor who can see you, and judge of your constitution and the circumstances of your life.

WINIFRED.—You are not likely to see your "diseased relation's will at Somerset House," were you to pay any amount as a fee. But when the sufferer is dead, you must wait until it be "proved," which must be done within six months after the decease, otherwise a penalty is incurred. The fee demanded for showing a will is a shilling.

FANCHETTE.—You ought to show your torn thumb-nail to a doctor. To have neglected this for "several months" is a serious matter. You might get lock-jaw from such neglect.

A QUIET ONE.—The index and pictures of our vols. are to be had (price 9d.) at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You both write and express yourself fairly well.

BIDDY.—These cards given at confirmation are mementoes, intended to remind those to whom they are given of the public confession of faith and the sacred vows they have made. An emigrant or a young girl going into service would do well to have such a card as a kind of certificate, showing, at least, that she had passed through a careful religious training.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," was Miss Muloch, for many years past

Mrs. Craik. There is no sequel to it. The books of the Old Testament we received from the Jews. "To Ezra and his coadjutors (says Dr. E. P. Barrows, D.D.) the men of the great synagogue, the Jews ascribe the completion of the canon of the Old Testament." See "A New Introduction to the Study of the Bible," pages 144 to 148 inclusive. In reference to the books of the New Testament, see the same work, chapter xxvii.

NAOMI.—You will find the quotation, "They also serve who only stand and wait," in a sonnet by Milton upon his blindness. Your writing is defective in two respects—you make the strokes thick where they should be fine, and fine where they should be thick, and the "m" is changed into the form of "u."

MAGGIE says she has "written eleven times," and has not received an answer. We always regret that any of our correspondents should be neglected, but amidst the hundreds of letters received every week, and with but limited space for the insertion of answers, many may be overlooked or have to wait. This young lady says she has sent us poetry—the most beautiful style of composition, in which lovely, grand, and original ideas can be clothed; and that so gifted a young person should wreak her vengeance upon us by declaring, "I will never write to you again, and intend to give up taking your paper," is, indeed, a crushing blow! We wonder whether her mislaid verses are as original and graphic as her prose?

"DALPHNE."—From your description we should strongly advise you showing your face to a skin doctor at a hospital for skin diseases; or at least to some experienced medical man if you live far from London, as it is not a case to be trifled with. We cannot tell you what it is, but that it shows symptoms of spreading is serious.

ADELGE.—By the "strange pale gold" is meant, we suppose, the "golden grain," or wheat, which constitutes and represents our present food. "Be the day weary" was quoted at the stake by George Tankerville, one of the "Marian martyrs," 1555.

IVY.—

> "Shalt show us how divine a thing
> A woman may be made,"

is a quotation from a poem by Wordsworth, entitled "To a Young Lady."

HART'S TONGUE.—Many thanks for your suggestions.

POLLY.—We should not think that skimmed milk would be of any use. "No good soap is cheap" seems to have passed into a proverb.

LA TOISON D'OR.—You state your wishes in too vague a manner for us to help you. What do you want to study?

COCOON.—We believe that silkworms' eggs are always to be obtained in Covent Garden, but in order to study these curious creatures, you will do well to wait until the mulberry leaves be out, on which to feed them. You can prevent the hatching of the eggs by keeping them in a cold place.

HENRIETTA.—Rub the egg into the hair, and wash it out with warm water. The creaking of boots may be sometimes stopped by putting paper in between the first sole and the real sole.

BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE.—We do not know that the expression, "purple riot," needs so much explanation. It seems to mean the lovely but indistinct shadows after the sunset which occupy the distance. Another expression of the kind is termed by Dr. Angus "a phrase of the fancy," *i.e.*, "the sunset of life."

INTERESTED.—Edwin Drood was the name of the last novel commenced, but never finished, by Charles Dickens. One chapter is published in Forster's Life, and he says that the story turned upon the confession of the murder by the murderer, and the review of the man's career by himself when in prison. An ending to the story was, we believe, written by a spiritualist, and the American humourist, Mark Twain, has also completed it in his own peculiar fashion. But no one can give the "touch of a vanished hand," however clever he may be.

SVERO.—The enclosed pattern would answer for a dress for the occasion, but you must be guided in the matter of the cap by the custom of the place where you reside.

CORIOLANUS.—The legend of Cologne Cathedral is that the end of the world will be near when it is finished. We believe, however, that it cannot be said to be quite finished yet.

SENTRY-BOX, YIKES, and JESSIE M. write to us on the subject of stamps. The latter says the Papier Maché Company give £30 for a million stamps. We give the information for the benefit of our readers, and thank "Jessie" much for her very kind letter.

JANIE.—1. The name Sara means "a Princess," and Myra "she who weeps, or laments;" Robert means "bright in fame." 2. The modern 'still-room" is diverted from its original use. The word "still" is only an abbreviation of the word "distil"; and in old times ladies used to prepare the perfumes they employed in their own homes. For this purpose they kept a maid skilled in distilling lavender and rose water, as well as cordials—both for the family and for the benefit of the neighbouring poor. Excepting in very large country houses, still-rooms are uncommon, and thus the situation of maid for that business is not easily to be obtained.

MAB.—The "Hundred" of any part of the country means a certain portion of a "shire" measured, not by the extent of the land, but the number of families living on it. It was an ancient Danish method of division, and believed to have signified that in the year 897 A.D., when the counties were divided, there was a sub-division of every hundred families. The "Hundred Court" is a "Court-Baron," held for all the inhabitants of a "Hundred" instead of a "Manor." Of course the population at the present time of the lands so denominated is by no means represented by 100 families. "Manors" were in olden times "Baronies," and are still "Lordships." Each lord used to hold a "Court-Baron" for dealing with misdemeanours, and settling disputes between his tenants. "Manors" date back to the ancient Saxon times.

DREHPEHS.—In such cases you must be guided by existing circumstances; no one rule can be laid down for all alike. Find out what your father-in-law would like you to do, and be guided by his wishes. To address him as "Mr. ——" would be very formal, yet he might possibly prefer it.

GOLD KAFER.—In a foreign country one can only do the best in one's power, under difficult circumstances. But your own quiet, reserved manner may serve you as well as the presence of a chaperone. Of course, when a young woman is alone, she has to act with double circumspection—be at home early, retire to rest early; cultivate the acquaintance of the chaplain's family, or some thoroughly respectable people, and be very quiet in manner. In fact, avoid attracting the attention of strangers, except by your quiet, reserved demeanour. Under these circumstances you may reside where it is most convenient to you, as a boarder, with perfect propriety—provided the house itself be a respectable one.

PETER THE GREAT.—Read all our articles on "Etiquette," "Good Breeding," "Dinners in Society," &c. Hold them; do not wipe them with bread. Even if "laid down," the cloth need not necessarily be soiled.

SNOWDROP.—You ask us "what you are to do" to break yourself of the habit of sulking when reproved. There is nothing of an active character to be done but asking for God's grace to aid you in your efforts at reform, without the delay of five minutes. As to your preparation for an examination, you had better allot certain hours daily for your studies, and set yourself a certain amount to do within a certain time. To accomplish this daily task you will have to fix your mind steadfastly on your work.

TONI ANSELM.—Your very nice letter, wonderfully well expressed for a Spaniard, does you great credit, and gratifies us not a little. All girls are our girls who are amongst our readers, and all have an equal right to compete for our prizes and certificates; and have an equal claim on our sympathy and consideration. The announcements respecting the next competitions have already been given. What a nice hand you write!

ELLIE.—You should have referred to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before writing, as we have more than once given advice to those who stammer. Speak very slowly, pronounce every syllable very distinctly, beat time with your hand or foot at regular intervals, pronouncing a syllable at every beat. Take a book and read aloud in a room by yourself for a certain length of time daily, following this plan. Then recite a piece of prose or of poetry in the same way. When speaking to any one, think of what you wish to say before you begin to speak. Collect your thoughts, and centre them on one point. Practise saying every word commencing with "M," "N," "B," and "P." Take a dictionary and read them. Your friend needs a mixed diet, like everyone else; and plenty of milk, cream, and butter.

INNOCENCE.—We were interested in your "chatty" little letter, and thank you for it. We quite agree with you about the too great and "unnecessary fuss made about the great Zoological Elephant—Jumbo." Feed your squirrels on nuts of all kinds, fir-tree cones, acorns, fruit, milk, and bread sopped in milk. Your writing is of a good size, and is very legible, but you must write copies.

A TEACHER.—The Bazaar for the "Princess Louise Home" will take place at about midsummer. You might affix prices to the several articles to form some guide to those who will have to sell them; but you would do well to write and say that of course they are at liberty to make any alterations which circumstances may render desirable.

BIRDIE E.—Your "gentleman friend" proves that he has yet a great deal to learn himself if he imagines that a woman's education ceases with her marriage. "We live and learn" to "the end of the chapter;" and the woman who ceases so to do when she closes her mere school-books and enters on the duties of womanhood—(whether married or unmarried)—is indeed a lamentable specimen of a stunted being, endowed with intellectual faculties, and surrounded with opportunities for their higher development, thereby to render them of more practical use in life.

HETTY W.—There are several Orphanages in London, including the following:—The Orphanage 110, Newington Green-road, N.; "The Pimlico Home," 3, Cumberland-street, S.W.; "The Children's Home," Bonar-road, Victoria Park, E.; "Mrs. Hilton's Crèche," 16, Stepney Causeway, Commercial-road, E. If you get no help from one, try another.

THEODORA.—1. The volume to which you refer as costing "six shillings" only consisted of nine numbers; that for which you would have to pay "seven-and-sixpence" contains twelve. 2. Your linnet probably died of either a surfeit or "scouring." Perhaps he was hung in a draught, or his cage was not kept sufficiently cleaned out, or he had too little water. If during moulting, you were, it may be, unacquainted with the course of treatment he required. With reference to the death of your goldfinch, see our answer to "Gop."

YEW TREE.—We imagine that the matting to which you allude is "India matting," such as you may often see placed near a sunny window to save the carpet from being faded, or in front of a washstand, to preserve the carpet from splashings of water. We think that "cocoanut matting," such as employed in basement passages and the servants' offices, would be too coarse and thick for a bed-room.

GOP.—You have been over-feeding your goldfinch, or his food has been too rich, if he has fits. Epilepsy is a complaint to which they are liable; and they are often mortal, after several attacks. Plunge your bird in cold water, and make him hop about a good deal. The best medicine will be to add about five drops of olive oil daily to his drinking water for a period of three days; and each day when he has swallowed the oil on the surface, change the water. Should he be affected with "scouring," take a scrap of chalk about the size of a pea, and grate it into his food daily, till he be well. His ordinary diet should consist of one-third of rape and canary-seed, and two-thirds of poppy-seed, also a scrap of watercress or lettuce. Change his drinking water twice daily, and always give him a bath during the summer, in the afternoon. We should also advise you to be very careful of the cleanliness of your cages for all your birds, for the nature of the dirt that is accumulated on the perches is the reason, in most cases, why birds' feet are so often diseased. The perches should be scraped, and then washed with soap and water, and the whole cage cleaned out, scraped, and the drawer at the base scaled likewise.

VIOLET and PRIMROSE.—Certainly, you must wear a cap—not a bonnet. What hardship could there be in so doing?

KALEIDOSCOPE.—"To lie in bed, and sleep not; to look for one that cometh not; to love one that loveth not," is a translation of an Italian proverb, viz.—

> "Sta a letto, e non dormire,
> Ben servire, e non gradire,
> Aspettare e non venire,
> Son tre cose a fa morire."

Your English version is not correct, as you will see, and has no winding-up nor meaning, as in the original.

INQUISITIVE.—The "hot cross buns" eaten on Good Friday are derived from very ancient heathen rites. A sacred cake was offered to Jupiter Olympus by Cecrops, called a "bous," of which the accusative is "boun;" and the sacred cake offered every seventh day in the Arkite Temples was called a "boun." The Arkites consisted of a branch of the family of Canaan, settled in Phœnicia and Syria; and the ruins of their city are to be seen at Arka, opposite the northern extremity of Lebanon. According to an old superstition, bread baked on Good Friday was regarded as a specific against certain complaints.

LITTLE EMILY.—We give a recipe for making "pot-pourri" in our answer to "Irene" and "Lily," page 335, vol. i.

BLANCH R.—To remove inkstains, see page 410, vol. iii. This is an excellent recipe. The name "Easter" is derived from "Oster," April being called "Ostermonah," or "month of the East wind." In the Teutonic the name is "Ostara;" in Anglo-Saxon, "Eastre." The Saxon goddess, "Eostre," was commemorated by a festival held in the spring. Some, however, maintain that the name is derived from "Oster," signifying "rising;" which would be a very suitable one for the Christian Festival.

MARGERY wishes to know the origin of the term "pin-money." Doubtless she does not spend much of her allowance on pins. But once on a time they were luxuries, and in the fourteenth century only on two days in the year (Jan. 1st and 2nd) was the manufacturer allowed by law to sell them in a shop open to all. On these occasions the great ladies of the Court and the rich merchants' wives used to be presented with money by their husbands for the special purpose of procuring what they could not obtain at any other time. When pins became common the original designation of the allowance made for personal use was still retained.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—The original "Della Crusca" Academy was instituted at Florence, having for its object the refining and purifying of the Italian language and style. This title was adopted by a Mr. Robert Merry, one of the leading members of a society of silly verse-writers in England, who were always praising one another in the most feeble and fulsome manner. They published their trash in two daily papers—*The Oracle* and *The World*, which were brought out collectively in a volume called "The Album." But two powerful satires, entitled *The Baviad* and *The Meviad*, so exposed the folly of these miserable effusions, that the society died a natural death. Your writing is very poor. You seem to forget that there are fifty-two weeks in the year; that the designing, the subsequent engraving, and then printing of a frontispiece are exceedingly expensive; and that the covers have to be printed likewise. We prefer to think you ignorant and thoughtless rather than ungrateful.

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "On the Other Side of the World," &c.

[*All rights reserved.*] "'BUT SURELY A POOR MAN MAY BE A GENTLEMAN?' SAID FAITH."

CHAPTER VI.

INTO SOCIETY.

FAITH'S careful calculations came at last to this result.

With the closest management she could contrive to make her own little store tide them over Christmas, even to the honest providing of sundry outward signs of Christmas festivity, which her sweet eyes filled with tears to think of, but which it seemed like disloyalty to the past to neglect. And she had in hand some wool and white net and edgings which, with great industry, she might manufacture into shawls and caps in time for them to be seasonable offerings to her old folk in Westering. She hoped that somebody at hand might remember to supply the long-welcome tea and groceries which she felt would be sorely missed otherwise. But even to do as much as this she must go without the tasty white crape ruffling, which could be the most effective brightening and softening of her deep mourning. And she would not be able to buy herself a pair of dress shoes, but must make her ordinary house boots pass muster, disguised by some cunning device of a home-made bow.

Of course, Denzil's suggestions concerning credit would, if heeded, have rendered all these economies unnecessary. And they would keep returning upon Faith's mind. Was it not possible she was being over-rigid in so sparing and so spending, when there was sure to be a fresh supply of money in a few days? So Faith had to be firm with herself.

"I wonder if anybody ever began to run in debt without feeling quite sure that he would be able to pay up immediately?" she mused. "Besides, our allowance next quarter will be no larger than our allowance this quarter. Even if, as Denzil hints, some of his unexpected expenses are of a sort that will not recur, still there may be others on which he does not reckon yet. And as there must be retrenchment some time, the sooner it begins the sooner we shall know where we are. And so if we can thus manage to pay our way, fair and square, till quarter-day, we shall not begin the new year behind the world. It would be only asking credit for a pound or two for a week, it is true, but if it is not the right thing to do, it is as wrong for an hour as for a year, and for a penny as for a thousand pounds,"

But Faith had due care, while carrying out this determination, not to make it repulsive to her brother. In place of the foregone crape ruffles, she made up dainty frills of some fine old net which she found among her stores when she was turning them over to plan her gifts. And so, when the evening of the Murrays' party came, though she wore but the same dress in which she went to church, and had no ornament except her own bright hair, her deft handiwork, and the plain gold locket which held her parents' portraits, she looked unmistakably what she was—a pure, sweet young English lady.

Dr. Murray's professorship was one which associated him with both the colleges of the University. He had a family of sons and daughters, grown up and growing up, and as both he and Mrs. Murray belonged by birth to the town, their circle of acquaintance was large, and that of relationship somewhat complicated. Their house was a town mansion, situated in that quarter which had most pretensions to fashion. When the Alleynes reached it, it was already ablaze with lights and astir with the gathering party.

The host and hostess met the two young people with words of welcome. The professor knew Denzil already by sight, and Mrs. Murray expressed her regret that she and Miss Alleyne had been so unfortunate in their calls upon each other. Then Denzil was left free to make himself at home with any of his fellow students whom he could find among the throng, and Mrs. Murray introduced Faith to one of her own daughters, and to two or three young ladies of about her age.

Miss Murray was, of course, greatly in demand among her parents' guests, and after a few pleasant words to Faith as to the possible length of her stay in the town, and her liking thereof, and so forth, she was once more lost in the throng, leaving Faith seated between two young ladies of whom she knew nothing but their names—Miss Georgina Gordon and Miss Kitty Scott.

"I suppose you are not going to the College ball to-morrow night?" observed Miss Scott, with a side glance at Faith's mourning dress.

"No," said Faith, "I never go to balls."

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Gordon, "I suppose you don't dance?"

"A little," answered Faith.

"But you don't care for it," said Miss Gordon.

"Yes, I like it very well," Faith rejoined, "but I think balls make rather a toil of a pleasure."

"Ah, that shows you don't like it, or you wouldn't speak so," said Miss Scott. "I danced every dance at the College ball last year, and we didn't leave off till nearly three o'clock in the morning. I enjoyed myself awfully. I danced right through my slippers and through my stocking soles, and I felt at last as if I was dancing off my very feet. I could scarcely move for two days after. I'm looking forward with rapture to to-morrow. The College ball is always jolly; one gets such nice partners. Of course, it's only the better sort of students who can go to it."

"Is it only those who are in the honours' lists who are invited?" asked Faith, innocently, thinking to herself that seven or eight hours' terpsichorean exercise might be rather trying, but probably not altogether unwholesome, after weeks of severe sedentary study.

Miss Scott and Miss Gordon laughed heartily.

"Miss Alleyne is a stranger here," said Miss Gordon; "we must explain matters to her."

"You have a brother at college, have you not?" asked Miss Scott. "It is a wonder he has not told you all about it."

"He is surrounded by so many novelties that he is not able to tell me about everything," said Faith.

"Well, then, you must understand that the College ball is entirely a students' affair. The people there, even the professors and their families, are there as the students' guests."

"But I understood from you just now that all the students themselves are not allowed to go," remarked Faith.

"They are all free to go," explained Miss Scott, "but those who go have to pay a guinea each, and that shuts out all the commoner sort, don't you see? Then those who pay this guinea have the privilege of taking two or three friends with them."

"Anybody whom they choose?" Faith asked.

"Not exactly—no, that would hardly do," said Miss Gordon. "For one thing, they cannot include in their party a fellow student who has not paid a guinea for himself. That would never do, for the poorer students would club together and go in in groups. Then, again, a certain number of the leading students constitute a kind of council or committee, or something of that sort, and they manage the finances, and the students have to send up to them the names of those for whom they wish invitations, and they can veto any name they like."

"Oh, then," said Faith, "I understand that all the visitors, except the students themselves, are really the guests of these select students."

"Yes," answered Miss Gordon, "of course, it would never do not to have some restriction. We should not wish to be mixed up with all the little local shopkeepers who constitute the families and friends of some of the students."

"Of some of the best students, too, I understand," said Faith, quietly. "But how is it managed if it happens that good students of this class are on the committee?"

"Oh dear, dear!" cried Miss Scott, "we keep talking about different things all the while. You keep thinking of the best class of students as students; we mean those who are gentlemen."

"But surely a man may be a gentleman though he is poor and of lowly parentage?" said Faith. "I thought it was the special pride of the North that her peasants could measure themselves with nobles and not be found wanting."

"Oh yes, yes," they do get on wonderfully," admitted Miss Scott; "but by 'gentlemen,' at the present moment, I mean not paragons of perseverance and pedantry, but those who are in good society and who know what its requirements are."

"And that is often quite a different matter," observed Miss Gordon, who seemed able to understand Faith's point of view and even to appreciate it. "Do you happen to know a Mr. Edgar Cheney?"

"I have met him," Faith answered; "he has been very kind to my brother."

"Oh, is he not perfectly awfully delightful?" cried Miss Scott, "and I'm so glad to hear he is kind to your brother! I have always stood up for Edgar Cheney. I am certain he is very clever, if he was only rightly understood! And what a waltzer! And the delicious things he says to one!"

"Edgar Cheney has been one of the leading lights of the ball for the last three years," said Miss Gordon, with an open-eyed glance at Faith, which Faith felt to be significant of something beyond her comprehension.

"Ah, that is ever since he began his college course then," said Faith. "Denzil said he was a third-year's man."

"A third-year's man in the matter of classes, a first-year's man in the matter of exams.," said Miss Gordon; "he has not passed his first yet. He has always gone out a great deal. You see, he belongs to a very good English family, and I must admit that his manners are exceedingly polished," she added, relentingly.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to admit so much," retorted Miss Scott, pouting. "I think it is really spiteful to talk about his not passing his exams. A genius cannot be judged like a grinder. Think of the beautiful poetry Edgar Cheney has written. Have you ever seen any of it, Miss Alleyne?"

"No," answered Faith, rousing herself, for she had been meditative over this revelation concerning her brother's friend, and was rather mystified as to how so wrong an impression concerning his academic status had been conveyed to her mind.

"Mr. Cheney is here to-night," said Miss Scott, "but he is in the next room. I saw him passing out of this just as I came in; there was nothing to detain him here—nobody in this apartment then, but a set of old fogies."

Miss Gordon drew herself up. "Possibly he did not care to encounter my papa," she said, stiffly. "I know papa has a very poor opinion of him."

But Miss Scott was eagerly watching the door, quite heedless that she had said anything to give offence.

"Who is the foremost of these?" she asked, as two young gentlemen came from the other room. "I don't recollect ever seeing him before. I know the next one, though we were never introduced. I sold a lot of things to him at a charity bazaar. I could get him to take anything! But who can the other be?"

"He is my brother Denzil," said Faith; "and oh!" she exclaimed, with genuine girlish pleasure, "how do you do, Mr. Drummond?"

The young West-Indian's face brightened at her friendly greeting. "Ah, you didn't expect to see me, did you?" he said. "I myself had not long to look forward to this pleasure; but young Murray, you know, is a great chum of Cheney's, and I happened to meet him at his rooms last night, and he told me he should ask his mother for a card for me, and so here I am!"

Faith thought that courtesy required she should introduce her brother to the two young ladies with whom she had been conversing, especially as Marcus Drummond seemed inclined to desert him, and to withdraw her from the general conversation. She was not at all prepossessed by Miss Scott, with her flippant mind manifest in her flippant words, but she had her rights as a fellow guest in the Murrays' house. She was, however, well pleased to see that Denzil ignored the gushing little flirt with a cool bow, whose consummate dignity absolutely overawed his sister, and began to pay his attentions to Miss Gordon. Miss Gordon did not attract Faith, but at least her manner was quiet and well-bred, and Faith felt that she might reserve her best qualities for further acquaintance.

"And so the students are to have a ball to-morrow night, Mr. Drummond!" observed Faith. "Are you going to it?"

"No, certainly I am not," he said. And Faith looked up at him with surprise, his tone was so abrupt and decided. His bright face seemed strangely darkened.

"I have just been hearing all about it," Faith continued. "Denzil had not even mentioned it to me."

"He knew it would not interest you," said Mr. Drummond. "He is to pass to-morrow evening with me—having just a specially tremendous grind—a much more profitable way of spending one's time, isn't it, Miss Alleyne?" But his smile seemed to Faith mysterious and bitter, so that she thought surely he had wished to join in this festivity and had been somehow disappointed.

"Oh, I think it is quite right that the students should have a gathering of some sort, but I do think it is a pity that a semi-official assembly should set an example of such late hours, and should be of a nature to shut out so many of the students themselves," Faith observed.

"Oh, the students outside a certain set are not taken into much consideration!" said Marcus, still with the same bitterness of spirit. "The only hospitality which has been extended to me yet as a student was one solitary dinner, to which were invited seven other students—all strangers and foreigners like myself—so that, for all friendly purposes, when the evening ended we were exactly where we were when it began. But," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "I must not again speak of the only hospitality that has been extended to me as a student, for it was as a student that your brother invited me to pass that pleasant evening at your place. You must forgive my forgetting that, for by the time I came away I felt as if I had been invited as a friend."

"You might feel that the more readily," said Faith, "because we are all alike strangers in this place."

"And it is the same in this crowd here," Marcus went on, in a lowered voice. "I know nobody, save some students, except by sight, and I suppose you don't know many?"

"Only two or three to whom I have been introduced to-night," Faith answered.

"It is strange how a very little pleasant intercourse makes one feel like old friends when one meets again in a crowd of strangers," observed young Drummond. "I have been dreadfully lonely in this town. Nobody can tell what it is until one has tried it. I could scarcely bear it at first."

"Of course, Denzil and I have only been alone together," remarked Faith.

"There was one thing I was thankful for last year," Mr. Drummond went on: "I was actually thankful *that they don't* keep Christmas in an English way in this Presbyterian place. If the shops had all been shut and the bells ringing, and yet I, all by myself, outside everything, I don't know how I should have got on. We had always made a great festivity of Christmas at home. And when I went wandering about in the streets in the dark and heard the music coming out of many of the drawing-rooms (for they are beginning to make Christmas a social fashion), I did think some of the good people might have remembered the strangers within their gates, while their missionary and philanthropic societies are giving so much thought to strangers far off, who are often very well able to take care of themselves."

The lad's bitter words were stirring a softening memory in Faith's heart. Down in Westering Mill she had often in her childish days sat on the knee of an old friend—her father's friend—who, before his death, had spent many weary months of wandering exile in pursuit of health. And for his very last earthly Christmas the ship in which he was voyaging had anchored off a great Hindoo town. And there, a Buddhist merchant, having some slight dealings with her captain, had bethought him of the English crew and passenger, stranded, far from home, amid alien scenes, and had fetched them all to his house, and had treated them, with subtle courtesy, to such dishes as English story had told him were seasonable to their memories. If a heathen had done this, how could Christians forget so much?

"I vowed I'd never find myself quite so lonely again," Marcus Drummond went on, drearily. "And things are certainly different this year. And besides, one gets hardened."

"Mr. Drummond," said Faith, suddenly, "won't you come and dine with us on this coming Christmas Day? There can be little entertainment, as you know,

but we are all strangers together, as you say, and your coming will make things very different for us. Is there anybody else we could invite—another one or two?"

"Cheney will have a dozen invitations," said young Drummond, with a laugh; "he is such a fascinating fellow!"

"And that young Mr. Duthie?" questioned Faith, who had not forgotten the boy's honest, kindly face.

"Oh, he will go home; besides, Christmas means nothing to him. 'The old year out and the new year in' is the Northern festival."

"Well, then, you will come, at least," said Faith.

"Certainly—I shall be most happy—only I almost feel as if I had invited myself. I wish I'd known you last year," he added, rather wistfully, "I mean I wish you had been here for me to know!"

And then he went on telling her about his former Christmases at home, and about his "people" there, and the general manners and customs of the place. And so the evening passed by pleasantly enough, and when at last there was a general movement of the guests towards the room where refreshments were spread, and Faith and Marcus Drummond repaired there together, Faith could not help feeling that much of the pleasantness of her visit had been due to the frank, cordial foreign lad.

She had lost sight of the two young ladies and of her brother for some time, but she found them again in the supper-room. There too was Edgar Cheney. But evidently he had not escorted Miss Scott hither. For Mr. Cheney was in devoted attendance on Mrs. Murray, and was altogether making himself as useful as if he had been a son of the house. As Marcus and Faith passed the group, Faith heard Mrs. Murray whisper to a stately old dowager—

"Are not his manners perfection? You know he is one of the Cheneys of——"

Faith lost the rest.

Miss Scott was in the charge of a shy lad, with a fresh moorland atmosphere about him, and who seemed half fascinated and half frightened by her glib tongue and assured manners. Faith and Marcus were for a few minutes in the proximity of Miss Gordon and Denzil. Miss Gordon seemed very pleased with her escort, and she turned and smiled graciously at his sister, who overheard her words—evidently about the place of their abode.

"But if one was settled in this town, it would never do to stay in that quarter, except one had one of those houses where some of the professors live, and also kept a carriage to take one in and out, for, of course, the greatest number of evening parties are given at the other end."

Marcus and Faith were rather late in reaching the supper room, and did not easily find a seat. At last Marcus found a chair for Faith, in rather a crowded corner, and while he went off to fetch her refreshments, she heard many curious scraps of talk, such as—

"Of course, he's in the football club, and he's an awfully good player, but his father forbade it, and so he plays under an assumed name."

Then from another group—

"If it was one of us, we should know how it would end. But these foreigners get led altogether off their heads. It is a question, however, if she would marry *him*."

But the conversation which impressed Faith most, and which recurred again and again to her memory afterwards, was one going on between two young men. The taller had a distinguished face, and the easy bearing of those accustomed to command; the other was plain and grave, and gloomy in aspect. They were not bad types, thought Faith, of the aristocrat and the scholar.

"I'm sorry to see the fellow in this house," said the former. "If Professor Murray knew what we know——"

"I think he might if he tried," rejoined the other, cynically.

"Surely he could not bear to see him dangling after his wife and daughters," continued the first.

"Possibly if they knew, they would say it was nothing to do with them so long as he was a finished gentleman in their presence," returned the other. "And if so, they would be the first to judge and condemn his victims. Women of the humble class ought to be so very sedate and particular, you know! What would become of a mill-girl with the habits and tastes of — Kitty Scott? Who would keep a servant who spoke and behaved like she does?"

"When I can't help seeing some truth in what you say," said the first, "your words on these subjects disturb my faith in God far more than all your arguments against His existence."

The other smiled sardonically.

When the party broke up, Marcus Drummond left in company with Denzil and Faith, and would fain have accompanied them home, but that Faith made a determined standstill against taking him so far out of his way.

"Well, I've had a nice evening," said Denzil. "Miss Gordon was really very agreeable to me, and she has the reputation of being stiff to fellows generally. They call her 'Miss It-will-never-do.' For the Gordons set themselves up and are very strict about etiquette and so forth, and won't visit anybody in trade. I was not delighted to be introduced to your other new acquaintance—for that girl knows everybody and everything, and tells all she knows, and a great deal more—and the fellows always talk of her as 'Kitty Scott,' just as if she was a barmaid or a ballet dancer. Some of them even call her 'Scott.'"

"I think it a great pity that the students should know the christian names of barmaids and ballet dancers," said Faith, "and if they don't like Miss Scott, they should not talk about her at all, instead of probably making her think they admire her," she added, with a spurt of womanly loyalty.

But over and over again, Faith Alleyne kept asking herself to whom those two students had alluded. Could it be——?

(*To be continued.*)

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

AS Monsieur le Marquis was returning to the *château* he met André coming in search of him. Madame la Marquise was uneasy on his account, for Jacqueline had told her that he was riding Riquet.

"Elle a beaucoup d'inquiétude, Madame la Marquise," André repeated.

"It is high time Jacqueline was taught to keep that prating tongue of hers quiet in her head," said the Marquis, angrily. "What business has she to carry one word of my proceedings indoors?"

"C'est dommage, Monsieur le Marquis, mais Jacqueline babille comme un ruisseau, toujours—toujours."

"I'll give Angelique a pretty strong hint concerning her daughter's delinquencies."

"But it is, monsieur, that Jacqueline rules *la mère* Angelique; she is a very much spoilt child."

"Then I'll speak to my mother herself. Has the seigneur returned to the *château*, André?"

"O oui, monsieur. Je l'ai vu rentrer par l'escalier de la bibliothèque."

"And the *demoiselle anglaise*? Did she and Jacquet get back safely?"

"O oui, monsieur. She rode into the *basse-cour* soon after Riquet. Mais, monsieur, elle était tout-à-fait pâle, et tremblante."

Monsieur le Marquis's first care upon entering the *château* was to send a message to his brother.

"Tell Monsieur le Seigneur," he said to the servant, "that I wish to speak to him, and that I will come to him in the library in ten minutes."

He passed on to the *salon*, where a bright wood fire was burning on behalf

of La Marquise, who always felt chilly when there was dampness in the air.

Damaris, still in her riding-dress, stood in the centre of the little group gathered about the fire, the light from which fell upon her pale, excited face, and upon her dishevelled hair. She was speaking rapidly when Monsieur le Marquis entered. La Marquise, from her seat on one side of the hearth, was bending eagerly forwards; La Duchesse, on the other, leaned back in her chair, nonchalantly toying with a feather hand-screen. Leonie, from her low seat in the chimney corner, was looking up into Damaris's face with absorbed attention.

As the door opened and closed, the gaze of all four was drawn to the far shadowy corner from which Le Marquis emerged. The loss of his usual careless *bonhomie* struck La Marquise at once. The traces of his late fierce struggle with himself sat upon his still sullen lip and brow.

"Jerome! Jerome, what has happened? There has been an accident!"

"Set your mind at rest, *chère maman*," he said, forcing himself to speak lightly. "There is nothing the matter. I am cold, that is all. Mademoiselle Damaris, you also seem to appreciate the warmth of the fire after that dismal *allée verte*"

He approached and stood beside her in the bright blaze, answering the mute questioning of Leonie's eyes with smiles that did much to dissipate the darkness of his own spirit. There was something in her appealing glance that touched and excited his better feelings.

"Vous me cachez quelquechose, Jerome," said La Marquise, "but you cannot deceive me. I am convinced that something has gone wrong with those miserable animals. *Petite* has been telling us how startled she was by some man in the avenue. I beg you will never let her ride there alone again."

"I threatened her with your dire displeasure, *chère maman*, but Mademoiselle Petite likes to have her own way; she decidedly refused to return with me when I was deprived of the means of following her. I have my suspicions that she was wickedly resolved to get rid of me for a purpose. Witches of old used to cause horses to fall lame at their sovereign pleasure, used they not, Mademoiselle Leonie? And witchcraft, as an art, has not yet fallen altogether into disuse."

"*Petite*, is it possible that you preferred to ride *toute seule?*"

"Monsieur le Marquis was incapacitated from performing the duty of escort on account of the giving way of one of his saddle-girths. But, madame, if you only look at him, you do not need any excuse of witchcraft to explain such an occurrence. Once mounted, I saw no reason why I should be deprived of my ride."

"She abandoned me in my misery," interposed Monsieur le Marquis. "Mademoiselle Leonie, you would have been kinder."

"I should have been less courageous," said Leonie, shaking her head.

"But I conveyed you to the end of the avenue, monsieur," said Damaris, falling into his strain. "After that you could not have had the same cause to be afraid that I had."

"Were you afraid? And of what?"

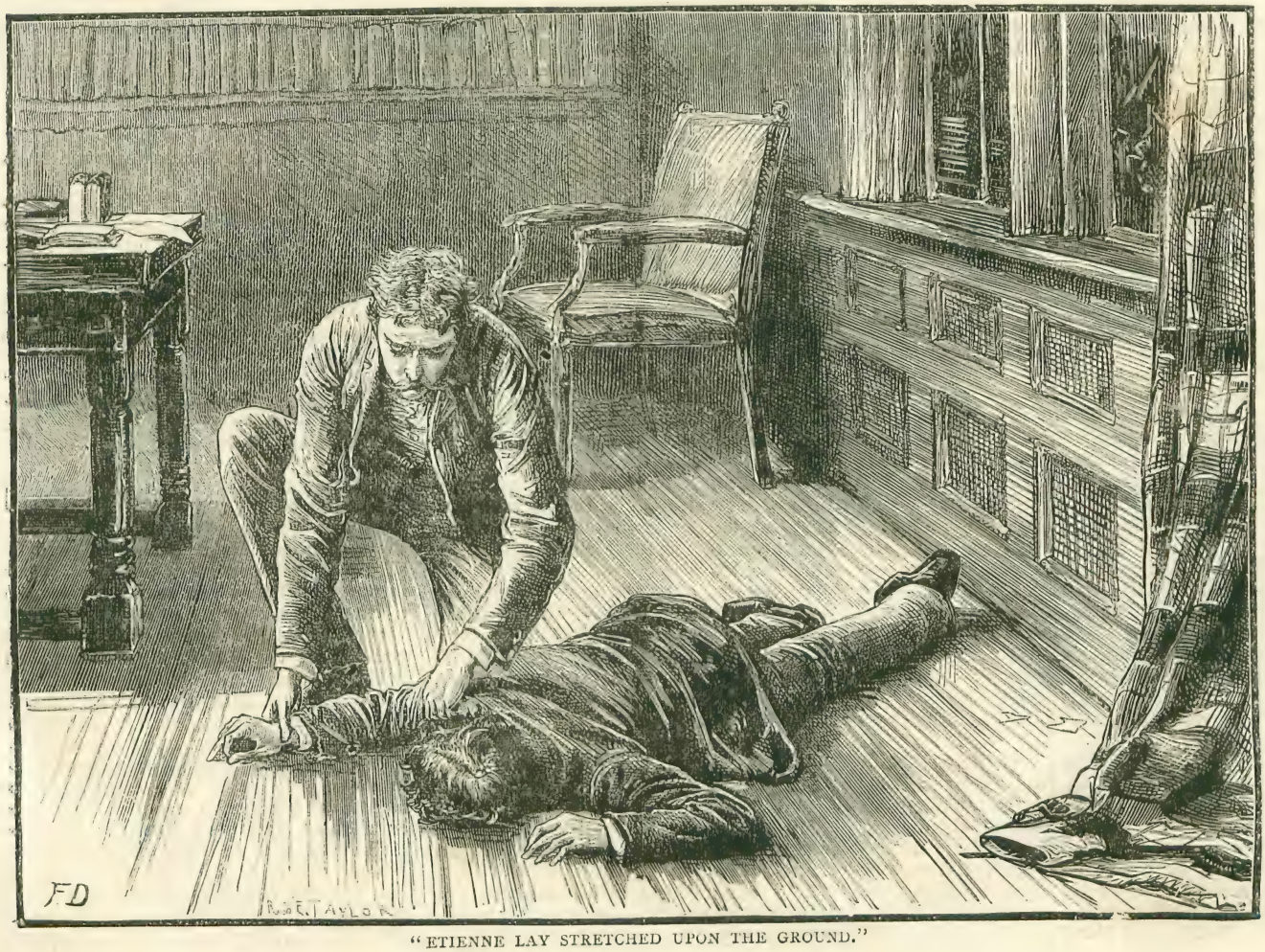
"*Petite* has been telling us that some dreadful man started up in front of her horse and made him come to a sudden standstill."

"*Vraiment!* Then, mademoiselle, you are not so daring as you professed yourself to be?"

"I was very much frightened," she confessed. "I believe it was you, after all, Monsieur le Marquis; and especially since I discovered from André that Riquet came back to his stable alone."

"That is about the only thing that beast is wise enough to do: scent his supper afar off."

"Then it was you who stopped my pony!" cried Damaris, convinced that



"ETIENNE LAY STRETCHED UPON THE GROUND."

she had at last solved the mystery satisfactorily.

"Yes, *c'était moi*," said Le Marquis, with careless *sang froid;* "I wanted to see whether you were as brave as you boasted you were."

"*Petite*, how shall we punish him?"

"I cannot devise any punishment severe enough, madame. I hope you were gratified, monsieur? Surely it was some satisfaction to you to see me run away as if I had been a veritable poulette?"

"Yes, it was something, but not all that I expected; you neither cried out nor lost your presence of mind, therefore some praise is due to you, mademoiselle."

La Duchesse all this while appeared not to be listening to this light badinage, but, in reality, not one word of it escaped her. She turned it all over slowly in her own dull mind, and formed her own conclusions, attributing to Damaris the same motives that would have actuated her if she had been placed in her circumstances.

"She is playing a high game to obtain a good settlement for herself," she thought; "she deems the barren title of Marquise preferable to being *dame de compagnie*. And the old Marquise is as unsuspicious as a child. Her partiality for this English adventuress is absurd, and looks very much as though she were in her dotage. I must keep an eye upon the manœuvres of this Mademoiselle Damaris, and enlighten Amalie if necessary, for, failing Monsieur St. Just and his landed estate, Monsieur Jerome and his *marquisat* would not be a bad *parti* for Leonie."

So this amiable old Duchesse, with the world of Parisian society to choose from for her god-child, begrudged Damaris what she believed to be her sole chance of finding a mate, and yet considered herself to be a Christian of the very first water.

Monsieur le Marquis, feeling that the fever in his blood had now quite subsided, went to seek his brother in the library. As he entered the corridor which led to the library, however, once more the pulses in throat and temples began to throb painfully. He quietened them by compelling himself to think only of Etienne's generosity and his sufferings, and by resolutely thrusting aside the memory of reproaches which had seemed to him so cruelly unjust.

Monsieur St. Just sat alone in the library, which was feebly lighted by one small reading-lamp. The contrast which this shrouded, silent room presented to the one he had left glowing with fire-light, and ringing with the tones of cheerful converse, impressed Jerome deeply, and helped to bring about the frame of mind after which he was striving.

Wishing to appear overwhelmed with work, Monsieur St. Just, after receiving his brother's message, had placed an open book before him, and his writing materials close by, but he had not turned a leaf or written a word. He neither moved nor lifted his head when Jerome entered the room.

Monsieur le Marquis closed the door softly behind him and came slowly forwards until he stood on the edge of the circle of light which fell from the shaded lamp.

There he paused, and Monsieur St. Just as slowly raised his head and turned his face towards him. Its dull pallor smote him even more keenly than the dreary aspect of the room had done. He had not a word to say, but Monsieur St. Just spoke directly in a voice whose grave sadness went at once to his heart, sweeping away the last spark of resentment.

"*Mon frère*, I am deeply grieved to think how angrily, how possibly unjustly, I spoke to you a little while since. If I misjudged you, forgive me. I am quite ready to listen to any explanation you may have to give."

These words humbled and touched Jerome as no amount of reproaches could have done. Extending his two open hands impulsively, he seized and shook those of his brother with a force that caused him much physical suffering.

"Forgive me, rather. But I never meant to deceive you, Etienne. I desired to explain everything, but my vanity and my fatal habit of dilly-dallying made me defer the evil moment as long as I could. Then, when you forced the explanation from me, your words took from me the power to utter one in my own justification. The discovery, also, that it was you whom I had so roughly seized and shaken under the trees filled me with dismay. Etienne, shall I ever forgive myself? I have such a hard grip, surely I must have hurt you? Ah! I know what you are thinking—that this physical pain is nothing to the other I have caused you since your return from Paris. Forgive me if you can—oh, forgive me!"

Etienne had covered his face with both hands. A convulsive movement shook him.

Jerome took a few turns up and down the room, fighting hard to conquer his own emotion.

"How could I tell, how could I know, that it was with your one chance of happiness I was interfering?" he continued. "Etienne, I would rather have cut off my right hand than have done this. Why could you not have given me a hint as to your wishes?"

"I did not know how far my own feelings were involved. I had never admitted such a daring probability to myself. But even if I had, I must still have stood aside."

"There is, after all, no very great evil done," cried Jerome. "Things are not as you suppose."

"What do you mean?" cried Monsieur St. Just, looking up with a start. Jerome was frightened by the leaden hue of his face.

"Etienne, you are ill!"

"It is nothing—but tell me, tell me quickly, while there is yet time."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are torturing me beyond endurance. I can bear anything better than suspense."

The hungry light in his sunken eyes constrained Jerome to pour out his words breathlessly.

"When I wrote you that letter, I firmly believed that the feeling I had for Mademoiselle Hartley was that true love which a man is said only to experience once in his lifetime in its full strength. I esteemed her more highly than anyone I have ever known, and I mistook this feeling for love until she, by her utter indifference to me, except as a friend, taught me otherwise."

"You are mistaken," returned his brother hoarsely, "she loves you!"

"I declare to you, upon my honour as a man, that I am not, and cannot be mistaken in this."

"How can you tell that you are not? You say you have not asked her to be your wife. You do not understand her. She is so intensely proud that she would never suffer you to guess her secret until you make known your wishes."

"Etienne, you know something of what my vanity is, but even it will not allow me to believe you after such experience as I have had of Mademoiselle Petite's indifference. So certain am I of my own conclusions that I am quite ready to ask her this moment, here in your presence if you command me, even though I have ceased to desire it, and should consider it the greatest misfortune that could happen to me were she to consent to become my wife."

There was an almost audible silence between them for a few seconds, then Monsieur St. Just said—

"I do not demand this proof, even although I cannot accept your assurance. It is very little more than a fortnight since you declared to me that she favoured you."

"My vanity misled me into interpreting her careless friendliness according to my wishes."

"You are as likely to be mistaken now, since your judgment appears to be led by the weathercock of your inclination. What made you change your mind in this matter?"

"A conviction of the utter hopelessness of any attempt on my part to change hers, and because I love Leonie St. Cyr. Have you any objection to my supplanting you in that quarter, Etienne? It seems to me that it would be doing you a good turn were I to carry off little Leonie."

"You can laugh," said the other, gloomily; "laugh! when the happiness of several lives is at stake!"

"Yes, I can laugh, because I see in all this the prospect of such a joyous future for you as you would never dare to dream of for yourself."

"Don't talk to me of the future. Do you not see that I have already one foot in the grave?"

Monsieur le Marquis had had considerable experience of his brother's various moods, but he had never before seen him so utterly cast down as he was to-night. It was a most complete mental and physical reaction after the excitement had passed which had so far buoyed him up. But even sanguine Jerome was dashed by those last words. He pressed closer to his brother with all a Frenchman's effusiveness; he took one of his hot dry hands in his, he spoke

and acted with a gentleness and tenderness that were touching in so big and strong a man.

"You have been over-wrought, you are tired, Etienne. Nothing appears to you in its right light to-night. Let me beg of you to go to bed and rest. In the morning, if you are not better, I will go to Chambuisson and fetch a doctor to see you."

In spite of his tone, which he forced to be cheerful, Monsieur le Marquis was conscious of great sinking of heart. In his early youth, as Jerome knew, his brother had been threatened with a fatal malady which had disappeared as he approached man's estate, leaving him, however, a delicacy of appearance and a nervous susceptibility which were likely to remain with him to the end of his days. Yet he had the same tenacity of constitution now which had enabled him then to triumph over the first attack of disease, combined with a still more powerful will tempered to hardiest endurance by the trials of his life. He had already gone through more than many, apparently more robust, would be able to do, for finely-tempered metal has more elasticity than the rough ore; was there not a reasonable hope that he would fight his way through this?

Jerome did not dare to answer the question in the affirmative to himself when he watched his laboured breathing, and marked the deadly pallor of face and lips.

Etienne leaned heavily forwards, seeking to support himself by the aid of the table. A cold perspiration broke over Jerome, as, with an agony of remorse and dismay, he noted every sign of feebleness and suffering.

"I had better go un-doctored than have one from Chambuisson," Monsieur St. Just gasped. "He would be certain to kill me in the name of medicine. I know more concerning myself than any country quack can tell me. See," he continued, pulling out a little drawer in the writing-table before him, "here are the sedatives and stimulants which experience has taught me how to use in order to obtain relief."

"Then this is no sudden and fitful attack, Etienne?"

"No, I have been subject to such for several years, but I have suffered more during these last few days than ever in my life before, and this makes me fear that the malady is rapidly increasing."

"And you have said nothing! I will not believe that it is too late now. We will get the first advice in Paris. You shall be kept free from excitement. I will strain every nerve to fulfil all your wishes."

"Mind, Jerome," interposed Monsieur St. Just, more calmly, "not one word at present to my mother, nor to——" Even to name her cost him too great an effort. He stopped short with a spasm contracting his pale brow.

"In everything your will shall be law. But you need care, Etienne, and consideration; how can we hide from our mother how ill you are?"

"I shall be better in the morning, I have plenty of strength yet. Don't leave me alone to-night, Jerome; I fear, I hardly know what, and the thought of solitude darkens and oppresses me."

Jerome spoke soothingly to him, as he would have spoken to a sick child.

"Don't excite yourself, Etienne; of course I will stay. And I will keep your secret as long as it is possible to do so. We must not needlessly alarm our poor little mother. You must be more careful of yourself, Etienne; you work far too incessantly. Often and often when I go to bed I see your light burning here. I fall asleep, and awaken, and find it still burning.'

"I have not written one word for many nights now; my mind has been too much troubled for me either to work or to sleep."

"Will you not take a sedative now, and go to bed? Let me go with you to your room. Lie down, even if you cannot sleep, and I will sit beside your bed."

"Impossible. I cannot lie down at present."

"But why not? Surely it would rest you?"

"I cannot breathe in any position but this."

Monsieur le Marquis recommenced his agitated walk to and fro, endeavouring to measure his steps so as not to discompose his brother, yet chafing inwardly, and railing at himself for his involuntary part in the events of this evening.

Presently he paused once more before the writing-table.

"Etienne, I cannot help telling you of a pleasant idea that occurs to me. You have often called me a vain dreamer, but I have a gradually increasing certainty that this dream will be realised."

A faint smile passed over the elder brother's face.

"Let me have the benefit of it by all means."

"Joy does not kill, and, mark my words, there is a great joy in store for you."

"I am waiting to be enlightened."

"You will think it, perhaps, a new phase of my old vanity, but I believe there was, and is still, some good reason why Mademoiselle Petite is not *épris* with the fascinations of your graceless brother."

"Well?"

"I wonder it never occurred to me before. But since it has done so, I recollect many things which confirm my suspicion."

"I am listening."

"She had given away her heart before I laid siege to it."

No reply, only the ominous quickening of those laboured breaths.

"Etienne, if Damaris Hartley cares for anyone at all in this way it is for you."

"It is not possible. I have had too strong proofs to the contrary."

"If it be the case, and I am more and more persuaded of it every minute, you would be the very last person to perceive and admit it. You are so morbid in your self-depreciation that if *petite* came to you and said with her own lips, 'Monsieur Etienne, I love you,' you would immediately respond, '*Ce n'est pas possible*, mademoiselle.'"

"Oh! for my sake, Jerome, cease to jest on this subject."

"I can prove the fact of her preference, if you wish. Give me leave to go back to the *salon*, to seek an opportunity to whisper in her ear, 'Etienne is seriously ill and in great pain; I fear to tell my mother.' Let me watch the effect of these words, and come and report to you."

"She could not listen to them without being affected, I know; but if the same were said of her bitterest enemy, she has so compassionate a heart that she would forgive, and be ready to help him on the spot. I will not have her pity excited on my account."

"Bah! Etienne, you never will understand nor perceive the smallest chance of happiness for yourself. Have you not heard that pity is akin to love? I have never been able even to excite her pity."

He recommenced his walk, turning over in his own mind how it was possible for him to bring together these two obstinate beings, separated by scruples beyond the range of his comprehension. He felt greatly elated at the discovery he had made with regard to Damaris, which gathered confirmation from every past incident of their daily intercourse. He congratulated himself upon his penetration, and wondered what La Marquise would say when she knew that he had been the first to discover his brother's secret. His sanguine mind carried him on to the realisation of a happy future for Etienne, in which the miserable past should only be remembered as a vague, sad dream, when his reverie was rudely broken by a strange sound and a stifled cry—

"*Je m'étouffe!*"

Turning sharply, he saw Monsieur St. Just, risen from his seat, striving to open the window.

"Wait, let me help you," Jerome cried, and dashed forwards.

But before he could reach him, there was a crash of broken glass, quickly followed by a heavy fall. The cold outer air rushed into the room, and Etienne lay stretched upon the ground, rigid and lifeless, with the blood streaming from an ugly gash in his hand.

(*To be continued.*)

A MOUNTAIN MAIDEN.

By ELEANOR GRANT.

Oh! thou fair mountain maiden, Alpine climber,
Oh! thou who lovest what thy Lord hath made,
Look up, look up to regions still sublimer,
Look up to loveliness which cannot fade.

More beautiful than Leman's lake of azure,
When o'er its ripples sunbeams dance and play,
More beautiful than all terrestrial treasure
Is Heaven's encircling glory far away.

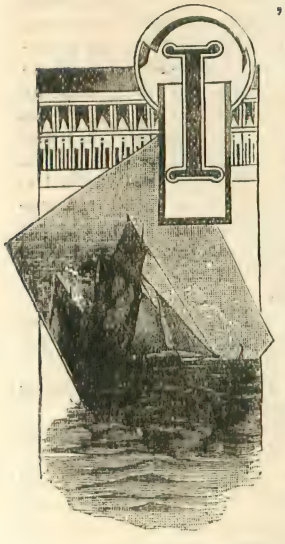
The joyous Alp before thy visage rising
Is foretaste only of thy Home above;
The flowing stream in which thou art rejoicing
Is but the emblem of His endless love.

Dear child of nature, as the Lord doth lead thee
Past earthly spots bestrewn with flow'rets bright,
A vision sweet shall gently come to greet thee
Of one dear country bathed in floods of light.

Oh! well may thou in raptured gaze admire
The objects of His power and His care;
One day thy guide shall bid thee "come up higher,"
And thou shalt view His highest hand-craft there.

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By DORA HOPE.



"I've always been accustomed, where I've lived previous, to have the chairwoman in for ten days at the least, and turn the house out o' windows, as the saying is, which there's some satisfaction in the spring cleaning then, which I've always understood ladies from the country was even *more* particular than town."

This was Anne's opinion, given quietly and respectfully enough, but still in a way which showed she thought she knew best, in this matter, at any rate. It was a very unwonted state of affairs, for here was the mistress anxious to curtail the amount of work, to the distress of the maid, who longed to plunge heart and soul into a "thorough good clean from top to bottom."

The house was not dirty, it is true, for each part of it was regularly and well cleaned; but the "spring clean" is an old and favourite institution, very difficult to oppose, and so Margaret found it this first May after her marriage.

In the end, she decided to have a helper in for three or four days, for there are certain things which *do* require looking to at this season, and which involve extra work, unless the ordinary affairs of the house be let go to rack and ruin.

Beginning at the top of the house and working downwards, taking two rooms at a time, the bedroom hangings were removed and sent to the cleaner's (for the eight months' wear had made them look rather dingy for bright summer weather). Those in Margaret's room were replaced by a set of cretonne ones which she and Anne had made themselves, finding it a very easy task and a great saving of expense.

The squares of carpet in the centres of the rooms were taken up (not having been fastened down in any way) and given an extra beating in the garden, all the windows being carefully closed at the time. In one of the carpets were unfortunately found traces of moth, so it was spread out upon the grass and well sprinkled in every part with finely-powdered camphor, which after a few hours was swept off with a stiff carpet brush. On another one an old ink-stain was brought to light, which, being of long standing, was difficult to eradicate; but perseveringly-repeated applications of milk, wiped off and renewed as soon as coloured with ink, were at length successful. It was necessary to be careful that the milk did not extend and leave a greasy mark beyond the stain. A few grease-spots found here and there upon the floors were removed by covering them with a hot paste of fuller's earth and scraps of soap boiled up; this was cleaned off, when dry, with sand and soft soap.

In no case did the paint particularly need freshening, but Anne was not to be dissuaded from wiping it down with a flannel dipped in a basin of warm water containing a teaspoonful of ammonia, and drying it immediately, which, she averred, was much less injurious to the paint than the use of soda.

The papered walls were dusted down with a duster tied over a broom-head, and the coloured or varnished ones washed, where they required it, with a soft cloth, and warm water and soap.

The pleasant part of the work was putting to rights again, for after winter curtains, quilts, blankets, and so on, had been cleaned, repaired, and folded away at the top of the linen press, there were the light summer ones to be brought out. The bedroom windows were all furnished with dainty *Madras muslin* short curtains, tied with a gold-coloured ribbon, neither of which soiled quickly, or at any rate, both are slow to *look* soiled. The summer quilts were rather a matter of pride to Margaret, being, as someone is reported to have said, "made out of her own head." They were tasteful combinations of Turkey-twill, dark blue, pink, or red, and the coarse furniture lace and insertion to be had so cheaply now. They were made in strips or squares of alternate twill and insertion, and one best one was of white cricketing-flannel, with a broad handsome border of foliage appliqué on. These all washed well, were inexpensive to make, and always looked bright, pretty, and uncommon.

Margaret's faith in the honesty of tradespeople was somewhat shaken by her residence in London. Perhaps being "fresh from the country," she was rather easily imposed upon, till experience put her on her guard.

One day a delightful young countryman came to the door; he had a fine colour in his cheeks, and wore a charming clean smock, and a big straw hat and hob-nailed boots—in fact, a model of a countryman. On his arm was a basket of country produce; he wheeled a truck piled with the same. Margaret was delighted with so refreshing a sight amongst the pale townspeople, and bought largely of him, without stopping to investigate his goods very closely, or to demur at the high price he asked.

Alas! the eggs proved to be very "French," the pots of nice old-fashioned plants were rootless, and the *new* potatoes turned out to be, when cooked, like balls of very hard wax!

"You know they were not new, but really very old indeed," remarked Aunt Annie, to whom Margaret told her tale and showed a sample of the delusive potatoes. "They are

"HE RETURNED RATHER EARLIER THAN USUAL."

probably those which were last year planted for seed, but did not sprout. They are found in the ground when planting the fresh ones this year, and are dug up and sold for new, which they do resemble, but the difference is soon seen if you try to scrape the skin off with your nail, which you know may be readily done with a really new one."

"One does not know what to do just now for potatoes, for the old ones are not good, and the new are so expensive," said Margaret.

"I find a dish of rice a good substitute sometimes, but it must be boiled to *perfection*. It ought to be soaked six or seven hours in salt cold water, and then put into a pan of boiling water and boiled for ten minutes. It should then be set by the fire in a colander for a few minutes, that each grain may be light and separate from the others, and with gravy this makes a very acceptable vegetable."

"But I do not always have gravy, and it cannot be nice alone," interrogated Margaret.

"With a little management you need never be without gravy, for there may always be a little stock in the house from the stock-pot. I have found that one of the nicest thickenings and flavourings is obtained by stewing an ounce of dessicated cocoa-nut with a pint of gravy for half an hour or more. If you have any rather dry cold meat, a little gravy, hot or cold, is such an improvement."

"Would it not be possible to use the larding-needle for meat as well as poultry? I have never done so, but often thought it might be a good thing."

"Yes, certainly it is; in fact, I think it generally unnecessary for poultry and game which are usually rich enough without. But with a joint which seems likely to be dry, it is a good plan to run a few strips of fat bacon in with the larding-needle."

"By the way, aunt, to turn to a very different subject, are you not often annoyed by visitations from stray cats through the drawing-room French windows? We have been very much so, and one night last week, on returning to the drawing-room after dinner (it was a warm evening and we had left the window open), there were actually two great big creatures settling a dispute by single combat under the sofa, and a third was looking on from my little arm-chair! Wilfred was in desperation, for, as he said, it will not be very pleasant to have to keep the windows closed all through the summer. So he has devised a sort of door of very open wire-work in a wooden frame. This is made to slide to, outside the window, so that when we quit the room, instead of shutting the window, we draw the wire door to, and the air can still come in, though more unpleasant intruders cannot. I think we shall take a malicious pleasure in watching the disappointed feline faces that will come peering in."

"Ah, that was a good thought of Wilfred's. Indeed, he seems never at a loss, but always ready and clever, and you are happy, dear Margaret, or *ought* to be, to have gained so good and capable a helpmeet."

Mrs. Colville laid some stress upon the "ought to be," for she, with more than one other, had remarked her altered manner of late; for indeed the life of deception the poor girl was leading was not without its effect upon her, and the old, bright, happy look had given place to one of anxiety and even misery at times. She thought she could bear it better if Tom would but tell her his reason for this secrecy, but it all seemed so needless. It was really *wrong* for him to be living thus, if it were merely to save the guilty one from detection—no, there must be something behind, though what, Margaret could not surmise. But having taken up this burden she resolved, wrongly or rightly, to bear it, though sometimes it seemed to be too hard to bear.

She always strove to be cheery and sprightly as ever when Wilfred was at home, but he saw through it all that she was, as he thought, weary of waiting for news of her lost brother, and he began to feel harshly towards the foolish, reckless boy who was causing such trouble to them all and such keen suffering to his wife. Tom's name was not very often mentioned now between them, for Wilfred could not disguise his feelings and opinion of Tom's conduct, and the expression of them seemed to hurt Margaret so much that he resolved to avoid the subject.

He was always devising little pleasures and outings for her, in the hope of diverting her thoughts and cheering her, and he rarely came home without some trifle to show how she had been in his thoughts all day.

One evening he returned rather earlier than usual, and asked her to dress for a concert that night for which he had secured tickets.

"Do not put on any earrings, Madge; I have brought you a pair that I should like you to wear to-night," he said. And when she came down in her pretty evening toilet he placed in her hands a pair of tiny, sparkling diamond stars. Her face lighted up, as what hitherto-diamondless girl's would not! But the smile soon faded away, her breast heaved, and her eyes were full of fast-coming tears.

"Don't you like them, darling?" he asked, as she remained silent. "I have had my eye on those for months, do you know; but only to-day, by scraping and screwing, have I felt I could be justified in buying them."

"Like them!" she cried. "Oh, Wilfred, they are perfect! I *love* them! But it's too much; you are too good to me. Oh, if only I deserved it, what a happy girl I should be! but I am a—a *wretch*, I am, indeed. And to think of your depriving yourself of things for *me!*" and it was only with a strong effort that she kept back the rising sobs that seemed to choke her.

Poor Wilfred was inclined to wish the jewels were back in their original resting-place, so different was their effect on Madge from what he had intended. He hoped they might act as a sort of wholesome tonic, and here was Margaret sighing over them, and saying she was not worthy of them, which was a piece of modesty hitherto quite unparalleled in his experience of female character. He made her take some restorative, whilst he was inwardly showering anathemas on poor Tom's head; but by the time they reached the concert room Margaret had regained her composure sufficiently to enjoy the music, and also, it may be surmised, to enjoy the wearing of the diamonds.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK AND WORK-SHOPS.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VI.

SEWING MACHINISTS AND NEEDLEWORKERS.

HOW can sewing machinists live by making such things as these? is a mental question often asked, as we look at various articles exposed in the shop-windows or recommended to our notice by the assistants. We see underclothing adorned with almost endless rows of tucks and really fine machine stitching, and trimmed with effective needlework edgings and insertion. We make a mental calculation as to the price *we* should pay for materials alone, and are apt to conclude that no one could possibly make a livelihood by putting together underclothing sold at such low prices.

There seems almost no margin for machinists' wages, and we perhaps sigh as we think of the workers and shrink from purchasing, lest we should deserve the reproach contained in the oft-quoted "Song of the Shirt":—

> "It is not linen you're wearing out,
> But human creatures' lives."

There are still many workers with the needle who are as badly paid or, perhaps, even worse than their sister-stitchers were when Hood wrote his famous poem. But the introduction of the sewing-machine and the many ingenious improvements in and additions to it have made it possible to produce a great show of work at a small cost, and without the wearing labour attendant on hand-sewing. Not only so, but, if the workers are quick at learning, and industrious, they can, under certain circumstances, make good wages in regulation working hours.

In calculating the cost of producing the cheap articles alluded to, we must take several things into consideration, which perhaps do not strike us at first. The materials are purchased direct from the manufacturers, and thus warehouse and shop profits are saved. The needlework and cheap laces are all machine made, and it is only for very high-class work that hand-wrought trimmings are used. Labour and time are economized by a number of mechanical appliances, of which home-workers could hardly form an idea.

I have to-day visited a factory in which from eighty to a hundred girls are employed in making-up only two classes of articles—aprons and underskirts, though in almost countless variety and ever-changing designs.

The materials used are good washing prints and many cheap laces. Some aprons are tiny things trimmed round with braid edging for little children, others with gathered bibs and pockets and several yards of lace garniture—smart, tasteful things, suitable for wear at afternoon tea.

Similar materials were being used for cheap summer skirts, as also striped woollens, unions, and all-black or white fabrics. In black they are quilted, trimmed with kiltings, box pleatings, gatherings, flounces, with braid in many lines or scallops, and with embroidery done by the Bonnay machine. In short, picture a collection of all the sorts and sizes of skirts and aprons that you have seen displayed for sale in the materials enumerated, and you will get an idea of what is done in this purely girls' workshop.

Permitted to walk through the rooms and speak freely to the girls, I am struck with the way in which time is economized by the young workers. In every department there are effective but simple appliances for labour saving. The cutting out, for instance, is very quickly done. Patterns are laid on a length of material; the shapes are rapidly chalked or pencilled out. A number of other lengths are hung on a row of hooks at the side of the room, with the marked one at the top. They are shaken straight, the edges brought together, and then spread on a long table in which is a metal groove. The marks are in turn brought over this groove, and a single stroke of a sharp knife cuts through all the layers at once. Thus the shaping of eight sets is done as quickly, and the whole preparation effected with less of time and labour than one article would cost if done with scissors in the ordinary way.

Again, in cutting out the tens of thousands of strips which are in constant request for kiltings and flouncings, ordinary scissors would be all but useless, and tearing would stretch the material, besides taking up too much time. The stuff—several folds in thickness—is brought under a great knife, which slices off the strips, *just as paper* and the edges of books are cut to perfect evenness. The width is regulated by a movable gauge. The strips are joined and passed, if for kilting, to one of four machines, each of which is worked by treadling, and tended by a little girl who earns about five shillings a week. One of the machines does box pleating very beautifully.

A simple but ingenious addition has been invented and applied to the ordinary sewing-machine, by the mechanic of the establishment. By means of this flounces are gathered, drawn, and regulated at the same moment, and much time and labour saved. The brass eyelets are fixed in skirt-bands by another little machine. The material is placed over a low metal peg. By one movement of a lever the presser is brought down and a round bit cut out. Then a stud is placed on the peg, the hole in the stuff over that, and another movement brings the presser down again. This fixes the brass eyelet so firmly that it could scarcely be removed without tearing the material.

Now let us glance at the girl machinists—all young, bright, and intelligent-looking—neat in dress and cleanly in person—girls that it is a pleasure to look at. How rapidly the work passes through their deft, skilful fingers! It is surprising to learn that there is absolutely only one pair of hands employed in preparing work in this establishment, and these do nothing but place the sheets of wadding between stuff and lining for the quilted skirts. All the rest is done by the machinists as they sew.

These place the edges together, adjust the trimming, put in pleats, at corners and where fulness is needed, so very quickly that the interruption to the movement of the machine is often barely perceptible. The work is beautifully accurate, and bears testimony to the proficiency of the girls—picked hands, as I was told—of whom the employer speaks with much kindness.

With the exception of the kilters and the one fixer, all the hands are paid by piece.

"They can earn," says my guide, "very fair wages—from twelve to fifteen shillings a week, and, in a few cases, even up to a pound. Two or three—for special work—make more, and during the busy season are very profitably employed. If a girl earns no more than ten shillings a week we begin to consider whether she is worth keeping. We want workers who will do well for themselves, and, at the same time, for us. When we get hold of a real good hand, who earns high wages, we try to keep her, because here a girl gets just what her work is worth. So, if we are slack in her department we put her to something else in the meanwhile, rather than part with her. She learns to turn her hand to the other branch of work, and gets two things in her fingers in place of one. The hours are from eight to eight, with the usual intervals for meals. The young people like this better than starting earlier in the mornings. They attend to their work, for it is to their own interest to do so; and what little fixing they have—such as turning in edges of bands—they do as they sit chatting during the dinner hour, whilst the engine is stopped. You notice the size of the rooms, which are wide and lofty. The moment the girls go upstairs to dinner the windows are all opened, and the places get an hour's thorough ventilation."

The care taken in this respect no doubt contributes to the health of the young people. Nearly all stand during working hours, as the machines are worked by steam, and only stopped and started by a little movement of the foot on the treadle.

Next we go to a corner of a room where all the braiding is done. One girl puts the braid on in straight lines, and has just sent down a

pile of work. She is now lining skirt bottoms; but she puts these aside, saying to my guide, "May I show her?" And having received permission, runs on line after line more quickly than I can tell about it, while another worker close by places on the braid in scallops, regularity being insured by the use of a little addition to the machine—a hand guide. Most people are familiar with the chain stitch embroidery produced by the Bonnay machine, and which has the effect of fine braiding. The machine is worked with one foot, and the needle runs round, having a reversible motion, so as to form all sorts of pretty curves at the will of the guider. The machinist sits to this work. Some workers have the pattern marked on the material and simply follow the lines.

But our bonny, bright-looking lassie relies on her own true eye and steady hand, and I am told she would be "*bad to beat*" in her own line. Taking up a cutting of material, she folds it and produces pattern after pattern, seeming as if she could go on for any length of time. Not wishing to hinder proper work, I thank her and turn away with a pleasant memory of the kindness so promptly shown by these young people who gave their time for my instruction.

A few minutes later a young messenger places in my hand the scrap of stuff with three of these improvised patterns upon it, that I may take them with me. Another bit of voluntary kindness to a stranger.

A savoury smell comes from the little kitchen at the top of the building, where there are stoves and two cooks to prepare the rows of little dinners which are shortly to be consumed in the adjoining room.

In another apartment the articles are ironed and folded, ready for the packing room. None are put into boxes. "We make paper do. Everything is cut so fine nowadays that our customers know the expense of boxing the goods would narrow still further the small margin of profit," says our guide.

If it were not revealing a trade secret, I should like to tell for how little that dozen of children's aprons can be purchased wholesale. And yet, I am told, everybody who has helped to produce those aprons has been fairly paid, and can really live by the work.

After witnessing the rapidity with which they were put together, anyone can well believe this.

The machines being worked by steam, the work-rooms are noisy, and talking is rendered almost impossible. "A good thing," says my companion, "both for the girls and us; they get so much more work off and waste no time. But they sing. They *do* sing, and there are some lovely voices amongst them."

As to the work, it all goes to London, whence it is again scattered through the provinces, some of it returning to be sold in the very town where the articles were made up.

This skirt and apron factory is just a sample of the many places in which girls are employed as sewing-machinists, and it is a very favourable one.

Not far away is another workshop, where the dainty lisse, tulle, lace, and muslin frillings are made up.

Very delicate machinery is used, and from the nature of the materials the workers must be extremely cleanly in their persons. But the wages gained are not large. We are told from six to ten shillings a week, and that "*a girl must do an awful length of stuff*, and work very hard to make twelve."

Then waistcoat-making, from the finest kinds to the roughest fustian, is done by girls and women—sometimes on the premises—but a vast quantity of all sorts, by cottage workers.

In some of these cottage workshops perhaps a dozen girls are employed by the mistress, who also teaches the business to beginners. One set do the machining, others the buttonholing and finishing, thus dividing the labour.

Let us look into a cottage workshop. Here a dozen females are making-up strong fustian and moleskin trousers and waistcoats for working men.

The price paid per dozen for these sounds small to inexperienced lookers-on. Eightpence or eightpence halfpenny seems very little to pay for that pair of strong trousers, lined through and completed from the first stitch to the last button! But this is a good price as things go, and pays better than many other kinds of work. For fine cloth waistcoats about twelve shillings per dozen is paid.

The mistress finds rooms, machines, needles, and all the little etceteras, and pays for machining, threepence; for finishing, fourpence each garment.

All the cost of wear and tear, needles, oil, rent, fire, lights, &c., must be covered, and the profit made out of the odd penny or threehalfpence left after paying the sewers. But the mistress of the shop speaks very highly of the manufacturer for whom she works, and says that industrious hands can do fairly well and really live by this branch of business.

There are, however, two classes of combined needleworkers and machinists for whom, in writing, I feel the deepest sympathy. They are the coloured shirt and white duck jacket-makers.

Probably some who read this paper will doubt the accuracy of my statement, or wonder whether I *can* be telling the simple truth about the amounts paid for the work done. Let me assure them, I have seen the work, I know the workers who execute it, and have been told the prices, both by employers and employed.

For making twelve strong blue and white-checked shirts, from beginning to end, one shilling and fourpence is paid! The outdoor worker finds machine, needles, thread, everything but buttons. Each shirt has machine-stitched collar, wristbands, front-strap, &c., and, beside the ordinary parts of such a garment, has a good-sized breast-pocket put on, so that the workman who has doffed coat and waistcoat can deposit in it any little articles that he does not choose to leave about.

Six buttonholes have to be made in each shirt, and eight buttons sewed on it. The collar is not a mere band, but turns down with pointed ends in front. Taking off cost of articles used, wear and tear of machinery, fire and light, which must be provided in winter for those who work early and late for the barest bread—what does the weary worker get for her dozen of shirts? Perhaps, calculating very closely, a penny and half-a-farthing each shirt at the outside! Thirteenpence halfpenny per dozen!

A somewhat poorer class of shirts, with rather less work in them, were until lately paid for at the rate of a shilling a dozen. They have just been dropped to elevenpence by some of the employers!

The work is, of course, cut out, and the sewing is of the roughest sort; but the payment is utterly inadequate, and, as we look at these figures, we feel tempted to express our sentiments about them in writing. Better, perhaps, to let facts speak for themselves, and readers judge from them what wearing work some girls and women have to do for a bare existence!

I may add that the duck jackets are made for three-and-sixpence a dozen, and it is hard to say whether these or shirt-making is the worse employment to be engaged in.

Before leaving the needleworkers and machinists I should like to give them a word of advice. I am told that they have in some cases conduced to the state of things last described. In their eagerness to obtain work when making a beginning, they sometimes offer to take it at something less than even the low price usually given for outdoor work. The offer is accepted, and, in consequence, the older hands have to bend to the same terms. This is an age of keen competition, and the spirit of it has entered alike into employers and employed.

In some cases outdoor workers merely occupy their spare hours at the machine. It is not a bread-winner to them, and they look upon the little weekly sum gained as extra pocket-money, which will enable them to dress better, or buy little matters of personal adornment. They do not sigh wearily after the odd penny knocked off the price of a dozen shirts. But the girls who perhaps work with a widowed mother, early and late, for bare bread, may well groan at the reduction of one penny out of only twelve.

In all the kinds of work enumerated there is a slack season, and here indoor hands have the advantage. It is often almost as costly a matter to close a workshop and let the machinery stand as to keep it going. Therefore, those who work at their own homes are certain to be the first discharged. The employer will keep his engine going and his factory hands together if it be possible.

The indoor machinist has the disadvantage of having to stand at her work for many hours. But the steam engine furnishes the motive power, and she has only to stop and start the machine and guide the work. She must be at her post the livelong day, whilst the home-worker can choose her hours. But then she is more sure of employment, and it often happens that the home-worker keeps later and earlier hours, while she earns less, in consequence of the interruptions to which she is subject, and her less advantageous surroundings. She may sit at her machine instead of standing, but she must use far greater bodily exertion, since she furnishes the power by treadling with her feet, whilst her hands do the guiding.

It would be easy to name other girls' workshops where machinists and needlewomen are employed. Machine work is divided into so many branches, and wages necessarily differ according to the quality and quantity done. As samples come under notice, the imagination will easily picture girl workers at their posts and producing each variety amid similar surroundings to those described.

In my next paper I hope to show braid and trimming makers in their workshops.

NEW MUSIC.

R. COCKS AND CO.

Classics for Young Performers. Edited by Frederic Lemoine.—F. Lemoine, by editing good and classical music of different composers, is doing the very useful work of training the taste and style of the rising generation. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, &c., are each represented in well-selected and easily arranged airs.

Little Photos. By J. H. Wallis.—A series of six short pieces for the young pianoforte pupil. No. 1, "The Daisy-chain"; No. 2, "The Cavaliers"; No. 3, "Tee-to-tum"; No. 4, "The Windmill"; No. 5, "The Paper-chase"; and No. 6, "Lillian," being the titles of the several pieces. The teacher is spared the time and the pupil's memory assisted by each piece being carefully fingered. Our young folk will learn these with pleasure, as recreations from the studies and exercises so necessary to be practised with diligence.

The Silver Wedding. (Lancers.) Composed by J. L. Goodwin.—A collection of well-known airs, ending with the "Wedding March," all easily arranged, and with time well marked.

"'DO NOT BE FRIGHTED,' SAID A HOARSE WHISPER IN GAELIC."

JANET STEWART.

A TALE OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER III.

THE brief holiday which Stewart had enjoyed was soon past. While Charles Edward held his Court at Holyrood there was a little pause, but he was impatient to march into England, being convinced that he should be joined by many of the English aristocracy, and expecting succour from France. Major Whiteford's visit had only lasted three days. He was diametrically opposed to Stewart in politics, being a warm partisan of the Hanoverian interest. But the friendship which had sprung up between the men lay deeper than any party feeling—it was personal, springing from gratitude on the one side, from a generous admiration and pity on the other.

Major Whiteford remained long enough to become acquainted with Stewart's family, and to establish an interest in their hearts; he then took his leave, with a promise on both sides of friendship and mutual help in the time to come; but doubtless both of them felt a sense of relief when the visit was over, for Whiteford was regarded with suspicion and mistrust by Stewart's neighbours, so that he felt that he must guard him almost as carefully as on the field of battle, while Whiteford, brave as he was, had much the feeling of one who has escaped from a nest of robbers when he once more set foot on his own hearthstone.

Stewart was much engaged during his short visit at home in journeys to and fro, in consultations with neighbouring chiefs, and in collecting supplies, so that he had really very little time to see his children. Mrs. Stewart, too, was much occupied and very anxious, for though she was bent on doing all in her power to further the cause her husband had espoused, and which she herself also believed to be just and true, she was not without deep apprehension, and rather expected calamity than hoped for success.

All the family plate, some of it of great value and antiquity, was packed up and sent to Edinburgh to be turned into money, and the house was stripped of all available stores. Little Janet's watchful eyes saw it all, and her heart grew heavy and anxious. At last the day came when Stewart was to bid farewell to his wife and children, perhaps never to see them again. But he was gay and full of hope.

"Well, Janet, my woman, we'll be across the Tweed before ye hear news of us. Mother 'll have to bring ye all the way to London to see the honour and glory of your rightful sovereign."

"Ah, Alec, if you only come back safe, Janet and I will do well enough here," said Mrs. Stewart, the tears standing in her eyes.

"That's as it may be, Dorothea."

"I don't believe any good 'll come of marching into England," said Mrs. Stewart.

"Well, I won't say but that it might be better if the Prince would content himself with his native kingdom, at least, for the present; but ye see the Southern lords won't do anything till he shows himself among them, and then there are the French expected to land at Portsmouth. Never fear, my woman, we'll send ye good news that'll make ye all skip for joy. All right, Murdoch," he cried, as his servant appeared at the door with a look of impatience. "Farewell, sweetheart, farewell Janet; be a brave woman, and take care of the little ones."

Janet stood while her father embraced her mother and the children, then she took his hand and ran by his side till they came in sight of Fasnatoich, where about twenty recruits were waiting to join him. He then paused and bade her return.

"Father;" said Janet, laying her cheek to his, and looking into his eyes with an inexpressible longing, "you will come home again, and if you see Major Whiteford, ye'll tell him Janet minds him well, and ye'll be kind to him if he's in trouble."

"Aye, Janet, for his own sake as well as yours, but ye must go back now, Janet, and be a wise woman, take care of yourself, and God bless you."

"Never fear for me, father," said the little maid, with an air of assurance; "God 'll take care of us, and we will pray to Him to take care of you; but it's hard to do without you!" and she kissed both his hands, then turned resolutely away, and never once looked back until she had reached her home.

Stewart being gone, there came another long season of waiting and anxiety; all the harder to bear as the cold weather was setting in and the days were growing short and dark. News became more and more scanty, access to the nearest neighbours being difficult; for some time indeed he had been left in command of one hundred and fifty of his clansmen at Perth, but in November Mrs. Stewart received a farewell message informing her that he was about to set out for the South, having been ordered to join the Prince, who had now pursued his victorious career as far as Carlisle, which city was in his hands.

After this none but the vaguest rumours reached Invernahyle. Now the French were said to be landed, now Lord Lovatt and several Southern lords known to be well affected to the Jacobite cause were reported to have risen and to be in full march for London. Then rumour began to wear a darker complexion: the leaders of the insurgent army were not on good terms, the jealousy between Lord George Murray and John Drummond, the young Duke of Perth, was becoming hotter; then it was reported that the young Chevalier was in full retreat, no French troops had come, and a mere handful of English volunteers had joined the standard of revolt.

And so the winter passed, and the spring sun began to loosen the ice-bars of the rivers, the snow on the hill-sides began to melt, and in sheltered nooks the warm daisies opened their golden eyes to the light.

News, when it did come, was now always of a sad complexion. Poor Mrs. Stewart had been for some months without news of her husband; her cheek was grown wan and hollow, her eye restless, for when anyone came to Invernahyle he had some tale to tell of the cruelties and ferocity of the English soldiery, who were now abundant in the Highlands; and the horrible punishment to which convicted traitors were subjected rendered the mere thought of falling into the hands of the Government too dreadful to contemplate.

All through the winter, except when the snow was falling, or lay so thick as to forbid all egress, little Janet, closely muffled in her plaid, made her way from the house to the mill, carrying messages, and often some delicacy prepared by Mrs. Stewart's own hand, for Elspeth, who, from anxiety and overwork, was fallen into much trouble of spirit and infirmity.

The little maid was utterly without fear; the one thing she could not bear was being shut up in the house. When the snow lay in wreaths against the windows poor Janet indeed grew weary, but as soon as she felt the air of heaven blowing about her, and could look up to the high arch of the sky above, even though it were grey with wind and weather, her young heart grew light with the sense of her Father's presence, and the conviction that all the troubles which were darkening her home were within the power of Him to whom she daily said her prayers. More than once in that long sad winter a distressed and wayworn fugitive had crossed her path; more than once she had acted as guide to the house, where he had received nourishment and been furthered on his way. But now the spring was warming into summer; the mavis and blackbird sung sweetly on the woods, the cows were again driven to the pasture, eggs were abundant in the dairy, and the golden sun kindled into life the buds on birch and rowan trees.

Sandie and Marget had come down with Mistress Kate, their nurse, to see old Elspeth, who, unable to get up to the house, wearied for the sight of them. But the time seemed long to the little people in the dark cottage, and Janet offered to take them home, while Kate remained behind to do some kind offices for the sick woman. The evening was full of beauty, but the sun was well nigh sunk, and the sudden gloom which follows his departure, especially in mountain regions, was falling on the earth, accompanied by a chill wind, which made the children draw their plaids more closely about them. Janet took Sandie's hand, and they ran quickly past the Cradle of Donald of the Hammer, when a turn in the road brought them in sight of old Dugald, the cowherd, driving his lowing charge homeward. At the sight of him little Marget whimpered and held out her arms, an appeal to which the old man readily responded, while Sandie took the stick and stepped out manfully, fully impressed with the conviction that he was giving his old friend valuable assistance.

Janet insensibly dropped behind, glad, perhaps, to be freed of her charge, and seeing a bunch of gowans hiding under a furze brake, she stooped to gather them, but as she did so she was startled by a movement in the copse close to her face, and looking to the spot whence the noise came, she became aware of two fierce, shining eyes gazing at her from a mat of tangled hair.

"Do not be frighted," said a hoarse whisper in Gaelic. "Do not be frighted; but for the love of heaven, my doe, tell me is Invernahyle safe?"

"Hech, Donald," replied Janet, recognising the voice of big Donald of the mill, and instinctively speaking in a whisper, "why don't ye go home? Elspeth is sore in need of ye? Maybe ye have news, man; come to the house, my mother 'll be glad to speak with you."

"Cannot ye answer a question?" replied Donald, hoarsely. "Where's Invernahyle? Where's your father, child?"

"Where should he be but with the army, fighting for King James?—God bless him!"

"Hist, lassie, not a word of that! The army is just gone like chaff before the wind, trampled under foot and ruined. Then Invernahyle has not been home. Where in the wide world can he be?"

"Come with me, Donald," said Janet, catching his alarm. "Mother 'll tell you all."

"I dare not come to the house, my bairn, but bid the leddie wrap her in her plaid, and come and speak to me—and listen. Mistress Janet, if ye could bring me a bit o' cake and a drink of milk, Donald would be a man again."

"Hech, Donald; but why will ye not come up to the house and have a warm at the big fire? It's chill and damp here, and ye look just awful."

"No, Mistress Janet, darling! I dare not come further, the dragoons are about everywhere, and if ye have not seen them yet it'll not be long before ye do see them. Bid the mistress come quick. I must not bide here."

"I'll not forget the milk and the cake," said little Janet, drawing her plaid about her, and running down the path.

She was not long before she got home and found Mrs. Stewart listening to little Alec as he said his evening prayers.

Marget's rosy cheek was already nestled on the pillow, and she had fallen into the easy sleep of infancy.

"Now Janet, my woman, come and say your prayers," said Mrs. Stewart, as she gave Alec his farewell kiss. In those days of anxious watching and suspense, there were no moments in the day so tranquil as those during which her children said their simple prayers at her knee. She wept indeed when their father's name dropped from their lips, but they were tears of faith and hope. *Alas! she knew* not whether he was alive or dead; it was now the middle of April, and she had heard nothing for two months.

Janet looked at Alec and motioned to her mother that she wanted to speak with her. Mrs. Stewart, whose heart was, so to speak, ever on the outlook, readily caught the suggestion; she called Kate to take charge of the children, and led Janet into her own little room which opened out of the nursery.

"Now, my child, what is it?" she asked eagerly, as soon as they were alone.

"It is big Donald, mother, down by the river, hiding in the copse."

"Big Donald, Janet? Why is he hiding, and where is Invernahyle?"

"I don't know, mother; he wants to see you. He says he dare not come up to the house, and I'm to take him a piece of oat cake and a drink of milk; the poor soul looks awful."

"You, child, you go to bed; I cannot have you going out again at this time of night; ye'd be gettin' croup or some mischief."

"No, mother, I shall take no harm, and ye could not find Donald by *yourself; besides*, I promised to take him the cake and the milk. Just you take it off the table, mother. Maud 'll say nothing to you, or maybe it would be best to send Kate for some."

While Janet spoke Mrs. Stewart in trembling haste was wrapping her plaid about her, and when Kate had brought the cake and the bottle of milk, Janet slipped her hand into her mother's and led her down to the side door which opened into the garden. Mrs. Stewart once more tried to send the child back, but the little girl persisted, and the poor anxious heart was only too glad of the companionship of even a little child; there was comfort in the clasp of that little warm hand, and she let the child have her way.

The tidings which Mrs. Stewart heard from Donald of the mill that April night were the tidings which were spreading dismay through all Western Scotland; the fatal news of the rout of Culloden, and the utter dispersion of the Jacobite forces, already weakened by dissensions.

In the confusion of that terrible slaughter Donald had been struck down and ridden over by Cumberland's heavy dragoons in full charge, and had lain all night insensible on the field. When he recovered his senses he had sought in vain for any trace of his foster brother, and had gradually worked his way home, subsisting on the stealthy charity of strangers and avoiding the various parties of dragoons, whose course was too often indicated by smoking homesteads and famished or wounded fugitives.

Mrs. Stewart listened to all Donald told her with breathless interest. Her husband might be still alive; it was scarcely likely that he had fallen into the hands of the Government, for if he had, some intimation of his fate would have reached his home. For his own sake Donald must remain in hiding; there was no mercy to be hoped from the victorious Hanoverians. Mrs. Stewart pressed poor Donald's hands and promised to let his mother know that he was safe so far, and arranged a method of communicating with him, in the event of either of them getting news of Invernahyle.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A READER OF THE "G.O.P."—The number of moods in English is a subject on which there has been much discussion. Angus gives three—the indicative, subjunctive, and imperative only, and considers that the potential and optative are indicative or subjunctive with an *infinitive*.

WINIFRED.—Italian is not a difficult language to study alone, and one lesson in the pronunciation would be sufficient if you are at all quick. Read "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii.

MARY and OTTLIE D.—"To" is most used in the sense of travelling or movement—"I am going to London." "At" suggests rest and remaining in one place—"She is at her mother's," "She is staying at Hastings." "Tell" appears to imply some length—"She told the story well." "Say," a shorter sentence—"She said good-bye," "He says he is going to-day."

UNE PETITE COQUINE and W. S. D.—The one may be considered the modern and the other the ancient usage. The "k" has a strong party in its favour, and neither can be considered "wrong." "W. S. D." must try gentle and kindly ridicule with her young charges, and try and laugh them out of their faults.

ANNIE S.—In the Himalaya Mountains the strawberry grows in large beds at 12,000 feet above the sea level; fields of beans at 14,000 feet, and barley at 14,700 feet, while small bushes are found at 17,000. The wild ass ranges up to 15,000 above the sea level, and the yak up to 18,000 feet.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG ECONOMICAL HOUSEWIFE.—Servants should never be permitted to dispose of anything in the house, and the dripping is far too valuable to the experienced housekeeper and cook to allow her to think of parting with it. Pastry and cakes are made with it, and it is constantly needed for basting in the roasting of meat.

A LITTLE COOK.—Keep an oyster shell in your kettle. The reason of your cakes sinking in the middle is that you open the oven door too soon after the cake is put in, and move your cake, which should never be moved until it be done, or it will certainly sink in the centre. Write copies to improve your hand.

UNE ABONNEE PARISIENNE.—The name "vegetable marrow" is translated into French by *courge à la moelle*. We regret the delay in answering your kind note.

BUSY BEE.—The subject of beekeeping is far too wide for us to treat in the limits of an answer to correspondents. You will do well to obtain a book on the subject, and, if possible, consult a practical beekeeper.

A. L. K.—It is not the little moth itself that eats holes in your woollen cloths and furs, but the small grub or caterpillar which comes out of its eggs. No cloths can "breed these" from being long shut up; and if the moth had not laid its eggs in them before they were packed up and put away, no grubs would ever have appeared in them when taken out. Clothes are not properly beaten and brushed when put away, and the receptacle, whether trunk or drawers, thoroughly cleansed, and that is why the clothes are found injured. Of course, the trunk lid should be very closely-fitting, or moths will obtain an entrance, and then the previous beating and brushing will serve you little. But, do what you will to bar the entrance of the moth, you had better take out your furs and woollen goods three or four times during the summer, repeat the first treatment, and clean out the trunk, sprinkling camphor and cedar shavings about them to warn off any winged intruders.

WORK.

WOOD VIOLET.—Dye the ferns with Judson's dyes; apply with a brush. Your writing is irregular and unformed.

H. M. S.—Your writing promises to be good when you are a little older. Brown and different shades of green are worn.

PANSY.—Use a drab and crimson fringe made of crewels to match the colour of the ground and of the berries.

ZOE.—See "Bead Flowers," page 356, vol. ii. Outline any pattern you like on thick paper with pen and ink, and lay the net over it, tacking it down; work the beads on with fine cotton.

THE BOY'S PET.—A Court dress would not be in the least suitable for you. "The boys" must be satisfied with their own paper.

ANNIE MARY.—When you purchase the tennis racquets and balls you had better obtain the rules of the game as well. You will find illustrations in "My Work Basket" and in an article on "Aprons" at page 472, vol. ii.

BO-PEEP.—To make frames for pictures, see pages 139, 140, and 146, vol. ii. Your writing is pretty good.

MOTHER MOLLY.—Order THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and prepay the postage, the amount of which can be found out at any post-office by inquiry.

SNOWDROP.—We have given several recipes for cleaning woollen shawls, any one of which is excellent. See pages 511, vol. i., 431, vol. ii., and 35, vol. iii.

HESTER RAYMOUNT.—Did you read "A Word with the Nervous," page 298, vol. ii.? The trouble arises very probably from over-work originally, and might be cured with little trouble. Change of air and scene would be the best medicine probably, but if not procurable take regular exercise and as much pleasure as can be obtained to divert the mind. For text decorations, see page 169, vol. ii. What a very pretty hand you write!

EDITH.—To clean light kid gloves, see page 96, vol. i.

HAZ.—You will find full instructions and pictures of aprons of all kinds on page 472, vol. ii. Change the blotting paper often if you wish to preserve the colours of flowers.

LITTLE DORRIT.—You could stain the wood of your fan black with the "artists' black," sold everywhere; but why not purchase a new fan, instead of spending money on the old one, which, after all, only cost sixpence?

MUSIC.

RENE.—To make an Æolian harp, see page 335, vol. i. See "The Starry Sky," pages 186 and 252, vol. ii.

LITTLE ELEVEN YEARS OLD.—We do not think we should recommend a simplified edition of any of the music of the great masters. You had better wait until you are older and able to learn the original music and enjoy it.

MOLLIE BAWN.—There is no other setting of "My Queen" than that by Blumenthal, but it may have been set by some one, and be unpublished.

CHERTIE.—There is no trio of the name, but a third part would not be difficult to add.

TRUDIE and HERMIONE.—See page 796, vol. ii., for a mention of a work on harmony, and apply at any artists' colourman's for a small manual on oil-painting. Dorothy Vernon was the only child and heiress of Sir George Vernon, the "King of the Peak," who lived at Haddon Hall, a beautiful old mansion in Derbyshire, near Bakewell. The hall dates from the fifteenth century, and is embattled; the terrace and its balustrades appear in nearly every exhibition of paintings. Dorothy Vernon is said by common tradition to have eloped with her husband, Sir John Manners, the second son of the Earl of Rutland, and the details of this adventure form a romantic episode in the annals of the House of Manners.

COOKERY.

CARRIE.—1. Give a slight bow, or a little smile, in passing if your eyes chance to meet; but certainly do not go up to your acquaintance a second time to go through the form of shaking hands as if you had not before met that day. 2. Spinach is a vegetable which is more usually badly dressed than otherwise. One way which you may perhaps like is the following:—Take two large bowlfuls of spinach, ¼ lb. of butter, a teaspoonful of pounded sugar, a little salt, and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Boil the spinach until quite tender, chop it very finely, and rub it through a coarse wire sieve. Then place it in a stew-pan, and set it over the fire until warm, when the ingredients should be poured over it. Stir all while on the fire for five or six minutes, and serve, piled high in the centre of a dish, surrounded with *croûtons* (or fried sippets of toast). Two or three poached eggs are sometimes laid on the top. To dress spinach thus will take about twenty minutes; the method of cooking is called *spinach à la crème*.

SOVER.—One style of cheese-dish is known as "cayenne cheese." Any kind will do, but Parmesan would be the best. Grate 2 oz., and take 2 oz. of flour and 2 oz. of butter. Mix all well together, adding as much cayenne as you think proper, and a little salt. Then roll out the paste very thinly, cut it into squares, or oblong squares, and place in a slow oven for about ten minutes. Gentlemen usually prefer such a dish to puddings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY.—Yes, anything which you can make to assist in the support of the "Princess Louise Home" will be acceptable. Send all to Miss Tidd. We thank you for your encouraging and grateful letter.

SCRUPULOUS.—You are quite right in your anxiety to act with the utmost propriety, and rather to err in over-carefulness, than the reverse. Your "intended" will respect you the more, even were he disappointed for the moment. Some third party should accompany you on any evening walk, and to concerts and such like public amusements—a picture gallery, we think, excepted; there, and to morning church, or when taking a daylight walk, you need no chaperone. Doubtless, "three make bad company;" but that must be borne; and sometimes you might be accompanied by two friends, who could walk together.

ELLA.—Yes, you can preserve the pretty colours of the seaweeds by dissolving some gum-mastic about the size of a nutmeg in one ounce of oil of turpentine, and brushing the solution over them. This plan will both make them adhere to the cardboard, give them a slight varnish, and prevent fading. But there is a long process of washing, drying in a press between sheets of blotting paper, after careful disentanglement, and removal of branches that add to the thickness without improving the outline. You should look for specimens in the pools left by the lowest tide, or after a storm.

A LADY NURSE.—We quite agree with you on the subject, and *think that* "nursery governesses" would be much happier if they called themselves "nurses" or "mothers' helps," which is the more usual form of assistance now required. But it is not every girl who has sufficient strength of character and good sense to lower herself (as it seems to her) by calling herself what she really is, and beside this, in many cases, the "nursery governess" would really lack the experience and knowledge needful for the "nurse."

CARVY SWEETIE.—Too much perspiration is injurious to the complexion as well as to the hair.

M. E. HOPWOOD.—May 1st, 1867, was Wednesday. Write some copies to make your hand more regular.

A WORKING GIRL.—Nemesis was the heathen goddess of vengeance, always prepared to punish impiety. The word as at present used means retribution, or the righteous anger of God. Your writing is very good.

A SUMMER FIELD.—You should consult a doctor without delay. Your writing is very ugly.

JUMBO'S ALLIE.—The second crusade took place in 1147-9, at the instigation of St. Bernard—led by Louis VII. and the Emperor Conrad. It was intended to secure the union of Europe. The meaning of "Walter" is "Ruling the host."

GASPIPES and STICK IN THE MUD.—Your letter is flippant and unladylike; try to write one more worthy of our girls, and we will gladly answer you. We do not answer more than two questions; your first is impertinent, and your second would be an advertisement if we replied to it. Letters are an index to character, and we hope you and your sister will endeavour to remember the fact when writing them.

A YOUNG WIFE.—You can hardly expect us to find fault with so pleasant an epistle. To our taste the writing slopes the wrong way, but it is beautifully clear and neat.

DAISY.—Recent authorities give an Eastern origin to the custom of making fools on the 1st of April ("All Fools' Day"). It has its origin probably in the ancient practice of celebrating with festal rites the period of the Vernal Equinox, or the day when the new year of Persia anciently began. The Huli Festival in India has the same origin and the same custom. Gas appears to affect all plants injuriously in rooms. Consult your mother and take her advice.

JOSE.—Write and ask the permission of the author. A marble or an oyster shell is usually recommended, but where the water is full of lime nothing but extreme care will be of much service.

MAGGIE.—The story of Leonidas and his noble companions is to be found in any Grecian history. We do not think that Shelley ever altered his atheistical opinions during his life.

A GIRL.—To remove ink-stains, see page 410, vol. iii. We fear there is very little to be done.

OLD CLO!—Send the things to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, Secretary, R. T. Pigott Esq., Offices, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C., where they will be gratefully received and used for the relief of those whose case is the most pitiful of all. The annual report will be forwarded to you on application as above.

METLAHKATLA.—You certainly deserve our thanks for your exertions in securing forty-three subscribers for our paper. Read the article, "A Word to the Nervous," at page 298, vol. ii. Shall we also remind you of the text in Psalm xii. 7?

E. M.—Repeating aloud poetry or prose sentences learned by heart would probably be of service to your pupil. Also the repetition of each defective word, until some improvement in pronunciation be visible.

GYP.—You evidently need a tonic to strengthen you. Consult a doctor.

DULWICH DAISY.—The lines you quote are from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Send the articles to the secretary.

A MUDDLED BRAIN.—We think any young girl would do better to be at home after dusk in the evening, unless she have some reliable companion with her.

JUMBO AGAIN.—We should not advise you to make use of lemons, nor any acid, to reduce your size. Leaving off sugar and sweet things, as well as pastry and puddings, will perhaps help you a little.

SEAWEED.—Your new neighbour may not be very well acquainted with the usages of society, and has, perhaps, been rude without intending to be so. The next step, after a person has returned your call, is to invite them to partake of your hospitality on the first convenient occasion. By the manner in which they accept your civility you will be able to judge of their intentions.

A PUZZLED MAIDEN.—The "*Shekinah*," or visible dwelling place of Jehovah, was the place between the wings of the cherubim that overshadowed the mercy seat or lid of the Ark. This was called the "mercy seat." See Exodus xxv. 21, 22; also 1 Sam. iv. 4, 2 Sam. vi. 2. The word "*Shekinah*" is from the Hebrew "*Shachan*," to reside. The first mention made is at Lev. xvi. 2. There were three Temples—that of Solomon, which stood 424 years; that of Zerubbabel, which was commenced 52 years after the destruction of the first Temple, by Shishak, king of Egypt, and was dedicated 73 years after (see Ezra iii. 12, 13); and lastly the Temple of Herod, which was, more correctly speaking, a complete repair of the second Temple, which had stood 500 years. The work occupied 46 years. This Temple was destroyed by Titus, A.D. 70. If you compare

the account of the dedication of the first Temple (1 Kings viii.) with that of the second, you will find that there is no mention made of an Ark, of the mercy seat, the sacred fire, or the "Urim and Thummim;" and that the "ancient men," who had witnessed the glory of the Lord in the first Temple, "wept with a loud voice," probably remembering the absence of these things.

ELSIE.—We are told that God never "left Himself without witness" (Acts xiv. 17); that Enoch "walked with God" (Gen. v. 24), and therefore must have been made acquainted with the Divine will; that Noah was a "preacher of righteousness" (2 St. Peter ii. 5), and so forth. Then, the knowledge of Divine truth is found recorded on the monuments of Egypt, however much mixed-up with heathen fables. The fragmentary history of the mysterious High Priest Melchisedec proves that there was a revelation of the Divine will in the time of Abraham. We are unable to tell you more than what has been revealed, and which you may read for yourselves. Dr. Barrows' "New Introduction to the Study of the Bible" might be of use to you. See page 91.

A HOUSEMOTHER.—We should like always to receive such letters as yours, and to encourage so good a habit as to "count up our assets," with a view to being grateful to "Him who giveth all." To be "stout and strong" is more to be desired than beauty of person; and to be able to write so pleasant and original a letter is a gift by which you have the power to afford gratification to many. The wish you express to have some article on astronomy shall be remembered. We congratulate you on the testimony left with you for your comfort and encouragement through life. Accept our best wishes.

AN UNHAPPY ONE.—We have read your letter with much feeling of sympathy, and feel thankful that our paper has been of so much service to you. We advise you to apply by letter, or personally, to the Matron —The Home, 35, Great Coram-street, Russell-square, W.C. On no account go to reside where an evil example is set. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Act up to that Divine prayer.

BROWNIE.—We should advise you not to act in opposition to your own feeling of what is right and seemly in a young woman, especially in a mixed society of men and women. You are not responsible for the actions of another person under such circumstances. Your verses, we are quite sure, have been of much comfort to your mother. We thank you for your charming text.

E. H.—A face-board is like a battledore, with the inside parchment cut out. Get a flat piece of thin board such as you could fasten inside your waist belt, and have a piece cut out of the centre of the spoon-shaped part that comes over your face, so as to allow you to see and speak freely. Thus, when your shoulders are drawn back, by holding the back-board your chin will be kept back too, as it would naturally be thrust forwards without it; and the back-board would tend towards giving you a stoop in your neck. The 30th of August, 1866, was a Thursday.

MOEHYN BACH.—For the proper understanding of the Holy Scriptures, the mere English words interpreted after English ideas and modes of expression will not suffice, they may even lead you astray. The words of Easterns must be read with an understanding of Eastern modes of speech, and Eastern habits and ideas. They did not express themselves in the plain, uncoloured, matter-of-fact style of Westerns, still less of cool Northerns. What we have to understand is not the mere words handed down to us, but the original meaning which those words were designed to convey. Thus, amongst the Jews a part used to stand as representative of the whole; and a part of three days represented those three days—according to the received ideas of the people—just as much as if the whole of those three days had been completed. Amongst ourselves this idea is not altogether foreign, for a barley-corn is accepted, in the legal making-over of lands, as representing a whole estate; and a shilling is accepted by a recruit as an "earnest" of the pay which he has agreed to accept. For further information read Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia," page 210 (56, Paternoster-row). 2. Yes, the book named would be suitable to the age.

MILLIE C.—We thank you for your very gratifying letter. We regret that you should suffer so much in your eyes. Read "The Eyes and the Eyesight," vol. ii., page 805. Perhaps the prescription for the sties may be of use to you. They very usually result from bad drainage, or living near stagnant water, or bad living, and poorness of blood. You ought to consult a doctor.

ABINADAB.—1. The term "person" may be applied to highest or lowest in the land. But the addition of the word "young" appears to give a somewhat different idea, and has hitherto been employed as the least offensive terms, when the title "lady" would be regarded as misapplied. 2. We are not informed respecting the language of our first parents.

S. BONEFAIL.—You had better become a nurse first in a children's hospital, in order to obtain proper training. There is an excellent institution at Pendleton, Manchester. Address the Lady Superintendent.

F. N.—Your map probably dates from the last century only, and is not of any great value. The only verses which are like your quotations are Hab. ii. 20, Psalm l. 6.

OLD WOMAN.—You will find most of your queries answered in the correspondence column of April 8th. If there be anything more, pray write to us. Beef and lamb are both good, as they can be eaten cold. Thank you for a very kind note.

HERMIONE H.—You write a very good letter. The last of your quotations is from a poem by Mrs. Hemans.

M. E. P. (Yarmouth).—The Rev. Augustus Toplady was the author of "Rock of Ages" and many other beautiful hymns. His complete works were published in one large volume, which you might perhaps obtain at a secondhand bookseller's, as we do not think they have been republished.

CRAWFORD M.—The minster intended was that of Cologne, we suppose; as no other would answer the description of "Teuton and Celt," nor be sufficiently old.

A GOOD TEMPLAR.—*Nil desperandum* means "Never despair." For the meaning of the figure at the head of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, see page 208, vol. i.

A HAPPY GIRL.—The "flushing" seems to be constitutional to some young people. Take moderate meals, exercise, and bathing daily; avoid over-fatigue, and keep your feet warm and dry always. You need not take off your gloves when shaking hands. Many thanks for the kind letter, and the thought of us "in higher places."

ALICE D.—The word appears to have been a misprint for "four." We do not wonder at your surprise. We quite agree with you.

ISABEL F. H.—If superior to yourself in rank, you should rise. The life of the Prince Consort is now published at sixpence.

JULIE.—The "most favoured nation" clause appears to mean that as long as the treaty, or agreement, remains in force, no other nation shall be granted an equal or superior degree of favour.

WORKING BEE.—The hostess, or her daughter first; to break the ice for their guests.

A WILD IRISH GIRL.—Your writing is childish and unformed; the small letters are too large to suit the very small capitals. There is nothing unladylike in using the expression "by the bye."

CASTLETON.—The *Benedicite Omnia* opera, the "Song of the Three Children," will be found in the Apocrypha. It formed one of the three additions to the Book of Daniel, made in the Greek version. According to recent authorities, these three pieces were composed in Egypt towards the end of the third or the beginning of the second century before Christ.

BLUE BELL.—Better to follow the advice of your own medical man. No, the articles are not published in a separate book.

LILY.—A small glass instrument, called a "lactometer," is used to ascertain the exact proportion of cream that exists in any given specimen of milk.

LAILO GODIVA.—*Non più mesta* is Italian, and means "no more sadness."

BUNNY.—There is no Christmas Card Exhibition announced at present.

FROGGY.—Your "writting" is indeed shockingly bad for your age. Never mind the singing, for which you are yet too young, but do make haste to cultivate spelling and writing.

NEWMARKET.—Your dog appears to be suffering from over-eating. Give him dog-biscuits once a day, and either water or a little milk to drink. He will soon recover. The orange is quite unnecessary.

ONE OF PERCY'S LITTLE CIRCLE.—The dates are as follows:—Keats died February 27, 1821, at Rome; Mr. Edward Trelawny made the personal acquaintance of both Byron and Shelley at Pisa in the winter of 1822; and Shelley was drowned in July of that year. From this it does not seem likely that Mr. Trelawny knew Keats. The name was probably a misprint for "Byron." We know nothing more than has been published on the subject.

BERMUDA.—The "Specimens of English Literature" and the "Handbook of English Literature," by Dr. Angus, are both published by the Religious Tract Society, at 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. Price of the first-named, 5s. 6d.; of the second 5s. They can be sent to you. In the *Cambridge Examiner*. Address the Editor, 21, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W., London. Post-free, 5s. 6d. per annum.

MATAPO.—It is not a little wonderful to perceive from our correspondents' letters how many of them consider themselves capable of correcting, improving, suggesting, and even, apparently, of taking the place of the Editor of this paper. On the strength of information twelve years old, our correspondent writes to contradict our assertion "that no assistance is given towards immigration by the colonies of Victoria and New Zealand." Our information was derived from the Agent-General's offices a few days before we wrote. Articles on nursing have been given at page 599, vol. i., and pages 66 and 138, vol. ii.; besides the constant articles by "Medicus."

"UNATTRACTIVE."—You write a nice letter, and your verses are expressive of excellent feeling. But you must count the number of feet (or syllables) in each line, and make the corresponding lines match each other, not only in length, but also as regards the syllable in each line where the beat (or emphasis) falls. You write rather a pretty hand, but not very legible. We cannot decipher your name.

FLORENCE L.—It should have been sufficient for you to have had your friend's assurance that she had met him accidentally. Why should you doubt her word? It was not kind to reproach her; and very undignified to have exhibited your jealousy, especially as you could have no claim on his exclusive attentions, so long as you are not engaged. You ought to draw off from him, after a six months' intimacy, if he has not given you any explanation of his intentions. Should he be in earnest, he will ask for an explanation.

A HONDURANEAN.—1. Gog and Magog were said to have been the last of a race of giants fabled to have been half demons; and tradition says that they were chained as porters to the Palace of Brute, who had extirpated their brethren. This palace occupied the site of the Guildhall, and in the time of Henry V. their effigies stood in the latter-named building, but were destroyed in the Great Fire. Those to which you refer were carved by Richard Saunders in 1708, and are 14 feet in height. 2. "Oak-apple Day" is that on which the Royalists commemorated the concealment of Charles II. in an oak at Boscobel, the next morning after the battle of Worcester, 1651.

LITTLE DORRIT.—Yes, the chamelion does change in colour, according to the amount of light or shadow, or the hue of the objects surrounding it. Also the temper of the reptile when irritated. In a darkish place it is of a light grey; in the light it is red, green, and brown, varying in shades of the same, and mottled. But its most remarkable characteristic consists in the fact that it exercises a power of moving its eyes, the one independently of the other, and can keep one steadily fixed on its prey, while the other can rove about and keep guard for it in an opposite direction. We are not acquainted with any other creature that has this power.

ELLEN A.—1. The burial-places of the poets about whom you inquire are as follow:—Milton was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate; Dryden in Westminster Abbey, as likewise Campbell; Thomson in the churchyard at Richmond; Pope in the church at Twickenham; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Southey in Crosthwaite Church, near Keswick; Chatterton in a churchyard, parish of St. Andrew, Holborn; Cowper in the church at Dereham. 2. The founder of the Abbey of Saint Denis was Dagobert I., who was surnamed "the Solomon of France," and reigned from the year 628 to 638. You write fairly well.

LULA B.—When authors use initials only it may be inferred that they wish their names to be concealed, and thus if we knew what you ask to be told, we should not feel justified in telling you.

A. M.—Use velvet mats of dark red to match the rest of the furniture; edge them with a fringe of wool which you could either make or purchase with little expense. Many of the new grate screens are very pretty indeed, and as cheap as you could desire.

LETTICE FOYLE.—You should try to get a little walk before you go to your work in the morning. Do not neglect your morning bath, and endeavour to go to bed early. You have evidently been over-taxing your strength, and you would do well to consult a doctor, or procure some simple tonic, such as you will find recommended at page 411, vol. iii.

EMERALD ISLE.—The materials for glass mosaic may be obtained from the Venice glass shops in London. We do not give addresses, and we have no intention of adding any such a department to our paper.

GRETA.—The fern-screens are of double glass, on one sheet of which the ferns are fastened, and the other used to cover them both carefully. Secure them at the edges by paper, to prevent the entrance of dust.

ALIANORE B. L.—We feel sorry to tell you that the verses you have sent us will not suit us for publication, but we thank you for your nice letter.

ETHEL P.—Dyspepsia and neuralgia are very depressing to the spirits, but we do not think that temporary insanity is to be apprehended as a natural result. Hysteria sometimes appears like a form of madness; and hypochondria indulged in might tend towards it, or prove it precursor. Only a doctor could give you a reliable opinion on the case to which you refer; and that on a personal investigation of the attendant circumstances and an examination of the patient.

ROSE DAVIS.—The distinction of being presented with the Freedom of the City of London confers the right of voting for the member and for the office of Lord Mayor, but otherwise it carries no benefit with it. We thank you for your grateful letter.

HOPEFUL DOT.—The family of the future bridegroom should call on that of the bride-elect. The man makes the proposal for the alliance between the two families, and they must be brought together by him, and then the bride's family conduct everything, invitations and all, afterwards. We are always glad to supply any information in our power to give, with no limitation but that of our own published rules or the dictates of a reasonable discretion. We thank you for excusing our not having replied before.

VERITAS VINCIT.—See our answer to "Rose Davis." Your kind letter gratified us much, and you write a pretty, legible, and lady-like hand.

MAYSEL.—It seems likely from your account that you may be suffering from what is called the "fish-skin disease." You should be under medical advice, and should go to a hospital for skin diseases to consult the doctor who has made the diseases and treatment of the skin his specialty. Any defect in the free action of the pores tends to much ill-health, as well as discomfort, and is by no means a matter of trivial importance. We recommend St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester-square, W.C. The secretary is St. Vincent Mercier, Esq.; H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is the patroness of this hospital, and also for that at 52, Stamford-street, Blackfriars. There is a third hospital for the same description of disease at 227, Gray's-inn-road, W.C.

SPRING.

Up from the meadows the daisies peer,
Down in the dell the violets lie;
Soon will the air grow balmy and clear,
Bringing the days that are ever dear.
Beautiful Spring, when thy step is near,
Who can be sorrowful? Nay, not I!

Whispering bees are upon the wing,
Carolling birds in the sunny sky,
Numberless notes through the woodland ring,
Gaily the merle and the mavis sing;
Oh! in the Spring, the beautiful Spring,
Who can be silent? Not I—not I!

Earth is so fair in her dawning prime,
Life is so sweet as the hours go by;
Gone for a season are frost and rime,
Nature with laughter and love will chime.
Oh! for the joy of the glad springtime
Who can be thankless? Not I—not I!

SYDNEY GREY.

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A SPELL OF WORK.

As Faith wanted to make the most of her slender means for her Christmas entertainment, she had to exercise the forethought and skill which make a shilling do the work which half-a-crown can scarcely do without them. She thought Denzil looked a little grave when she announced the coming of their guest. Perhaps he judged such hospitality incompatible with the severe thrift she had been recently preaching; or, possibly, he felt she should not have given such an invitation without consulting him. Faith would have liked to have consulted him, to have sent her invitation through him; but then, on the other hand, Marcus Drummond was Denzil's friend, whom she had become acquainted with by his introduction, and the conversation that had passed between them had given such a graceful opportunity for an impromptu act of kindliness. But the momentary cloud passed from Denzil's face, and he said that it was all right—it would be very jolly.

And then Faith observed that as Marcus had told her that he and her brother were going to have a long spell of study that evening, she supposed she was not to expect him home to his dinner.

"No—oh, no!" Denzil answered hurriedly, paused for a moment, as if recollecting himself, and added, "Yes, after all, I think I will. There will be a spare hour just at that time. When we once begin we will have a long spell of it, and I may be rather late at night, so I'll give you the sunlight of my presence at your dinner—eh, Faithie."

When he was away, Faith had the whole long day before her, but it was not a bit too long for all she wanted to do. She worked diligently at the manufacture of her gifts for Westering, and when she had made some progress with them, and the morning was advanced towards noon, she put on her walking apparel, and started off to the market to

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"CONSIDERING HOW MUCH HOLLY SHE WOULD REQUIRE."

invest a few spare pence in a little holly. Tears almost started to her eyes as she thought of the great boughs she had broken off at Westering last year, and she saw something like a vivid vision of her father as he had come into the wide, cheerful English kitchen, and playfully suspended a sprig of mistletoe over her head. Ah, dear, dear father! Christmas could never be the same Christmas without him; it seemed terrible to buy holly that he was not to see, to plan decorations that he could not direct or praise! And yet!—and Faith's heart gave a sudden throb as she remembered that many of those happy Christmases of hers must have been sad enough for him, left sitting with his motherless children opposite his wife's empty chair. She herself had been but a little girl when her mother died, and sorely as she had grieved for her, and well as she remembered her, her father's strong and tender love for his children had seemed to expand itself until it filled the blank and supplied the loss. It was only by his own death that Faith had learned to guess what he must have suffered in the earlier bereavement. She could imagine now what had been his thoughts when he had sat gazing into the fire while the carols were being sung outside; she could guess the sinking of heart that he must have often felt while he submitted to blind-man's buff and forfeits with the good-humoured enthusiasm which always made him so welcome as a playfellow. It was over now, and she could trust that the same wise Providence which, by a veil of ignorance, had screened her youth from full sympathy with his pain, could now secure his perfect heavenly happiness by his knowledge of the purpose of her present sorrow. And in entering into his past suffering, she felt she must also enter into the simple strength and sweetness with which he had borne it. After all, thought Faith, sweet music always has a minor key in it, and perhaps each of us must sing it in turn, for the sake of the harmony for others.

Sorrow, which is not touched by sin or mingled with bitterness, makes us but the more sensitive to the beauties and glories of nature, and the common goodness and serviceableness of our fellow men. Full as was Faith's heart of pathetic memories, she thoroughly enjoyed her walk through the crisp air, for the first snow of the season had fallen in the night, and though the sun was shining now, a white tracery still accentuated every picturesque gable and turret, of which some still remained—even in the most prosaic and sordid streets of the old town.

Faith always heartily enjoyed her visits to the market. She liked to see the comely old fishwives, who still wore their ancient costume — their strong, sensible short skirts, their brilliant shawls, and their white caps, often fine in material and quaint in form. Their *patois* puzzled her, and any business she ever transacted with them had to be greatly helped out by signs, but was always closed with smiles and nods. They seemed to Faith an honest, homely version of Soloman's "wise woman," who, like the merchants' ships, "bringeth her food from afar."

But to-day her errand was not to them, but to the stalls in the higher market, already groaning under loads of Christmas fruits and greenery. While she stood before these, considering how much holly she would require to make one handsome garland for the wall, with a few sprigs over for table decoration, she was suddenly addressed.

"Miss Alleyne, how do you do? You see, in a town like this, when once one knows one another, one is apt to meet very often."

It was Mrs. Murray, accompanied by one or two of her younger children, and followed by a maid with a basket.

"And are you staying in town for the Christmas holidays—and your brother, too?" she added, looking down at the girl with genuine kindliness and pleasure, and rapidly revolving sundry pros and cons in her matronly mind. "Why should not they come to us on Christmas Day? The boy has his sister with him, and it is she whom I really invite, so that will acquit me of all favouritism among the students; and she seems such a sweet little thing, that I should like to have her among ourselves and our own people."

"Yes, we stay here through the holidays," Faith replied to her question. "It is too far to go to any of our friends in England for so short a time."

"Won't you come to us on Christmas Day, then?" asked the lady, hastening to add, "We have no formal dinner party, you must understand, since, I daresay you know, we have no set and solemn feast of Christmas in these regions. But in our house we make it a kind of young people's day, and I am sure we shall all be glad if you and your brother will join us."

"It is so kind of you," answered Faith, radiant with girlish gratitude, "but a friend of my brother's is coming to dine with us—Mr. Drummond, who is a stranger here, like ourselves."

Faith scarcely knew why she added his name and that last clause. Perhaps it was only natural, since the evening before he had been, like herself, a guest at Mrs. Murray's. Perhaps she felt as if it was not fair that Mrs. Murray should not be reminded that there were other strangers besides themselves. Marcus Drummond's bitterness had made Faith sorry, and she would have been so glad if she could have conveyed some kind message to him from Mrs. Murray, and so have proved to him how wrong he was in his estimate of people's consideration and kindliness.

Mrs. Murray looked grave.

"I am so sorry," she said. "But could not you, at least, come?" she added; "the two young men can keep each other company at home. We shall have some really nice young people, and hope for some pretty music, and my girls are even talking of a charade, and I am sure you would be quite an acquisition."

Faith smiled at the compliment.

"Thank you very, very much," she said; "I am sure I should have enjoyed myself, but I ought to stay at home. Yes, I must stay at home. Thank you very heartily."

"Well, then, we must hope to see you some other time," returned Mrs. Murray, passing on with a good-humoured smile and nod.

And Faith made her bargain of holly and went home.

Perhaps as she sat through the afternoon, twining the shining leaves and brilliant berries, tears sometimes blinded her eyes and made her prick her fingers. And yet somehow it seemed to her that she saw a great deal more of the beautiful significance of the sweet Christmas story than she had ever understood before. She remembered that it was to those who were watching in silence and darkness, doing obscure duty, that the angels of Christmas came, and that to them was revealed the secret of the quiet birthday, which meant nothing to the rich folks revelling in the best rooms of the inn at Bethlehem, or to imperial Cæsar, whose taxes these had come to pay.

And while she pondered these matters in her heart, she puzzled herself whether her fingers should fashion a cross or a crown. She began the cross, but when she had nearly finished it, it occurred to her that there could not be a better foundation for a crown; nothing was needed but to add a base and two wing-like curves. And she smiled at all that was suggested by the idea of the cross in the crown—part of its very structure. Yet when it was finished, scarcely anybody would notice there was a cross there!

Denzil came home to his dinner as he had promised. But by that time Faith had hidden away all her festive preparations in her own bedroom, for she wished them to be a cheery surprise to her brother, and so startle him into a glow of Christmas warmth, which she feared he was likely to miss amid all his alien and, perhaps, somewhat chill surroundings.

But Denzil seemed so flurried and absorbed, that he might have hardly noticed her garland if it had hung before his eyes.

Of course, thought Faith, he was busy; one always had a feeling that one should get through a certain amount of work when holidays were at hand, She told him of Mrs. Murray's invitation.

"Oh, what a pity we could not go!" he said. "That's the worst of making plans beforehand, instead of waiting to the last to see what may turn up. Drummond could easily have shifted for himself. It is almost a pity you did not give Mrs. Murray an open answer, and I think I could have easily put him off."

"Oh, Denzil, how can you suggest such a thing!" cried Faith. "And I am sure I shall like best to be quietly at home, and Mr. Drummond's coming here may please him, while our not accepting the Murrays' invitation can make no difference to them."

"Well, well, I'm very glad we shall have Drummond, of course. And now, Faith, it is time I was off; and as we really mean, as Drummond told you, to

have a downright good grind, you mustn't be surprised if I'm rather late. You needn't sit up for me."

"Oh, of course I shall do that, Denzil," said Faith.

"But I don't want you to do it," he urged. "I shall be really late, you know."

"Surely not later than twelve?" suggested Faith.

"Well, not earlier, at any rate," Denzil answered. "You know how late students sit. Look at Finlay. You may often see the light streaming through his keyhole till the small hours."

"Yes, I know that," said Faith, "but he is at least snug in his own room. I don't think Miss Milne will like anybody coming in so late."

"If she doesn't like it, she will have to lose us," returned Denzil; "and if she begins to grumble, it will give us a fair excuse for leaving her."

"Well, I can easily sit up till twelve o'clock for you, Denzil," said his sister, trying to speak playfully; "when from what Miss Scott said, so many young ladies will be dancing till three at the students' ball to-night."

"If you will you must," retorted Denzil, pettishly; "but the thought of it worries a fellow, and I won't promise I may not be later."

Faith worked away diligently through the evening, and got her little gifts completed, and wrote one or two letters which she wished to accompany them. When Miss Milne brought in the supper, she told her, as unconcernedly as she could, that her brother was likely to be late, as he had gone to have a long spell of work with a fellow-student. Miss Milne only replied, "Humph!" and did not volunteer to enter into a little conversation, as she often did when she found Faith alone. Faith asked her to leave the bread-and-cheese on the table, in case Denzil might be glad of a little refreshment when he came in after his walk home, and then said good-night, and did not expect to see her again till morning. But fully an hour afterwards, when Faith had inferred that her landlady had gone to bed, the good woman suddenly came back.

"Miss Alleyne," she said, "I'm not wanting to frighten you, an' I wouldn't like you to be hurt thinking I am suspicious, but I don't like your brother's being out so often in the evening, and to-night he is later already than he has ever been yet."

"You see, he told me he wanted a long stretch of hard work," said Faith, in a conciliatory tone. "I know where he is—he is with his friend, Mr. Drummond, who is to be with us to dinner here on Christmas Day."

Miss Milne shook her head doubtfully.

"I don't know anything against Mr. Drummond," she said, "I don't know anything about him, but it's wise to set one's face against young lads running the streets o' nights with the best o' excuses. If it's work on one night, we may guess it's work on another, and yet be wrong the second time."

"But I feel frightened to interfere in anything that might hinder Denzil's studies," observed Faith.

Miss Milne shook her head again.

"The best study comes out o' the best habits, and when you hear most of work there is least being done," she said. "I've had a deal of experience, an' I always say to the fathers, 'Keep your sons right in their cash and their acquaintances, and their examinations will look after themselves.' I'll tell you what, Miss Faith—if I were you I'd hint that Mr. Drummond should take turns o' coming up here to work with Mr. Denzil. I'll think nothing o' the trouble o' putting a fire into your bedroom for you, that they may have this room all to themselves."

Faith thanked her warmly, fully appreciating the genuine kindness of the old lady's interest and advice. But when she had gone, somehow the room felt very cold, and there was something eerie in the silence. She could not go on with any work. She tried to read, but the meaning of the sentences would not enter her brain. She left the parlour and went to her bedroom, and sat there without turning up the gas. She could only strain her ears to catch the sound of footsteps—which always went past—in the street below. Her mind was strangely haunted by memories of old stories which she had heard, of vigils such as these kept by sad women, month by month, and year by year, and ending at last in misery and disaster and ruin; while from her heart welled up an unspoken and almost formless prayer, "O God our Father, if only Denzil may keep a true heart to himself and a pure heart towards Thee! And if only I may help him so to do! I am ignorant and helpless, and the evil about us is strange and strong. Guide me and teach me, O Father, and keep and bless Denzil—my mother's Denzil!"

It was nearly half-past one o'clock when she thought she heard the passage-door softly opened. It was Denzil at last. The sight of him, safe and sound, made all her fears seem but the morbid phantoms of solitude. She was so glad to see him that she was not going to utter any reproach. But he seemed to expect one, and forestalled it by saying, peevishly—

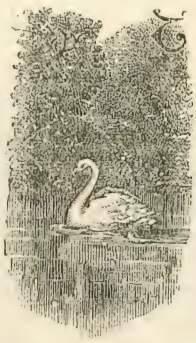
"It is no use grumbling. I told you I would be late. If you choose to make a martyr of yourself, that is your own business. Good-night at once. I'm tired, if you are not, and it's late enough without wasting any time in chatter."

Faith was tired too, but it was long ere she slept.

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

ANECDOTE OF A CANARY.



THE following anecdote has just been sent to me by a young friend who has two pet birds—a canary and a bullfinch. She writes, "A few weeks ago my little sister was alone in the dining-room, and was really startled from her play by hearing a cry of distress from the canary. She ran to his help and found him well enough, but greatly excited, and evidently pointing her to the bullfinch's cage. On looking there Katie found the poor bird with his head stuck so far down into his seed-box that he could not draw it back. She called me and we set him free with some difficulty, but the poor little thing was half dead with fright; however, he recovered in time. Thus the canary was the means of saving his friend's life!"

STRANGE NESTING-PLACE.

A LADY, living in an old-fashioned house in Wiltshire, was standing one day before the dining-room fire when the hearthstone beneath her feet suddenly gave way. The carpet was immediately taken up and a mason sent for, who found the stone split across, and on taking this up a large hollow was discovered below, with two rats' nests in it. The outsides of these nests were made of scarlet cloth, which the parent rats had gnawed from the window curtains, and the insides were lined soft and warm with wadding taken from the curtain-hems; and here they had brought up their families, and would, no doubt, have continued to do so but for the accidental discovery, and the filling in of the hollow with cement.

THE CURIOUS KITTEN.

A VERY intelligent little kitten was lying on the rug one day, when a young lady took off her bracelet and playfully fastened it round pussy's neck. Nothing could exceed the little creature's anxiety to find out what this new appendage was, and after vainly trying to see it by turning her head about, she quietly got up, walked across the room, and climbed on a chair which happened to stand before a mirror. She looked at herself earnestly in the glass, felt the bracelet with both paws, stroking it first one side then the other, and when apparently quite satisfied with herself and her necklace, she returned to her place and settled herself calmly to sleep again.

THE CUNNING DONKEY.

AT a gentleman's seat in Ireland the cows used to escape daily out of their own field, but as the gate was always found shut and fastened, no one knew how this happened. But there were the cows, nevertheless, daily invading the cornfields instead of grazing in their own meadow. So at last a boy was set to watch, and he found that they regularly called up the donkey at a certain hour, who lifted the latch of the gate, let them through, and then, after carefully putting the latch down in its place, returned to his own pasture. Animals, notwithstanding that they are unable to talk with us, must have some means of communicating their desires and thoughts to one another, or the above true anecdote could not have occurred.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

ROSES.

By Cotsford Dick.

"The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain."

Thus sings Sir Walter Scott, and as June is, *par excellence*, the month for roses, our talk to-day shall be about these beautiful flowers. Much has been written concerning the difficulty of rose culture, and many a young gardener has been needlessly discouraged from attempting it by imaginary impediments. Roses certainly do require much looking after, but with plenty of manure, water, and attention they may be grown anywhere. And how do they repay all extra care! What is more pleasing than a dish of sweet-scented roses in a room? A bunch of red and yellow blossoms in a blue china dish should surely satisfy the most æsthetic taste! From the latest

hybrid perpetual to the good old-fashioned cabbage rose—

> "The floweret of a hundred leaves,
> Expanding while the dewfall flows,
> And every leaf its balm removes,"

there is no flower more beautiful in the whole floral catalogue.

We will now suppose that you are going to make a rose-bed in your garden for the first time. Choose, then, a situation as sheltered from high winds and as far removed from trees and shrubs as possible. As regards the shape of the bed, a long strip about four feet wide is as good as any, as the rose bushes can then be easily reached from all sides. Dig out the original soil to the depth of two feet, and fill up the trench thus made with good turfy loam (that is to say, the top spit of a grassy meadow), and mix with this an equal quantity of well rotted manure. The turf may be difficult to procure, but in a chalky or gravelly soil it is absolutely necessary. The bed should be made in October, and during November you must buy a well-selected assortment of rose-trees, and plant them in the good rich soil which you have prepared for them. When the roots are carefully and comfortably settled, and the standards (if you have any) firmly staked in order to prevent the wind from blowing them about, add a top dressing of thoroughly rotten manure, and leave them alone in their new home, undisturbed, until March. In March the operation of pruning must be undertaken, which consists in shortening the strong shoots back to within four or six eyes of the base of the stem, removing the weak shoots altogether, or cutting them back to a single eye. If the spring is a dry one, water freely, but only when there is no danger of night frosts; and as soon as the bloom-buds are formed, apply plenty of liquid manure, of which the best is two pounds of guano to ten gallons of water. If you wish to have single roses large enough to excite the admiration of your friends, leave only one bud (and that one the strongest) on each shoot, and all the sap will then go to form a splendid blossom. One of the most troublesome things to deal with in rose-growing is the presence of the green fly. This pest requires the greatest attention, and must be unceasingly looked after. Fumigation with tobacco water, and afterwards a good syringing with clean water, is an almost certain remedy. Crushing the insects with the finger and thumb will reduce their numbers, but the buds and leaves must be immediately washed after they are destroyed, so that no portion of their crushed bodies remains. For mildew, which is caused by damp and want of air, the affected leaves must be dusted with sulphur. Another receipt for destroying green fly is to syringe the rose-trees with soft soap dissolved in warm water, and wash with plain water afterwards. This is easier, perhaps, than the tobacco method. From the time when the buds commence to form, your roses will demand your most assiduous care. Remember that they are especially gross feeders, or, if you will, "great eaters." You cannot supply them too much with food, which, of course, must be conveyed to them through the medium of water. If your soil is naturally poor, when they have done flowering in the autumn, the earth should be renewed by carefully taking away about three inches of the surface (mind and do not injure the roots), and putting in its place as good stuff as you can get.

It is very hard to decide between the claims of "standards" or "dwarfs;" but for amateur gardeners, methinks the dwarf kind, grown either on their own roots, or on the Manetti stock, are most satisfactory. The Manetti stock is suitable for all soils, and produces generally vigorous growth. A very pretty effect can be given to a rose-bed by simply pegging down some strong shoots of dwarf roses, which, if properly managed, will make quite a carpet of bloom; but the shoots must be turned down towards the ground at an early period in their career, otherwise they will break off.

Budding is the insertion of a bud taken from one tree into the bark of another, and is an operation which every amateur gardener should be able to perform, as it is a source of the greatest interest. The month of July is the best season for budding, when the buds are seen to be well formed between the foot-stalk of the leaves and the stem, and when the bark of the stalk can be freely and easily raised from the wood. Take your budding-knife and make a slit in the bark of the tree in which you are going to insert the bud, of about an inch in length; then make another short slit across, so that these two cuts shall be in the form of a T. The cut should go through to the wood, but not deeper. Next take a very thin slice of the bark from the tree containing the bud, a little below a leaf, and cut it so that you remove the leaf, and the bud at its base, with the small slice you have taken. Carefully pick out, with knife and thumb, any portion of wood, however small, that may be remaining behind the bud, but beware of injuring the bark. The leaves of course must be taken off; then, with the handle of the budding-knife, separate and turn back the bark on the tree that you have cut like the letter T, and tuck the bud and its bark under the slit close to the wood, and between it and the turned-back bark. With cautious fingers bind the place over with a piece of bass, taking care to let the bud come at the part where the slits cross each other. Cut the stem down to within one shoot or so above the place where you have inserted the bud, so that the sap may not flow past the cut, but concentrate all its attention to the healing and nourishment of the interloping bud that has been so suddenly introduced. Much practice and some little patience will be required before you can hope to obtain the "knack" of budding as cleanly and as delicately as it should be done, but when once you have accomplished it, you will always look forward to the budding time with the greatest pleasure and interest.

By budding you may produce several kinds of roses upon the same plant. The stock which is to receive the bud should be the common brier, and the bud may be chosen from any good rose-tree which you may be anxious to propagate, and should be selected from a vigorous part of the tree, and one that has never flowered. A bud generally gets firmly united in about five or six weeks time, and ought to start into growth in the following spring. Operate always on the new wood made during the spring and summer, and look well after the budded stem during the autumn and winter, that it be not broken by the winds, or too heavily weighed down by the snow. The late afternoon or evening is the best time for budding, and the bass should be slightly damped before using it to join the bud to the stock.

We come now to the consideration of the different kinds of roses which should be planted in every garden that desires to count a "rosery" among its beauties. The young gardener should endeavour to learn to recognise each variety, and readily to distinguish between the different blossoms, and observe the peculiarities of each. The change that the last few years has effected, from the old kinds of roses to those that may now be seen in our gardens, is really wonderful. We cannot hope, however, to give more than a few names of the more useful and beautiful sorts.

First, we must name the Hybrid Perpetual Roses, which section contains perhaps some of the best known flowers. Nearly all the Hybrid Perpetuals make good standards, but it is well to remember in making a selection that the standards should be chosen from among the most vigorous, robust, and free-growing. All are good for dwarfs. Here is our list, with colour attached:—

Beauty of Waltham (rosy crimson, finely formed, and very sweet).

Captain Christy (delicate flesh-colour).

Charles Lefebvre (bright and rich red; a fine rose).

Duke of Edinburgh (rich crimson, flowers large).

Géant des Batailles (crimson, very sweet; well-known rose).

General Jacqueminot (brilliant red, abundant bloomer).

John Hopper (rosy crimson, flowers full and well formed).

Jules Margottin (cherry colour, a good climber).

La France (fine pink, centre silvery white; large flowers).

Madame la Baronne de Rothschild (pale flesh colour; very fine).

Madame Lacharme (lovely white; highly scented).

Marguerite de St. Amand (glossy flesh-colour).

Miss Hassard (delicate flesh-colour; very sweet).

Paul Néron (pale soft rose, violet shade; flowers full).

Pierre Notting (blackish red, deep and velvety).

Prince Camille de Rohan (rich maroon crimson; fine rose).

Sénateur Vaisse (scarlet; flowers large and fragrant).

Star of Waltham (bright pink; fine form).

Victor Verdier (cherry rose; a charming colour).

Any of the above list will be found satisfactory, although we have been obliged to omit many fine roses.

The Damask Perpetuals come next, and although we only give two examples, they will be found very beautiful, hardy, and fragrant. They bloom continuously.

Mogador (brilliant crimson, shaded with purple).

Crimson (du Roi) (fine colour, and sweet scented).

The Perpetual Scotch Rose, named Stanwell, is a charming variety of delicious fragrance. It commences blooming in May, and continues to give beautiful masses of flowers until November.

The next family of roses which demand our attention is the Bourbon. The Bourbon roses (originally from the Isle of Bourbon) are hardy and tolerably free-blooming. They are, strictly speaking, autumnal bloomers, as, although they flower early as well as late, they do not produce their best flowers before the late summer. They make good wall roses. We give the names of four:—

Acidalie (white, beautifully tinted; a fine wall rose).

Baronne Gonella (bright cerise, with fine bronze hue).

Queen of Bedders (deep crimson; producing large clusters of buds).

Souvenir de la Malmaison (blush, one of the finest grown).

The Tea-scented Roses are mostly tender, and need a slight protection. The *Rosa odorata* was introduced from China in 1810; this and the old yellow Tea-scented Rose became the parents of all the different varieties of this family. For low south walls they have no equal, and are admirably adapted for pot culture in the greenhouse. They require a rich, warm, dry soil; and a moderate pruning is best for them.

Adam (rosy pink; one of the most beautiful).

Belle Lyonnaise (deep canary yellow; fine wall rose).

Cheshunt Hybrid (cherry carmine; very hardy).

Devoniensis (creamy white; deliciously scented).

Gloire de Dijon (buff, with orange centre; vigorous and free blooming; the most useful of all the tea-scented roses).

Madame Falcot (apricot colour; beautiful in bud).

Niphetos (white, with pale straw centre; superb).

Souvenir d'un Ami (salmon and rose; large foliage).

The Noisette Roses are of American origin. They bloom in large clusters throughout the autumn months, producing long vigorous shoots, with a rich perfume.

Aimée Vibert (pure white; blooms in large clusters).

Céline Forrestier (deep canary yellow; highly fragrant).

Cloth of Gold (pure yellow, shy bloomer, and very tender).

Lamarque (pale straw; good for a wall).

Maréchal Niel (deep rich yellow; best of yellow roses).

The China Rose is a native of China, and was introduced about the year 1789; from this, and the old Crimson China, have sprung all the later varieties. They are tolerably hardy, and bloom almost constantly, hence they are sometimes called "monthly roses." The Cramoisie supérieure, the old blush, and Mrs. Bosanquet will be found the most hardy and free blooming. We will conclude our list with naming two other kinds of roses, specimens of which should be grown in the garden; viz., the Ayrshire Roses, and the Banksias; of the former we recommend Bennett's seedling (pure white; blooms in immense clusters).

Dundee Rambling (white, tinged with pink).

Ruga (very fragrant and beautiful).

These Ayrshire roses are charming for banks, rocks, or wildernesses. They are of rapid growth, and as "weeping roses," bowing to the ground, laden with flowers, are quite beautiful.

The Banksias are tender, sub-evergreen roses. The white and yellow are well-known. They require to be grown upon a south wall, and a hot, dry, well-drained situation.

The above list is far from being exhaustive, yet the young gardener will not do amiss if he obtains one or two specimens from each family, and succeeds in growing these in a satisfactory manner. Manure, water, and (great) attention; remember these three words, and you may reasonably hope to grow roses well worth the labour bestowed upon them. Roses generally require such liberal applications of manure, that it does not do to mix the majority of flowering plants with them. The time, however, comes when they lose their first glory, after their principal display, and then the beds which are devoted to roses, especially if there be a preponderance of standards, begin to look somewhat shabby. To obviate this, sow ten-week stocks and French marigolds about the middle of April, and again a fortnight later. These flowers will relish, and thrive wonderfully in, the good rich soil of the rose-bed, and continue to bloom much longer than under ordinary treatment. Mignonette may also be sown in pots and planted out among the roses, but in some soils this sweet-scented flower is apt to grow rampantly, and choke the other plants with which it is associated. Gladioli are admirably suited for planting in the spaces between the roses, as they are very strong and easily managed. But your own taste must help you to decide this matter, and if you are venturesome, some pretty effects may be produced from very harmless experiments.

Your principal work in the garden during the month of June will be to propagate carnations and picotees by layers and pipings, (which latter method is the simplest). Take up all your bulbs, tulips, anemones, and ranunculus roots, &c., and put them in an airy place to dry, taking care that no damp can get at them.

Transplant the large annuals from the seedling-bed, if you have made one, and place them where they are to remain. Choose a dull day for this. Complete the planting out of all ordinary tender flowers, as well as geraniums, heliotropes, verbenas, and hydrangeas.

Weed actively; as, unless you do this, the weeds will overrun the flowers. Weeds that grow up in patches should be drawn out by the hand, but soak the ground well first, so that they may come out easily.

Water frequently if the season be a dry one, and do this thoroughly while you are about it. Surface watering is worse than none, as it only excites the roots without nourishing them. A good watering twice a week is better than a sprinkling once a day. Water in the evening, and let the whole space of the ground be watered alike. Try to imitate a heavy shower of rain. Nature is the best guide to follow.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNDER THY WINGS, O AZRAEL!

DAMARIS, in her own room, slowly and thoughtfully divested herself of her riding-dress, slipped on a loose white wrapper, shaded her light, and took her stand as usual at the window.

The night was dark. Broken masses of vapour, driven by the winds, floated low overhead. There was a chilly moisture in the air, which contained a promise of more rain. The night winds wandered round the old *château* like restless spirits; the sprays of ivy and the tendrils of the passion-creeper made ghostly tappings at the windows; and from afar off came the weird note of some sleepless night bird.

Damaris rested her elbows on the sill, and her cheek on her clasped hands. She was tired, physically and mentally, and yet she felt disinclined to go to bed and try to sleep. In spite of her fatigue, a feeling of nervous excitement made her wakeful. Those invisible winds, wandering through the darkness, seemed strangely to disquiet her. She was not given to anticipate evils; in her bright, healthy moments she laughed at what are called presentiments, and yet, what else was the vague uneasiness which possessed her to-night? There are, there can be no doubt, spirits so delicately clothed in our common vesture of clay, that they scent, as it were, afar off the coming of any human sorrow; they shrink before the hoof-beats of fate, like the leaves of the delicate mimosa.

So it was with Damaris. The tension of heart and mind had been stretched to its very utmost, and rendered super-sensitive. She knew, though she could not in the least define the grounds of her certainty, that the coming hours were bringing in darkness and mystery some great crisis in her life's story.

Once more, distinctly amongst the shadows, she saw that thorn-crowned head, first seen in the gallery at Antwerp, and which had so often haunted her since. Lowly she bent in heart and spirit, and clearly to her inner consciousness breathed a voice—

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee. Yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee."

Even while she stood there, yielding herself passively to be upborne by those mighty hands which moulded the universe, a low, strange cry broke upon her ears, almost simultaneously with the shattering of some glass.

Holding by the sill, leaning out of the window as far as she could stretch, she saw the broken library panes with the light beyond, and the wind rushing, blowing the curtains inwards. She saw a dark figure, magnified to gigantic size, rush forwards and bend over—what!

She had known that Monsieur St. Just and Monsieur le Marquis were together in the library; she had seen the shadowy forms of both on the blinds, the one stooping at his writing-table, the other walking restlessly, his dark outline passing from one window to the other.

The sudden noise, and the silence that followed, terribly excited Damaris. Horrible fears assailed her. Was it possible that in this quiet, secluded valley the spectre of assassination stalked? Was it a shot, carefully aimed, that had shattered that pane of glass? And for whom was it destined, whom had it struck?

She rushed to the door; she listened breathlessly. No one moved; no member of the household but herself had heard. There was no sound audible but the beating of her own heart. Perhaps immediate assistance was necessary, and she only could give it. She snatched up her lamp and glided into the corridor, swiftly as her awful fear impelled her. She descended the stair-

case, crossed the wide hall, and entered the lower corridor. Just as she entered it, the library door at the farther end opened and closed, and Monsieur le Marquis, with a white and eager face, came forth. He saw her at once, but almost doubted the evidence of his senses. She appeared like the wraith of the real Damaris as she came gliding forwards with colourless face and dusky eyes, filled with a fearful questioning. Even had not his suspicions been already awakened, that strange encounter must have told him the truth.

He rushed forwards to meet her.

"Thank God it is you! I was going to seek aid."

"Don't let us delay," she said, moving onwards.

The terrible calm that is upon her excites fresh fear in him. He lays his hands upon hers to detain her one moment; their chillness strikes him through.

"You cannot know what has happened. Etienne is ill, he has fainted. You will know what to do for him better than I."

Her hand goes up to her brow; she is bewildered.

"It is not then murder?"

"Murder! A thousand times no! What made you suppose such a thing? Etienne was faint, he wanted to get to the air, slipped and fell, and, trying to save himself, thrust his hand through the window."

The intense relief which this assurance gives produces such a revulsion of feeling that she has to cling to the arm he extends in order to keep herself from falling.

"Rest a minute," he says, gently, turning away his head that he may not seem to see the tears which come to relieve her over-burdened heart, "then you shall go to him."

Damaris bends her head for one moment, letting her tears have way, too much overcome to think of his possible interpretation of them, or even to mind what he thinks. Then she lifts it resolutely, with instinctive gratitude for the delicate respect of his manner towards her.

"I am quite ready."

"Then will you go to the library? I will try and rouse Angelique without disturbing the rest of the household, and bring her to your assistance."

The wind is still rushing in through the broken window when Damaris enters. Monsieur Jerome had raised the shade of the lamp so that its light fully illumines the room. The couch had been hastily wheeled up to a second window which had been thrown wide open, and on the couch lies Monsieur St. Just, every feature of whose face is set in the pallor of death.

It seems to Damaris at first that only his earthly resemblance lies there, so intense is the silence surrounding him. She creeps up to him, awed and trembling, even the fountain of her tears sealed by the majesty of that silence. The winds have tossed his hair about his brow, and his hand, with the blood oozing slowly from the ghastly cut, lies upon his breast.

With fingers steadied by her fear, and tender as all her passionate yearning could make them, she closes the gash, and binds it together with her handkerchief. There are no remedies at hand, but she knows where to seek them; his bedroom is close by. She brings cold water and essence from there, and while she is still applying them Monsieur le Marquis returns. He had not known what to do in his first panic, but under her directions now he shows himself both skilful and quick to second all her efforts.

After a time, a partial success attends them. Monsieur St. Just draws a deep, shivering breath.

"Close the window," she says, and Monsieur le Marquis rises quickly to obey.

The low, clear tones of her voice penetrate the dull ear. Monsieur Etienne slowly lifts his heavy eyelids, and a faint light of recognition dawns in his eyes.

"Est-ce toi, petite?"

She bends over him joyously, tenderly.

"It is I, monsieur; you will soon be better now."

His hand seeks hers, which is still travelling across his brow in its ministrations, and draws it downwards in its clasp, while, with a sigh of intense relief, his eyes close once more.

Monsieur le Marquis, watching, whispers in her ear—

"Humour him, watch him; be kind to him; his very life hangs upon this, I firmly believe."

Damaris raises her wistful, trustful glance, which mutely conveys the assurance he needs. Then he withdraws to the further window, where he sits in silence while Damaris eagerly watches the changing hues of the face on the pillows, and sees the blue pallor gradually give place to the warmer shades of life, taking no heed of the passing moments, forgetful of everything but the precious stake which hangs upon the drawing of those feeble breaths.

When Angelique comes, armed to the teeth with possets and cordials, and every remedy she could lay hands on at the moment, she finds them thus.

Damaris does not turn her head upon her entrance, is not aware even of her presence. Monsieur le Marquis draws his mother's attendant to a whispered consultation with him in the far corner of the room to which he has exiled himself.

"*Tout va bien*, Angelique. He has spoken, he has recognised mademoiselle, who has thought of everything for his relief. Do not disturb him now, but sit down here to be within call if you are wanted. I am going to fetch a doctor. You have not awakened the Marquise? That is right, she would only alarm herself unnecessarily, and before morning he will be better."

Angelique's is too gentle, too well disciplined a soul to be hurt by the non-application of her own remedies. She seats herself in the big library chair indicated, and falls to telling her beads as Monsieur le Marquis crosses the room on tiptoe to inform Damaris in a whisper of his projected mission. Then he goes up to his own room for a few minutes, and, returning, takes up Damaris's little lamp and the key of the arched door below. He departs by way of the escalier.

An intense silence follows. Angelique dutifully murmurs her prayers for the seigneur's recovery below her breath. And Damaris, bending over the inanimate form on the couch, hangs upon each feeble respiration, counting the faint throbs of the pulse that beats beneath her hand. As the hours wear on, and each throb grows stronger than the last, she feels that the danger which has threatened him is passing also, that the tranquillising effect of her presence has been permitted in some mysterious way to bear him safely through the crisis of this alarming seizure. It is as though her prayers were upholding him, as though her strong young life were passing into his. She forgets altogether that there is a world outside of them, forgets everything and anything but his need and her ministration.

It seems as though for the time being all clouds have been swept away from between them, all misunderstandings vanished, that she reads his heart and mind by that most subtle of all intuition, and rests in that perfect confidence which is never attainable in this world but under such rare circumstances as these.

Hereafter, doubts, and difficulties, and painful miscomprehensions may arise, but now they have no power to interfere. The one awful possibility holds all other things in abeyance. Was it because that while they had been sitting together thus, the wings of Azrael, the angel of death, the revealer of the secrets of all hearts, had swept over their bowed heads? Had he indeed been so near that for one moment the film of earth had been lifted? She did not know, she could not tell, but ever after in her memory the experience of that night seemed to have more to do with eternity than time.

Once Angelique came and offered to relieve her. In obedience to some expression in the old woman's eyes that disquieted her, Damaris gently attempted to withdraw the hand which Monsieur St. Just still held. His fingers closed more tightly over it, he moved restlessly, and murmured, without unclosing his eyes—

"Es-tu encore là, petite?"

"I am here, monsieur."

"Ne me quittes tu, je vous prie."

"I will not leave you until you are better."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW DRESSES.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

WHATEVER else in the way of dress we may need in England, it is certain that we always do need either a waterproof or an ulster of some kind. The first-named is generally worn by the elders, and the latter is most affected in its various shapes of ulster and "Newmarket coat" by the younger people who will read this article to-day. There is no doubt that the advent of the "Newmarket" shape has been a very great improvement, and it has turned the former rather unshapely and slightly untidy garment into a trim and very becoming one for rain or sunshine. The only additional requisite is that it shall be a good fit. It covers up an old dress quite as well as the ulster did, and to much better purpose, and if it be made with a cape which can be taken off and on, all the needful warmth for the spring and autumn is obtained. The improvement has been so widely adopted that I have lately seen in London some very well-cut and waterproofed "Newmarket" coats, made of fairly good tweeds, for 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 12s. 6d. each. In making such a purchase the coat should be fitted in the shop, and the future wearer should begin by sewing braid down each seam of the bodice to strengthen it. This will also prevent the thin tweed from stretching or becoming baggy.

Now that it is no longer needful to keep a silk dress for visiting, and that fashion has so changed that we can wear the same gown all day, until dinner in the evening, we shall find great comfort in the saving of money that will be secured, and we shall undoubtedly have much more ease in managing a small allowance. I think, from experience, that two dresses of mixed materials—cashmere and watered silk, or else serge, nun's veiling, or beige, prettily made and fashionably trimmed—would be enough for you to provide for the year. Sometimes one new dress in eighteen months is sufficient of this kind. But the wearer must be careful, must wear an apron, and keep an old skirt or dress for the really rainy bad days when obliged to go out. It is wonderful how much better off we shall be when we learn to be contented with two or three dresses at once, and how little anxiety we shall feel on the dress question when we once make up our minds that the one dress must last a certain time, and must be well kept and guarded from accident.

Serge and beige, both cheap and durable materials, can be made into very pretty dresses with a little care in mixing them with another and a richer material. The gathered flounce of last year has resigned its place in favour of a gathered puffing, which is really the flounce over again, with the lower edge turned in, and plaited in such a way as to lie the reverse way to the top of the flounce. This new plan, a friend of mine, famous for "redoing" her dresses, tells me, is the most economical of all ideas, and that an old dress can be transformed into a new one when she otherwise would have fairly despaired of it. Of course, old flounces with shabby edges can be utilised beautifully by turning in the offending edges, and old material, more or less thin, can be gathered or gauged up, so as to be used. But I must warn all my girl readers not to attempt to make any of these alterations unless on a strong foundation of good alpaca, and to find a good shape for the short-gored skirt before beginning their work. The front and the back widths should be trimmed separately, and afterwards sewn up together at the side seams.

The *fourreau*, or thick, full ruching round a plain skirt which is in such high favour amongst the young people, is very pretty and graceful, but it is an utterly unsuitable style for thin or flimsy materials like sateens or beiges. Rich and stout fabrics are particularly demanded by it, and the skirt should be of velvet, brocade, or silk; the ruche being made of satin the colour of the skirt, and is frequently lined with a contrasting colour. All the present skirts are wider, whether they be plainly ruched or very much flounced. Checked silks are much worn as trimmings for dresses of any kind of material, in which case they look better and are more becoming than when used alone. Some very pretty union stuffs, checked, and manufactured from silk and wool, are to be purchased for the trimming of plain woollen dresses, and they look exceedingly well when used carefully and tastefully. Bodices of black velvet, satin, and the tinsel brocades are extensively worn with black and dark skirts; and this is another plan which is much adopted by the economical and by those who are in the habit of wearing out their bodices before their skirts.

IN THE GARDEN.

What are called "habit tunics" are much worn as bodices for dresses made of thick materials, and they have one especial recommendation, which is that they save the necessity of wearing a mantle. They closely resemble a "Newmarket" coat, and are cut in the same manner—*i.e.*, with a seam on the hips—the only difference being that they fly more open in front, and are quite without buttons below the waist. The bodice with three seams at the back is the most used of any shape, but the side seams begin very low in the back of the armhole. The bands of the dresses at the throat are wider and higher, and ends, like those of a cravat, are frequently used to finish the fronts. The necks of bodices must be cut very well indeed, or else they do not fit well with the high band.

Our monthly illustration is an excellent *résumé* of all the best and newest fashions. The garden scene shows two distinct styles for thick and thin dresses, one of which may be used for the sateens, with borderings, or for those which, being made without, are edged with lace of various kinds. The figure with the rake wears a skirt of velveteen, trimmed with two frills of the same material as the bodice at the edge of the skirt. The bodice is one of the short tunics, which are draped in front, and drawn back with a long back-breadth, which is gathered up into a graceful shape. The little fichu is of plain muslin with frills of lace or plain muslin, and the cuffs are made to match. The hat is of grey straw trimmed with velvet to match the petticoat, and the feather is of a bright contrasting hue.

Two designs for sateen dresses, suitable for lawn tennis and for garden parties, are illustrated in our first sketch. Both figures show the large collars which are worn, generally made of the material of the dress, or to match a portion of the trimmings. The bonnet worn by the figure at the left is the new shape called the "Langtry," and is simply trimmed with gauze to match the straw in colour.

The dust-cloak shown on the standing figure is similar to the well known "Hubbard" mantles in its shape, but is made for the season of travelling in waterproofed tweed or alpaca, and is trimmed with ribbons to match. The young lady in conversation with her shows the high collar, which, though introduced in the winter, did not make much progress in the estimation of the public, until the summer fabrics appeared. The dress is of plain, figured, or flowered sateen, and the skirt of plain sateen is puffed with two rows of gathers in between each puff. Although a train has been added in conformity with our artist's taste for the beautiful, it is by no means needful, nor is the pretty costume really improved by it. This figure also shows the newest way of dressing the hair, *i.e.*, with a coronet of plaits at the top of the head, the hair being *crêpéd* on either side of the face.

Parasols will form a great feature in the toilette this season. They are very large, many of them being hand-painted. Tussore silk, with coloured or patterned linings, are used for morning toilettes, and those made of *moire* are especially elegant. The handles are made a great feature, and everyone who has fancy ones—balls of *lapis lazuli*, Sèvres china, or Dresden porcelain—has brought them out from amongst their family heirlooms. The ribs of the best ones are silvered, or gilt, as well as bronzed and copper-washed; but the sticks are smooth, and not so rustic in appearance as they were last year.

A WAY TO BE WELL AND HAPPY.

An Amateur Contribution.

I am only twenty years old, yet I have lived long enough and thought deeply enough on life to know and feel that nothing this earth can yield, however beautiful or pleasant, will ever be able to satisfy the cravings and longings of our human hearts, which still cry out for more. It is a vain cry, for the world's joys can never fill the aching void in our souls; they may please our fancy and delight our intellectual desires; but when all have been enjoyed and tasted to the full, our inmost selves still remain unsatisfied, and a voice within keeps wearily repeating, "What is true happiness?" "Where, oh! where, shall I find rest from this incessant weariness of life, from these harassing, perplexing thoughts?"

I wonder if many girls feel this, and can re-echo what I so often have felt? I wonder if they, like me, have set their heart's affections first on one object and then on another, and found after all, that, whether the desire were attained or not, still the reality never came up to the ideal, and still life seemed an unexplainable problem?

I believe this is the cause of the low spirits and *ennui* of a great many, although they may not be aware of it, and it affects the health very powerfully—the body sympathises so keenly with the mind.

Has no one ever noticed how much more easily and happily we can work with a glad heart, and how much less tired we are after it, than when we force ourselves to it, as a duty which must be performed? And suppose, for example, we go out to take what we call our constitutional—how little good, and what poor enjoyment we get out of it, if our hearts are weary and we have nothing very pleasant to interest our thoughts! But let us suppose that half-way we meet some friend we care for and dearly love to chat with, don't we find the way home much brighter and shorter, and does us far more good than the first half of our walk, and we come in with a bright, happy glow in our cheeks! Alas! that it so soon should fade, and our old cares and worries return to eat like a canker into our young lives!

But need it be so? Is there no cure for this *ennui*—for these ever increasing desires for something, we hardly know what? You may answer, "Oh, yes, if I had a happier home, or more congenial spirits to live with, I might be happy," or you may cry out for love, and say, "No one cares for me; if I had *but one* heart all in all to me, and me to it (like several friends you might name), then I *know* I should be happy;" or you may have arrived on the borderland of true happiness, and you may say, "Oh! if I were only good and unselfish, and like this dear friend or that, then I believe I should be really happy;" and I think so too, for in a great measure we make or mar our own happiness. But perhaps you find the way very hard, and you still seem alone and unloved, and things in the home thwart all your endeavours, so you leave off, with the same sad old cry.

It is indeed a sad thing to go along through life alone with this burden on our shoulders; if even we think ourselves Christians, or are really trying to be such, it is often just as heavy.

But now I want to tell you what I do think is the secret of our failure, the reason why the burden clings to us so. We go to Jesus, we tell Him our troubles, and we ask Him to ease us of our care; but perhaps we do this without even feeling towards Him as we do to an earthly friend; we don't think of Him as really being with us where we are; we think of Him—if we *think* at all—as someone far away; and we almost doubt (although we don't admit it) that he does *really* hear us; and thus we rarely get an answer to our petitions. Now let us try a new way. Supposing we don't know very much about Jesus—and we often think we know more than we really do—and if we have doubts about Him and His purpose towards us, let us *read* about Him in His blessed Word. This is one of the *truest* ways of learning to know Him; and He Himself has said, "Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of Me." Let us also offer a little prayer that each reading may be blessed by Him; and if we *can't* leave our doubts behind, let us *pray long* and *earnestly* for faith and trust. I don't think we shall persevere in this for long without His dear light stealing in. If we would only leave ourselves with Him, and simply believe that each word of His is true, that He *really* is with us alway, that He *has* lived and died for *each one*, that He is *now* ruling everything for our good, even though to us it may seem so fearfully dark and contrary. I often think how, when the night was dark and the wind contrary on that stormy lake, Jesus came walking on the sea to His disciples; and I think, too, that when life has become a burden, and all around affords no joy, when we are filled with disappointment and hopes long deferred, it may be the Master Himself coming to us. He loves us too well to suffer us to be satisfied with these things, and perhaps He has chosen this way to lead us to Him. He really knows what is the best for us, and He loves us too truly to give anything that would take us further away from Him.

Then let us just wait quietly, and rest in Him; let us trust although we may not see Him. Let us leave all our worries and cares to Him, just asking that He will take care of us and guide us continually, and let us believe simply that He will, and that His will is that here and now we do just what He tells us *where we are*. Let us *seek* to make others happy; and let us try with all our soul and heart to copy His example, and seek the knowledge and love of Him more than anything else.

Then He *will* come near, and fill us with gladness. He will make it a joy to us to live; and he will make us feel that, no matter what comes, all is well if He be with us.

I don't know of any medicine but this for our languid spirits and wearisome lives; and I do *believe* and *find* that this, combined with a well-regulated life, will give us *health* as well as happiness, such as we have never enjoyed before.

Mary H. Shaw (aged 20)

RAIN.

It was hot summer time. The Spirit of the Air, in his journeys round the earth, had flown down to rest himself on the cool, slatey heights of Snowdon, in North Wales. He was weary and dissatisfied, for many had been the complaints that reached him of the weather he had been of late supplying to the hard-to-please farmers of England and North Wales: they grumbled daily, because there had been not only no rain, but hardly any dew or vapour in the air, and though the crops and vegetation had found as much of their own food (carbonic acid gas) in the atmosphere as they needed, still they thirsted, for their water supply had been extremely small for some weeks past.

The fields were sad to see: the hay short, and burnt brown before it was fit to cut, and the young corn, with its fluttering green ribbons, only half grown, and drawn up into thin weak ears, which were ripening before their time.

No wonder the farmers looked anxious and troubled as they gazed up each day at the brilliant, hot, cloudless sky, and saw their tanks and ponds getting lower, muddier, and dryer. Their cattle, too, were beginning to suffer for want of good pasture, and had to be sent a mile or two away for their morning and evening drinks.

The drought affected high and low, man and beast. The vicar of one of the most suffering districts had even been obliged to forego the luxury of having his carriage washed for six weeks, so precious had water become; and the ecclesiastical chickens, the best tended in the parish, hung their heads, and their bright eyes dulled at the scanty allowance of drinking water that was daily poured into their trough. As for the little ducks, they were quite sad, fearing never to have a swim again, and when it was very hot they lay down, or stood on one little leg and panted with their bills open. I think, however, their foster mother, the old brown hen, who hatched them, was not so sorry the pond had dried up, for she never could get over her fright at seeing them in the water, and the last time they went in, it being low and muddy, they all got in such a dreadful mess that, instead of looking like neat little balls of yellow and black fluff, they came out looking quite disgraceful.

So the Spirit looked round him, pitying the distress, and wondering what he should do, for he knew that there were no clouds likely to be found in the neighbourhood, as the weather was hot and dry, and brilliant all over that quarter of Europe occupied by the British Isles. He had been obliged to let Eurus, the east wind, have a longer turn than he would otherwise have allowed, as his customary visit in March had been shorter than usual; but things were getting to too great a pass, and something must be done. Everybody in the shape of people and cattle thought themselves badly treated, and everything in the way of trees and plants felt cheated, as well they might, seeing that nearly three-fourths of its whole weight is lost to a plant when its water supply is turned off.

Then he arose and sped away, over to the far West of Ireland, where the grand waves of the great Atlantic come rolling in, and the seals and porpoises play at tumbling close to the shore. But all was hot and serene even there, and the river beds were dry, or nearly so, till the fish were in a terrible taking as to whether they should ever again get out of the pools where they had crowded for refuge. All was hot, arid, and stony, and no clouds anywhere, so he sped on.

He started across the great ocean, passing ships and large steamers, on board which the passengers were congratulating themselves on the fine weather they were having; still he sped on. Turning a little to the north for a few moments, he watched a whale enjoying himself in the warmer water of the hot summer's day, and in the far distance glimmered a little iceberg that had floated away from its friends on a frolic to the south, and to its own destruction—still he sped on.

At last came whispers from the north wind that Eurus had blown quite long enough, and with cooler breathings he condensed the vapour which the heat of the sun had been invisibly drawing up out of the sea, and light little clouds began to appear. The Spirit listened gratefully to Boreas, till the whole atmosphere seemed made of vapour, for the Gulf Stream, in everlasting flow, poured its currents of warm vapour-laden air right into the cold wings of the icy north wind where they instantly became steamy fog, and, tired with their rapid journey from the south, lay softly down to rest always on the sand banks of Newfoundland. But the Spirit spoke to them, reminding them that they must not think only of their own rest and comfort, for there were countries far to the east that were parched and thirsty, and crying for rain. At these words some of the mists rose up, wrapping their long veils around them (which is all the packing up they do before a journey), and telling the Spirit that they were entirely at his service, entreated that Boreas would allow his brother Zephyrus to blow for a short time from his warm home in the west, and so bring them quickly to the rescue of the thirsty lands.

This was speedily arranged, and in a day or two the east wind found his opposite brother so very determined in his persuasions that he retired, and Zephyrus flew on with his beautiful veiled vapours, till one hot evening, after their usual chat at the village tavern, the farmers on their way home heard the west wind talking to the trees, wandering pitifully amongst their dried and rattling leaves, and blowing up little eddies of the white dust that lay on the roads like flour. "This looks more like rain than we've seen nigh seven weeks!" they said, and with lightened hearts they went to their homes.

How the cattle looked up and sniffed the air! The very flies that had worried them all day held their quadrille parties at a much lower aerial level, so that the swallows had almost to brush the dusty grass with their wings to catch them; but as they flew they never forgot to tell the flowers and the fading limp leaves, "Rain is coming! Rain is coming!"

Presently the sky was dark with clouds, and large stray drops began to fall here and there; these were followed by more frequent ones, till at last small and great mingled, and rushed to the thirsty earth.

Then the little mosses were the first to lift their tiny branches, and spread their miniature leaves; after them, the grasses and creeping plants, and the rain kept on steadily, but more and more gentle, so that the weight of water might not lay the hay and young corn; all Nature looked up grateful and glistening the next morning, whilst the Spirit who had watched it all sped away once more on his errands of endless mercy and loving kindness.

REST.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

Rest, birdie, rest; thy home in the tree-tops swinging,
Under the starry sky;
Rest, birdie, rest; the winds thy lullaby singing,
As they are sweeping by.

Rest, baby, rest; thy mother is leaning above thee,
Singing a low, sweet song;
Rest, baby, rest; a father will ever love thee,
Now and thy whole life long.

Rest, mother, rest; thy sailor laddie is sleeping
Out on the rippling sea;
Rest, mother, rest; for angels their watch are keeping
Over thy boy and thee.

Rest, father, rest; look bravely out on the morrow,
Do thy work with a smile;
Rest, father, rest; for labour, and pain, and sorrow
Last but a little while.

Rest, all men, rest; on Christ's great tenderness casting
All that is pressing sore;
Rest, all men, rest; for arms that are everlasting
Hold us for evermore.

"'IT IS CONTRARY TO ORDERS, MADAM.'"

JANET STEWART.

A TALE OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

By LOUISA MENZIES.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was just three days after Mrs. Stewart's interview with Donald. The absence of all news of her husband kept her in the greatest anxiety, an anxiety no way lessened by the tidings that came in on all sides of the severity of the Government. The family was gathered at the mid-day meal when the sound of horse hoofs clattering in the courtyard sent a thrill of terror through every heart, a thrill which was not lessened by the sound of a military voice uttering the word of command, "Halt!" Every cheek turned pale, except that of little Alec, who looked up angrily from his broth, and the old stag-hounds beside Mrs. Stewart's chair uttered a low and angry bay.

Mrs. Stewart, pale, but composed, stepped from her place to meet the officer in command, who civilly took off his high cap and presented an official-looking document, which Mrs. Stewart opened with trembling hands.

"It is from Major Whiteford," said the corporal, in good English accent; "he presents his duty to you, madam."

"From Major Whiteford!" repeated Mrs. Stewart, much relieved, and she was able to unfold the epistle and to read it. It ran as follows:—

"Edinburgh Castle,

"This 30th day of April, 1776.

"HONOR'D MADAM,—Be pleased to receive the guard of five dragoons with their corporal, Edward Cotton, until further notice. I have in vain been attempting to obtain a protection for you, but these men whom I have procured to be sent to you are quiet, God-fearing souls, and Cotton, who has them in charge, holds himself somewhat bounden to be. I trust by God's help to be able to render you some more notable service. Meantime you and all who have taken no active part in the late troubles may regard yourselves as safe.

"Commend me to my little sweetheart, Janet. Your humble servant to command,

"ALLAN WHITEFORD."

Much relieved by the perusal of this letter, Mrs. Stewart proceeded to make arrangements for the entertainment of her unbidden guests; but when they were refreshed with food, Corporal Cotton explained to her that it was in no way necessary that they should be lodged in the house, and he proceeded to make a survey of the estate with a view to its military occupation, and many cottages being left untenanted by the departure of the men, two or three women preferring to live together for company, he found no difficulty in arranging quarters for his men without inconvenience to the family; and so orderly and quiet were the soldiers, so helpful too in out-of-door work, that if it had not been for the constant anxiety in which they were, lest the men who had not been slain at Culloden should return, Mrs. Stewart and the other women would even have felt comfort and assurance of protection in the presence of these Government officials, who might exact supplies for themselves, but

who would certainly protect them from the exactions of others.

For the first night or two, indeed, no one but the children could be said to sleep, for the tradition of the terrible night at Glencoe, when the Southern soldiers slaughtered their unsuspicious hosts on their own hearthstones, not sixty years ago, kept them wakeful; but when two or three nights had passed without alarm, and had been succeeded by quiet days; when they grew accustomed to see the dragoons fishing in the loch, or doing such kind offices for the household as presented themselves, their feeling of uneasiness began to subside. Little Janet, who, in virtue of her friendship with Major Whiteford, soon made acquaintance with the corporal, was once more permitted to make her visits to Elspeth alone, or with the nurse. Poor Elspeth had two of the soldiers quartered at the mill, but as she was quite unable to attend to it, it would have mattered little to her had not her anxiety about her son been so great; but nothing had been seen or heard of Donald since the night of his reappearance, and both Mrs. Stewart and his mother believed that he was gone in search of Stewart. As nothing was heard of either, they began to hope that they had got away to the Western Islands, where they might be concealed until the fury of the Government was spent.

It was then with an agony of terror that Mrs. Stewart was informed one evening by Dugald, the cowherd, that he had seen the laird as he came across Loch Creran from the south, whither he had been on a message for his mistress. The current was rapid and carried him some way below the usual landing place, and being in haste he moored his boat to a tree and leapt ashore some half mile below the usual ferry, so that he had to make his way by steep and rarely frequented paths. He had not got above a couple of hundred yards from the shore, when suddenly he encountered the laird, sadly worn and haggard, but still the laird himself, alive and unwounded—Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle—and the laird had charged him with a message to Mrs. Stewart that he was quite safe, and hidden in a cave, the existence of which was known to no one but himself and Donald. Dugald informed him that his house was in the hands of the soldiery, and entreated him to sail to Skye or Lewis until better times came; but the laird said that could not be, for every outlet was in the hands of the enemy, and he bade him tell his wife to send him food, and if she could not, he said he would rather die of hunger there on his own land than be cruelly butchered by foes who knew neither justice nor mercy under the pretence of a law. If Mrs. Stewart could manage to convey food to the cleft known as Donald Ord's Cradle, it would make him a fine larder, but if she could not he bade her be of good cheer, for at least he would die a free man.

These tidings, and the consciousness that her husband was once more breathing the same air, filled Mrs. Stewart with joy and yet with terror. He had been preserved through so many and great perils, it seemed almost like want of faith to despair of him now. She at once prepared a basket of the most delicate viands she could collect on the spur of the moment, and drawing her plaid about her, she had got about two hundred yards from the house when she felt a heavy hand laid on her shoulder, and a voice said firmly but not uncivilly—

"It is contrary to orders, madam, to allow any one to leave the house after sundown."

"I did not know your orders were so strict, corporal," said Mrs. Stewart, in a steady voice. "I was but going down the brae to visit a friend, who is suffering from these sad times with trouble of mind and body. But I will just wait till morning if ye think it best, corporal."

"Ye'll pardon me, my lady, we are obliged to obey orders. I have word from headquarters that some of the rebels are in hiding in these parts—Charles Stuart himself, for aught I know—and what a prize he'd be for a poor fellow to lay hold of!"

"But surely, Mr. Cotton, you would never take the price of blood?" said Mrs. Stewart, with horror.

"That's as it might be," said Cotton, coolly; "he'd not have been particular about shedding mine, and they that take the sword must perish by the sword. It's just the fortune of war. You go in, there's a good lady. Is it to Dame Elspeth that you're sending these goodies? You seem to think she has a fine appetite for an invalid. There, don't trouble yourself, she shall have them all, and she shall know that you were coming with them yourself, which, no doubt, would have made them all the sweeter. Go in, there's a dear lady, and don't be surprised if you see more of us than you have done; it won't mean anything, but we must mind our p's and q's. Our commanding officer may be down on us any time."

With these and many more words to this effect, he hurried Mrs. Stewart back to the house, taking her basket from her and examining its contents, which were certainly rather miscellaneous for the supper of an invalid. Mrs. Stewart submitted with the best grace she could, improvising a message to Elspeth, and glad to think that the trooper's thoughts should have turned to old Elspeth.

All night long Mrs. Stewart thought and prayed, and by the morning her resolution was taken. It was clear that she was watched, and any persistence on her part would certainly awaken suspicion. The women of the house, too, would be watched almost as closely as herself. There was no one that could help them in this strait but Janet; she went and came unquestioned among these strange men. Would it be fair to put her to such a test? Could a child of such tender years carry out so desperate a design?

"Janet," said Mrs. Stewart, taking her little daughter into her bed-chamber on the following morning, and holding her fondly in her arms, "Janet, you are a wise woman, lassie, and can keep counsel; father used to call you his little counsellor, do you mind that?"

Janet nodded her grave little head, and her eyes asked what service she could do.

"Janet," resumed Mrs. Stewart, very softly, "father is quite close to us—he is in Invernahyle!"

Janet uttered a sound which was half joy, half surprise. "When did he come?" she whispered, in the same tone.

"He was here yestereen; Dugald saw him as he came up from the loch—but he must on no account come within sight of the troopers—they would bind him hand and foot, and carry him away where we should never see him more."

"He will lie still," said Janet, "till Major Whiteford comes and makes the troopers go away."

"Aye, lassie; but the poor man must eat—he'll die of hunger if he cannot get food. I tried to take him some last night, but Corporal Cotton stopped me, and would not let me go. They think that there are some of our poor folk about, and are ten times as strict as ever. But, Janet, you are a little lassie—they let you come and go at your pleasure; if you could manage to take something and hide it in Donald Ord's Cradle, you would do more than a little maid of eight years old ever did before—you would save your father's life."

"Where is the basket?" asked practical Janet, looking round.

"Ye shall not carry a basket, my lass; the troopers would be taking it from you. See these pouches which I have made. Well, tie them on under your frock—there no one will see that you are carrying anything; ye may take your ball, or your book, but on no account must you let anyone see that you are carrying anything — better bring it home again. Remember it is a matter of life and death."

"Do not be afraid, mother," said Janet; "I shall do it. When am *I to go?*"

"You'd best let me tie the pouches on, darling; you must find your opportunity, forenoon or afternoon, so that the poor man has a bit to put between his teeth to-night."

So Mrs. Stewart tied the pockets under the full skirt of her little girl's dress, and Janet departed full of her mission. She took her little brother with her, and she went down to the mill, but the soldiers were about everywhere, and she could find no opportunity to discharge her cargo, nor was it till late in the afternoon that she managed to elude their notice. But that night the little maid slept soundly, happy in the conviction that her father's safety was cared for; and day by day, with a steady perseverance and a tact beyond her years, little Janet contrived to fill her father's larder, yet to excite no suspicion in any one of the soldiers, though they had nothing to do but to watch, and were very keen to better their fortunes by the arrest of a traitor.

For a whole month the little maid daily performed this duty, and she grew so familiar with the danger that she was never thrown off her guard by unforeseen accident, and never failed between sunrise and sunset to get unobserved to the appointed place.

Meanwhile Major Whiteford had been exerting himself to the utmost to procure a pardon for his friend. He had appealed in vain to the authorities in Edinburgh, both civil and military; it is even recorded of him that, failing in all his attempts to conciliate the magistrates, he sought an interview with the Duke of Cumberland himself, and when his Royal Highness professed his determination to enforce on Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle the extreme penalties which he had incurred by his treasonable conduct, he flung his commission on the table and begged to resign it, as it was against his principles to serve a master "who did not know how to pardon a fallen enemy." The Duke of Cumberland was struck by the generous enthusiasm of the intercessor and bade him take up his commission, promising him at the same time that his virtue should be the means of saving not only the life but the property of his friend.

So Major Whiteford had at length the great pleasure of taking a free pardon to Invernahyle, of dismissing the dragoons, and seeing Alexander Stewart once more under his own roof-tree.

It was then that he heard how Stewart's life had been preserved by the courage and care of his little daughter, who, by the way, was the only person in all the country-side who regarded what she had done as simply a matter of course, and saw nothing to admire in it.

"Anyone would have done the same," she said to Major Whiteford, when he questioned her about her experience, "and you, sir, have done much more. Anybody could carry things in a pocket and put them in a hole; I could have done as much for a bird or a rabbit. But it was you, sir, who saved us all."

"Who tried to pay a little of my debt, Janet?" said Major Whiteford, gently. "It was your father who set the example of magnanimity."

"Yes," said Janet, stealing her hand into her father's, with her old caressing gesture, "it was father who made it all possible to us. Thank God we have him home again!"

THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

OWING to the extensive and ever increasing circulation of The Girl's Own Paper, this article must be in the hands of the editor to-morrow, May 3rd, in order to appear in the June part. This will account for our details seeming to be in arrears. It is also the reason of our inability to give the exact date of the bazaar until after the event. But it will be advertised in some of the daily papers, to which we must refer our kind readers both for time and place. The exact date cannot be ascertained until the room or rooms can be secured, and this has not yet been effected. It is to be held, however, about midsummer. Flowers, both cultivated and wild, will be invaluable contributions, and if any of "our girls" are inclined to aid in this sweet and tasteful portion of our work, they can do so by writing first to Miss Tidd about the middle of June, and she will give them every information as to the "how and the when." These "stars that in earth's firmament do shine" should be sent to her.

We have just had the curiosity to count the number of letters now before us that have arrived since our last month's report of progress. They are 113, and have all been accompanied either by donations in money or goods. A list of the former is appended, but we are not allowed space enough in our beloved paper to add the latter. But we trust the generous donors will be satisfied by a letter from Miss Tidd, sent as soon as each contribution is received. This very morning we witnessed the unpacking of several parcels that had been forwarded to the editor, and had, therefore, to be sent on from his seat of government to that of the secretary of our Home. Any delay in their acknowledgment will be due to this transmission. We cannot resist chronicling one of these gifts, bestowed, we imagine, by some connection of the manufacturer's. It was a splendid overcoat of waterproof material of considerable value, and we are sure will tempt the traveller at home or abroad. In contradistinction to this masculine garment was a box full of minute knitted dolls' clothes, so small and daintily worked, that we envy the skill of the juvenile fabricators. But as to dolls, their garments, their bedsteads and cradles, they are of all sorts and sizes, though not all contributed by our girls. Many other friends are also helping who do not express themselves as readers of this magazine. We have again to offer the warm thanks of the inmates of the Home and its secretaries for the continued interest shown in the work. The 113 letters aforesaid are written by readers of all ages, and of every condition in life. Young children send their handiwork, and ladies subscribing themselves as "old girls of seventy, seventy-six, and eighty, yet readers," contribute theirs. We have a personal friend of eighty-six who is indefatigable in labouring for our Bazaar, and who declares she reads The Girl's Own Paper "right through." Many servants give liberally of their spare time, and even cash, while ladies engaged in tuition continue to aid us themselves, and to encourage their pupils to do likewise.

Of one such there is an especially interesting tale to tell. Herself a governess, and student at a training college, she is yet a Sunday school teacher and zealous visitor of the poor. She found the other day one of her Sunday scholars, a girl of fourteen, the child of a widowed mother, under doubtful circumstances of life—a delicate girl in danger from many temptations incident to poverty, and living in a crowded London thoroughfare. This young lady and her sister had just completed a box of tasteful gifts for the Bazaar, in response to our appeal, and it was put into her heart to ask for admission to the Home of the poor child in whom she was so deeply interested. She set to work at once: went first to the girl's mother, then to the secretary at the office, then to a governor for a letter of recommendation, and finally has obtained a promise that her *protégée* shall be shortly admitted. Thus the poor girl will, by God's providence, be rescued, and trained for domestic service, while her friend will have the satisfaction of being the human instrument of, perhaps, saving her from destruction. We think she should be called "the Child of the Bazaar," since, but for it, her benefactress would not have heard of the Princess Louise Home. But it entails a vast amount of extra work on the willing secretaries. As to Miss Tidd, she is at it from 9 a.m. till midnight, and Mr. Gillham has his portion. He has received a letter from Washington, United States, asking for further particulars of the foundation, management, &c., of the Home mentioned in The Girl's Own Paper, because the authorities of that city contemplate founding a similar one there. Is not this encouraging? "Go and do likewise" is a command to us all.

One of the most earnest workers for our Bazaar is a poor but respectable dressmaker, whose daughter—one of the so-called incorrigibles—is in the Home. Out of materials furnished by friends she manufactures children's and dolls' dresses, and is ready to use her machine for any purpose to which it can be put, provided it can aid the Home that shelters her child. And how many "earnest workers" we have! Those multitudinous bandboxes are overflowing with knitted petticoats and all sorts of wool work—pence-jugs, egg-coseys, boots and balls breaking bounds continually. We have, besides, valuable point-lace handkerchiefs and filoselle slippers, which must have used up much time, patience, and eyesight; indeed, what that the cunning handicraft of girls can achieve have we not? What it did not achieve, however, are a silk-winder and a dainty camp-stool, as well as a curious piece of machinery in the shape of a "strong-minded woman" holding forth to her constituents.

We have now only to repeat our refrain of, "All contributions will be gratefully received and speedily acknowledged by Miss Grace Tidd, 54, New Broad-street, E.C.," and to add a list of previous contributors. We are also able to append the names of the distinguished ladies who have kindly consented to become patronesses of our Bazaar, which will be supplemented by others.

Donations.

Two Trifles for the Home, 8d.; T. E., 6d.; H. Hale, 2s.; Passion Flower, 1s.; Bird of Spring, 6d.; A Well-wisher, 10s.; An Irish Girl, 2s. 6d.; E. H. Horman, 2s.; Miss Hill and Pupils, 10s. 6d.; H. J. Thorpe, 5s. 6d.; A Country Girl, 2s. 6d.; A. B. Deane, 2s.; A Manx Lassie, 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 5s.; Mrs. Helen Cook, 5s. 2d.; Nelly and Janet, 5s.; Ada H. Grafton, 3s.; A. A. B., 7s.; Mrs. Jackson, 5s.; Elizabeth Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Clarabella, 5s.; A Well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; Rosa Mott, 2s. 6d.; "Girl's Own Paper," 1s.; Eva and Maude B., 4s.; A. A. M., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Mayall, 2s.; Mercy Davy, 1s.; Anon, 5s.; Busy Bee, 5s.; H. Porter, 5s.; A Sussex Maiden, 5s.; E. Fowler, £2; Isabella Graham Johnson, 3s. 6d.; A Fellow-servant, 1s.; Nellie Kington, 10s.; Fanny Kerr (Jamaica), 4s.; One of the Editor's Girls, 5s.; Wych Hazel, 1s.; F. S. B., 1s.; E. Savery D., 6d.; E. Rawlings, Esq., £1 1s.

Patronesses.

H.R.H. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Lady Mayoress, Lady Brassey, Lady Truscott, Lady Sherborne, Lady Victoria Long Wellesley, Countess of Orkney, Countess of Galloway, Lady Violet Greville, Hon. Mrs. Halliburton Campbell, Mrs. W. E. Gladstone, Mrs. Marwood Tucker, the Misses Beresford Hope, Lady Hayter, Lady Prescott, Lady Jessel, Mrs. Sarah Philips, Lady Martin, Mrs. Breffit, Mrs. Ogg.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wild Rose.—We fail to see why your having left school could render you ineligible for preparing yourself for the examination of the College of Preceptors. No. "2" is the best specimen of writing enclosed.

Penelope.—You may learn the multiplication, the pence, and the shillings tables without the aid of a teacher. We think that by attending a night school, writing copies, and learning to spell properly you might acquire sufficient education to render you capable of serving in a shop. But how long it would take you to make such a preparation we could not tell. You might be ready in a twelvemonth.

Epsilon.—Write to the Secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. The most inexpensive classes are those of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay. We should think not less than £40 per annum.

Gertrude.—The "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price four shillings. We fear we cannot help you if nothing you have already found in "My Work Basket" has been suitable.

Hindoo Koosh.—According to a recent letter from the Duke of Westminster, published in all the papers, there is at present a good opening for teachers of cookery. The Edinburgh School is at Albert-buildings, Shandwick-place, and for that of Glasgow, address Miss Paterson, 8, Claremont-terrace.

Mushroom.—The examination held in the University of Cambridge in the second year of residence is called the "Little Go." In Oxford the corresponding examination is called "the Smalls." Write to the secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, for information.

Black Spanish.—Your question is best answered by reminding you of the fact that "set" is an intransitive verb, which is formed into a transitive one by changing the vowel—as, "sit." Thank you for your kind letter, which we think is beautifully written.

Flora.—We do not give the addresses of agents, but we always advise. English girls wishing to take situations abroad should communicate with Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, before doing so.

Isaline.—The period you require in the history of Rome is covered by "Rome and its Papal Rulers," by Canon Trevor, price 8s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. This work begins from the foundation of the city.

Maid of Athens.—Write to the secretary, C. R. Hodgson Esq., College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Your writing is very poor indeed.

Olivia Primrose and Rumtydudget.—You will find "The Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., an excellent work for beginners in botany and other natural sciences.

Mina Green—We fear we must quote, for your benefit, Sydney Smith's unkind saying about the surgical operation and the joke, and substitute yours for a Scottish understanding.

Rachel.—Address Mrs. Croom Robertson, Secretary, 31, Kensington-park Gardens, W., if you desire any information respecting the rules of Girton College, Cambridge. The mistress is Miss Bernard. The age for admission, eighteen years and upwards. The expenses, £105 per annum. The entrance examinations in March and June. You would find Newnham Hall much less expensive, if economy be an object. Residence is supplied for pupils over seventeen years of age, who are attending lectures or preparing for the University Examinations. Expenses of board and lodging from forty-five to sixty guineas, and for instruction from six to fifteen guineas per annum. The Principal is Miss A. J. Clough.

ART.

Annie Statia (Anastatia?).—An article will shortly be given in this magazine on the subject of "Chrysoleum Painting," to which we direct your attention. Your writing is very legible but not pretty.

Stanley Vere.—Two things are requisite to make an artist who designs for any work thoroughly efficient—ideality and manual power. How could

we know intuitively with how much originality of thought you are gifted, or with what facility and grace you can trace your designs? Some possess the ideas and not the manual skill, and others *vice versa;* and thus a true artist might form a splendid ideal picture, which he could only demonstrate in a rude rough way with bold strokes of the brush; while one well practised in the art, yet much his inferior, might commit those ideas to the canvas in the most delicate and finished style. We have seen no example either of your work or your imaginative powers, so can only advise you to ask for your master's opinion, and to seek admission to the Royal Academy of Art as soon as may be possible.

RUBENS.—Your little coloured sketch gives promise of better things, and shows artistic taste. But be assured that the method adopted at the School of Art is the best and most thorough. You must "walk before you can run." We regret that any letters of yours have been overlooked. We do the best we can among so many.

CRANKY.—Your painting is very creditable and pretty. Cotton-velvet is selected on account of the shortness and closeness of the pile. We fancy that the poor quality of the silk velvet, on which you made your disastrous *début,* must have been the cause of your discomfiture. This time at least you have succeeded.

PEARL.—The process of making gold, silver, and steel lustres is too long to be detailed here. They are used on earthenware, &c. The process called "lustre painting" was akin to that of the lacquered Japanese trays you constantly see, which was also known as "Japan work." Specimens may be seen in many houses, in the shape of cabinets, work-boxes, and book shelves.

A. L. O. P.—Many of the best of Murillo's paintings are to be seen in the Madrid convents. Murillo was born in 1613, and was killed in 1635, by a fall from a scaffold while he was painting.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SPECTACLES.—1. We should imagine that any kind of stain, even of tar, could be removed from marble by use of soda, pumice-stone, and chalk. Take of soda two parts, of pumice-stone one part, and one of finely powdered chalk: sift through a fine sieve, and mix with water into a paste. With this rub the marble well, and then wash it with soap and water. Should this fail, write under the same name, and we will send another. 2. You will have seen the result of the competitions when you read this. We thank you for your proposal to send work for the benefit of the Princess Louise Home, and for the information you give about the island. You will find an account of it in the correspondence of one of our numbers. We are sorry you are troubled with weak eyes. You should spare them for a time. Sow the English seeds in shady places.

COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPER.—1. The process of removing paint from wood is so troublesome and tedious that we cannot give you any hope of your accomplishing it on a flight or more of stairs. The work was declined by a London house-builder and decorator, on our own application, for a similar purpose. Your only alternative is to paint and grain the wood like mahogany—dark oak or walnut—and have it well varnished. 2. We do not supply prices of books which we do not publish.

WORK.

TOPSEY.—The article, "Point Lace Work," will be supplemented by a series of others in lace, but we can give no promises as to when they will appear.

M. ANTOINETTE.—1. We do not pay for recipes, which we supply freely to our readers. You write a good hand. 2. Use a good plate-powder, which can be procured at any silversmith's.

A. E. S.—You will find a charming crochet border, with leaves to match your pattern, at page 685, vol. ii. It will make your quilt lighter and prettier.

QUEEN MAB.—See page 64, vol. ii., for "Skeletonised Leaves." The number will cost one penny.

LOIS FRAZER.—Take out several cotton dresses, and you will find a kind of thin ticking of cotton also useful, strong, and "unwear-out-able," as one of the fashionable journals recently phrased it. Your riding-habit might be of russell-cord, and you had better have it made when you arrive, taking the material with you. An old dress will answer for the voyage, but we should advise you to have a nice travelling costume of beige, and a neat ulster, to put on when you land. You will be glad to have a change of dress.

A WORKER.—We are always glad to help our correspondents who desire to economise, and think that in reference to the cleaning of black chip hats the following will be your best plan. Remove the trimmings, lining, and wire. Brush the bonnet or hat thoroughly, inside and out, with a stiff brush. Then paint it carefully with any superior kind of "gloss" sold for kid shoes and boots at a shoe-shop. If necessary give the hat a second coat of the polish; but do so gently, so as not to produce a froth. Then, as soon as dry, iron the hat on the inside, in every part, using a very small flat-iron, to enable you so to do; and if there be a portion of the straw bent and creased, damp it on the inside, and then iron it. This treatment will be found equally satisfactory for both straw and chip. You might find Jettine, Nubian blacking, or common black ink available, but we should prefer the shoe-maker's gloss, of which there are several varieties. Under the circumstances which you name, your letter is very creditable to you, and we find no mistakes to correct.

CURIOUS NAN.—The difference between the terms "tartan" and "plaid" is one usually misunderstood. Correctly speaking, the former has reference to the checked desgn, in colour and form; while the latter denotes the strong coarse worsted cloth worn by the Scotch peasantry in their national costume. Tartan patterns will be worn this year in every description of fine or coarse material, but perhaps simple checks mostly so.

SAVE-ALL.—We think that you might make use of all your little ends of narrow velvet ribbon, braids, and China ribbons in making articles in ticking work. Add to your collection of scraps a little brightly coloured (and especially old-gold) purse-silks, and some very narrow gold braid; and then revive your acquaintance with as many little embroidery stitches as possible—such as coral stitch, herring-bone stitch, buttonhole stitch, chain and cross stitches, and French knots. By means of these you can embellish the stripes of ticking which are left uncovered, and the various braids and ribbons may be sewn down on either side, to attach them to the foundation in an ornamental manner. If you fear the early tarnishing of gold braid, old-gold silk braid, of very narrow width, will produce an equally good effect. Probably you will obtain very nearly all you may require, to supplement your own collection, from friends. We admire your wish to waste nothing; remembering the Divine admonition (in St. John vi. 12.) which is of universal application.

"RHUMATICS." — We recommend the wearing of flannel underclothing instead of woven merino, as the friction produced by the former adds to the benefit obtained from its special properties. Were you able to procure "Norwegian pine-wool," woven into elastic cloth, it would be superior still, in a case of rheumatism. Knee-caps, socks, and stockings, and every separate article of underclothing can be procured of this kind of wool; which, with the essence of pine oil—for application on parts especially affected—we have seen in the Soho Bazaar, and may, doubtless, be procured elsewhere in town. The essence is good for stiff neck and face-ache.

JUMBO.—Consult "My Work Basket" for advice on things for a bazaar. Pincushions, needle-cases, thimble-cases, and small packets of sweets are all useful things.

GOVERNESS.—Many thanks for your kind letter and promise of assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARISSIMA MIA. — There is but one possible answer to your question—a decided adherence to duty at whatever cost, and abandonment of all thought of the subject.

ENILEDA. — We thank you for the pretty offering of May-blossom. Coming to us on May-day, it makes us value it all the more.

SWEET BRIAR. — Pronounce as if written thus:—"Gra-mare day Gra-mare." We think that your writing promises well.

JEANNIE.—Roller skating will not tend to spoil your real skating.

CAIRNGORM inquires:—"Is it good for the health to take apples *to* breakfast?" It is good for the purse to take them to market; for "the health," we should advise you to take them *at* breakfast; since, according to the old adage, fruit is "gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night." 2. Your friend suffers from poorness of blood. She needs to enrich it. If the pain be in the face or head, it may be traced perhaps to a tooth which should be extracted. We fear that your hand is already formed, and its improvement will prove troublesome.

PEPITA.—The colours that would look well with dark maroon velvet are pink, pale blue or primrose. Your hand is rather pretty.

IVY C.—You will find the answer to your question respecting the buns in one of this year's numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Your letters all slope without regard to beauty or uniformity; but your letter is kind, and we thank you for it.

JESSAMIN C.—"Low Sunday" is the Sunday next after Easter; and only means that it is the lowest on the list for that season. We are glad you like our paper.

MRS. GUMMIDGE.—To be "engaged at seventeen" we should regard as a misfortune, while we admit that there are exceptional cases. How could a girl know her own mind at that age? A young girl does not see with the eyes of a woman who has had some experience of life, and has known a sufficient number of men to enable her to make a judicious choice. For information respecting Post Office Clerkships, see page 543, vol. i. When we do not know either your abilities or acquirements we could not venture to give you advice. Your writing is legible and fairly good.

ROSEBUD (F.)—There is some promise in your little poem, although the rhythm is very incorrect, and it is sadly deficient in rhymes—which that style of versification requires. We like the spirit in which the poem is written, and the sentiment that, "To have comforted many on earth" can never be labour lost; and we may add—even though the reward may never be gained on this side of the grave, beyond the knowledge that we have done our duty. You have our best thanks for your kind letter.

F. E. T. — We have read the account of your experiences in omnibus drives, and they correspond with our own. You might have included the contact with dripping umbrellas, the sweeping past you of muddy skirts, and the treading on your feet of careless in-comers. You have written it very well for your age, but it is not suitable for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MAY.—We do not give estimates nor prices. The sentence you give is as commonly written and printed in one way as in the other; but we should write in the singular number.

C. REYNOLDS.—We thank you for your offer of an article, but regret that our staff of writers is full, and we are unable at present to enlarge it, or to make any changes.

MARY G. M., ADDIE, and A YOUNG READER.—Reading some interesting book aloud, of travels, or lives of remarkable men—especially those who have raised themselves; games, such as chess and bagatelle, of which there are comparatively cheap varieties; such as "Cocamoroo," singing and playing, feats of legerdemain (or the playing of conjuring tricks, which may be learnt from a boys' book), and any manual work, such as the making of cheap scrap-books for presents or for hospitals, or the cutting-out of models, houses, churches, or boats, and rigging the latter—all these are nice employments for young lads when at home. For girls, "Capping Verses," "How do you like it? When do you like it? and Where *do* you like it?" "The genteel lady, always genteel," "Shadows on the Wall," and "Quartetts" of various kinds would enliven a quiet evening at a friend's house. In fact, all the above-named amusements would be equally suitable for girls or boys.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—We cannot assist you in disposing of your cards or terra cotta articles. We can only say, show them to the proprietors of the shops where such things are respectively sold, and offer to supply what may be required. All work must stand on its own merit in dealing with tradespeople, and we are not in a position to express an opinion of yours, but wish you success. Three younger sisters must claim much of your time.

ELL.—Dear little reader, we fear you indulge in morbid feelings, in thinking you would "too gladly" "lie down to die," although you may have "troubles and cares," and may also be fortified with a humble hope of acceptance through the sufferings and merits of Christ. The composition of your poem is altogether incorrect, and why an apostrophe should be substituted for an "e" in every direction we fail to understand. We must also point out that when speaking of resting "on your Saviour's breast," you should not introduce the god of sleep of the heathen mythology, and talk in the same breath of yielding yourself likewise to the "Sweet fetters of Morpheus!" We met with some difficulty in deciphering your writing, as you do not know how to write an "h." Thus, for example you write "Nignt," for "Night." We thank you for your kind expressions of satisfaction with our magazine.

TELIMA and MADGE.—Perhaps you drink beer. It is bad for the complexion. If you do, leave it off for some time, and you may then judge of the correctness of the suggestion. "Flushing" after meals is common to persons of weak digestions; and more especially if they hang their heads, read, or work while the digestion is going on. An hour's freedom from study and work is not too much time to expend on your health after dinner. But even apart from a weak digestion, "flushing is common to young people when in good health." Read the articles by "Medicus."

ANNIE L.—Feed your white mice on any kind of beans, peas, nuts, and oats, also on a little bread soaked in milk. The insects of which you complain as infesting your birdcages — when once you have thoroughly cleaned out the cage—may be kept away by suspending a little bag of sulphur in the cage. This will tend to benefit the health of the birds, as well as to defend them from the attacks of vermin.

ALICE.—There are other ways of employing small pieces of ribbon besides the making of patchwork. Why not make little scent-bags for linen? First line the ribbon with muslin, and when the bag is made, one side only remaining open, fill it with powdered cloves, or of cinnamon, orris-root, or sandal-wood; or when the lavender flowers are fully out, remove them from the stalks and fill with these. Such little scent-bags will prove an acceptable gift to anyone to whom you may present them.

NANCY LEE.—We are sorry for you, if so much good linen be mildewed. We cannot answer for your success in removing the stains, but recommend you to try rubbing them well with soap, then scraping some fine chalk, and rubbing this also on them; then laying out the articles on the grass, and as they dry, wetting them again a little, and the mildew spots may come out on the repetition of the whole process.

ROWLEY.—It is not true that one of the late poet Longfellow's daughters has no arms. The painful story originated in the circumstance that the centre figure of the lovely trio of girls had her arms concealed by her sisters; the width of the picture requiring to be narrowed to a due proportion with the length. The report reached the ears of the poet and gave him great annoyance. If you want to utilize very small scraps of dry bread, bake them till quite brown

in the oven, then pound them finely in a mortar, and keep them in a well corked pickle jar, to be ready for frying cutlets or fish.

1. 2. 3.—The Scotch are said by tradition to have adopted the thistle for their emblem from the fact that warning was given them of a night attack in progress by the Danes, by one of the enemy setting his foot on a thistle, which made him cry out. The shamrock is the symbol of Ireland, because St. Patrick selected it to prove to the Irish the doctrine of the Trinity. The English red rose was the cognizance of the House of Richmond, and the white rose of the House of York. Tradition says that St. David caused the Britons under King Cadwallader to distinguish themselves by wearing a leek in their caps. They conquered the Saxons, and wear the leek in commemoration on every anniversary, March 1, "St. David's Day."

A Bird Fancier.—The bullfinch is an English bird, and costs from five to seven shillings. A small manual on "cage birds" is to be procured at most railway stations for one shilling.

Marie.—The sunflower grows well in or near a town. Sow half-a-dozen seeds together in a clump in a circular drill. The plants may be allowed to grow up and flower without transplanting. Single sunflowers are preferred to double ones, as the centres are so much handsomer. Fowls are very fond of the seeds and they are very good for them, as they contain much oil.

Lizzie (Surrey.)—"Oh Fair Dove" is one of the best-known poems of Jean Ingelow. The music will be found printed like other operas in a separate book, at any musicseller's.

Oxon.—The following is the riddle by Bishop Wilberforce :—

> "Man cannot live without my first,
> By day and night 'tis used ;
> My second is by all accursed,
> By every one abused.
> My whole is never seen by day,
> 'Tis never used by night ;
> 'Tis dear to friends when far away,
> But hateful when in sight."

We do not know that the answer has ever been printed.

Daisy.—If you apply the following wash to the walls of your small lumber-room it may render them, to some extent, drier than they now are. Add quarter of a pound of mottled soap to one gallon of water ; and with a large flat brush, such as used for whitewashing, sweep the bricks carefully, but make no lather in so doing. Then leave them for 24 hours to dry, and meanwhile add half a pound of alum to four gallons of water, allowing the solution to stand for those 24 hours. It will then be ready for application in the same manner to the walls, over the first coating of soap. This process must be carried out in dry weather, when the walls are in their best condition. If this does not suffice, let us know of the failure, and we will endeavour to find you another cure for the trouble experienced. We feel gratified by your warm praise of our magazine, and more especially of our dress articles.

Marguerite de S.—We thank you for the information kindly offered, but we are fully acquainted with the subject already. Also for the offer of an article, although we regret that we are unable to avail ourselves of it.

Euterpe.—We thank you for your very kind and gratifying letter. Sometimes nervousness and shyness arise from an excess of diffidence in reference to your own powers ; then the experience of success on a few trying occasions may prove a cure. At other times they may be the result of some temporary delicacy, and a tonic judiciously administered may be of service. Write or say, "Miss Smith," or "Miss Agnes Smith," not "Miss Agnes."

Dinah E. M. A.—It is, indeed, pleasant and encouraging to receive such a grateful letter as yours. We wish you all success in your studies, prosecuted in a country with which we are very familiar ; and all the enjoyment which we have derived from that, more especially of the beauties of Nature, such as you have probably never realised before.

Emma F.—We much regret that the verses which accompany your letter are so much inferior to it, and that their acceptance for publication would be impossible. Of the sentiments they express we quite approve.

Caliope.—We believe that there is a Ladies' Tricycle Club in Kensington, but we are not favourable to the idea of the use of such vehicles in London, as they are unsafe and otherwise out of place. In a small country place they may be used on level ground, but not on a country road, when the lady is unaccompanied by a gentleman.

Anfidius.—You will find the quotation which you give in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act ii. scene 2.

Puzzled.—We fear you are likely to remain true to your name, and feel sorry for you. We quote your letter . . . "people suffering from gout are to drink boiled water, that the chalk in the water may be deposited on the kettle. If, then, the marble (or oyster shell) be used to prevent the chalk settling on the kettle, would not this purpose be defeated ?" Dear puzzled one, do you think there is a magic influence in the sides of the kettle, or any sinister one in the oyster shell ? Why should not the chalk attach itself to the latter *instead* of to the kettle ? Surely, if it go out of the water, that will suffice !

Gipsy.—The quotation to which you refer is correctly written thus—"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed" ; and you will find it in the *Cure for the Heartache*, act v., scene 2, by Thomas Morton, author of *Speed the Plough* and other standard pieces for the stage. Mr. Morton was born at Durham, brought up to the law, and died in 1838, aged seventy-four years. Thus the probabilities are that this "Stanley" was only a fictitious character, as Morton was not a writer of historical dramas, like Shakespeare.

Anna E. M.—Use a little oil, and apply with a feather.

Isabel.—We thank you for your kind and grateful letter, and are glad to tell you that you write a very nice hand.

Alley N.—Many of our readers seem in trouble about their goldfish, and it seems to be a common idea that they find sufficient nutriment in the dirty water in which they are kept ; while others adopt the plan of occasionally throwing in pieces of bread. The fish, that have been deprived of sufficient food for some days, then eat voraciously, and to their own injury. A small quantity of grated biscuit thrown into their vase would not only prove harmless—not being greedily swallowed in lumps—but serve to sustain life in their artificial home, where they have not the opportunities for catering for themselves, as they would have enjoyed in a natural state. We have recently read of a fish fancier who caught h sgold-fish daily, and removed them, in a little net, to a small basin, into which he had poured biscuit powder, and who always cleaned out and renewed the water in their vase while they were feeding in the basin.

Anxious.—All such medicines should be used only by the advice of a medical man. From reading your letter we should imagine that you do not take suificient walking exercise to circulate your blood. We should not wonder if bathing, plenty of friction, and no medicine, save fresh air and a simple tonic, would do wonders for you. Make it a habit to walk for a certain time at intervals during the day in the house, and when the weather gets fine, in the grounds or garden.

A Poor Farmer's Daughter. — If you already esteem the man your parents wish you to marry, and you have no prior attachment to prevent your loving him in time, we see no reason to debar you from accepting him as your future husband. A basis of mutual esteem is indeed a valuable one to begin married life upon.

Bousch.—We could not advise you on the subject of registry offices in London. Why do you not join the Girls' Friendly Society, which would be of the greatest use to you ? The address of the secretary in London is Miss Wright, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W., from whom all information can be obtained, and lists of the lodges in the country.

Trottie.—The whole subject of the Hebrew numerals is wrapped in much obscurity, and various are the views of those learned in such matters. Probably the difficulty was designedly left such by Him to whom it sometimes seems best to "confound the wisdom of the wise." We should advise you to procure and study the "New Introduction to the Study of the Bible," by Dr. Barrows, D.D. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). The difficulties to which you refer may be found discussed at pages 176-7. The mere question of "how a man could attain" to so much greater longevity than ourselves does not appear to us to offer any difficulty. How did the Almighty form him out of the dust ? Yet he was so formed. We cannot reason with omnipotence.

Julifred.—Your brother must be a good, steady, clever boy, of much promise. But it is a pity that he should devote time to verse-making until he has studied the art of making the lines to "scan," and all the rhymes to ring in perfect tune. But when this is accomplished, the statue, carved according to exact rule, and in "the lines of beauty and grace," still needs life. What is it without the mind and the heart ? Just in the same way, what are a set of correctly written verses, if there be no grand new, striking, and beautiful ideas ?—something original ? As it is, most of the verses our readers send us are so like some little commonplace style of hymn which we have seen, that we can scarcely distinguish which is which.

An Appreciative Reader.—The slab of marble or other shelf-like decoration over the fire-place is a "mantelpiece," not "mantlepiece." Whenever possible to avoid giving the same name to two things, it is well to make a difference. The word "mantel" is to be preferred, as serving to distinguish this word from "mantle," a garment. See Wester's Dictionary, revised by Goodrich and Porter.

Perplexity.—1. It would not be seemly on your part to "take the initiative." A friend might obtain an introduction. A girl should beware of being forward. 2. You need not shake hands twice on the same day ; but always once.

A Tease.—We should advise your friend to state her case gently, but firmly, to her selfish employer, and tell her that she cannot do more than read a certain number of hours in the day, and never during meals nor for a full hour after any meal, especially dinner. Let her tell her that her health and digestion are giving way, her sleep gone, and her headaches have become so continual, that while regretting to be unable to read to her the whole twelve hours in the day, she must either begin on a new plan, or give her notice to leave. We think your cousin might obtain a situation as "lady help."

S. T. O.—To produce the dull look on impressions of seals which you see in those specimens of engraving in shops, you should warm your seal, then rub the end of a piece of wax over it, and sprinkle it with a little of the best vermilion. When melting the sealing-wax, be careful not to let it take fire, and so become smoked, or black streaks will appear when transferred to the paper or cardboard. Press the seal firmly on the wax, and the vermilion will produce the effect you have observed. You may diversify the effects by using powders and wax of dissimilar colours.

TO OUR GIRLS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In consequence of the cordial and enthusiastic reception of our Christmas Number, we, at the suggestion of many friends, have arranged for the publication of an extra Summer Number, to be called

"Silver Sails."

This special number will contain complete stories by Sarah Doudney, Maggie Symington, Louisa Silke, Anne Beale, and others. Also papers on the following subjects peculiarly interesting during the summer months :—The Sea-Shore and What we May Find There, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. ; Needlework for the Holidays, by Mary Laybourn ; Picnic Fare and How to Prepare It, by Phillis Browne ; Our Summer Holidays and How we Should Utilize Them, by S. F. A. Caulfeild ; Our Country Lanes and Meadows, by Dr. J. E. Taylor ; Short Poems, by F. E. Weatherly, Helen Marion Burnside, Jetty Vogel, Sydney Grey, and others. Bathing and Summer Clothing, by Dora de Blaquiere ; How to Swim, by the Author of "How to Ride;" How to Dry Leaves and Flowers, by Dora Hope ; Summer Health, by Medicus, and a new song, "The Reapers," specially written by Edward Oxenford, and composed for "SILVER SAILS" by Franz Abt.

"SILVER SAILS" will be ready on the eve of Midsummer Day, June 23. Price sixpence. As only a limited number of copies can be printed, orders should be given to the booksellers immediately.

COPY OF AN OLD SAMPLER.

[*See page* 588.

VOL. III.—NO. 127. JUNE 3, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SEED AND FRUIT.

BY E. WIGLESWORTH.

THE cultured flowers, the waving corn,
Wild herbs and feeble weeds,
And monarchs of the forest vast,
Bear in themselves their seeds.

Some will spring up and shed their fruit
Ere the next moon appears,
And some unfold their petals bright
After long months or years.

But one the law for flower or grass,
For herb, or weed, or tree:
That after its own kind alone
The fruit of each must be.

So is it with the deeds we do,
The seeds we hourly sow;
For some will ere the morrow yield
Their meed for weal or woe.

And some, perchance, which seemed as small,
Will downward take deep root,
And we from earth may pass away
Ere these can yield their fruit.

And on and on through countless years—
Beyond our power to stay—
Are multiplied, for good or ill,
The seeds we sowed to-day.

Oh, bitter thought! That deed of ours
Done in an evil hour,
Has, though repented of and mourned,
Left germs of deadly power.

Then grudge thou not the precious seed
To water with thy tears,
Though weeks have lengthened into years,
And yet no blade appears.

No living seed can ever die.
In ages yet to come
Thou shalt behold thy shining sheaves
Stored in our Father's Home.

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"ONE THE LAW FOR FLOWER OR GRASS."

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCUSSION.

SOMEHOW, in spite of all her little loving preparations, Faith did not feel quite happy on Christmas Day. For one thing, she missed the genial, homely service in Westering Church. She and Denzil went to morning worship in one of the Episcopal churches of the Presbyterian town, which being a service she was unaccustomed to, it did not seem to do her so much good. And it seemed to her that Denzil was strange and gloomy. Of course, he must be thinking of last year, and of all they had lost since then. Only, it was such a pity that the feeling of loss did not give him the tenderer clinging to her who yet remained.

Marcus Drummond arrived, bright and chatty as usual, with the familiar Christmas greetings on his lips. He and Denzil had a few words to say apart, about their studies. Marcus's manner was reassuring, and Denzil grew a little more cheery, yet Faith could not help feeling that but for the presence of the lively West Indian the Christmas feast would not have been very festive.

He was full of memories of home, and wonderments as to what they would be doing there at that very moment, and explanations as to sundry West Indian manners and customs. He was very strong on the divisions of race which existed in the islands — the original Spanish settlers, the British, the negro, the Hindoo coolie, and the Creole. He was a Creole himself, he said, and then proceeded laughingly to elicit what was Faith's idea of a Creole, and discovered that she thought it meant one born of two distinct races, neither perhaps aborigines in the country where they dwelt. He corrected her. It was a common idea, he said, but wrong. A Creole meant properly "an individual born in the country, but of a race not native to it; usually applied to an inhabitant of South America or West Indies born in the country, and of pure European blood." He assured her that he was quoting from Chambers's dictionary, and insisted that Denzil should produce the volume to verify his words.

"Oh, well, of course," said Faith, "a Spanish intermarriage would not interfere with your European descent."

"What makes you think of a Spanish intermarriage?" he asked, turning brightly upon her.

Faith laughed.

"I think your Spanish name, 'Marcus," she said, "and then also your dark eyes and black hair."

"Quite a mistake," answered Marcus. "My ancestors came from Scotland in the early days of the colony, and there has been no Spanish intermarriage. A man in a shop called me 'that coloured gentleman' the other day. What queer fancies people get! and they have always founded them on something."

"I must own your name was a bad foundation," admitted Faith, "for, of course, one may be christened after anybody, and you may have been surrounded by Spanish neighbours and friends."

"I was christened after my grandfather," said Marcus. "There have been Marcuses among the Drummonds from the time they arrived on the island."

"I should not say Marcus was a very common name in Scotland," said Denzil, with something which seemed to Faith so like a sneer, that she hastened to atone, by saying—

"I don't see why not. I have heard of it among Irish people, and it may occur in Scotland for the same reason. What part of Scotland did your ancestors come from? Were they from the south-west?"

"I think—— Yes, certainly that was it," said Marcus, eagerly.

"Then is it not possible you do have Spanish blood after all?" returned Faith; "for I hear the name 'Marcus' is found on the north-east of Ireland in consequence of the vessels of the Spanish Armada having been wrecked there. Some of the men were saved, you know, and being hospitably cared for, settled down, and married among the natives."

Marcus had listened most attentively.

"That is probable," he said; "I never heard much of my family prior to my ancestor leaving Scotland. There is a tradition, however, that we are of the same family as the Drummonds of Hawthornden."

"Is that the crest of the Drummonds of Hawthornden which you wear?" asked Faith, interested—"the crest which belonged to him who wrote:

'A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.'

Oh, I must take particular notice of it. Have you it on your cap to-day?"

"Yes," said Marcus, rather reluctantly. "I don't know that it would be the same as Drummond's of Hawthornden. I don't think we were quite the same family—only a remote branch of it."

"I know nothing of heraldry," said Faith. "I scarcely even know the meaning of its terms—'gules,' 'proper,' 'sinister,' and the like. Only I was interested in anything that might have belonged to the old poet."

"I will bring in my cap presently and show you the crest," answered Marcus. But when the evening was over, and he had gone, she remembered that he had quite forgotten to do this.

All the evening he chatted on, telling old West Indian school stories, narrating sundry ghostly and visionary legends current among the negroes, describing mangroves, and "calling crabs," and mud volcanoes, and all the thousand and one marvels of the luxuriant land he had left behind. Faith gently chid him once or twice for the contempt with which he spoke of the lower races and the poorer people of his native land. Also, she noticed he alluded with a strange, bitter defiance to certain English families, recent settlers near his home, and detailed with great delight that since he had been in Britain he had discovered that, despite their airs and their graces, they had been but poor, common people at home, and had only gone out to make their fortunes off of "us" in "our beautiful and fertile country."

Then he and Denzil and Faith had a discussion over that very point.

Denzil said it was a grand thing to go out to some of these countries for a few years, and make as much money as possible out of the natives—they scarcely knew the value of it—and then one could return to rest and enjoy one's fortune in one's own country.

But Faith asked "was that right? Was it not destructive to any country and its people to make money out of it and them, and then carry it away to spend elsewhere?"

Denzil "did not see any use in looking at it in that light. He thought it was very creditable for any man to work hard through the best years of his life and make a fortune, and then the fortune was his, and he had a right to do what he liked with it."

"But is it yours to do what you like with?" inquired Faith. "Is anything ours except to do right with it?"

"In a rough and ready way, the law is on Miss Alleyne's side," laughed Marcus. "Nobody will deny that this is my hand which can belong to nobody else. I may do as I like with it—except punch my neighbour's head or put it into his pocket!"

"I'm not talking of the old-fashioned methods of conquest and possession," said Denzil, "though they were fair enough, I think. But I maintain that if a man goes out and buys land, and works upon it, and makes as much as he can out of it, he has a right to go where he likes when he has made his fortune. Of course, he has employed the natives in the meantime and paid them wages. That's quite enough for them."

"No, it is not enough," urged Faith; "those who helped him in his earning should have the benefit of his spending. Men should stay where they make their money, and there gather about them those things for which money is good—making good roads, building good houses and churches, founding good schools, bringing books and pictures there, where perhaps they never were

before, and spending the years of their retirement in thinking out plans and doing duties for which they had not leisure before. I have heard father say all these things," she added, modestly.

"Well, it would not be worth a man's while to make his fortune at all if he were to work as hard after it was made as before," said Denzil.

"I don't think merely making a fortune should be one's object in life," answered Faith.

"Ah, but money is a grand thing! You can do anything if you have money!" exclaimed Marcus Drummond, with sudden moodiness.

"Money is a good thing," said Faith, "but there are far better things, which should not be sacrificed to the making of it. Father used to say that it was unwise, if not wicked, for the sake of money-making, to spend the most active years of one's life, among conditions and circumstances which one would not endure except for the hope of money-making. He thought it unwise for men of our race to choose to go to climates where they risk health and domestic happiness and social usefulness for the sake of bigger fortune, and that such countries should be left for the adventure of men of other race, who could live there healthily and happily without the one thought of how to escape home."

"Oh, but a great many countries have finer climates than this," said Denzil, "and yet one wants to get home to one's native land. I think it is quite unnatural in you not to understand that, Faith!"

"I do understand it!" she cried. Oh, by all her yearnings for the soft green fields of Westering, had she not learned what home-sickness means! "But there is something higher than these instinctive longings, Denzil. There is the sense of what is right—of our duty to God and to others! The settler carries peace and prosperity and civilisation with him; the mere fortune-maker leaves havoc and desolation behind him. The one is really a missionary — is the best kind of missionary, father used to say. The other is an invader intent only on plunder."

"And so you think people ought to give up their fatherland?" said Denzil, with a fine patriotic scorn.

"No," answered Faith, "only as we all have to give up something to gain more. I am sure that when we try to do right, we shall always find it works out well for everybody in the end. We are not aboriginal Britons, Denzil. Because our forefathers settled here, this has become our fatherland. The poor children of fortune-hunting parents who wander to the ends of the earth to find gold, and set up a home nowhere, have no fatherland. They have just formed ties with the country of their birth when their parents, having 'made their money,' leave it for their native land, where they arrive really strangers, some of their ancient connections in the grave, and others slipped apart from old associations and set in new grooves of their own. Nobody knows or cares anything about them, except that they 'have made money abroad.'"

"And they might think less of them, if they knew how some of the money is made there," observed young Drummond, with that strange bitterness with which his speech was sometimes dashed. "Yet, I don't know. You British have such a respect for money. It is—what do you call it?—a medium which changes the aspect of things. There is a different standard for vice and virtue, according as they possess money or lack it. If a poor girl is driven to get her bread in ways she would never choose—say, standing behind a counter—and being young and pretty, cannot help getting noticed—then, oh, she is a flirt, a shocking creature, she is—oh, nothing is bad enough for her! But if she is what is called a young lady, and chooses to talk slang and gad about for her amusement—oh, the dear child is only innocent and merry, there is plenty of good in her, and she will settle down all right and make an angel of a wife!"

Denzil laughed knowingly.

Faith was rather startled by the sudden turn the conversation had taken.

"I don't think the best people ever despise a woman for earning her bread," she said, warmly. "Those who do so condemn themselves. For every woman—all people, in fact—ought to earn their own bread, or to be what you students would call 'worth their salt,' whether God has given them their wages beforehand in a fortune, or doles them out to them yearly, or weekly, or daily. It all really comes to the same thing."

"Ah, Miss Alleyne," said Marcus Drummond, "you and I may think so, but the world does not."

"Of course, there must be social distinctions," observed Faith, "and some are born to advantages which they would never have won for themselves, and which, therefore, they are always in danger of losing. But I think everybody should have so much respect for his own position that he should have no wish to leave it except at the call of duty. Don't you remember how Oliver Cromwell said that he would to God he might have remained to the end of his days the simple brewer of Huntingdon?"

"But there are some positions in life in which nobody can respect himself," said Marcus.

"Then are they positions in which he ought to find himself?" asked Faith.

"A shoeblack or a scavenger, let us say," suggested Denzil.

"Well," said Faith, "they do useful and wholesome work, of which they need not be ashamed, though perhaps they may look forward to the day when people shall be so polite and so sensible that each will clean his own shoes, except as a matter of personal favour, and science will be so advanced that it will keep all dirt well disposed of."

"Then what are the positions in which a man ought not to find himself at all?" asked Marcus, who seemed to feel a curious interest in these questions.

"Any position which he feels it quite impossible for a good gentleman to occupy," Faith answered. "I am sure a gentleman might be a navvy. But a gentleman, unless he were a bad man, would never be a billiard marker or a barman."

There was a silence, which Faith felt was somehow significant. She had spoken in the simplicity of her own opinion. She began to be afraid lest Denzil fancied she was making a hit at his presumed preference for "white handed" labour.

"And I suppose you would have a feminine parallel for all these things?" said Marcus.

"Yes, I think so," replied Faith. "And if a woman requires to earn wages, and is unfit for or unable to get any other work, she can always get honourable bread as a domestic servant. A servant does nothing for hire which any good woman would not do in loving service. If only ladies would take up domestic service, as they have taken up nursing, its true possibilities for most womanly duties would be soon recognised."

There was another silence.

"Domestic servants are kept under so many restraints," observed Marcus.

"Not more restraints than the daughters of the house, if they are well looked after," said Faith.

"And I suppose they think they have less chances of marrying well," remarked Denzil. "One does not often hear of a lucky hit among them, as one does of the girls at railway refreshment bars and the like."

"Such 'lucky hits' meaning marriage with some profligate youth, whose family despises them," said Faith. "Do you remember that poor girl at Westering Station, whom Squire Gray's wild nephew married, and how he ill-treated her, and ran through his fortune, and deserted her in a madhouse? It would be well if all the 'lucky hits' had the sequel tagged on to them."

"I'm told there is one of our students now, who is secretly married to a mill-girl, or somebody of that sort," said Denzil. "I can never make out who it is. I don't know how it leaked out at all, for all the names concerned are kept wonderfully dark."

Faith remembered the scrap of conversation she had overheard at Professor Murray's. And that reminded her of Miss Milne's suggestion that Mr. Drummond should sometimes come up to study at their place, instead of Denzil's always going down to town. She made the proposal.

The two young men looked at each other.

"You would have this room all to yourselves," she urged.

"I am afraid it would not do," said Denzil.

"You see, Miss Alleyne, down in town we get Edgar Cheney's help, and he is an idle beggar, and would never walk so far—but we must see about it sometimes," said Marcus. "And now it's time for me to go," he cried, springing up. "I've got something that I must do before bedtime. Well, Miss Alleyne, I must thank you for a very pleasant evening—very different from my last

Christmas. It's very good of you to let me know your opinions; you see, I have been quite a stranger to the ways of thought in this country. Good-night. Good-night, Alleyne."

"There! And he has gone off without showing me the Drummond crest!" exclaimed Faith, as the hall-door closed behind their guest.

Denzil laughed.

"Do you believe all that nonsense?" he said. "He is no more connected with the Drummonds of Hawthornden than we are. My own private opinion is that his grandfather or grandmother, on one side or the other, has been a Spaniard, and a native."

"Denzil!" exclaimed Faith, "how can you speak such things after what you have heard Mr. Drummond say to-night?"

"Look at his physiognomy," said Denzil, "and listen to his voice. Are either of them 'pure European'?"

"I might not have thought so if he had not said so," admitted Faith. "In fact, it struck me at the very first that he had the sprightly, gentle manners which they always say those natives have. But, Denzil, how can you suspect him of telling a lie—and a gratuitous lie too, of mere paltry vanity?"

"I know Drummond," said Denzil, coolly. "I know he can draw the long bow. These mixed races all do it; they don't regard truth as we do in this country."

"Or as we profess to do," answered Faith, quietly. "There are a good many among ourselves who do not put the profession into practice, so that we need not make lying the stigma of a race. If you think Mr. Drummond could do such things he ought not to be your friend. Remember, I do not believe it of him."

There was silence again.

"And so, Faith," said Denzil, with a short laugh, "you don't believe in money making as an object in life?"

"No," answered his sister, "I do not."

"What ought to be an object in life?" he asked.

"To be good and to do good," she replied.

"It is much easier to be good if you are well off," said Denzil, rather sullenly.

"Oh, no, it is not—not in reality," answered Faith.

"And are these grand things your object in life?" asked her brother, with a mocking sound in his voice.

Faith shrank from seeming didactic. She tried to turn the question by a loving little joke.

"You are my object in life," she said.

Denzil had risen and stood beside her. She looked up at him as she answered.

"Poor old Faithie!" he said, turning away; "you might be better employed. You can't help what I may be. Don't build any hopes on me. Let me alone."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE IN CANADA.

THE presence of an English Princess in an English colony, as the wife of the Governor-General, is so novel an event that it naturally attracts much attention, and on both sides of the Atlantic everyone is very anxious to hear all that may be related, with propriety, of the life led by Her Royal Highness at home and abroad, without disturbing or prying into that privacy to which all are entitled, be they gentle or simple. Some delicacy is naturally felt in raising even a corner of this veil, for much resentment has been felt by the Canadians at the correspondents of various American newspapers who have been lacking in both good feeling and respect. Perhaps, to begin with, it may be more interesting to describe the city in which Her Royal Highness makes her home, which is situated in the midst of lovely scenery—such scenery, perhaps, as exists nowhere else in Canada, except, perhaps, at Quebec.

The capital city of the Dominion, now called Ottawa, was founded in the year 1827, and is situated on the great river from which it takes its name. It was built in consequence of the determination of the Imperial Government to open an inland water communication with the upper lakes of Canada, in order that if at any future period there should be war with the United States, England would still possess the means of transporting troops, ammunition, and provisions, by a route beyond the power of an enemy to interrupt. The early name of "Bytown" was derived from Colonel By, the officer of the Royal Engineers charged with the construction of the canal necessary to effect this communication, and it was at first a collection of temporary wooden buildings, erected to serve as officers' quarters, barracks, storehouses, and offices. In 1855 the name was changed to Ottawa by Act of Parliament, and the city soon after became the seat of the Government of the Dominion. Long before its settlement by the English the river had been explored by the French, who had made their way up to the Matawan, and from thence by way of Lake Nipissing and French River to Lake Huron. The waters and shores of the Ottawa were the scene of many a fierce and bloody conflict between the Ottawas and the Iroquois, two powerful Indian nations. The former were driven from their hunting-grounds by the French invaders always siding with the latter. The relics of those fights—in the shape of broken swords, bullets, arrow-heads, and rusted firearms, besides those sadder evidences of human quarrels and discords—are constantly found along the peaceful and quiet shores, from which the Indian has almost vanished, leaving only the everlasting impression of his musical and suggestive nomenclature in the name of the City of the Ottawa—the "Great River," he called it, which it truly is. The reason of the name "Ottawa"—meaning, as it does, the "human ear"—has never been explained.

The great feature of Ottawa is its vast trade in lumber, which was commenced in 1805, and exceeds that done by any other community in the world. The city may be said to occupy the summit of two hills separated by the Rideau Canal, and has three natural divisions of Lower, Central, and Upper Town. There are two bridges—that over the Rideau Canal, and the suspension bridge, which spans the great chasm into which the Chaudiere Falls pour their mighty volume of the waters of the Ottawa. The name Chaudiere is a literal translation into French of the Indian word "Kanajo," a "Kettle," and is as suggestive as all other names of their giving, for the great chasm into which the waters discharge themselves is like a kettle in shape, while the continual seething and frothing of the waters and the constantly ascending vapour complete the resemblance. The river at the falls is 500 yards wide, and the ledge of rocks causing the fall is about 50 or 60 feet in height in places; over this the waters descend with a roar like thunder, audible for many a mile. The rainbows are the most beautiful things imaginable here, and two at once are visible occasionally. When first the lumber trade began on the Ottawa, the timber cut in the forests above the falls was allowed to float over them; within the last few years, however, "slides" have been introduced, two having been made, one on either side of the falls, and what is called a "crib" of timber, 22 feet wide, and containing from 12 to 20 sticks of pine timber from 50 to 90 feet long, descends these slides with ease and safety. If, however, in attempting to guide the crib into the slide, the raftsman permits it to go too far into the current it inevitably takes the great leap into the seething "Kettle" below. In general, the raftsmen make their escape in a canoe, but sometimes escape is impossible, and the poor men are hurried down to their awful doom.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he shot the rapids above the falls, and enjoyed the exciting fun of shooting the "slides" on a log raft. The Princess Louise, too, likes nothing better than this. When the spring opens, and the rafts begin to come down by hundreds from the Upper Ottawa, the Governor-General and herself are frequently to be seen enjoying the exciting pastime.

But we have not yet finished the list of the natural beauties of Ottawa, for we have made no mention of the Falls of the Rideau River, which is one of the hundred tributaries of the Ottawa, and pours itself over a high rocky bank into that river on the Upper Canada or Ontario side. This fall is a beautifully clear and transparent sheet of water, which falls over a smooth and perpendicular bed of blue limestone from a height of 50 feet. The river derives its name from this fall—the *Rideau* or curtain—and so does the famous canal which we have already mentioned in the beginning of our article as having been constructed by Colonel By. It also gives the name to the neighbouring Rideau Hall, the abode of the Governor-General and the Princess Louise.

We fear those who expect a palace as a residence for Royalty would be disappointed with Rideau Hall, which was simply a large, comfortable family mansion, which has been added to, in order to furnish sufficient accommodation. The ball-room and the tennis-court are the latest additions, being built during Lord Dufferin's administration in Canada. The former is a very handsome apartment, with walls of a soft neutral tint, crimson curtains, and white-and-gold woodwork. One of the national additions to the household of the Canadian Governor-General is his Highland piper, who pours out the notes so dear to the heart of the Scot, and keeps the memory of his race alive in the heart of the heir of the Campbells.

The general colour of the interior of Rideau Hall is crimson, which is an excellent selection for Canada, as it helps to brighten up the intense and snowy white of the long and weary winter season. Even in the summer, in concert with white draperies, it is a happy choice, and adds much to both the comfort and the comfortable stately grandeur of the Hall.

The suburb in which Rideau Hall is situated is called New Edinburgh, and the nearest English church is the small one dedicated to

St. Bartholomew, at which the Princess Louise is a regular attendant. She has presented to the little church a very sweet and finely-toned chime of bells, and acts the Lady Bountiful in the parish, giving the Sunday-school children a regular Christmas entertainment at the Hall, which includes a heavily-laden Christmas tree. The Marquis of Lorne wends his way with equal regularity to the kirk in the city, and neither of them appears to fear the weather much, either in the summer or winter.

During their sojourn in the Dominion the Governor-General and the Princess have done much to encourage art and artistic work in Canada. Of course, in a new country these aspirations after the luxuries of life come after the necessities have all been supplied; but still, young in years as she was, Canada could boast of some very fair water-colour painters, and much had been done for years, by prizes offered at the provincial and county exhibitions, to foster a taste for art.

The Princess, as we know in England, is a clever artist herself, both with the brush and the sculptor's chisel, and this taste finds abundant scope in her Canadian home, for rarely does any Governor-General find a home in the midst of such scenery and such subjects for pencil and brush. The Princess is usually accompanied by her sketch-book, and she has inaugurated a travelling sketching-box, which can be moved about from place to place, to enable her to make her studies in comfort.

The hospitalities of the Governor-General are usually widely extended, but the inner circle of Rideau Hall is little invaded by Canadian guests, as the Princess's circle is generally composed of English guests—principally artists—who are invited out on lengthy visits. The household consists of two or three ladies-in-waiting and aides-de-camp, one of each always attending Her Royal Highness whenever she goes out. Almost all the large entertainments given have been *al fresco*. In the summer lawn-tennis and croquet; in the winter, skating and toboggan parties.

One of the Canadian institutions is the New Year's reception, on which day everyone who can possibly do so goes to wish the Governor-General a Happy New Year. Of course, I am only speaking of gentlemen, as the ladies on that day stay at home to receive the gentlemen in all parts of the Dominion. On the evening after the opening of the Dominion Parliament the Governor-General holds a Drawing Room in the Senate Chamber, and whoever wishes may attend. This is the principal appearance of the Princess in public during the year, and it is usually taken advantage of to the full, as all other receptions consist of invited guests only.

In addition to her artistic skill, the Princess is an excellent housekeeper, and even compares favourably with the Canadian ladies in this their own special province. She appears to have a practical knowledge of the duties of everyone around her, and can overlook the marketing, as well as visit the laundry, and criticise the doings, or misdoings, of her maids. The same may be said of every department of her household.

The long absence of Her Royal Highness from Canada has been a source of some wonder, but she appears to have suffered much from the sleigh accident which so unfortunately occurred about two years ago. The covered sleighs used in the winter in Canada require very careful management, as they are necessarily top-heavy, from their very style and making; and the Canadians are apt to lay the blame of the accident on the English coachman who was driving. We trust, however, that as Her Royal Highness is about to go out to Canada again, she has recovered completely from its effects, and that her present visit may be as bright and sunny as the Canadian blue sky itself.

A BOUQUET.

A BOUQUET of cherished flowers
I gathered one summer's day;
And some of them still are blooming,
But others have faded away—

Have faded for ever and ever—
Frail flowers that I could not save:
But my thoughts still linger with them,
Like flowers upon their grave.

And I know, as the years fly forward,
With her changing lights and shades,
My flowers will sere and wither,
Till my whole fair bouquet fades.

And I think—in the world's wide garden
Of myriad minds and men,
How like are the friends I cherish
To the bouquet I gathered then.

A few true friends in sunshine—
A few tried friends in tears—
A wreath of roses and cypress,
A bouquet of bygone years.

A few of my flowers have faded,
But I know they will live again,
And bloom out of death's dark anguish
As a rainbow blooms out of rain.

And I know, as the years fly forward,
And wither the world's bright dells,
We shall bloom, as of old, together,
A bouquet of immortelles.

SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT FOOD AND DIGESTION.

By MEDICUS.

"ONE is never too old to learn," says the proverb, and there is no doubt a deal of truth in it; but despite the well-known fact that Budd, the great athlete, played in public cricket matches at the ripe age of seventy, one might be inclined to question the propriety of setting a gentleman of, say, sixty to learn that charming healthful game. One is never too young to learn. Yes, that is a better proverb, and a more sensible. Mozart, we know, composed a minuet when only four years old. Well, then, the few facts that I am going to bring under your notice this month cannot, in my opinion, be too soon learned, although those who have learned them, I am sorry to say, often remember them when too late.

A great physician once said that people could never be brought to take sufficient care or thought for their health, until death had once stared them in the face. Ah! but that was long ago. We live in a more thoughtful age, and even young girls nowadays are often as earnest in their search after the *utile* as the *dulce*. Let me try if I can't combine the two in this paper, or at least flavour the former with a little of the latter.

Need I begin by reminding you that we should eat to live, and that as we eat so shall we live, or so at all events shall our health and strength be. And as our health and strength, so shall be our amount or measure of happiness in life. Those are facts which everyone would do well to weigh and ponder over.

The blood in our veins and arteries—and these are so numerous that you cannot prick your finger with the finest-pointed needle without wounding, not one, but a host of them—the blood, I say, which nourishes and strengthens every muscle, sinew, bone, hair, nerve, and nail in our bodies is constantly being wasted in doing so, and it is replenished; it draws its supply to keep up its bulk directly from the food which we eat. I do not wish to burden your young memories with an account of the whole process of digestion, but I do wish you to remember just one or two things about it. Oh! they are ever so simple, and useful to know, and if you will not take the *utile*, you shall not have the *dulce*—there! The food in the stomach, then, is thoroughly mixed with what is called the gastric juice, and reduced by this means to a pulp. Now the stomach is a muscular organ, and when food is in it, it is in continual motion; *but* if overloaded it has not power nor strength to move its contents, and hence an attack of indigestion is the consequence, and probably a very painful one too. That is a fact, and here is another: the stomach, being a muscular organ, requires a certain amount of exercise to keep it up to the health mark, just as one's limbs do, and everybody knows that an arm, for example, if never exercised or moved would get thin, attenuated, and consequently weak. Now how, you will ask me, is the stomach exercised? Why, by supplying it with a certain proportion of healthy *solid* food at regular intervals.

You will observe that I have put the word "*solid*" in italics in order to emphasize it. My reason is this: most people make a grave mistake by eating their food too sloppy. Eggs beaten up in milk and beef-tea are both strengthening food, and very useful for the invalid, who cannot take anything solid, but believe me that a good mutton chop or a delicious tender steak is worth all the eggs and beef-tea in the world.

The food having been mingled with the juices of the stomach and pulpified, soon after receives other juices, namely those of the liver and spleen, after which it is in a condition to be filtered through the walls of a series of vessels called the lacteals—called so because the good portion of the food which they thus absorb is for all the world like *lac*, which means milk. These tiny lacteals are millions in number, but they soon unite, and reunite, and unite, just like the tributaries of streams, till they at last form only one big vein or duct, and this empties itself directly into the blood.

That is all the physiology I want you to learn for the present, but is it not evident that, the blood being thus supplied so directly from the food, we ought to be careful of what we eat and drink? These lacteals must absorb just what is supplied to them, they must do their duty, whether you do yours or not; they are moved by an invisible hand. Can you wonder, then, that if you eat something you ought not to, such as unripe fruit or unwholesome sweets, the best part of them—and bad is the best—should soon find their way into the blood, and all sorts of aches and qualms—including qualms of conscience—be the result, and that the doctor's shining carriage should draw up at your door, and an hour or two after a single knock should announce the worthy physician's boy with a basket; or that that basket should contain the pills for Miss So-and-So—Miss So-and-So meaning you—and the mixture for Miss So-and-So, and the draught for Miss So-and-So, to be taken immediately, and to be well shaken and so forth?

Now that doctor's carriage is a very pretty one, his coachman looks as though he had been made for the box, and the horses' skins shine like boatman beetles; but nevertheless you would rather not have it draw up in front of your door, of that I am sure. It will be unlikely to do so for many a long year, if you will only pay attention to the further facts I now beg to lay before you.

The first part of digestion is mastication. There is nothing wrong in nature; everything was given to us with a wise purpose by an all-seeing Providence. Our teeth are meant to be used, and to be used well, else strong though the stomach be, it will have a hard task to digest the food we swallow. And this teaches us to eat slowly. Mankind must do so if he would be well and live in health, for if the food is too soon swallowed, not only is it improperly masticated, but it is not sufficiently mingled with the saliva. Again, a person who eats fast is in great danger of eating more than is good for her, and there are no end to the evil consequences that may follow over-eating.

Should we eat until we are satisfied? Yes, as a rule, if, mind, we eat slowly and leisurely.

When taking a meal alone, be sure to have a book or paper in front of you, you can thus eat a little and read a little time about. In this way you are more likely to perform the all-important process of mastication more perfectly, and less likely to eat to repletion. But it is better to eat in company, then good conversation will aid digestion, but the talk must be light and pleasant. Sour words sour the food, and argument ferments it.

When eating, one usually drinks something, but that something, even if only water, should be taken in moderation, and a mouthful of fluid should not be taken to wash the food down. Washing food down is a sad mistake, and one that is accountable for a deal of dyspepsia and a deal of misery.

As the teeth are so very important, never forget to brush them well several times a day, before and after eating. And don't forget the simple recipe for tooth-powder I give in *Silver Sails*, our Special Summer Number—the *one-two-three* tooth-powder—camphor, orris root, and chalk, one part of the first, two of the second, and three of the third.

Breakfast should be a hearty meal, and so ought dinner, but supper should be light; but at the same time do not, if you can help it, go to bed with that hungry craving which so often both in old and young effectually banishes sleep.

The *quality* of the food is of great importance. Everything should be well cooked, yet not overdone. I am quite aware that you may have nothing to do with the cooking, but I assure you it is far better to go without than to eat badly-prepared food. Meat that is raw and fish that has been too long boiled are not fit for human food.

Sick people are, as a rule, too much dosed with beef-tea, slops, and gruel. Beef-tea is seldom made as it ought to be, slops generally repellent, and gruel rebellant. We ought to study the fancies of those that are sick, suggest tasty dishes, and bring to their memory many little tempting items which their languid minds are apt to think little about.

Eating between meals is a grievous mistake, but if hunger attacks one, a little ripe fruit or a tiny milk biscuit may tend to keep the stomach in good temper till dinner time.

Good habits in the manner of eating are just as easily learned as bad. We do well to study them then when young, and teach the younger members in our families to do so too, for habit is second nature.

Regularity in the time or hour of the day that we eat should be studied; the stomach soon learns to expect food at a certain time. This is the reason that the family cat—I mean my own—always takes her seat on the head of a certain couch precisely at 1.30 p.m., although five minutes before she may have been studying ornithology half a mile away. No, she does not "know the clock," but her appetite tells her the time.

Change of diet is of great use if we would be healthy, happy, and strong, but change of dishes at the same meal is detrimental. One or two kinds of food only should be partaken of at dinner.

Water is the best liquid for young or old, but it ought to be good, and both young and old should remember this fact: Water that is unfit to wash in is unfit to drink.

"Then," says my intelligent young reader, "hard water must be poisonous?" It is indeed. It is slow poison, and this is a truth that cannot be too widely known.

We see, then, that the food we eat, and the manner of the partaking thereof, has much to do with our health. It would not be one paper I should want, but a score, if I were to tell you of half the misery and unhappiness in this world that indigestion gives rise to—miseries that too often end in death itself.

And this complaint, with all its plaguey symptoms, times out of number is brought on by errors in diet that could easily have been avoided. Let me bring this paper to a close by giving one or two hints about a few of the more common articles of food that find a place on our tables.

Meat and bread deserve first place. Too much of the former is eaten, and too little of the latter. The most nutritious kinds of meat are beef, mutton, or lamb. Veal and pork need good digestions. But ham or nicely browned bacon makes an excellent breakfast dish. Meat of all kinds ought never to be cooked till it has hung long enough to be

tender, and never be cooked at all if tainted. Bread should be neither new nor stale. Bread can seldom be procured quite free from adulteration of some kind, but the adulterations a respectable baker adds to his loaves are not very detrimental. It is a good plan nevertheless to change one's baker frequently.

Puddings are most nutritious, whether mingled with fruit or with eggs plain. I can forgive a girl from the very bottom of my heart for passing her plate twice for pudding. The only kind of dried fruit that is likely to produce indigestion is badly done currants. They ought to be soft and pulpy to be safe.

Pastry should be partaken of but sparingly, especially such as has been bought in shops; it being often made with fat which cannot be otherwise used.

Tarts, on the other hand, are deliciously wholesome and ought to form a part of the diet almost every day in summer. Talking about tarts brings me naturally to say one word about fruit—this is really the *utile* with the *dulce*. I cannot speak too highly in praise of *good ripe* fruit *eaten in season*, and the whole of that sentence will read the other way, for I cannot condemn too severely the practice of eating *bad unripe* fruit *out of season*. We ought to indulge most freely, with one or two exceptions, in the kind of fruit which is native to the country we live in. The orange and some of his brethern are citizens of the world, however, they are at home anywhere; but we here in merrie England possess the gooseberry, the raspberry, and the strawberry. Need we envy then the fair daughters of sunnier climes the possession of the luscious mango, the fragrant banana, the perfumed pineapple, or the glorious guava? No, let us be content with what we have and use them well. They are most wholesome in summer, they cool the blood and calm the mind, and greatly aid digestion. At what time of the day should fruits be partaken of? In the morning before breakfast they do one a world of good, they may be trifled with at breakfast, they may be eaten at mid-day, and after luncheon and dinner, and they are even tempting at eventide. But there I must draw rein. I fear I am giving my gentle readers *carte blanche* in the matter of fruit, and I have visions of some of them retiring for the night with sly grapes to place beside their pillows.

Fish makes an excellent change from meat. With the exceptions of the stronger and more oily kinds, such as salmon, mackerel, herring, &c., fish is more easily digested than meat and quite as nutritious.

Vegetables of all kinds are both nutritious and healthful. They ought, however, to be eaten with moderation, else they are apt to induce fits of indigestion. Raw they are much more apt to hurt one, so that even a salad is not always so safe as it is tempting.

Next month I hope to have a useful paper on toothache and neuralgia to lay before my fair readers, complaints which far too many of them suffer from, often without receiving either help or sympathy.

A PEEP AT SCHOOLGIRLS IN EASTERN SIBERIA.

THE Rev. Henry Lansdell in his interesting and instructive work, "Through Siberia," recently published, gives the following description of a high-class girls' school in Eastern Siberia:—

"Besides the boys' school at Vladivostock I visited the girls' institute for the daughters of naval officers, and witnessed the opening religious ceremony of blessing the house after the long vacation. Each child as she came up to kiss the Gospels was sprinkled with holy water, as were also the visitors; after which the priest and his assistant went over the building, sprinkling in all directions. The inspector subsequently declared what children were to be advanced to higher classes. The subjects taught were in keeping with those of the boys' gymnasium, from which the institute differed in that the children were lodged, clothed, and boarded; 12 free, the rest on payment of £20 per annum. The Government gives a grant of £1,000 per annum towards this school, and the remainder is made up by the children's fees and voluntary contributions. The cleanliness and good arrangement of this building were striking, not to say luxurious. A great deal, no doubt, was due to the fact that the Governor's wife visited one of the schools every day. The senior class had two girls of 15 and 16 years of age. To my questions in geography they gave good answers, and in the Gospels fair. They had not read the Epistles, but were expecting so to do that year. One girl was from a peasant home, the other the daughter of a foreign merchant, but they appeared throughout to stand on a level with the officers' daughters. They had a custom of posting up on a red board for a year the name of the best girl in the school. At the time of my visit the same maiden had held this 'blue ribbon' for five years consecutively. Whether it was for excellence of intellect or conduct I know not, but I amused them by offering a prize, such as I had seen given in the schools of the Irish Church Missions, called the 'best beloved' prize. The girls were ranged in a line, and each came and whispered in the ear of the teacher the name of the schoolfellow she loved best, and the girl who gained the highest number of votes received the prize. The idea was new to them, and they said the whispering was like going to confession.

"There was yet another school the Governor's wife took me to see—the little free school—built by the society she had founded, and of which it is not too much to say that it was the neatest and best-built house in the town. It was furnished in a manner that would be thought too good for a ragged school in England, and it struck me, as did the institute, that it was somewhat over-provided with teachers.

"There were 30 children on the books, of whom one class came in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. The religious instruction consisted in learning the ten principal prayers of the Russian Church from a small primer, the contents of which would be as much or, I was told, rather more religious knowledge than the average Russian peasant would know. The children received at Christmas presents of clothing, and a marked increase of attendants takes place as the time for the gifts draws near—a phenomenon not confined to Siberian schools!"

NEW MUSIC.

JOHN GUEST.

A Stranger Here. Sacred song. Composed by Frederick Croft.—The words and music of this composition are good, but, to our mind, the rhythm has been overlooked in the third part of the hymn. We think it would be more euphonious if it corresponded with the first part.

FREDERICK CROFT.

The Warrior's March. By Frederick Croft.—An excellent military march in a very easy key, but requiring a firm and clear touch to give effect to the octave passages.

C. W. GUNSTON.

The Moonlight Mazurka. By Frederick Croft.—A drawing-room piece in E flat, adapted for moderate performers. It has the advantage of being short as well as pleasing.

LAMBORN COCK.

The Blue-eyed Maiden's Song. The Green Cavalier's Song. Words by the late Lord Beaconsfield. Music by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.—These tender words by our late lamented statesman have been artistically set to appropriate music by the royal composer. These songs are most uncommon, and we specially call the attention of our musical girls to Her Royal Highness's refined productions.

Time Passes On. Ten Years Ago. Composed by Walter Maynard. Words by Madge Kendal.—Two pathetic songs for mezzo-soprano voices. They have the great advantage of being simple in style as well as melodious.

I Love but One Fair Face. Hunting song. Words by R. E. Egerton Warburton.—Wedded to most appropriate music by the well-known composer, John Hullah.

For Thee. Written by Charles Rowe. Composed by Charles E. Finney, is extremely pretty and cheerful, and we think will become a favourite.

I Praised the Earth in Beauty Seen. Sacred song by Bishop Heber. Music by J. Greenhill.—A most touching and beautiful melody set to Bishop Heber's well-known words, and deserves to become universally popular.

RANSFORD AND SON.

My Soul is Dark. Words by Byron. Music by A. Antoine. In the key of E flat.—Moderately difficult, compass from D to E.

H. E. WARNER.

L'Espérance Mazurka. By H.E. Warner.—A smooth and graceful little piece; having arrived at a second edition, proves it to be a favourite.

La Rosière

THE pretty custom still lingers in some villages of France of crowning "La Rosière." A maiden—good, gentle, and modest—is chosen by the general consent of the villagers, and crowned with summer flowers as Rosière.

Come, maidens blithe and debonair,
And crown our smiling Rosière!

For this brief day away with care,
And sing around our Rosière.

She must be good, she may be fair,
Whom we would crown as Rosière.

So gentle she—this maiden rare—
That she shall be our Rosière.

And is there heart with sorrow sair?
Sweet solace brings our Rosière.

So true her speech, so pure her air,
We love her for our Rosière.

Our fairest blooms shall wreathe her hair,
And garland her—our Rosière.

So modest she—all unaware
We caught her for our Rosière!

And no reproachful word may dare
Assail our chosen Rosière.

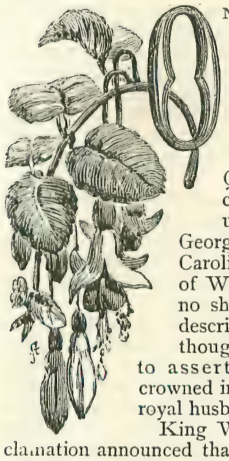
Come, maidens blithe and debonair,
And crown our smiling Rosière!

CLARA THWAITES.

OLD COURT CUSTOMS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.

CORONATIONS—*Continued.*



ON the death of George IV. and the consequent ascension of William IV. to the throne there followed the double coronation of the King and the Queen Consort. In consequence of the unhappy separation of George IV. and Queen Caroline, when still Prince of Wales, his consort had no share in the ceremonial described in my last paper, though attempts were made to assert her rights to be crowned in the Abbey with her royal husband.

King William in royal proclamation announced that he and his consort would be crowned at the same time, and it was also announced that part of the ceremonial which had heretofore included the splendid procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, as well as the banquet, would be dispensed with, and thus the great display of the previous coronation was not to be seen when William IV. and Queen Adelaide were solemnly crowned.

At the coronation of the Queen Consort, which takes place as soon as the act of crowning the King is completed, there is of course no presentation to the people as their sovereign, neither is any act of homage paid to Her Majesty. Anointed like her royal husband, the Queen's crown solemnly placed on her head, the Queen ascends her throne, which is placed two steps below that of the King, and in approaching her seat she makes a low reverence to her husband on his throne. It is a fact often forgotten that King Henry VIII. only permitted the ceremony of coronation to be performed on two of his wives—Katherine of Arragon and Anne Boleyn.

But within a few years the sailor king passed away, and the whole nation's heart throbbed with enthusiasm when the youthful Queen Victoria was called to take her place upon the throne of England at such an early age; and when the time came for her coronation the excitement of all classes was intense, and many among us can well remember that summer morning in 1838, when a queen once more held the sceptre, and was enthroned in the midst of peers and people in the Abbey of Westminster.

Ambassadors extraordinary had been sent from all the great European nations to take part in the ceremony, and the carriages and their occupants were not the least interesting to the spectators, as they recognised each envoy passing along according to the position proscribed in right of the nation whose representatives they were, and one smiled to think of the unseemly squabbles related by historians as having often taken place as to the exact order of precedence.

Some few are still living who took an actual part in the ceremonial of that day, and all who were present describe the scene as far surpassing anything we can imagine. The long route from Buckingham Palace, along Piccadilly, St. James's-street, Pall Mall, and Whitehall to the west door of the Abbey, afforded an opportunity for much more of a spectacle than in the shortened progress of King William IV. from St. James's Palace, and from the earliest dawn of day the town was alive with excitement, and hundreds of the possessors of tickets for the Abbey were in their places before the hour on which, on ordinary days, they would have thought of rising.

The usual summons had been sent to all peers, spiritual and temporal, and other officials to attend at the Abbey upon the occasion. In sending such letters of summons to her peers the form in which they are worded is interesting. "Right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, we greet you well, and command you to appear," &c., is the form in which the roll of dukes are warned to attend, "all excuses set apart," and as the degree of nobility descends so each greeting is altered. Dukes, marquises, earls, and viscounts are addressed as cousins and counsellors; barons not as cousins, but as counsellors. A very humble request to be excused must be sent if some really insuperable obstacle should prevent their attendance. The great age of the Bishop of Durham was the cause of his absence at the last coronation; but one very aged peer did attend, and it was one of the most graceful acts of the Queen when she stepped forward to assist the faithful old nobleman as he stumbled upon the step in coming to do her homage, the spectators cheering loudly as they watched the act. The words of homage ring with an echo of the old days of chivalry. Bishops coming to the throne say, "I, ———, Bishop of ———, will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear unto you, our Sovereign Lady and Queen, and your heirs, kings or queens of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and I will and do acknowledge the service of the lands which I hold of you as in right of the Church."

It is, of course, impossible for each of the peers who are present to repeat the oath of allegiance, and, therefore, the words are said by only one of each degree in the name of his fellows. The Queen's hand is kissed, and the crown is touched in token of loyal devotion as the oath is repeated in these terms:—"I——,of ——, do become your liege man, of life and limb, and of earthly worship and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God." It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful form in which to have tendered their allegiance to the youthful Queen of England.

The regalia always kept in the Tower of London was delivered over to Her Majesty's jewellers for necessary alterations, cleaning or repairing, and among many claims at this time one was from the keeper of the regalia to be allowed heavy compensation for the loss of fees which would follow the absence of the regalia for so many weeks from the Tower, during which period many hundred visitors might have inspected the jewels under his care. The justice of the claim being allowed, a sum of money was allotted.

In the former paper I spoke of the "Court of Claims" which sat to consider all claims at the time of the coronation, and searching into old records we find that at the accession of Richard II., John of Gaunt sat in person to decide upon the rights of those claiming service at his nephew's coronation; and of all the hereditary dignities at the accession of Queen Victoria none is older than that of Earl Marshal, the Dukes of Norfolk still holding the office, the patent of which dates from the reign of Edward II.—an office which carries with it the right to the attendance of an escort of cavalry on any state occasion, and the question was mooted at the time of the present duke's marriage with Lady Flora Hastings, when it was solemnised with much state. The claim was recognised, and the duke was consulted, but he would not make use of his privilege.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster claim the right to instruct the Sovereign in the duties of the day's ceremonial, and the regalia is delivered into their custody when ready for use on the day of coronation. When the procession was formed in Westminster Hall, as at the accession of George IV. and other monarchs, the Dean and Chapter entered the hall from the Abbey, carrying the regalia, to deliver it to the various peers appointed to bear it in the coming procession; but when the ceremonies are limited to those held in the Abbey only, the regalia is given to their hands when the procession is forming in the Jerusalem Chamber.

Her Majesty, on the morning of her coronation, was handed to her carriage by the Master of the Horse, who, with the Mistress of the Robes, accompanied their Sovereign in the state coach, a carriage built in the year 1761, the panels of which are exquisitely painted by Cipriani. Some idea of the size and amount of decorative art lavished on its construction may be guessed when its weight is registered at four tons.

The Queen wore a dress of white satin, with flounce of fine lace and gold trimming at its edge. The collars and orders of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick were also seen upon Her Majesty's dress when she left Buckingham Palace, a circlet of gold upon her head, soon to be replaced by the imperial crown, and herself robed in the regal robes of state—first entering the Abbey from the robing-room in those state robes of crimson velvet, which are called parliamentary robes, and which Her Majesty used to wear when opening Parliament. At the present time they are never worn upon these occasions, but they are always placed upon the throne in the House of Lords before Her Majesty's entrance, and they are brought from the Robes Office in St. James's Palace with much state, being taken in a royal state carriage under the charge of the Keeper of the Robes.

The young ladies of high rank, daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, who were chosen as the Queen's train-bearers, follow one another carrying the train, along the raised platform, down the grand old nave to the first chair of state prepared for the Sovereign's use.

Two pictures in Windsor Castle of the Queen's coronation are valuable records of the sight—one by Sir W. Hayter, as she sits on the throne, sceptre in hand; the other by Leslie, kneeling with crown laid aside, as Her Majesty is about to receive the Holy Communion.

The act of enthroning, or lifting to the throne, which is the formal expression, arises from the ancient Anglo-Saxon form, which directs that the king shall be raised from the ground. The biblical account in 2 Kings, chapter xi., gives the history of the crowning of Jehoash.

It appears that King Henry III. instituted some inquiries respecting the antiquity of anointing, and Grosstest, in the "Provinciale Romanum," is reported to have replied "that most anciently, besides the emperors, only four kings were anointed, those being the

kings of Hierusalem, France, England, and Sicily."

Perhaps the oldest mention of a royal crown is in 2 Samuel i. 10. A fillet of silk or linen was the crown of royal ensign till the days of Christianity, except in parts of Asia, and in the Roman empire a crown of any form was not used until the reign of Constantine the Great.

From the earliest days of English history the Archbishops of Canterbury have ever placed the crown on the monarch's brow, and since the reign of Richard I. the Bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells claim the privilege of walking on each side of the Sovereign.

In speaking of the claims it may be well to notice that no service may be performed in right of tenure by any person under the degree of knighthood.

Of the regalia itself volumes might be written, and the Tower holds this national treasure of priceless value, so that everyone may see it for themselves; but this paper would be incomplete without a notice of it. Alas! none of the articles now in use are older than the time of the Restoration, as the ancient regalia was broken up and destroyed in the days of the Commonwealth, but the old names were kept when under a special committee the crown jewels were arranged for the Coronation of Charles II. Some of the precious stones in the crowns are of great historic interest. The Rock Ruby is said to have been worn by the Black Prince at the battle of Cressy and by Henry V. at Agincourt.

Though there are several crowns in the Jewel Room at the Tower, only one was used at the last coronation, "the Imperial Crown," which was re-set and arranged for Queen Victoria's use by Messrs. Rundel and Bridge.

Four Swords of State: Spiritual Justice, Temporal Justice, the third Custana, or Sword of Mercy, which is pointless, and the fourth, that Sword of State which, after being laid upon the Holy Table, is redeemed for one hundred shillings, and upon all state occasions is carried before the Sovereign.

The Orb is said to have always been the ensign of a Roman emperor, to which, after Constantine's conversion, the cross which surmounts it was added, and in the prayer which accompanies its delivery the words remind the Sovereign that as "this orb is set under the cross, so the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Lord." Four knights of the Order of the Garter hold a pall overhead during the anointing. St. Edward's staff of beaten gold is always carried in the procession, and it is said that in the orb which surmounts it a portion of the true cross of Calvary is enshrined. The royal sceptre is placed in the Sovereign's right hand, as may be seen in the picture by Sir W. Hayter of Queen Victoria enthroned, and the rod of equity, or sceptre with the dove, is held in the left.

The anointing spoon is believed to be the one only relic of the ancient regalia, and may therefore have been used for many Sovereigns. The Queen regnant is anointed sitting in her chair by the Archbishop, but a Queen Consort, though anointed in like manner, *kneels* during this part of the service—these trifling variations in the details of the ceremonial marking the distinctive positions of those crowned.

The Royal Apothecary provides the anointing oil and receives a fee of £100.

The sacramental plate seen in the Tower is part of the regalia taken to the Abbey for the coronation. It is carried in the procession by the appointed Bishops, and at the time when the office for the Holy Communion commences the Sovereign delivers the paten and chalice into the Archbishop's hands.

A ruby ring to be placed on the fourth finger of the Sovereign's right hand is among the crown jewels. A legend exists concerning the coronation ring worn by Edward the Confessor. It was said that an old man once asked alms of the King, who, having no money, drew off the ring from his finger and gave it to the beggar. Two pilgrims in the Holy Land some years after had lost their way, and an old man putting them right and finding they were Englishmen, gave them a ruby ring to be returned to the King of England, who had given it to him, little knowing that it was St. John the Evangelist who had appeared before him in the disguise of a beggar.

We hear of the offerings made by Her Majesty, and on a careful search find that for many generations it has been customary for the Sovereign to present an altar pall which is provided for the occasion, and is thus described. A pall composed of ten yards of gold barred, gold frosted flowered brocade, lined with rich sarcenet, and with deep gold fringe; this was presented by the Queen kneeling at the altar steps—the Lord Great Chamberlain having carried it till then. An ingot or wedge of gold was next presented by the Queen, and both were laid upon the Holy Table, which now bore all the magnificent regalia of the English monarchy, and from which in turn each is taken when required in the imposing ceremonial delivered with such solemn words of prayer that tell of the sacred meaning attached to each and all.

The legend of the coronation stone must not be passed over, as it is affirmed that it was always recognised as the stone upon which the Patriarch Jacob laid his head on the plains of Luz, that it was carried into Spain, to Ireland, and then to Scotland, from whence Edward I. brought it to Westminster. Edward III. promised to return this sacred stone to the Scotch, but never fulfilled his promise.

The stone is placed beneath the chair of oak, which, it appears, has been used for the coronation of all our Sovereigns since the time of Edward II., being, of course, re-covered with velvet upon each occasion.

An official order regulates the state robes to be worn by peers and peeresses. The coronets of each degree are to be exact in form and make, and the length of each lady's train is according to the rank she holds. The barons' wives are limited to a length of one yard of train on the ground. Viscountesses' are increased to a yard and a quarter, the countesses' to a yard and a half, a marchioness's still longer, reaching to one and three-quarters, while to a duchess a train of two yards in length is allowed, by order of the Earl Marshal, from whom all orders connected with coronation ceremonies must be issued. The rows of miniver on the mantles or capes of the peers' robes also denote their rank.

The coronets, too, are forbidden to be ornamented with any precious stones.

Coachbuilders also received a warning circular from the Heralds' College not to paint the coronets on the panels with any deviation from heraldic rule.

The coronation medals, of which some hundreds are struck in gold and in silver, are in charge of the Treasurer of the Royal Household, and while the peers perform their homage, he scatters them among those who are standing about the Abbey. To each ambassador, with members of their embassies, as well as to peers and members of Parliament, a medal is sent in more formal manner, but the scramble to secure one of those scattered at the time of the ceremony is always described as a very lively scene.

The robes actually worn by Queen Victoria are thus described:—First on entering the Abbey she wore the crimson robes of state; these are afterwards changed to the imperial robes of dark blue velvet, in which the Queen is painted by Leslie kneeling to receive the Holy Communion. The crown had been taken off as the earthly sovereign bowed before the King of Kings, and was held by the Lord Chamberlain, but the royal robes fall from her shoulders.

The Dalmatic, or imperial pall, as it is sometimes called, was nine yards long, and was of thick gold-coloured silk brocaded with gold and silver flowers; the supertunica and armilla were also of cloth-of-gold brocade. These form part of the ancient vestments, whose origin may be traced back to remote ages, and were closely allied to the priestly garments of earliest records, which were worn by English sovereigns for many generations. But those placed upon Queen Victoria were of necessity different, though known as the Dalmatic robes. The change in Her Majesty's robes was made by the Mistress of the Robes, and those set aside were carried into St. Edward's Chapel. This is but a passing notice of the ceremonies of our Queen's coronation; much more that is interesting might be written did space allow.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—*Continued.*

With the first pale streaks of the dawn Monsieur le Marquis returns by the way that he had departed. Monsieur St. Just is roused by his coming. He opens his eyes, and is perfectly calm and collected in his manner.

"Where have you been, Jerome?"

"To Chambuisson to fetch a doctor, who will be here shortly."

"His coming will do no harm, but I shall not need him; I am better."

"Really and truly better!" Jerome joyfully exclaims.

"Does not the testimony of your own eyes assure you so?"

He raises himself upright on the couch, and in doing so encounters Damaris's eager, anxious gaze. The long night watch has told upon her, and shows its traces in the delicate paleness that overspreads her face, spiritualising it to an unusual degree.

"*Mon amie,*" says Monsieur St. Just, with more tenderness in his voice than he has ever yet used to her, "you must go and rest, and to-morrow I will

thank you. I shall do well enough now. Jerome will help me to my room, and Angelique, *la bonne mère* Angelique, will wait upon me."

Angelique comes forwards once more at this mention of her name, and Damaris goes without a word, passing through the door which Monsieur le Marquis holds open for her without seeing the grateful, kindly light that beams upon her from his eyes.

When she reaches her own room, Damaris closes the window, draws down the blind, and lies down upon her bed. Then a great quietness comes over her. All the anxious trains of thought that have tormented her of late are arrested, and she dares not ask herself what will come next. The past is closed, and of the future she may not ask one single question. But she thinks, with a sweet new thrill of delight, of how her voice and her touch stilled the throbbing pulses, soothed each quivering nerve, and brought new life to the seigneur. And so thinking, she falls asleep.

She is awakened many hours later by a startling but familiar sound—that of the wheeled chair of La Marquise approaching her door.

"That will do, Jacqueline. Now open the door. Mademoiselle is, of course, still in bed, and I do not wish to disturb her. *Eh bien! petite paresseuse!* Are you sleeping still?"

Damaris, shaking off the clinging mist of sleep and dreams, is hardly able to recall anything to account for this startling visit. She has not succeeded in doing more than lift her drowsy head from the pillow before the old Marquise is by her side, caressing her most effusively.

"Little sluggard!" she cries, playfully, "do you know that it is already past mid-day, that I have had breakfast with La Duchesse and Leonie, and paid a visit to Etienne in his room?"

"How is he, madame?"

"Better, he says, very much better; and Angelique and Jerome confirm it. But, *petite*, I am desolated. *Mon pauvre* Etienne! he looks to me so ill. But I have come to thank you, you dear, little, tender-hearted thing! I could not have done more for him myself than they tell me you did, and I know that you acted for me, *petite*."

"Yes—madame—of course," said Damaris, speaking with tremulous hesitation.

"And Angelique says you seemed to have thought of everything for his relief before she could get there. Now you must just lie still, and Jacqueline shall bring you some coffee, then sleep again, *petite*."

"Dear madame, it is not necessary. If Jacqueline had called me at the usual hour I would have arisen."

"But Jacqueline was forbidden to do so. And indeed, *petite*, people who turn night into day as you have done, must make day serve the purpose of night."

"But I have slept soundly; I am quite rested now."

"Not another word. I promised Etienne that you should be well cared for. It was he sent me here, although, of course, I should have come anyway to thank you for sparing me all trouble and anxiety."

Damaris subsided into silence, and offered no further obstacles to the carrying out of the old Marquise's kind injunctions.

When she went down to the *salon* an hour or two afterwards, she found the Duchess and Leonie there, and Monsieur le Marquis. Whatever had been the subject of their conversation, it was hushed immediately she entered. La Duchesse greeted her with a very chilling inclination of her aristocratic head, and a glance that said as plainly as any glance could—"Stand where you are, mademoiselle; don't venture to approach one step nearer." Leonie, with a timidity, under which was an overaffectionate eagerness, bade her good-morning. Damaris was quick to feel a difference in the manner of each. Monsieur le Marquis rose to meet her, took both of her hands in his, and asked after her health with marked and brotherly kindness.

"I am commissioned to ask you whether you would like to ride, mademoiselle? And if so, to beg of you to go early enough to return before the sun reaches the hill-tops, and also to see that André accompanies you."

Damaris glanced from the Duchesse to Leonie, then back to Monsieur Jerome, and decided quickly that her absence was possibly desirable to all three.

"I will go, monsieur."

"Now, or later?"

"At once, I think."

"*Eh bien!* you will find me in the *basse-cour*."

She smiled upon Leonie, passed La Duchesse with a stiff little bow, and hastened away to put on her habit.

André was saddling Jacquet, and Monsieur Jerome looking for her coming when she entered the *basse-cour*.

"You will be glad to know," he said to her, impressively, "that Etienne is marvellously better; that this strange attack is passing quite away, and in a few days he will be himself again."

"I am thankful to hear you say so."

She looked at him steadily, saw the sun shining redly on his bronzed cheek, felt her own colour rising, then asked constrainedly—

"Monsieur Jerome, has anything occurred to make the Duchess angry with me? She behaved just now quite different from the way in which she usually does to me; did you not think so?"

He evaded her glance.

"I would not trouble myself to account for the whims of the Duchesse de la Roche, if I were you," he said. "Thank goodness, Leonie is no blood relation of hers. This is the day she originally fixed for their departure, you know."

"But I thought she had deferred it at the entreaty of the Marquise?"

"Well, she has again changed her mind. She and Leonie depart this evening."

"But what can be her reason for going away so suddenly?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Bah! a woman's reason: because she wishes to do so. I suspect the failure of her grand scheme with regard to Etienne is at the bottom of it."

"It has failed, then?"

He laughed.

"Mademoiselle, how can *you* ask that?"

She turned away with a lovely light breaking over her face, and he as quickly turned to bring up Jacquet, covering his amusement by a seeming interest in his trappings.

As he gathered up the reins into her hands, she asked—

"Shall I be back in time to say farewell to Mademoiselle Leonie?"

"Certainly; they go no further than Chambuisson to-night, so do not leave until quite evening. I would not advise you to make a point of seeing La Duchesse again; she does not deserve the smallest civility from you."

Damaris had so many more pleasant things to think of, that her mind did not dwell unduly upon this advice of Monsieur le Marquis. She rode in the *basse valée*, so different in the sunshine of to-day from the gloom of last night.

Immediately after her return to the *château* Leonie came to her chamber to seek her. Her timid restraint was all gone now, she clung to Damaris with an impulse of affection that was in itself an expression of her regret at leaving her. As she hid her pretty flower-like face in her neck, Leonie whispered—

"You are to know—he says I may tell you—that it is he, Monsieur le Marquis, and not Monsieur St. Just, that I like best."

"I am so glad," said Damaris, kissing her. "Did I not tell you he was nice on that very first evening?"

"I have always remembered what you said when *ma marraine* has been talking, and talking, and trying to make me think St. Aubin of more importance than anything else."

"And does *la marraine* know of your decision?"

"Oh, yes, we would not hide it."

"And is this why you are going away in such a hurry?"

Leonie clung to her more closely.

"Oh, no, it is not that. I cannot tell you the reason; it is an unjust, cruel, and false one. If you ever hear it, remember that I do not agree with *ma marraine*—never, never!"

So they parted. Leonie assuring her, with a smile and a kiss, that now they were certain to meet again some day.

(*To be continued.*)

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

NOTE.

THERE are few habits so conducive to a well-regulated mind as the careful writing down of one's thoughts and sentiments in black and white, and our God-given power of influencing others for good is extended, if we are able to express ourselves clearly and correctly. These amateur compositions are inserted with a view to encouraging our girls in the practice of committing their thoughts and experiences to paper for the benefit of their sisters. Nothing thus printed is to be looked upon as perfect in composition, and the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will print only such verses or papers as shall be written in correct taste, interesting in subject to the general reader, and shall contain the age of the writer, and be certified as her *bonâ fide* work by a parent, minister, or teacher.

"ANGRY WORDS."

CHECK the angry word that rises
On the lips,
By-and-by you'll sorrow keenly
For those slips.

Is it children's noisy prattle
Worries so?
Think upon your own glad childhood,
Long ago.

Children won't be children always,
They will grow;
Cares await them in the future,
As you know.

Let them think of kind words spoken
In the past,
Mem'ry's thoughts of kindly actions
Long will last.

Or it may be, work is pressing
On the brain,
And your spirit's low and wearied
With the strain.

But when angry words are rising,
Think of One,
Who, though tired, oppressèd, tempted,
Victories won.

Everyone can answer kindly
When life's smooth;
'Tis the way we speak when troubled,
Christians prove.

E. B. T. (aged 17).

HOME.

WHEN the sun had left the heavens,
When the flowers had closed their eyes,
When twilight grey had spread her veil
O'er the dreary, darkened skies;
With slow and weary footsteps
From the sombre gathering shade,
Through the tangled gorse and brushwood
Came forth a little maid.

In her hand a bunch of flowers—
Rose, forget-me-not, and broom—
They had cheered her through the forest
With their fragrance and their bloom.
What makes the maiden smile, and urge
Her footsteps onward fast?
A welcome sight has met her eye—
She sees her home at last!

The light within the casement guides
Her footsteps to the door,
Soon with dear ones all around her,
All her troubles will be o'er.
Thus through our life's dreary forest
Must we wander till the dawn
Of a brighter life break o'er us,
When we, too, shall cease to mourn.

WINIFRED (aged 9).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I hope that you may think the following true account of a holiday spent by myself and a friend worthy of a place in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. If you print it, I hope that it may prove of some interest to at least your invalid "girls."

The verse of the hymn at the end of the narrative is from "He Knows," by Brainerd. I hope I have not taken up space by quoting it. If so, I apologise.

With every good wish, I am, dear Mr. Editor, your constant reader,

HOPE.

P.S.—"A Holiday in Basket Beds" has been written on the useful little invalid desk described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A HOLIDAY IN BASKET BEDS.

WE were invalids, Gowan and I, and though intimate friends through the medium of correspondence, yet had never seen one another, as we had only heard of each other's existence through a mutual friend. But at length we grew weary (impatient creatures!) of what we thought a rather unsatisfactory mode of friendship, and wished that we could *see* one another. Then our friends, ever ready to give us enjoyment when possible, proposed taking us to the same watering-place during the summer, so that we might be carried on to the beach in our "baskets," and thus enjoy each other's society. We invalid girls, of course, seconded this delightful motion instantly, and before long we found ourselves lying together, close to the waves, listening to their enchanting music.

The particulars of our *first* meeting I shall not expatiate upon, as they would be of little interest to anyone but ourselves. But every bright day we met, and sometimes were outside for many hours, Gowan even dining on the shore occasionally, when it was my duty and pleasure to hold up an umbrella to screen her from the public eye, which I must say was a most curious one. For although the mode we adopted to get fresh air and enjoyment is common enough at English watering-places, yet in Scotland (where Gowan and I were) it is rarely seen, "baskets" being chiefly used for hospital purposes. So Gowan and I were evidently thought to be most *un*common objects of the seashore! But we did not let this trouble us—though our bashful Scotch mothers sometimes did not relish it—for we were determined to enjoy ourselves, and we could see, and indeed proved, that the interested public were sympathisers. For many lovely flowers were brought to us from unknown friends, and children (the dear, wee pets!) would gather shells and stones, shyly laying them down on our quilts for the "sick ladies."

We worked and also read a little, but generally we were too busy watching the boats, bathers, &c., for any real work. Then we had questions to discuss, such as what kind of seaside costumes we should wear if in perpendicular position! So our minds were certainly not overtaxed. One day, while very much absorbed in some weighty question like the above, we had not noticed that the tide had gained on us. Unfortunately, we had only Gowan's nurse with us at the time, so she had to ask help from a man who was passing, as we had to be lifted to dry ground without delay. Gowan and I were amused to hear the man say as he came forward, "Dye they lift seprit, 'm?" We had not thought of ourselves as *quite* so inseparable. At another time, our friends were asked what hospital we (Gowan and I) were in connection with, and on being told that we were "private cases," the inquirer, looking very perplexed, said to my sister, "Then how many invalids have you under your charge?"

A few days before leaving for town we were taken for an excursion along the pier, at the end of which we lay for some hours. We were greatly delighted when we espied a tiny shop from where we were lying, for it was long since we had seen so interesting a sight. But although our friends seemed to enjoy our enjoyment in this, yet they were not at all excited. You see, a shop was a very common sight to them. When our ardour had cooled down, we were carried back to our separate lodgings in triumph.

But as all good things come to an end, so did our holiday. But we returned to town, each with a well-filled mental sketch-book, to which we constantly refer in these cold and bleak winter days.

Though Gowan and I live in the same town, yet we are "seprit" in the meantime. We are still invalids, though hopeful ones, and if health should again be granted us, what a happy day it will be for us when, lifting two sufferers into our "baskets," we carry them off to enjoy what we enjoyed!

But we cannot tell what lies in store for us in the future—whether it be more pain, or whether it be relief—but we can trust, and be happily satisfied in knowing that "He Knows."

"Oh, blessed happy ignorance!
'Tis better not to know.
It keeps me so still in the tender arms
That will not let me go;
It hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom that loves me so."

HOPE (aged 21).

"WHAT JESUS DID FOR US."

O THINK of Jesus years ago
Who on this earth did dwell,
Who acted all those miracles—
Should we not love Him well?

He came on earth to die for us
That we might be forgiven—
That He would take us far away
To sing with Him in heaven.

He always will forgive our sins
Till seven times seventy-seven;
And if we do not love Him then
We cannot go to heaven.

He healed the sick, He raised the dead,
He took the palsy from their bed,
He cleansed the leper, cured the blind,
And yet we do not care or mind.

O Jesus, let us bear in mind
The things that passed in olden time,
When you and your Apostles there
Sought to do good everywhere.

O Jesus, let us strive to walk
According to Thy words and works,
And when we reach Thy home above
We'll praise Thee for Thy wondrous love.

ETHEL ANNIE COGHLAN (aged 11).

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Section Sixth: A Bird-haunted Kirkyard—A Few Words about Husk and about Moulting.

"Adieu, sweet bird! thou erst hast been
Companion of each summer scene,
Loved inmate of our meadows green,
And rural home;
The music of thy cheerful song
We loved to hear; and all day long
Saw thee on pinion fleet and strong
About us roam."

IT is usual in the far north of Scotland, where the writer was reared, to have, as in England, the graveyard surrounding the parish church. The custom is a very ancient and a very beautiful one; life's fitful fever past and gone, to rest under the soft green sward, and under the very shadow of the church where one gleaned spiritual guidance. There is something in the very idea of this which tends to dispel much of the gloom of death, and cast a halo round the tomb itself.

But at the very door of the old church of N—— a tragedy had, years before I had opened my eyes in life, been enacted, and since that day service had never again been conducted within its walls. The new church was built on an open site quite a mile from the old, which latter stands all by itself—crumbling ivy-clad ruins, in the midst of the greenery of an acre of ancient graves. There is a high wall around it, and giant ash and plane trees in summer almost hide it from view. It is a solitary spot, and on moonlit nights in winter, although the highway skirts it, few there be who care to pass that way. The parish school or academy is situated some quarter of a mile from the auld kirkyard, and in the days of my boyhood even bird-nesting boys seldom, if ever, visited the place. It was not considered "canny." For me, however, the spot had a peculiar charm. It was so quiet, so retired, and haunted, not with ghosts, but with birds, and many a long sunny forenoon did I spend wandering about in it or reclining on the grass with my Virgil or Horace in hand—poets, by the way, who can only be thoroughly enjoyed out of doors in the country.

A pair of owls built in this auld kirkyard for years. I used to think they were always the same old pair, who, year after year, stuck to the same old spot, sending their young ones away to the neighbouring woods to begin life on their own account as soon as they were able to fly. They were lazy birds; for two whole years they never built a nest of their own, but took possession of a magpie's old one. But at last the lady owl said to her lord:

"My lord, this nest is getting quite disreputable—we *must* have a new one this spring."

"Very well," said his lordship, looking terribly learned, "but you'll have to build it, my lady, for I've got to think, and think, you know."

"To be sure, my lord," said she. "The world would never go on unless you thought, and thought."

She chose an old window embrasure, and, half hid in ivy, there she built the new nest with weeds and sticks and stubble, while he did nothing but sit and talk Greek and natural philosophy at her.

There were tree sparrows built in the ivy of those crumbling walls, each nest about as big as the bottom of an arm-chair, and containing as many feathers as would stuff a small pillow-case, to say nothing of threads of all colours, hair, and pieces of printed paper. Seven, eight, and ten eggs would be in some of those, white as to ground, and beautifully speckled with brown and grey.

I have heard the tree sparrow called a nasty, common, dowdy thing. It really is not at all dowdy, and although it may be called the country cousin of the busy, chattering little morsel of feathers and fluff that hops nimbly but noisily about our roof tops, and is constantly quarrelling with its neighbours, the tree sparrow is far more pretty. Nor is it quite plebeian. It is the *Passer montanus* of some naturalists, the *bec-fin friquet* of the French; it belongs to the Greek family, the *Fringillidæ*, and does not the linnet belong to that family, too? yes, and the beautiful bullfinch and the gaudy goldfinch as well, to say nothing of the siskin and canary, so it cannot be plebeian. The tree sparrow makes a nice wee pet, very loving and gentle, and not at all particular as to food. It likes canary seed, but insects and worms as well, and it is not shy at picking a morsel of sugar, nor a tiny bit of bread and butter.

There were more birds of the same family that haunted this auld kirkyard. The greenfinch or green-grosbeak used to flit hither and thither among the ivy like a tiny streak of lightning, and the pretty wee redpole was also there. These birds are fed and treated in the same way that goldfinches are. So, too, is the hawfinch, a charmingly pretty bird, and one to be found at times in the shops of dealers, although I do not think it breeds very often in this country.

There was one bird in particular that used to build in the trees that grew inside the graveyard wall. I refer to my old friend and favourite the chaffinch, called in Scotland the boldie. He is most brilliant in plumage, being richly clad in russet red and brown, picked out with blue, yellow, and white. The chaffinch is lovely whether sitting or flying, whether trilling his song with head erect and throat puffed out, or keeking down from the branch of a tree with one saucy eye, to see if anyone is going near his nest. His song in the wild state is more celebrated for brilliancy and boldness than for sweetness or variation, but in confinement it may be improved.

Considering that the chaffinch is so lovely, so neat, and so shapely, and that its song is so bright and bell-like, and sung with such a will, I wonder it is not more common as a cage bird than it is. It becomes most affectionate and tame, and may be fed on the same kind of food as the goldfinch. It is cleanly in habits, and knows the value of pure water, both for the purposes of drinking and for bathing. And this should not be forgotten by those who keep them in confinement. I daresay the reason why the chaffinch is not thought enough of is this: it is common. "Oh! it is only a chaffie," I have heard one

bird-nesting boy say to another, "Who would think of going after a chaffie's nest?"

But this same nest is something to look at and admire for minutes at a time. I used to think my chaffinch—the chaffinch that built in my churchyard—was particularly proud of his nest.

"Pink, pink, pink," he used to say to me; "I see you looking up at my nest. You may go up, if you like, and have a look in. *She* is from home just now, and there are four eggs in it at present. There will be five by-and-by. Now, did ever you see such beautiful eggs?"

"Never," I would reply; "they are most lovely."

"Well, then," he would continue, "pink, pink, pink! look at the nest itself. What do you think of that for architecture? It is built, you see, some twelve feet from the ground, against the stem, but held in its place by a little branch. It is out of the reach of cats; if it were higher up the wind would shake it, or the hawks would see it. It is not much bigger than your two hands; and just look at the artistic way in which the lichens are mingled with the moss on the outside, to blend with the colour of the tree!"

"Yes, but," I would remark, "there are bits of paper there as well as lichens."

"Yes, yes, yes," the bird would reply; "bits of paper do almost as well as lichens. Pink, pink, pink! There is the whole of Lord Palmerston's speech there; Palmerston is a clever man, but he couldn't build a nest like that."

I mentioned the redpole. It is, as far as beauty goes, one of the best cage-birds we have; a modest, wee, affectionate, unassuming pet, but deficient in song. It should be fed in the same way as the chaffinch, and looks nice in a beautiful parlour-cage.

"Cheet, cheet, cheet, cheet, cheet, cheet, chee-ee!" What sweet little voice is that repeating the same soft song over and over again, and dwelling on the last syllable with long-drawn cadence? The music—for music it is, although a song without variations—is coming from yonder bonnie bush of golden-blossomed broom that grows in the angle between the two walls in a remote corner of the auld kirkyard. I throw Horace down, and get up from the grass and walk towards it.

"Chick, chick, chick, chick, chee-ee!"

"Oh, yes! I daresay you haven't a nest anywhere near; but I know better." This is my reply.

I walk across the unhallowed ground, as this patch is called, for—whisper it!—suicides lie here, and the graves have not been raised nor do stones mark the spots where they lie.

Here is the nest, in under a bit of weedy bank, and yonder is the bird himself—the yellowhammer, skite, or yellow bunting—looking as gay as a hornet, for well he knows that I will not disturb his treasures. The eggs are shapely, white in ground, and beautifully streaked, and speckled, and splashed with reddish brown. But here are no eggs; only four morsels of yellow fluff, apparently, surmounted by four gaping orange-red mouths. But they are cosy. I catch a tiny slug, and break it up between them, and the cock-bird goes on singing among the broom, while the hen perches a little way off, twittering nervously and peevishly.

"Chick, chick, che-ee!" says the bird. "I don't pretend to build such a pretty nest as the chaffinch; besides, such a flimsy thing as his would not do on the ground; mine has a solid foundation of hay, don't you see. That keeps out the damp, and that lining of hair is warmer than anything else in the world."

A poor, persecuted little bird is this same yellow bunting; and schoolboys often, when they find the nest, scatter it and its precious contents to the four winds of heaven.

All the more reason why we should be kind to the pet if we happen to have it in confinement. It is true the wild song is not very interesting; but when a young one is got it will improve itself if it can listen to the song of another bird, for nearly all our feathered songsters possess the gift of imitation. Food of the yellow bunting: seeds and paste. It is not particular as to what it eats, but is really a hard-billed or seed bird.

There are several other species of buntings to be found in this country, and all of them make good cage-birds and pets. They are fed and treated in the same way as the yellow bunting just described.

There are two bird complaints about which I may possibly do well to say a word in this chapter; one is called the husk. It is a species of dry, wheezy cough that many birds take. It is caused most commonly from cold. But this cold may be taken in a variety of ways: the cage may have been hung in a draught, or left too late out of doors, or the bird may have been exposed to damp air or steam, or to the irritating effects of an atmosphere impregnated with gas or the fumes of burning petroleum, or even the smoke of wood. But in whatever way it is caused, the complaint wants seeing to at once.

Treatment.—Give from one to three drops of warm castor oil to begin with, in their daily fresh water put as much saffron as will tinge it a pale yellow, a small teaspoonful of glycerine, about twenty drops of paregoric and a morsel of gum arabic as big as a small bean. Give extra nourishing food and keep the cage in a warm corner in a well-ventilated room, covering it up at night with a cloth. After five days or a week it will be time to administer a little tonic, and this is best done by placing a rusty nail in the bird's water.

The other complaint to which I refer is natural to all birds about the autumn of each year—I mean moulting. Now some people when they see a bird beginning to lose its feathers, cover the cage up entirely, leaving it in dark and warmth, while others take no heed about the matter at all, and leave everything to nature. Neither plan is, in my opinion, to be recommended. The moulting season is a critical time with all birds, and they then need additional care and comfort. If they do not have this they are apt to catch cold, which may end in inflammation, or quite undermine the constitution of the bird. When, therefore, you observe that your bird is beginning to drop his feathers, put him in a warmer part of the room and feed on a slightly more nourishing diet, giving the best seeds, probably a little maw seed or crushed hemp, and for those birds that can take it, yolk of hard-boiled egg.

Toast and water is recommended by some, and a little saffron in the water by others. The latter, I think, does more good than the former, as it has an action on the skin.

The cage may be covered on three sides and top, leaving simply the front open.

Do not let the bird want for anything, especially gravel, sand, a morsel of chalk, and fresh water. The bath should not be given so frequently, but it does good now and then. Be very careful that the cage does not get wet; if it does, have it dried again as soon as possible.

The usual iron tonic is generally given, but the nail should not be put in the water for a week or two at first.

When the bird is just recovering the nail does far more good. Take care not to remove the cage coverings too soon, and let it be done gradually.

VARIETIES.

A TALE OF A TRACT.—A shoemaker having received a tract, instead of reading it, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of a shoe. The labour of the tract distributor was apparently lost. Not so. Some time afterwards another man of the same occupation sat down on a Sunday morning to put a new sole to that shoe. When he had cut away the old leather, he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by the title, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the House of God. His soul was troubled, nor could it find rest until he found it at the Cross of Christ.

BIRD-LIKE.

Let us be like the bird, for a moment perched
On a frail branch, while he sings;
Though he feels it hard, he continues his song,
For he knows that he has wings.
Victor Hugo.

AN ENCOURAGING THOUGHT.—"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Let not the word *yoke* frighten you; we must bear the weight, but God helps us to bear it; it is a burden that two must carry, and God shares it with us.—*Fénelon.*

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.—There is nothing so powerful as *example*. We put others straight by walking straight ourselves. —*Madame Swetchine.*

THE USE OF POLITENESS.—Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others. We should never throw it off even in our conflicts with coarse people.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Place before children nothing but what is simple lest you spoil their taste, and nothing that is not innocent lest you spoil their heart.

ACROSTIC.

1. A celebrated poet and Latin secretary to Cromwell.
2. An English painter.
3. A great orator of antiquity.
4. A violent opponent of the Reformation, born in Swabia.
5. A philanthropist and founder of Sunday-schools.
6. A Greek lyric poet.
7. A pleasing authoress who wrote for the young.
8. A Grecian empress famed for her beauty, but who died in poverty at Lesbos.
9. A sister of the Emperor Augustus, famed for her beauty and goodness.
10. A Marshal of France, who, from political motives, was condemned to be shot.
11. Daughter of Agamemnon.
12. An astronomer, born in Lincolnshire.
13. An English general, who fought against the French in Flanders and Holland.
14. A celebrated reformer, born at Eisleben.
15. A philosopher, born in Somersetshire, 1632.
16. Founder of the Ionian School.
17. Most celebrated Greek poet.
18. A Grecian orator, who is said to have starved himself to death.
19. A great theologian, born at Göttingen.
20. The author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."
21. A poetess, who was called the tenth Muse.

The initials give a maxim of Cleobulus, one of the seven sages of Greece.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

A WIDOW.—We acknowledge with thanks the suggestions of a character to suit the small means of many housekeepers, viz., that "good pies may be made of tinned rabbit if about half a pound of pickled pork be added to that contained in a two-pounds tin. Also that Australian meat may be potted thus:—Turn out a tin of roast beef into a strong brown basin, leaving the jelly in the tin, and place it in the oven till warm. Then pound the meat with a potato-masher till fine, flavour with pepper or a little Worcester sauce, and pour in the melted jelly. Mix well, pour all into small jars, putting a little salt butter over the top. The Australian meat also makes good rissoles. The prejudice against it is absurd.

ELEANOR.—"Almond rocks" are easily made. You will require 4 oz. of almonds, which must be blanched, dried, and cut into spikes, 3 oz. of citron, orange, and lemon peel, also 1 oz. of flour, ¼ lb. of pounded sugar, 2 oz. butter, and the white of two eggs. Mix together into a light paste, and place in small heaps on wafer-paper. Then bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HENRIETTA K.—In respect to the question raised respecting the condition of Gehazi at the time of his interview with the king, recorded in the 8th chapter of 2nd Kings, there is no reason for supposing that the history of the several events is not given consecutively. As to possible infection, remember that when a leper from head to foot, the Syrian king leant on Naaman's arm when he "bowed himself in the House of Rimmon," and that he was not regarded in that country as ceremonially "unclean," as in the religion of the Jews. Also that it was precisely "the leprosy of Naaman" that was to "cleave to" Gehazi.

BRAMBLEBUSH.—1. Of the precise character of the several palm trees to which allusion is made in the Bible (Neh. viii. 15, Judges i. 15, and iv. 5, Eze. xv. 27, &c.) we are not informed. They were, probably, diverse in their respective species, and finer than any artificially raised in England. 2. The turtle and tortoise are not vertebrate animals, although their necks have that character. They belong to the Chelonian tribes, a name derived from the Greek, meaning a tortoise—the "Che" being pronounced as if written "Ke."

L. M. "DAMARIS."—You should consult a "skin doctor," but for our part we can devise no way of rendering the defect less conspicuous and without injury than applying a little pink powder to it as often as necessary, which will do no harm.

PANSY.—1. The great mistake made by teachers in Sunday-schools is that they talk too much themselves, instead of making their scholars do so. If you talk yourself they may find your observations very dull and uninteresting, and they may not listen; if you give them something to do and to answer, they must attend. Select some great doctrine, or anything whatever that will necessitate a careful search through the Bible, and make them find so many texts, write them out, learn, and recite them to you, proving each doctrine or fact. The number of the parables and their names, and what they were about also, would be a useful investigation for them, and you could then explain what they meant. But then you must study some good commentary, and make yourself thoroughly well informed before you could be competent to teach even the smallest child. 2. Pray for God's grace to help you, and do not then mock Him, and grieve His Holy Spirit, by neglecting to strive resolutely to control yourself and act up to those prayers.

AUNTIE IVE.—Small shell decorations are usually glued on to cardboard, but if too large and heavy for that, you will have to perforate them, making two small holes through which to insert very narrow ribbon and tie it at the back. Of course, you must line the wrong side of the cardboard, so as to cover the fastenings. We regret being unable to insert your verses.

KATHARINE JESSIE.—The meaning of the Latin phrase which you saw on a tombstone, *i.e.*, "*Abit, non obit*," is, "He went away, he did not die." Your hand is good, though having faults, as, for example, in writing the word "think," you make the "cross" over the following "i," passing quite over the intervening "h," and the long heels you make to the "t's" we think far from pretty.

"SEPT'S DARLING."—We admire your writing. For all advice for eruptions in the face, and freckles, kindly refer to the many answers given in our correspondence columns and the articles by "Medicus." There is an index to each of the bound volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A GRATEFUL GIRL.—We thank you for "swelling the number of our correspondents." Such nice letters as yours are always welcomed. Yes, the creditable letters we receive—including those also of poor "working girls," who cannot write such a good hand nor express themselves so well as you do—very far outnumber the contemptible specimens of impertinence and ingratitude which we feel it necessary sometimes to expose. Try to slope your writing a little more from left to right. 1. If you take a sufficiency of other vegetables, you need not coerce your taste in reference to "greens." 2. If a "daughter of the house," you should attend to any requirements of all the home guests.

MAVIS.—We much approve of the good work in which you are engaged with the co-operation of your fellow Sunday-school teachers and scholars. It is called "a Bee" meeting in America—that is, one for united work for the poor, or any charitable object, each member giving a subscription for the materials, and one person reading aloud to the workers. We think it a little institution well worthy of the attention of our readers, and gladly give the benefit of your suggestion.

TREFOIL.—Another very nice idea is supplied to us by your means. A "hospital drawer," into which every scrap of linen rag or calico for bandaging, old underlinen, or other clothing, and pieces of flannel are thrown, as they may be collected ready for use when wanted, or periodically sent to their destination, is truly a charitable institution. Every girl should adopt some special way of devoting her leisure time and her earnest endeavours to the glory of God and the good of others. For the direction of those desiring to follow in the same steps, we quote your words: "I put three card boxes in the drawer—one containing flannel, oil-silk, wool, and finger-stalls; another, old rag, lint, sponge, roller bandages, and half squares for arm-slings; the third, cottons, needles, scissors, and thimble. I have also a smelling-bottle, fan, court plaster, and other things, in case of accident." Some of these things might be reserved for loan in local neighbouring cases. To all our readers we commend the suggestions and example of "Mavis" and "Trefoil." "Go and do thou likewise."

SNOWDROP.—1. We feel for you much, but assure you that to find a situation as a governess is indeed difficult, and rarely a satisfactory "find" when obtained! Also, you could now qualify yourself for it. But you should study all our "Educational" answers, and may get both a suggestion and an address, which may put you in the way of improvement, and of doing something profitable. 2. If inferior in social rank to the clergyman, of course address him as "Sir." Never say "Mr." So-and-So.

A MOTHER AND WIDOW.—We are greatly obliged to you for the suggestion you are so good as to give us, and think that the seeking out, amongst widows, and the needy amongst private gentlefolk and professionals, and sending them contributions of half-worn clothing of all kinds—old ribbons ironed-out so as to serve again, old music and books, scraps of crape to trim a hat or bonnet—anonymously, would be an excellent form of private charity worthy of the notice of our girls. Governesses out of place should be kindly remembered. We ourselves have heard of one who, for bare existence' sake, had pawned her clothing, and had to lie in bed; or at least remain at home, unable to take a situation when offered. We only add, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccles. ix. 10.

"A FLOWER-HEARTED QUIZ."—We do not at all understand the name you have adopted, but can easily reply to your query. It would be disgraceful on your part to break-off your engagement to the worthy young man whom you have promised to marry, merely because he had met with the affliction of losing the sight of one eye. You ought to be ashamed of asking such a question. What dishonourable "friends" you appear to have! The love which you profess to bear him might easily fit into a thimble, judging from your indecision on such a point. Surely he requires a "*help meet*" more than ever now?

ELLA DORAN.—We think highly of such honourable scruples; by which, at least in one sense, you show yourself his equal. The most serious difficulty in this case appears to be that he is still a minor. And besides this, a man just of age is much younger than a woman of the same age; his tastes are not formed, his views of life, and all its interests and circumstances but very imperfectly understood. In fact, he does not know his own mind, and should mix in the world and see other faces, and learn the value of those better advantages which they can offer. Draw off like a wise woman to yourself, and a generous one to him, telling him the reason if he should protest against it; and should he actually make you an offer, bravely lay the case before his father, and say you would not encourage nor accept his proposal unless with their knowledge and consent. The path of duty is hard, but it brings its reward with it.

IN PERPLEXITY.—A "penny reading" would be a pleasant entertainment, a few songs being introduced at intervals.

MOPSEY.—If the bread be already cut and buttered, convey it to your mouth with your right hand; but if you employ a knife, and so occupy it, convey it with the left hand, of course. We are gratified by your letter, and think you write fairly well.

IGNORAMUS.—Your letter is a nice one. Look out in the dictionary, and write out several times every word of the spelling of which you are uncertain; and if of a particular class, learn the rules, and study the exceptious name, in the work on "The English Tongue" by Dr. Angus, to which we have made so many scores of references. Also write copies daily. In common with other correspondents, you substitute the word "sooner" for "oftener." Try to guard against misapplications of words. We were once told by a cook that she "was not a confessional cook;" and by another, that the empty kitchen, when the furniture was removed, was a "very dissolute-looking place."

DAISY HEATHCOTE.—Rise at once, and return to your place, or find another, after playing; do not keep anyone else from the piano. We are obliged for your letter.

EITTOL YELTNER.—We think that either cocoa or milk (if really good) would be preferable for supper than tea or coffee.

CLOUDY.—By adopting the plan of reducing your flesh, and the suitable plumpness of a young girl in good health, by taking long walks daily of nine or ten miles length, you will reduce your bodily powers, weaken your digestion, injure your general health, and produce other ailments which we need not enumerate. You will also give your face a washed-out, haggard appearance, and may—by weakening your digestion—bring out a bright harvest of red spots. The long exhausting walks in which some men might indulge safely are utterly unsuitable to girls and women. We do not advertise the books brought out by other firms, but are sorry to disappoint you.

CANADIAN ADMIRER OF "G. O. P."—We thank you for your kind offer to send your diary of foreign travel to be published in this magazine. But this is a kind of contribution which, however interesting to many, would not suit our paper. Our staff of writers does not now offer any vacancy; and it is composed of experienced and well-known writers. We regret to disappoint you, judging from your well-expressed and kind letter that you have written your diary well and agreeably.

RETICENT.—We are of opinion that either your shyness and want of ease may be either constitutional, or the "nervousness" of which you complain may be induced by certain habits—such as sitting up late at night, over-taxing your mental or physical powers, or possibly from a too severe system of youthful training at home. We know some girls, of decided ability, that could never overcome a feeling of shyness, and the inability to converse, from having been made to keep silence too strictly at home. Your memory might be impaired by exhaustion from over-mental fatigue also. If not, practise learning recitations of poetry. You write a legible, pretty hand.

ADA.—If you signed a pledge—which was called by a wrong name, to deceive people as to its real character—and so, from misrepresentation on the promoters' part, and a mistake on yours, you are perfectly right in withdrawing from it, and firmly declining to be bound by a signature obtained under "false pretences." So make yourself happy. Of course, "Temperance" and "Total Abstinence" are perfectly different things.

MOTHERLESS DAISY.—Your writing to us could not be an act of "rudeness" unless you said "rude" things. To become an assistant in a shop you would have to spell better. Should you wish to be an apprentice, you will have to pay a premium; but how much would be asked it is impossible for us to say. One thing we must notice that the "first person singular" is written with a capital letter: "I," not a small one—"i."

TOPSEY.—You have only to refer to our correspondence columns, or to either volume for the index, and you will find what we have said on the subject of stammering.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.—We are ready to pray for the reform of the wicked and the protection of the innocent. We have had many years of personal acquaintance with the people in their native land, and regret that we must differ from those sentiments which you express. But we must decline entering on any political questions.

NAUSICA.—The comparatively modern dogma of the "Infallibility of the Pope" is exclusively one of the Roman Church, and dates only from the Pontificate of Pius IX. Your writing is legible but rather crabbed in its character, not sufficiently flowing and graceful.

PATIENTLY WAITING.—The bloodshot appearance of your eyes may be the result of other causes than one. It is impossible therefore to prescribe for your individual case, without seeing and knowing more about your health and habits. You may have stood in some draught, or broken some little vessel in the eye, and it will then need time for absorption to take place. You might benefit by frequent eye-baths of water as hot and almost a little hotter than you can bear it, which will drive back the red particles. But if you do this, you must not expose the eye to the external air for some hours; and if you give it a few good baths in the evening and prior to retiring to bed, you will run the less risk.

JERRY.—People do not return cards for wedding cake, for the latter only goes to near relatives and very intimate friends, and these have already written all their congratulations and good wishes.

GLADYS, EARLSCOURT.—Use a little vaseline or some glycerine and water to your hair, and keep it well brushed. After washing it a little grease should be applied to prevent catching cold, and also to give a slight glossiness and make the surface smooth.

EDITH H.—We do not think there is; but in no case do we give addresses.

LAURA PENDENNIS.—You are quite right, as the "Faerie Queen" was published in the winter of 1589 and 1590.

LOU.—1. We advise you to procure the *Cottager and Artisan*, which costs only one penny monthly (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). 2. Charles Dickens, the author, had but one wife, who survived him; but in consequence, we believe, of family differences they ceased to live together for many years. You have probably mistaken for a "second wife" his sister-in-law, Miss Hogarth, who lived with him and kept his house after her sister had parted company with him.

AMBITIOUS SMELDA.—You had better make a coil of your hair at the back, plaited. You write fairly well for your age, but have need of practising the formation of "m's" and "n's."

OLD SCHOOLGIRL. — The scale of miles supplied to maps is rendered intelligible by a series of numbers given in tens. We are glad that you have derived so much benefit from our paper.

CONSTANCE DE B. — 1. Yes, you may wear a silver ring, if you like; and we advise you to consult the index in both volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for all information and advice respecting the care of the teeth. You ought to write better.

RAFFIA.—The "real colour of the sea" comprises all those in the rainbow, according to the lights and shadows upon it, and the colour of sky and the clouds above it. Its hues are ever-changing—just as its moods. We pronounce the name "Evelyn" as if the second "e" were mute; but some say "Eve-lyn." There is promise in the present style of your writing.

NIGGER.—The words you quote are from the peroration of the "Apology of Socrates." The more usual translation is, "The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live, and which is the better God only knows."

A ROSE.—The 17th January, 1870, was a Monday. Go and consult a dentist at once.

BERTRAM.—You are only entitled to ask two questions, and we do not give addresses. A volume of sonnets was published by Charles Tennyson Turner in 1864. The stories of Roberto Stuart are considered the best ever written. They were published about two years ago.

A POOR GIRL.—The 24th July, 1863, was a Friday. Try to improve yourself in spelling, by obtaining a small dictionary and looking out each word. Write "I" with a capital letter.

VIOLET WHITE. — Many thanks for your kind and encouraging letter.

GRAMPUS.—Your writing lacks regularity and grace. You should strive to make it more flowing.

HENRIETTA A. SARGANT. — The word *matura* is Italian, and means "ripe;" *eta matura* would mean "advanced age."

MAGGIE JAMIESON. — Tapestry painting is a very fashionable employment. We have given a full description of it at page 523, vol. i. Crewel-work is of very early origin.

BELL.—The bride's father must take down the lady of the highest rank to the wedding breakfast—whoever that may be; otherwise, he should take down the mother of the bridegroom, and his father should take down his bride's mother. The parents on both sides take precedence of everyone, except in cases of positive rank. Of course, due respect should be shown to the clergyman and his wife.

BOOMERANG.—We thank you much for the kind interest you take in us, and regret we cannot accede to any of your requests.

KATRINE.—Prizes may very naturally be given for merit in any description of work—mental or manual. But we regard the study of the Holy Scriptures as being of sacred obligation, and that should be pursued as a duty, and not for any prize which could be offered. We must draw your attention to the original spelling which we quote from your letter viz., "The Agrivating Schoolgirl." With reference to the plague of ants, dip some sponges in a solution of sugar and water and place them in your larder; which, when filled—as they will be—with ants, you plunge into a pan of boiling water. Washing the shelves with alum and water keeps them away to a considerable degree.

MRS. POYSER.—1. Table-napkins should be supplied at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. 2. Dip the black Spanish lace in strong cold green tea; then squeeze the water out, without wringing it, and place it between the folds of a clean white cloth, under a weight. It should be laid flat. We thank you for your kind letter.

TERRA COTTA.—To take a moderately warm bath, just for the purpose of ablution, in a more complete and quicker way than it could otheswise be effected, would do no harm to anyone. But for even a moderately warm bath, bedtime would be preferable to the morning, when you would be safe from draughts and chills after it. According to the decision of the laws of the land, boys and girls are "infants" until they attain the age of twenty-one years. So, although at eighteen you are old enough to be introduced into society, or presented at Court, you are still only a minor. At "fifteen" you have six years yet to run before you will cease to be "an infant" in the eye of the law. We rejoice that our paper should prove such a comfort to you.

CORNISH LASSIE.—You should not mind the silly laughter of those who think there can be no varieties of a pleasing character in Nature. Harmony of feature is also to be taken into account. Some regard as a beauty that which persons not versed in the various types of feature foolishly laugh at. Your hand is very pretty, and not at all too small.

RHODODENDRON.—You will see the announcement in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER when the day is fixed for the bazaar. It is not at all unladylike to use a tricycle.

TOSS.—Lilies of the valley, primroses, the narcissus, and many of the spring flowers are very pretty for painting on terra-cotta. Consult "My Work Basket." Your writing is not very good for your age.

CLARA DE CLARE.—Perhaps a little borax water might help you to keep your hair in the same position. Go to bed at 9 p.m., and rise at 6.30 a.m. or 7.

MARGARIETHEN.—Write to the London School of Medicine for Women (in connection with the Royal Free Hospital), 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C. The dean of the school is Mr. A. T. Norton, F.R.C.S. He will give you every information.

BETSY TROTWOOD.—You are over-fatigued, yet do not take sufficient exercise, and are not enough in the open air. The close neighbourhood of a kitchen fire is injurious, as the oxygen is absorbed, and your blood deprived of that which contributes to its red colour. Over-fatigue in standing about so much makes you restless at night; while going near the fire with cold hands and blood not properly circulated of itself would produce chilblains (the chief use of the right hand—circulating the blood in it more than in the left—exempts it more or less from them as compared to the latter). An unwholesome mode of life affects the liver; and persons who do not take suitable exercise and sufficient out-door air must induce "sluggishness" of the liver and other disorders, which make the complexion "yellow." You write a nice hand, and we thank you for your kind wishes.

TIGER LILY.—Have the paper sent to you by post until you can ascertain for yourself whether it can be procured in the place to which you are going.

BROWN HEIFER.—It is impossible for us to give you any rule by which means you can be enabled to acquire the power of concentrating your thoughts. It requires a strong effort of the will. Time your studies—so many minutes for learning a recitation, so many for doing a sum, and so forth. We cannot give you strength of mind or of principle, nor power of will. Ask Divine aid to do your duty, and to cease wasting valuable time. Your writing is too large, and not sufficiently round.

DAMARIS.—Most artists' colourmen supply all the materials for wax modelling; the moulds can be purchased for sixpence each. Try to improve yourself both in writing and spelling.

VOL. III.—NO. 128.] JUNE 10, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

THEIR next quarter's remittances duly arrived immediately after Christmas. There was no mistake about the fact that before they came Denzil's purse was absolutely empty, though he had as yet contributed nothing to the mutual housekeeping expenses. Faith, having had no personal expense whatever since her arrival in the North, had just been able to meet these with her own allowance, and the result was that now they were making a fresh start, free, Faith knew, from all housekeeping debt, but with not a shilling brought forward to the good. Faith knew well enough that just at the present time it was not their duty to save money, but to expend it wisely, in that sort of expenditure which is the most profitable investment for the future. But she came of a provident race, and would have felt reassured as to their really living within their income, had she seen a surplus, however small, in both their tiny revenues.

Once again she ventured to urge upon Denzil the necessity and the comfort of keeping strict accounts of all he spent. Perhaps a third party, looking on, might have thought he should have taken these hints more cordially and frankly from one whose own care and thrift had even already saved him from difficulty. But poor Faith herself readily forgave him for being gruff and reserved, feeling it might be only natural he should resent anything like dictation from a sister not so very much older than himself. So she backed up her timid little lecture by a practical reminder in the form of a New Year's gift of a diary, with pencil and pockets. She even spent a little more than

PONDERING OVER WAYS AND MEANS.

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she thought she should have done, that her gift might be pleasant to sight and touch, and so without any bald and harsh suggestiveness.

It was the same gentle fear lest she lose her influence over him by any assertion of seeming authority, which made her leave in his hands the future plan for the arrangement of their finances. And he was not slow to make one.

This plan was that she should again use her money for their regular housekeeping expenses; he, in the meantime, keeping detailed account of how he spent his. Then, if she wanted anything extra—any article of dress, for instance—she was to apply to him for money for that purpose. This would, he explained, ensure that the money for daily needs would not fail before the next quarter, and then they would "square up," see exactly how they stood, and know precisely how they must manage for the future.

He kissed her, and seemed quite elate to think of the solvent state in which they would find themselves in early spring. From his earliest childhood, Denzil had always been one who made jubilant proclamation of "another fair start." The wise Book hints at the greater hopefulness of quiet and even sorrowful beginnings. It is he who goeth out weeping, who brings home precious seed. It is he who does not rejoice when he puts on his armour, who rejoices when he takes it off.

Faith did not see much more of Denzil during the Christmas holidays than at any other time. He was at home for every meal, that was all. But how could she blame him for so steadily going to work with Edgar Cheney and Marcus, especially since he carefully returned at an hour so respectable that even Miss Milne could raise no objection? Once or twice Faith did ask when Mr. Drummond was going to fulfil his promise of coming up there to work in Denzil's room, and on one occasion Marcus did so, but they both seemed so inclined to trifle about, and so little disposed to buckle to their books, that Faith was inclined to think she ought to be thankful that they were generally under the controlling and directing influence of Edgar Cheney. For they did very differently when they were in his rooms down in town, they assured her.

Faith's little Christmas hospitality to Marcus Drummond had set Miss Milne a-thinking. Miss Milne had had her "Halloweens," and her "seeing the old year out" in the days of her youth, when she had been the daughter at home in her father's smithy at the back of Benachie. There had been budding hopes in those days, which were all nipped in the bud. The brother George, whom everybody had said would make a fortune, had been crossed in love, lost all his ambition, and wandered south, there to remain "the miller's man" at Westering. The clever brother, who had been dux at school, and first bursar at college, and who was passing through his classes with honours, had died of fever, leaving nothing of his high promise except that little book-shelf in Miss Milne's kitchen, and one or two framed certificates already growing mildewed. Borne down by grief, the smith and his wife had both died, though perhaps not long before their natural time. So Miss Milne was a woman who had had her losses. If there was any wound more special to her own life, who can say? Certainly she was not made of the same stuff as her brother George, of whose sentimental sorrows she would speak with a slight pity. She had taken the best furniture out of the old rooms at the smithy, had come to the city, and there kept lodgings. She was an old woman now, had made a little money, and felt a keen pleasure in "laying shilling to shilling"—only the keener because she was quite jealously fair and honest in all her dealings, so that her savings were the sheer gains of hard work and good management.

But all these years, since the door of the old home had closed behind her, she had kept no more Halloweens or New Years, saying to herself that she was a lone woman, with nothing worth offering to anybody.

The sight of little lonely Faith, trying to make some cheer and brightness for Denzil and his friend, had touched the good woman's heart and made her ask herself whether she might not have done something of the sort.

"The girl had no pleasure in it when she begun," she mused, "for I saw the tears just dropping on the bits of evergreen she was twisting up. But she got into it after a while, I think. An' she was talking away as bright as possible on Christmas evening. An' she gives that loon, her brother, no excuse to go to the bad. His blood will be on his own head," she added grimly; "an' as for the dark laddie, he was better here than he would ha' been anywhere else, I daresay.

"I mind the first New Year after I came into town," she went on to herself, knitting busily beside her fire, and not sparing herself in her reflections. "I was dowie enough myself, an' I'm one o' the sort that takes that feeling hard on the outside—which, of course, it isn't everybody has sense to understand. An' that young Adam, our old minister's wild son, came to call on me. An' he'd been to school and college with our Willie, though *he* had never done any good, an' it made me just bitter to think that our clever, well-doing laddie should be in his grave, and that waster left, doing good neither to himself nor anybody else. An' he kept hanging about, talkin', talkin' o' old times—he had a sweet, easy tongue of his own, that young Adam. An' I reckoned he only wanted to be asked to his supper—maybe just to write home that he'd spent New Year evening with Anne Milne, which would have had a respectable sound—for a' the parish knew I was a woman wi' ways o' my own, and small patience for ne'er-do-wells. An' I just couldn't do it, there was something turned hard in my heart and stopped me. An' so he went away, and the very next day, wasn't he before the Sheriff as drunk and disorderly and waur? An' he never showed his face in the town after. An' I mind I was just glad to think that I'd judged so rightly and showed him no countenance.

"But whiles since, I've wondered—I mind the thought first came into my head when I heard a minister telling how he had seen a wheel come loose from a cart and go trundling down a hill-side, to the river, with the carter after it, quite unable to catch it, till all of a sudden it caught and turned on a wee tuft of heather. He brought it in how such a little thing might keep a soul out of destruction, till God laid hold upon it and saved it altogether. An' I minded on that young Adam, and that New Year night. But I put the thought away again, saying to myself that ministers must make pretty metaphors, as they call them.

"Yet when I see this lassie, always planning what she can do, be it ever so little, her love just brooding, as it were, in her heart, I can't help thinking the Kingdom of Heaven would be come at once if we were all so. An' it's not that I think it makes much impression on that loon Alleyne—I whiles think it is just a heaping up of wrath against him at the day o' judgment—and that gives me the heart-break for the lass's sake; but I see it's the right thing to do—to keep the heart and the life full of kindliness and brightness, whether they get rightly used or no, just as God fills the fields wi' bonnie flowers, where there's none to gather or even to notice—at least, none that we ken o'," the old woman added, softly.

The end of Anne Milne's cogitations was that she planned a little party for herself on the last night of the year.

She could not convey her invitations very graciously. The kindness of such as she can never be anything but a shy blossom on a thorny stem.

She only said to Faith, abruptly—

"If you are not going anywhere else to-night, maybe you will come and sit in my room, for a change. If your brother cares to come too, of course he's welcome."

"I will certainly come," said Faith, "thank you very much, and I will give your message to Denzil; but he did say something about going out to study as usual."

"Never mind him then. I've asked Mr. Finlay, an' he's coming. Visitors are not much in my way; but there he was, ye see, all alone this year—he used always to be at home at this time. An' I've asked one or two odd folks. I don't profess to be giving ye any entertainment, ye understand," she said, with a sort of grim protest. "It is just a gathering in out of the hedges and ditches o' two or three o' the sort that falls between your drawing-room parties and your charity treats."

Denzil laughed heartily when Faith delivered Miss Milne's invitation. Surely she could not suppose he had any time to waste over such affairs. She might know that with all his work to do, he would not care for any pleasures but what were real pleasures—rattling good excitements. And to think of going to tea in the kitchen with a parcel of old wives! The kitchen! Denzil repeated

that harmless noun with unutterable scorn. What would the Murrays think if they heard of it?

Faith did not reply to that, but she remembered with some sympathy Marcus Drummond's cynical remarks. She felt she would rather visit plain Anne Milne in her honest kitchen than play hostess to flighty, flirting Kitty Scott.

So when Denzil was dismissed to his evening studies, Faith repaired alone to her landlady's apartment. She had heard one or two ringings of the door bell, and she had also heard Robert Finlay come out of his room and pass along the passage.

How pretty the kitchen looked! Miss Milne had indulged in more gas than was her wont, and light was all that was needed to bring out the picturesqueness of the daintily clean shelves, with their many-coloured pottery, and of divers old-fashioned brass and copper utensils and covers hanging against the wall. Miss Milne herself, in her ordinary black gown, but with the little grey woollen shawl replaced by a fine net kerchief, was in perfect harmony with her room.

Among the guests assembled was Robert Finlay, who rose and shook hands with Faith without waiting for the introduction which between them would have been such a mere form. Then there was an old man, in shabby black, named Mr. Monteith, with unmistakable marks of ancient gentility and dissipation about him — whose name Faith remembered Miss Milne had mentioned to her as of one who had been wild and wicked in days gone by, who had made a sad domestic history for himself, and had turned over a new leaf, as the good landlady graphically put it, "owre late for this life." He had a girl with him about fifteen years of age—probably his grand-daughter—a pretty, innocent-looking thing, but quite one of the commonalty, with none of that distinguished air which lingered about the melancholy old man himself. Then there was another elderly man, not handsome, not distinguished-looking, roughly dressed, but with a face remarkable for the strong character set forth in the rugged features and the kindly humour dancing in the grey eyes. He was introduced to Faith as Donald Joss, and the simple name seemed so in keeping with the plain man, that it was a moment before she was struck by the absence of prefix. Then there were two women, mother and daughter, the one as old as Miss Milne, the other young, but older than Faith. Faith had heard of them too from Miss Milne—Mrs. Cowie and her daughter Madge. She knew why their faces were so strong and worn and sweet. She had heard all about the tragedy of their lives: the dead father, the only son's sudden madness, the daughter's engagement broken off; the days and years of unremitting toil by which alone they kept themselves and the poor lunatic from burdening the parish.

And yet, despite all the ancient tragedies and all the sorrows comparatively new, they gathered round the little tea-table with pleasant words and harmless jokes. What a musical laugh Madge Cowie had! And how attentive Robert Finlay was in serving Miss Milne and her guests. Faith could not help being glad of the secret knowledge she possessed of the histories of those about her. It did not depress her—rather it cheered her. With it, the laughter and the cheery chat came like a voice from the depths, saying: "Lo, even here there is peace—aye, and pleasures. In the darkest place God is, and so all is well."

She soon understood who Donald Joss was. He was a well-known local character, a humble working-man, with a positive genius for a certain branch of science. Through it his name had found its way into very learned treatises, and very learned people had knowledge of the man. But this limited genius had left the rest of him as it found him—homely, uncouth, mostly inarticulate, a working-man, and a good specimen, but nothing more. It was almost touching to see his rough deference to poor Mr. Monteith, whose own manner, on his part, was that of universally asking pardon.

Donald Joss had strange stories to tell of adventures he had met with in pursuit of his scientific hobby. And Mr. Monteith had his recollections of old local families and houses, and of manners and customs now passed, or fast passing away. And Mrs. Cowie had her shrewd sentence to pass on what she heard—sentence packed in quaint, proverb-like expression. And Madge Cowie had her song, to which her face made music, about—

"The sun is still shining, though out of sight,
And the darkest day has its line of light."

And just as she had finished, and one could almost see the glow of faith and spiritual joy shining through her pale, transparent features, there was a ring at the door-bell.

"I will answer it for you, Miss Milne," said Robert Finlay, jumping up. And the little group sat and listened.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

How to Avoid Family Quarrels.—Here is a recipe for avoiding family quarrels which may fairly claim credit for good sense and originality. It was given us by an old man, as invented and practised by a couple whom he used to know. "You see," he said, "they agreed between themselves that whenever he came home a little 'contrairy' and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word; and if she came in a little cross and crooked, she threw her shawl over her left shoulder, and then he never said a word." If similar danger signals could be pretty largely used, how many unnecessary collisions would be avoided, and how many a long train of evil consequences would be safely shunted till the line was clear again!

Sympathy and Admiration.—To cultivate sympathy, you must be among living creatures and thinking about them, and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.—*Ruskin.*

The Philosophy of Trouble. — I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; He mercifully unties the bundle and gives us first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage if we would only take the trouble appointed for us each day, but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.

The Worth of Our Neighbours. — It is a common error, of which a wise woman will beware, to measure the worth of our neighbour by her conduct towards ourselves. How many rich souls might we not rejoice in the knowledge of were it not for our pride!—*Richter.*

A Word to the Extravagant. — As long as there are cold and nakedness in the land around you, so long can there be no question at all but that splendour of dress is a crime. In due time, when we have nothing better to set people to work at, it may be right to let them make lace and cut jewels; but as long as there are any who have no blankets for their beds, and no rags for their bodies, so long it is blanket-making and tailoring we must set people to work at, not lace.—*Ruskin.*

In Quest of Knowledge. — When a king asked Euclid, the mathematician, whether he could not explain his art to him in an easier manner, he was answered that there was no royal road to geometry. Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money, but knowledge is to be gained only by study and study to be prosecuted only in retirement.

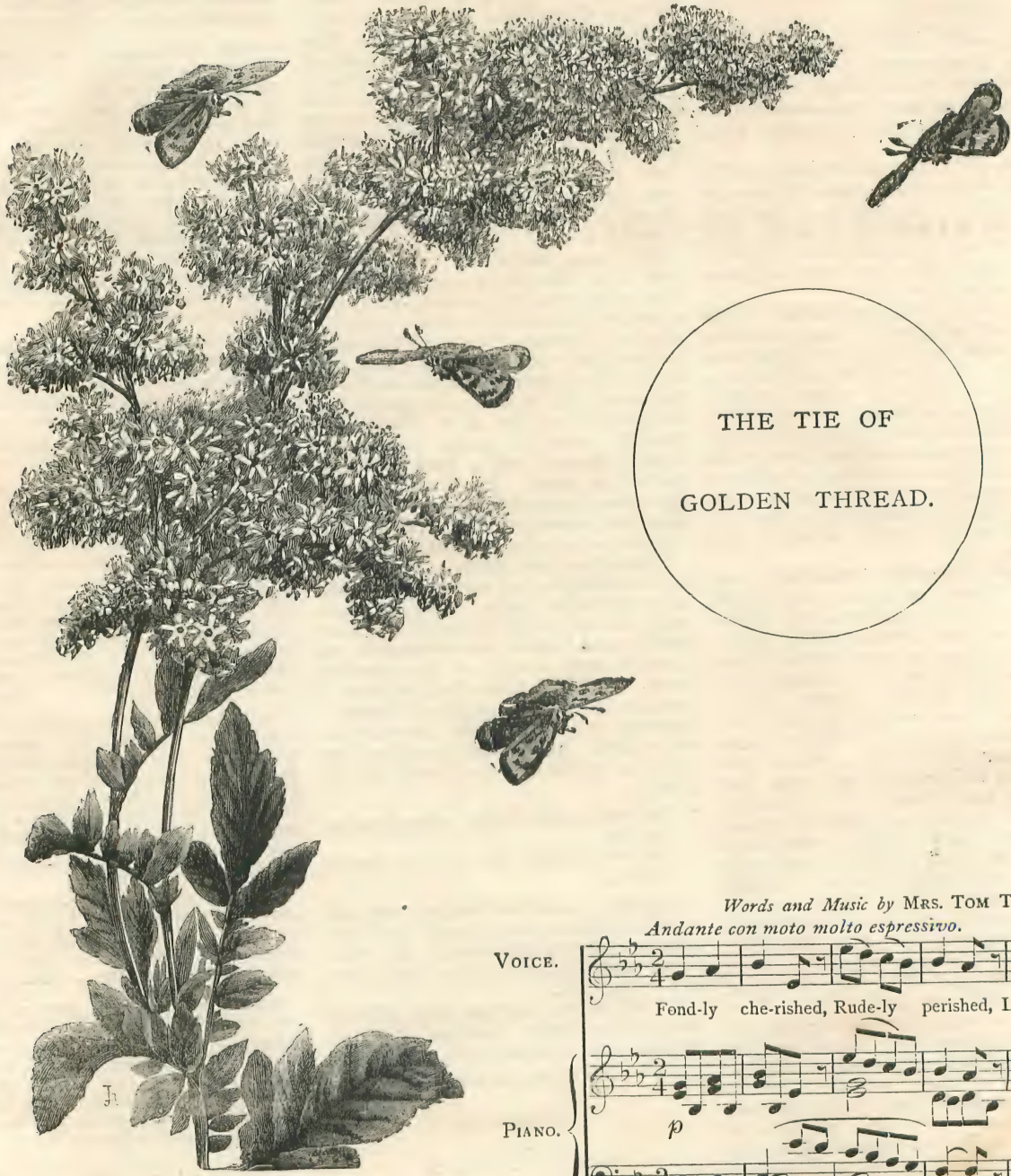
Hearts and Heads. — Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart yet both actively working together.—*Hare.*

An Abiding City. — Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age like that of a fly, and contemporary with that of a gourd, we must look somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our home in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must rest, or else be restless for ever.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Answer to Acrostic (page 574):—

1. Milton.
2. Opie.
3. Demosthenes.
4. Eck.
5. Raikes.
6. Anacreon.
7. Taylor (Jane).
8. Irene.
9. Octavia.
10. Ney.
11. Iphigenia.
12. Newton.
13. Abercromby.
14. Luther.
15. Locke.
16. Thales.
17. Homer.
18. Isocrates.
19. Neander.
20. Gibbon.
21. Sappho.

"Moderation in all Things."



THE TIE OF GOLDEN THREAD.

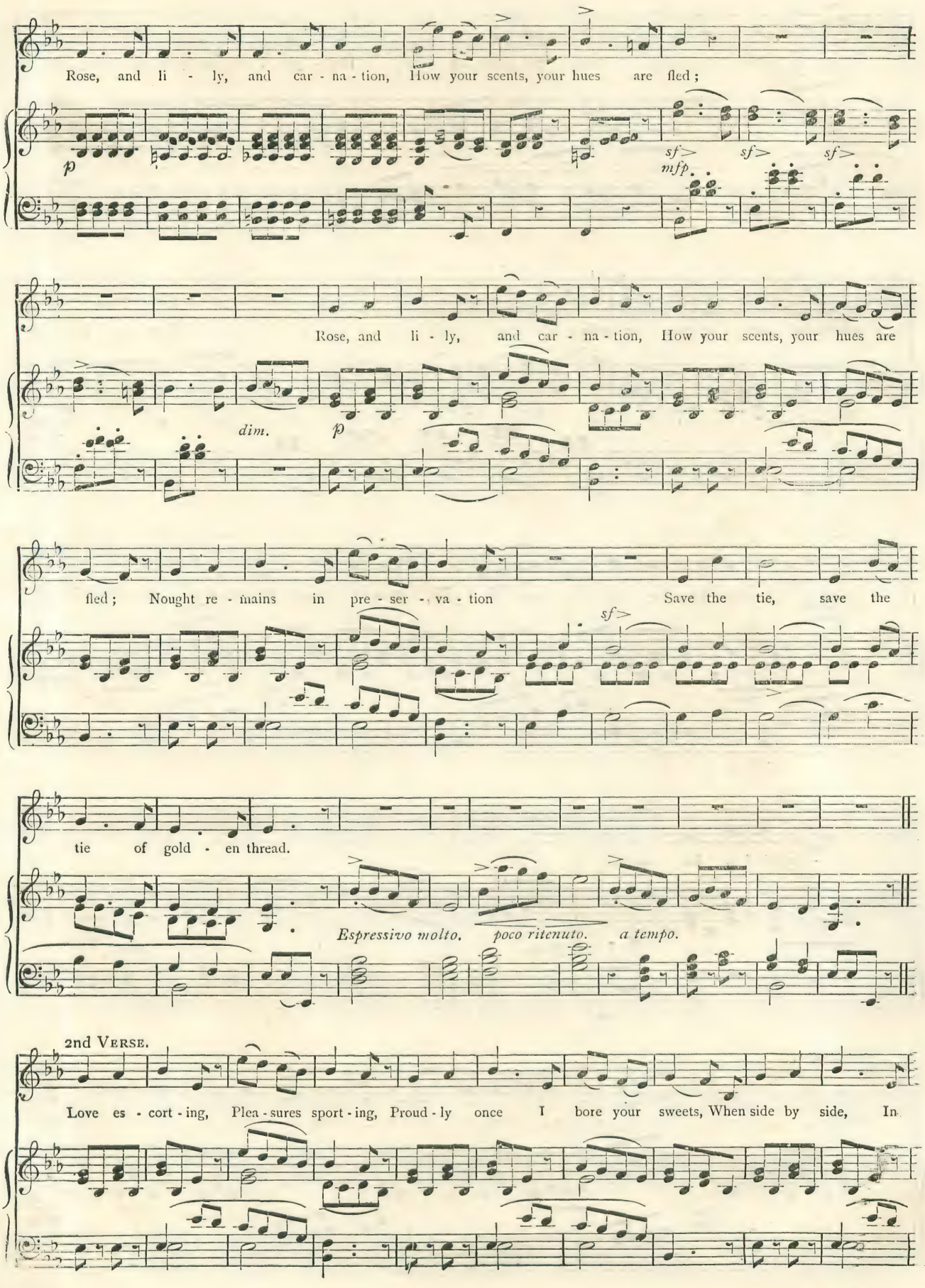
Words and Music by MRS. TOM TAYLOR.

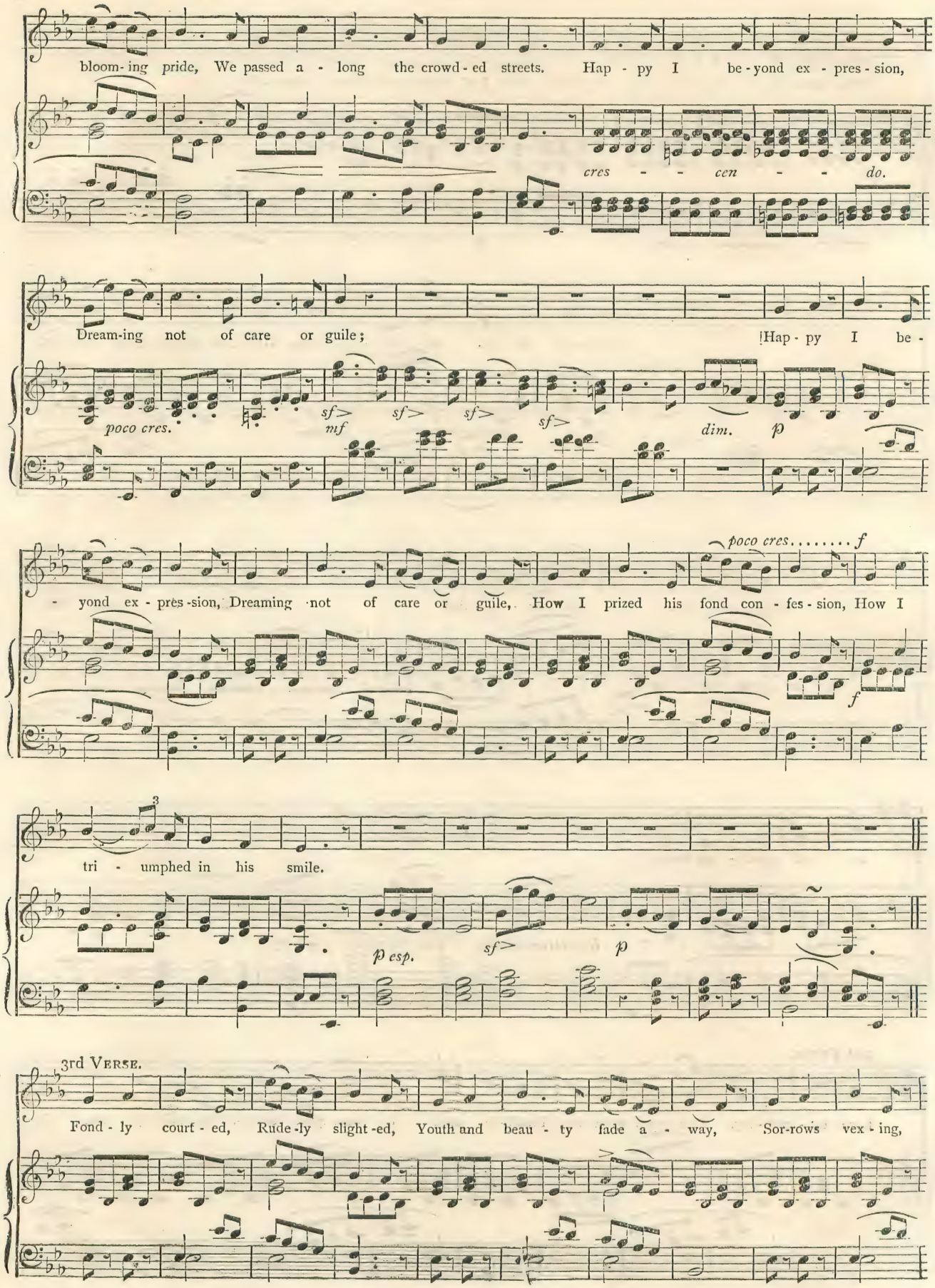
Andante con moto molto espressivo.

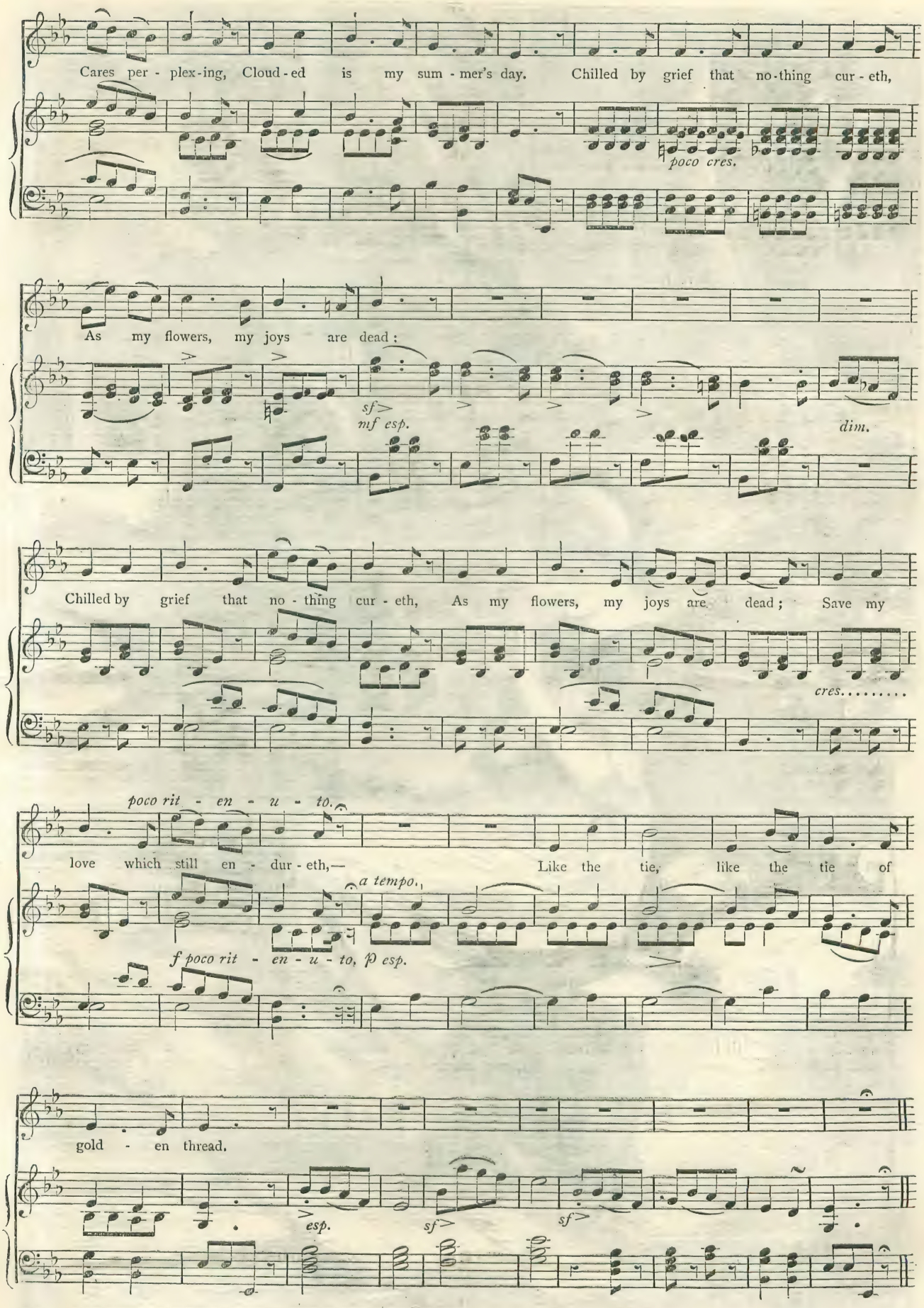
VOICE. Fond-ly che-rished, Rude-ly perished, Love-ly

PIANO. *p*

flowers and blossoms gay; All your trea-sures, Like my plea-sures, Born to bloom one sin-gle day!


Rose, and li - ly, and car - na - tion, How your scents, your hues are fled;
p
sf
mfp
sf
sf
Rose, and li - ly, and car - na - tion, How your scents, your hues are
dim.
p
fled; Nought re - mains in pre - ser - va - tion Save the tie, save the
sf
tie of gold - en thread.
Espressivo molto. poco ritenuto. a tempo.
2nd Verse.
Love es - cort - ing, Plea - sures sport - ing, Proud - ly once I bore your sweets, When side by side, In


bloom-ing pride, We passed a - long the crowd-ed streets. Hap - py I be-yond ex - pres - sion,
cres - - cen - - do.
Dream-ing not of care or guile; Hap - py I be -
poco cres. sf> mf sf> sf> sf> dim. p
- yond ex - pres-sion, Dreaming not of care or guile, How I prized his fond con - fes - sion, How I
poco cres..... f
f
3
tri - umphed in his smile.
p esp. sf> p
3rd Verse.
Fond - ly court - ed, Rude-ly slight-ed, Youth and beau - ty fade a - way, Sor-rows vex - ing,


Cares per - plex-ing, Cloud - ed is my sum - mer's day. Chilled by grief that no-thing cur - eth,
poco cres.
As my flowers, my joys are dead;
sf
mf esp.
dim.
Chilled by grief that no - thing cur - eth, As my flowers, my joys are dead; Save my
cres.....
poco rit - en - u - to.
love which still en - dur - eth,— Like the tie, like the tie of
a tempo.
f poco rit - en - u - to, p esp.
gold - en thread.
esp.
sf
sf

"SHE LOOKED AT THE RING ON HER FINGER."

HONOR GRANT; OR, HER MOTHER'S RING.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

COME down, Miss Honor! Come down, dearie, the coach 'll be here in a minute; it's past the toll-bar already."

"Directly, nurse, directly!" a girlish voice replied from upstairs, where Honor Grant stood at her little bedroom window, gazing with a hungry, yearning look into the churchyard opposite. It was so near the house that she could read the inscription on the headstone of a newly-opened grave.

All that was left of her father and mother lay buried there. They had fallen victims to what we should now call typhoid fever, induced by the wretchedly bad drainage throughout the village. The Reverend Harold Grant had appealed to Squire Thornton times without number to have it improved, but always in vain; and now his devotion to the little flock, whose faithful shepherd he had been, had cost him his life, and soon afterwards his only child, Honor, was both fatherless and motherless.

A short time before she died, Mrs. Grant showed Honor a letter from her Uncle Hope, in which he promised to adopt her and to treat her as one of his own children.

She watched the girl's face as she read. Her mother's heart was full of anxious fears and doubts; but she and her husband had been always poor—£100 a year was all that the wealthy absentee rector had paid his only curate. Honor was unprovided for, and here was a wealthy, comfortable home offered to her; and yet the mother had misgivings about it.

"You have often longed for ease and freedom from money cares, darling," she said, as she drew the sweet, young face down on to the pillow beside her own. "You will have all these at your uncle's, for he is very rich. He always thought so much of money and position that it was a dreadful disappointment to him when his only sister married a poor curate. Only because he was poor," she said, whilst a loving, tender smile flitted over her pale face like a sudden gleam of sunshine across a shady valley. "I think we must thankfully accept his offer, dearest; but, Honor," she added, after a pause, "do not let ease and the delight of being able to gratify your taste for what is beautiful make you forget your dear father's teachings. Promise me that, Honor."

"Mother! dear little mother! I shall never forget anything he ever did or said, but I cannot be like my father," she said, with a sudden rush of tears; "I cannot see things as he saw them. It seems to me that his life was just wasted here, his aims were so high and pure that few understood him. I could not. To this day I don't know why he should have refused to accept the living which Uncle Hope offered to buy for him. At Stanley he would have been amongst people who had refinement enough to appreciate him, whereas here——"

Her mother interrupted her. "You are too young to understand his motive, dear—never mind that now, Honor, but try always to remember that life meant more to him than earthly care and comfort, more than mere intellectual sympathy; it meant obedience to his conscience; and, whilst he worked, denying himself and following closely in the footsteps of his Master. And he was happy too, Honor—we both were, and if our darling would be happy too she must walk in the same narrow way. If pleasure and society take up more than a certain share of your time, they must hurt you. See, Honor," she continued after a silence, broken only by the sobs of the loving girl, "your father gave me this ring when we told each other first of our love; wear it always, and let it remind you of us and our prayers and desires for you. It might be better, perhaps, if I asked your Aunt Harriet to let you live with her; but her husband is comparatively poor, and they have a large family. You have so often said you hated poverty, darling," she added sadly.

"Oh, mother, don't think of that now," cried the heartbroken girl. "I can only remember our happiness together."

There was a half-pitying smile on Mrs. Grant's face as Honor clasped her in her strong, young arms.

"You need not fear, mother. How could I ever do anything that would have grieved you?"

Poor girl, she had never yet realised that the strength for resistance lies—alas! too often—in the absence of temptation.

And now her mother is buried, and Honor stands for the last time at her little window, renewing her promise in sight of her parents' grave, whilst her fingers press tightly against the precious ring.

At last she tears herself away, runs downstairs, and is clasped in old Sally Heald's arms. The faithful nurse bids "God bless her" in a broken voice, and then, with a hurried "good-bye" to the few villagers who have come "to see the last of Miss Honor," the coach pulls up, and so the first chapter of her life is closed.

* * * * *

"We will make you so happy, Honor. I've longed so often for a sister, and now I shall feel as though you were one. See, this is your room next to mine, and that is a sitting-room for us both, to which no one may come without our permission."

So spake Alice Hope as she introduced her cousin to her new home. She opened a door between the two bedrooms, and Honor looked round with that restful feeling one has when all is in harmony with our tastes. Then she smiled, and her eyes filled with grateful tears.

"How good and thoughtful you have all been," she said, as Alice drew the pretty armchair near to the wood fire, and made Honor rest there while she took off her wraps and "fussed" about, full of delight in her new acquisition.

Her uncle and aunt's hearty welcome, and Alice's evidently sincere wish to be on the best of terms with her cousin, were very sweet to the lonely orphan.

And yet, as she lay back in her chair, tired after the long journey, and leisurely drank the tea brought to her, the contrast between this home and her old one struck her with a keen sense of pain. She was only seventeen, but she had been obliged to turn her hand to everything at home. The doctor's bills had often been heavy, and there were so many poor around them. The anxiety about making both ends meet had often made her feel most wretched. What stitching and mending the dear mother and she had to do; and how much she had had to help old Sally in the household work! And yet she had found time for study with her father, besides the village work which fell to her lot. Ah, how old all these responsibilities and worries had often made her feel!

And now the leisure and comfort had only come to her. If only life might have been made easier to her father! If it had not been so thoroughly thrown away, as it seemed to her!

"Don't look sad, Honor," cried Alice, as she nestled up on a stool at her cousin's feet, and began to chatter to her about the music and singing lessons, of the riding and driving they were to have together, of funny little M. le Court, who came from Oakham to teach her French, and of a Swiss maid who was to arrive in a few days to attend on the two girls.

"Shall you be able to tell her what to do, Honor? She doesn't know a word of English, and I'm sure I shall never remember a single French sentence."

Honor laughed.

"I hope I shall find I have nothing more difficult than that to encounter. Papa used to make me speak a great deal of French."

"That's all right, then. And, Honor, next winter, papa says, you and I are to be 'introduced' at the Oakham hunt ball. Won't that be delightful?"

Honor only shook her head, for her eyes filled with tears, whilst Alice rattled on, "I shall never be jealous of you, for your beauty is quite a different style to mine; you are so dark and tall, and I am little and fair." She got up from her low seat and jumped on to a chair so that she could see her figure in the oval glass that hung over the chimney piece. "It suits me best to wear my hair in long curls," she continued, with a meditative air which was droll beyond everything to Honor, who had never heard her own appearance commented on, and to whom, up to this moment, it had never been suggested that she was beautiful.

"You must wear your hair high, in short, heavy curls; that style will suit you best," Alice concluded, as she resumed her seat. A little silence followed, then Honor said—

"But what do you do with the rest of your time?"

"Oh, in summer we row a great deal; Fred is devoted to boating. Our grounds stretch a long way," added Alice, in a slightly important tone. "There's a dear old seat near the bridge, which you can just see in the distance, where we rest and sometimes read, if we happen to have something amusing; then we pay calls. When Fred is at home we are always going somewhere, or having people here. The Prices and the Cottams and Lady Branton are our nearest neighbours, and they all make so much of Fred. Oh, we have plenty of society, of young men especially," she added, with a conscious laugh. "I think them very amusing; they talk such nonsense. Papa says they want my money, so I have to be on my guard with all of them."

* * * * *

Six months later Honor wrote to her aunt, Mrs. Bertram,—

"Your letters seem how the only link that binds me to my old life. Sometimes I fear that all this luxury about me is enervating,

but it is very delightful nevertheless; it is a very selfish life, I think sometimes. They all laugh if I talk of being useful in any way. I am disappointed that uncle will not hear of my having a class of the village girls. He says that the clergy are paid to do all that work, and I might bring home infectious diseases; and he looked quite cross when I suggested that Alice and I should begin a course of solid reading. He said he hated learned women. So there is only dress and society to fall back upon, and when I am in the dolefuls, I tell myself they are far harder work than anything I had to do at home. Still, everyone is so kind to me that it is a pleasure, generally, to do as they wish."

Aunt Harry shook her head over this letter.

"I fear they are spoiling her," she said, anxiously, to her husband. "The Hopes always were a selfish, purse-proud set. How could the child be happy with them, unless they dragged her down to their own level. And yet, I should not fancy such a process would be easy with Harold Grant's daughter."

"Send for her to come over here, wife, if you think well," said Mr. Bertram, "and if she can make herself at home, let her stay. One more will make little difference after all."

So Aunt Harry wrote, telling Honor she fancied she was not very happy in spite of her gay luxurious life, offering to be a mother to her if she could be contented with the quiet yet busy life her daughters led, and finishing up with some good advice, which was so much needed, that Honor winced when she read it, and then became unreasonably angry.

What business had Aunt Bertram to interfere? Of course, she would not leave Oakham Court for a life of drudgery. No, indeed, she had had enough of narrow means. So she wrote a refusal, so haughtily worded that Mrs. Bertram did not write again. And yet Honor longed for another letter very soon; she had always loved Aunt Harry. "But I feel changed in every way," she said to herself, with an impatient sigh. Then to drown the still, small voice, Honor threw herself more fully into fashionable amusements; and within a year of her mother's death she was talked of as the belle of the hunt ball.

Fred, who had been lounging through the Continent, came home for a while, and life went more gaily than ever; so that Honor was dragged deeper and deeper into foolish dissipations.

One summer morning she stood on the hall steps, impatiently waiting for the others, to go with them for a row up the river. Her uncle, who came up as she waited, thought she looked very lovely in her simple white dress and straw hat. He lifted up her bright girlish face towards his own and said, "That's right, Honor! you are looking first-rate to-day. Make hay while the sun shines. I was afraid those straitlaced notions your father put into your head would have been very difficult to get rid of."

Honor tried to smile, but the smile seemed to die sadly on her lips.

When her companions joined her Alice noticed that she looked tired and depressed, and asked what was the matter.

"Only a little weariness," said Honor, with a sudden rush of colour; "I think, if you do not mind, I will get out at the bridge and wait there till you return."

They all looked curiously at her. This was some new freak; and they tried to rally and rouse her, but she insisted on being left at the stone seat by the water's edge, and sat there, sick at heart, whilst the merry voices of the rest died away in the distance.

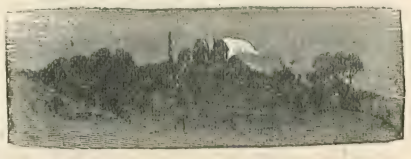
Little did her uncle think how his words had gone home! Had ease and comfort become so dear to her, that her father and mother's teachings and their noble example had been all in vain, and their daughter was so fast becoming vain, frivolous, and heartless? I need not tell of the battle she fought with herself as she sat alone by the waterside. At last, with God's grace, she conquered. "Mother, dear mother!" she said, at last, "I had almost forgotten all I promised, but it is not too late yet." She looked at the ring on her finger, and peace and comfort came into her heart. It should never again be a witness against her, she thought. Praying for help and guidance, she sprang to her feet as she heard her cousins' voices drawing nearer and nearer, and though her face was still paler than before, there was a clear, steady light in her eyes; God had "strengthened her in her soul."

"Don't blame me, don't think me ungrateful," she said, imploringly, with hands clasped tightly together, as she encountered the astonished and indignant remonstrances of her uncle and aunt, a few hours later. "Indeed, I know how kind you have been and how you would have done all in your power to make me happy. But I dare not lead this life any longer; I was not made for ease and comfort, and I can never find rest in it!"

At first they tried to dissuade her from her purpose, but she was firm and eventually had her way. Alice, unconsciously, made this easier, for she had lately found that Honor was winning more than her own share of admiration, and she gave her parents to understand that the parting with her cousin would not break her heart. What Fred thought he kept to himself—for the time at least; later on, it proved that Honor won him over to her way of thinking, and he showed that he took his money and position only as loans intrusted to him, of which he had to give account.

When Honor wrote to Aunt Bertram, opening all her heart to the loving, motherly woman, she met with a warm response, and was soon useful and busy in the large, old farmhouse, helping to teach her younger cousins, working amongst the cottagers in the village near, and finding

"Flowers bloom along the way that duty treads."



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A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LA MARQUISE'S DIPLOMACY.

WHILE Damaris was riding La Marquise, in her chair, sat by the couch in the seigneur's room. She had come to him at that hour by appointment; he had told her in the morning that he wished to speak to her quite alone when she could best spare a little of her valuable time.

Monsieur Etienne's face was still pale from his recent illness, but even La Marquise was struck by its changed expression. All its misanthropic gloom was gone, and in place of it was the brightness of some internal light, which shone through and dispersed the shadows.

La Marquise, however, mistook it for something quite other than joy. She never could see a thing exactly as it was, and she had come to this interview with her active little brain working, her heart overflowing. On her way she had been delayed by La Duchesse, who claimed her attention to the narration of an event of importance, that being the proposal of Monsieur le Marquis for Leonie, and her acceptance of him.

La Marquise's first idea was to commiserate her son Etienne for what she persisted in believing to be the downfall of all his hopes, inasmuch as they were hers.

"*Mon pauvre fils*, my heart bleeds for you."

"But why should it, *chère maman?* Not surely because you have learnt from La Duchesse what Jerome has just been here to tell me?"

"*Qu' il est bête*, that graceless Jerome! To have supplanted you in this! To have dared to make love to that little, childish Leonie!"

Monsieur St. Just laughed outright.

"*Ma mère, chérie*, no one is astonished, no one deplores this turn of events, but yourself. Is it not the very thing for Jerome? It will do more than anything else to confirm him in his new course of life. This gentle little Leonie, so amiable, so trustful, so sweet, with her substantial *dot*, is the very wife for him. Why need you bemoan so fortunate an occurrence?"

"Oh, Etienne!" cried the Marquise, in pitiable dismay, "when she is not for him, this foolish boy can see and acknowledge her many attractions; and only a day or two ago, when I urged them upon him, he was deaf and blind!"

Monsieur Etienne was amused and grieved at the same time. He had hoped that his decisiveness on more than one occasion had disabused her artful little mind of its fancies with regard to him and Leonie; it seemed impossible that she should retain them in the face of his protestations. He was sorry for her disappointment, even although it was entirely of her own making. He conquered his disposition to be amused at the grace of her mimic wrath, and appealed to her more seriously.

"*Ma mère*, console yourself. Do not, I beg of you, lament this happy event any more on my behalf, nor deny Jerome the loving approval he has a right to expect from you."

"A right to expect! What are you talking about, Etienne? Has he not behaved in the most unpardonable and meddlesome manner? Upsetting all my arrangements without so much as saying, 'By your gracious leave, *maman!*'"

"Arrangements which, if they could by any possibility have been carried out, would only have brought about a second catastrophe such as the one you and I will have cause to regret to our lives' end."

At the time when Desirée's death had occurred, Monsieur St. Just had generously taken the whole of the blame upon himself. This was the first time he had ever coupled his mother's name with his as being in any way responsible. La Marquise was silent for a few seconds, then she re-took up the subject from a more convenient point of view.

"But if Jerome can be happy with Leonie, why could not you?"

"He and I are very differently constituted. You know that from a boy there were certain conserves possessing a sickly sweetness that very quickly palled upon my taste; yet Jerome liked them. I preferred those, and do so still, that were distinguished by a degree of pungent acerbity. Why is La Duchesse leaving us so suddenly?" asked Etienne.

"You will not repeat it to *petite*—promise me that, Etienne?"

"I shall hardly be likely to do that," he said.

"Besides, I cannot think she deserves all La Duchesse says of her," said La Marquise, musingly.

"I am sure she does not," he answered, forcing himself to speak calmly.

"I am glad you agree with me. But La Duchesse says she can no longer consider her fit to associate with Leonie."

Some half-smothered words of strong vexation burst from Etienne's lips.

"La Duchesse declares that she has encouraged your attentions of late, openly laying herself out to attract them."

"And had you nothing to say in defence of one who was herself defenceless against malice so false and cruel as this?" he cried.

"Do you think I could hear such things said of *petite* and be silent? I assured her that *petite* was the soul of honour, and that there was nothing mean in her character. That I had been most careful when I engaged her, that I had the very highest recommendations——."

"Mother," he interrupted, "there is one way most effectually to settle all this. La Duchesse must be informed, and speedily, that the girl whose upright and Christian character she is doing her very utmost to destroy is to be my wife, and that she must account to me for every slanderous word she has spoken."

"Oh, Etienne! Etienne, it cannot be true! You shall not sacrifice yourself in this way. I had rather lose *petite* herself."

"There is no sacrifice. I had meant to tell you, I asked you to come to me for that very purpose, because, though I have loved her for a long time consciously, and unconsciously, I had no reason to believe until last night that she in any way returned my affection."

"Stay, Etienne, stay; this is more than I can bear. You deceive yourself, you are too generous. *Petite* will never allow you to sacrifice yourself in this way to shield her. *Elle est fière, elle est bonne.*"

"I repeat, there is no sacrifice; it is my joy, my honour, to think that *petite* has found room for me in her true, brave, little heart. Bring her here to me, there is not a moment to lose; this proud old Duchess must be made to eat her words. She shall not go forth from my house breathing slander against *petite*, who will reign here."

La Marquise rallied all her self-control to enable her to endure the shock of this intelligence, which all her penetration had never even suggested to her as a probability. She fought also against what was pleasant to her in the idea, crushing it with other considerations. She was soon mistress of her own little artful self and the occasion.

"Calm yourself, Etienne; this excitement is bad for you, and remember nothing can be done if you bring on another attack like that of yesterday."

"No," he said, relapsing amongst his pillows. "But don't thrust obstacles in my way, *petite maman;* don't defer the only thing which is likely to give me lasting peace."

"All in good time, impatient boy!" she said, laying her little rose-leaf hand on his. "But *petite* is out riding, and things cannot be settled quite in the off-hand way you imagine."

"I had forgotten she was out, but beg her to come to me as soon as ever she returns."

"And in the meantime let us regard the matter sensibly. I am very fond of *petite*, as you know, Etienne, and should be glad to attach her to me for good by any legitimate means. It is only natural, however, that I should think more of you than of her, or than of myself. I cannot consent to her marrying you for the sole

purpose of attaching her to the family. Also, there is much to be thought of in marriage besides the inclination of the two people concerned. You like *petite*, and *petite* likes you, but that is no reason at all why it should be desirable for you to marry."

"The very best of all reasons, I should say, *ma mère*."

He could afford to humour his mother, even to jest with her upon her pet theories. He felt so secure of this wilful, charming *petite* since that one look he had had into her bright brave eyes. He could not be deceived; such an expression as he had seen there is never given to two persons by a woman such as she.

"You do not know, Etienne; you are foolish and ignorant; it is necessary that I should take the common sense view for you. I assure you that a *mésalliance* is the very saddest thing that could befal you, proud and honourable as you are. You would always feel it to be a degradation."

"If that is what you call a common sense view, it is precisely the one I hold, and shall endeavour to act in accordance with. But this is no *mésalliance*. *Petite* is well born. Remember how you stipulated for this with Madame Argent when you engaged her. I have your letter somewhere still, in which you assured me how thoroughly satisfied you were in this respect. I have such a high opinion of your judgment in a matter of this kind that I have never dreamed of questioning this fact. She is amiable, beautiful, accomplished——"

"But she has had to work for her living, to accept a kind of domestic servitude in order to be fed and clothed. You forget this, Etienne."

"I do not. To me it seems far more noble and honourable that she should have done this, than if she had been content to eat the bread of idleness."

"But *petite* will not, I am sure, be content to dispose of herself in this way. Nor do I think she will listen to you at all, Etienne, without my permission."

Monsieur St. Just had thought of this. He knew that should his mother withhold her consent and approval, a delicate and difficult task still lay before him. Ultimately, he must overrule even Damaris's proud scruples, but he had much rather win his mother over to his side than provoke her opposition.

He took her dainty little hands in his and raised them chivalrously to his lips.

"*Chère maman*, you will never have the heart to deny me the only thing which can in any way cancel the past. Have you not vowed to me many times that you would sacrifice all you have to procure for me forgetfulness? I only ask you now to set aside a few empty prejudices, and take the girl you love so dearly to your heart as a daughter. This is not much, *maman*, but to me it is life, and whatever makes life worth having."

La Marquise was vanquished for the time being. To hear Etienne plead in this way was more than she could possibly resist.

"*Méchant!*" she cried, returning his caresses, "you know how to come round your silly old mother."

The effort to do so, however, had cost him much. He sank back panting on his pillows, mutely stretching out his hand towards the cordial that stood near.

"Etienne, this is all too much for you!"

She watched the effect of the medicine, saw him revive, and then said—

"*Mon fils*, for your own sake, I must attach to my full consent one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you promise me to abstain from all further excitement for the next twenty-four hours. That you do not even attempt to see or speak to *petite* during that time."

"But the Duchess! She must not depart to spread this silly slander."

"I will arrange all that. A little diplomacy is all that is required to induce her to remain until to-morrow evening. You can trust your old mother in a matter of that kind?"

He looked up into her pretty old face.

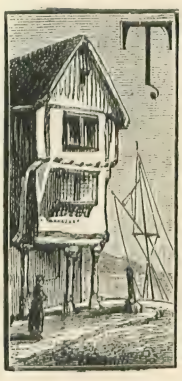
"I know that when your heart and your head work together, success must follow, *chère maman*."

"*Eh bien!* You may safely leave the matter in my hands. I am as anxious now as ever you can be that justice should be done our brave little *petite*. I have no doubt Jerome will satisfactorily explain Jacqueline's portion of the story. Rest and grow strong, *mon pauvre* Etienne, and to-morrow evening you shall see *petite*."

Monsieur St. Just, upon whom the excitement of this interview was beginning to tell, could not but feel that this was a necessary precaution on his mother's part, and, anxious to concede all that he possibly could, all that his love and his fealty would admit, he gave the required promise.

(*To be continued.*)

SAMPLERS, PAST AND PRESENT.



THE origin of samplers, and, indeed, of all needlework, is lost in the mists of a great antiquity. But if we be guided by sacred and profane history, we shall not be too imaginative, perhaps, if we picture to ourselves Sarah and the young Rebekah as attentive learners in the art of needlework, and later on we may be quite sure that the women of Israel carried many a sampler with them in their exodus from Egypt, to remind them of the art they had learned there, and which they were so soon called on to make use of in the production of the marvellous embroidery for the service of the Almighty in the first tabernacle made with hands. The inner curtain embroidered with figures of cherubim, and the veil of the Holy of Holies embroidered with all the sorts of flowers produced on the then known earth, display a knowledge of embroidery which would be great, even in the present day.

In passing from embroidery to plain sewing, we shall find the same high antiquity for the ordinary stitches we are practising and using to-day. Between 2,000 and 3,000 years ago, some thrifty, or it might be poor, Egyptian housekeeper gave the worn linen of her household to the embalmers, to be used instead of, or to partially save the great expense of, providing the quantities of new linen needful for the bandages of the dead. Nor shall we wonder at her thrift if we remember that 40lbs. weight of linen, measuring in some cases 300 yards, have been found on one mummy alone! One such household relic showed signs of having been darned and patched; and amongst other stitches found in the same way are seaming, or over-sewing, stitching, gathering, and hemming; in addition to which they knew the use of tapes, and they faced or bound the edges of their sails and linen cloths, to keep them from being torn.

The earliest mention of the word "Samplars" in England, or anything like it, is made by John Wicliffe (A.D. 1324–1384); in the Epistle to the Hebrews in his translation of the Scriptures, Hebrews ix. 23 and 24, the word "Saumplaris" being used.

The next mention that I remember is to be found in the "Crowne of Lawrell," by John Skelton, poet-laureate at Oxford, 1489—

"With that the tappettes and carpettes were layde,
Wheren these ladyes softely might rest,
The sampler to sowe on, the laces to embroyde."

This was in the reign of Henry VIII., and Skelton was a bitter hater of Cardinal Wolsey, and abused him roundly in verse.

A century later, we have another mention in poetry, by the hero and poet Sir Philip Sidney, in Book II. of his "Arcadia":—

"Alas, then, O Love,
Why dost thou in thy beautiful samplar
Set such a work for my desire to take out
Which is as much impossible."

Our next notice is more practical, and is contained in a wonderful old book, called the "Academy of Armory," written by Randal Holme, and printed at Chester in the year 1688. This book is intended to describe all the various arts, trades, and professions, and the different implements used in them. In Book III. we find "The Schoolmistress," "Terms of Art for all her Ways of Sewing;" beginning with "A Sam-cloth, vulgarly called a Samplar." I will give the list of the stitches taught in that day, less than 200 years ago, and I fear all our girls would be much at a loss to compete with a girl of that day in the amount of her learning in this way:—

"Plat stitch, or single plat stitch, which is good on one side; plat stitch, or double plat stitch, which is alike on both sides; Spanish stitch, which is true on both sides; tent stitch on the finger, tent stitch in the tent, Irish stitch, back stitch, fore stitch, Queen stitch, gold stitch, satin stitch, tent stitch upon satin, fern stitch, finney, new, chain, bread, fisher, rosemary, bow, whip, and cross stitches."

After this come the different kinds of work:—"Raised—Needlework, pearl, Geneva, virgins' device, cutwork, open cutwork, laid stitch and thorough stitch, lapwork, rock, frost, net, purle, tent, and finger-work; all of which are several sorts and manners of work wrought by the needle with silk of all natures, purls, wyres (wire) which cannot be described."

"Other work performed by schoolmistresses

COPY OF AN OLD SAMPLER WORKED MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

and their scholars.—Gum work, which is performed by gumming of several colours of sleeven silk together, which, being dry, they cut into the shapes of leaves and flowers, and so tie them up upon wyres. Frost, transparent, war, pull, quill, and paper-work, which are the making of leaves and flowers of all the afore-mentioned things, and binding them up in branches or poesies."

Some of these stitches we may vaguely guess at, others are in use at present. The gum-work and the paper-work were evidently precursors of the artificial flowers of to-day. But our good old chronicler, who alas! never lived to finish his book, winds up with a sentence which has much excited my curiosity to learn what it means:—"Waft or finger bread (braid?) are kind of purse-strings, woven on the fingers, either round or broad; one side of one colour and one of another, or wrought in letters, flowers, chequey (checks), or losenge-ways." What could this work have been?

On consulting the catalogue of the Exhibition of Ancient Needlework held last year at the Royal School of Art Needlework, I find that the earliest sampler mentioned there is one dated 1666. There are probably many anterior to this date. The one in question is worked on linen in various patterns with coloured silks. Another sampler, exhibited at the same place, dated 1695, has the following quaint inscription:—

"Young Isaac, who lift up their eyes,
And meditate in fields;
Young Jacob, who the blessing prizes,
This age but seldom yields.
Few Samuels leaving their playes,
Two temple work resigned;
Few do as these, in youth's days,
Their great Creator's mind."

Mary Wilson.

The next set of interesting samplers here consisted of a collection of five, chiefly of drawn work, and of needle-point lace stitches. Then a framed example with the old legend:

"When this you see, remember me, Sarah Woodseate wrought this taught by Alice Underwood, Godliness with content, is great gain, 1745."

The next one has the signature "Francis Inglis' Work," done in eyelet-holes. This clever youth adds, "Finished October 11th, aged 8, 1786." Then come three, all of the eighteenth century. No. 1, dated 1761, with the legend so well known—

"Sarah Bond is my name,
And England is my nation,
Bratby is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my salvation."

No. 2.—On finer canvas, with the legend—

"Elizabeth Hide is my name,
And with my needle I work the same,
That all the world may plainly see
How kind my parents have been to me.
In the year of our Lord 1780."

No. 3.—"Eleanor Thistlewhaite, her work, in the year of our Lord God, 1768."

Amongst the last of the samplers which were worthy of note at this exhibition were two of darning stitches, done in coloured silks, upon fine canvas.

Linen appears to have been the usual material for samplers up to the beginning of the last century, when a material called "bolting," which was a fine description of woollen canvas, principally manufactured in England, began to be used. An inferior kind, of a yellow colour, called "Samplar Canvas," was also manufactured for the same purpose. Bolting was originally made for the sifting or "bolting" of meal or flour, from whence comes its name. It is the material on which the sampler illustrated is worked in coloured silks.

In the opinion of the learned, the designs and patterns on these samplers are of the highest antiquity. They are generally of a religious character, and we find the Fall of Man, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Dove of Noah, the Tree of Life, as well as representations of the Peacock, the Rose, the Lily, and the Celestial Crown commemorated upon them. The verses are always religious in character, and nothing is more touchingly sweet than the simple and constant recognition of the value of God's blessing, even in the smallest actions of life.

Only a few days ago, when standing in an ancient and celebrated library, I took out my old sampler from its cover to show it to one deeply learned in all things, ancient and wise. He took it from my hands with a tender and reverent touch, as of one who suddenly sees a well-remembered object. "Ah!" said he, "my mother had just such a one, which she treasured as an achievement of her girlhood." And he turned from me suddenly with moistened eyes to the great window, where he stood looking sadly down at the poor relic in his hand.

The memory of a tender mother-love—of an angel presence—of one whose hands were long since folded to their quiet rest, had floated up to him from the folds of my faded sampler.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

THE WORKHOUSE GIRL.

THE truth of the following romantic story is vouched for by the Rev. Mr. Warner in his literary recollections. A lady named Hackman, residing at Lymington, was in want, in the spring, of a little girl to weed her garden; so she despatched her footman to the workhouse to select a little pauper girl from that establishment for the performance of that necessary labour. John accordingly brought back with him a diminutive child of about eight or nine years of age, and pointed out the humble task in which she was to be employed. The child set herself to work among the flower beds, and in doing so began to warble her "native woodnotes wild" in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman's chamber window happened to be thrown up; she heard the little weeder's solitary song; was much struck with the rich melody of her voice, and inquired from whence it proceeded. "Nancy Bere, the child from the workhouse," was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman's order, the little songstress was immediately brought to the lady's apartment, and she was so much pleased with the *naïveté*, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition of the child, that she determined to remove the warbling little Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitchen. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive to be permitted to remain long an inmate of the kitchen. So Mrs. Hackman soon preferred Nancy to the office of lady's maid, and had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her *protégée* quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely, and still more irresistible from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed at length to her complying husband that they should adopt the orphan—for such she was—as their own daughter. Every possible attention was henceforth paid to the education of Miss Bere; and doubtless, with the best success, as she became a highly accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her, and her exaltation to Mrs. Hackman's family seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress. Shortly after this alteration in Miss Bere's position, a clergyman of respectable appearance had taken lodgings in Lymington, for the purpose of amusing himself with partridge-shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman called upon the stranger—agreed to shoot with him, and invited him to his house. The invitation was repeated, and accepted, as long as the shooting days lasted; nor had the repetition taken place often, ere the natural effect on the young unmarried clergyman was produced. He became very fond of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, perhaps, might have been nothing loth to change the condition of a recluse for the more active condition of a clergyman's wife; but as the gentleman had nothing more to offer her than to share, it might be, his small living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune, it was judged prudent, under these circumstances, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having again met, and it was generally imagined that absence had obliterated from their minds the remembrance of each other. But such was not the case. At the ensuing partridge-shooting season, the gentleman returned to Lymington, and with the title of "very reverend" prefixed to his name (for he had been fortunate enough to have been presented to a deanery in the interim) once more repeated his solicitations and offer to Miss Bere. These, as there was no obstacle now to the marriage, were accepted. The amiable pair were in due time united, and lived many years, sincerely attached to each other, respected, esteemed, and beloved by all around them. The decease of the husband, who had previously been elected to a bishopric, dissolved at length the happy connection. The lady survived her loss for some years, and at last the little warbling Nancy Bere, the orphan of Lymington Workhouse, now the universally lamented widow of the Right Rev. Thomas Thurloe, Palatine Bishop of Durham, quitted this life to rejoin her beloved partner in a better and more enduring world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MADELEINE.—We always advise English girls before going abroad to find employment to write for advice to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris. The danger of the step is great unless you have a good situation ready for you. The college does not receive boarders, only day pupils.

IVY.—Write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, for advice and help on study at home. Be sure and give name and address carefully and enclose a stamped envelope, as many of our girls neglect these needful points, and give trouble to others in consequence. The hair turning grey in one so young may show a lack of nutritive power, or of strength. Consult a doctor. You may need a tonic, or change of air.

A. V.—The dates are May 15th, August 21st, and November 13th, 1880. We do not give addresses.

BLANCHE and GAWSWORTH.—Read "Help for Study at Home," page 599, vol. ii. Your writing needs freedom. "Blanche" uses too thick ink, and too coarse a pen.

M. K. (Torquay).—Many thanks for your kind note. We are quite sure you find much difficulty in the matter. We shall exhort our readers to improve themselves, and to enclose a stamped, directed envelope whenever they write to anyone for information.

ART.

NEWINGTON.—We are informed that the best and most satisfactory way of disposing of pictures, which are undoubtedly genuine, is to put them into a sale at Christie's, where the attendance is usually large when anything good is to be found.

LAURA. — An illustrated volume on natural history would be useful to you. There are also numberless suggestions in our own pages which you might adapt.

ROSE H.—Use prepared paper or card for oil-painting. No preparation is required for painting on ivory, the ivory is entirely non-absorbent.

CHALK.—The School of Art recipe for fixing chalk on crayon drawings has been given many times already. See page 639, vol. ii.

DOROTHY.—A careful and full answer to "Dorothy's" question was given about a month ago, at page 479, vol. iii.

MABEL DUBERSON.—We prefer that our competitors should adhere carefully to the terms of the competition in *every single item*. We do not return any of the pictures.

DAPHNE.—The art of making "Picture Frames" has been fully described at page 139, vol. ii., also at page 46, in the same volume.

MUSIC.

JUMBO.—Jacob Stainer was a very celebrated violin maker, but you do not seem to know the date of the violin, and it would be impossible to value anything without seeing it.

HAPPY.—The compositions given in our paper must be generally useful and interesting, and we fear they would fail in their object if we adopted your suggestion.

VALENTINE.—We do not think a girl of fifteen too old to learn anything, not even a difficult instrument like the violin, which she could hardly have begun younger, unless very talented. "Would it be very expensive for me to go to school in Germany? At the schools here (Melbourne) it is an extra, and I cannot take it, as I take several other extras." We gather from this that you wish to learn German, and we certainly consider it would be considerably cheaper to learn it in Melbourne as an extra, than to undertake the voyage to Germany for the purpose.

MURIEL ABNEY B.—Your question has been answered, and we advised you to wait until you grew up to learn such difficult music. As a rule, easy settings of good music should be avoided; they only spoil your after appreciation of the real thing.

WORK.

INQUISITIVE GIRL.—The pattern you inquire about in No. 32 is not for a petticoat, but for a crochet border. *Point de neige* is given for a petticoat.

CARTER PATERSON.—The rings used for crochet are the small sized curtain rings, three-quarters of an inch in circumference. Use single Berlin wool and a steel needle; the stitch is double crochet, and the edges of the stitches must be kept quite even on the outer edge of the rings. In making up a mat with them, sew the rings together where they touch each other with stout thread. Read the various articles by "Medicus."

S. F. K.—We do not think we can be called unreasonable if we complain of S. F. K., who writes to ask "the proper size for a tennis net, how to get instructions for making one, &c.," on May 4th. By taking a little trouble she would have found a full answer to her questions in the correspondence column in the number for April 22nd, page 479. We have this week destroyed numbers of letters from correspondents equally careless.

OLDIE.—Your question about orange blossoms as a bridal flower has been lately answered.

GOLD THREADS.—As a cleansing fluid for tarnished jewellery:—One part of liquor potash to twenty parts of water is advised. You might try a very small quantity.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BERENGARIA.—Unslaked lime is an excellent thing to clean steel with, and if steel earrings and brooches are kept in it they will not become rusty. Steel should be wiped dry before putting away, to remove any moisture from it.

MAY LOLA HENRIQUEZ.—We have stated all we know about cleaning the covers of books at page 480, vol. iii. The dye-stains caused by black kid gloves are immoveable, we fear.

A GRATEFUL QUEENIE.—We know of nothing more economical than cords and tassels for looping curtains, for they can be obtained for about 6d. each. However, you can make bands of cretonne to match your curtains, lining each band with something stiff.

A DOLL.—The best recent plan for taking out ink-stains was given at page 410, vol. iii.

CLARICE.—The cream or yellowish dye is given to lace by the use of coffee, which is made in the ordinary way, the strength of the coffee liquid being regulated as you desire. The heavy strokes in your writing are all in the wrong place.

A. PADFIELD.—We are sorry that we cannot answer your note to us; the answer would partake of the nature of an advertisement. Try painted walls, not papered, and use waterproof paint.

MARIAL sends the following as her idea of dividing £100 per annum (no clothes being included) for two persons:—Rent, £15; taxes, £3 10s.; wages, £7; pew-rent, £1; doctor and medicine, £3; gas and coal, £6 10s.; books, papers, stamps, stationery, £4; renovating furniture, crockery, &c., £2; charity and presents, £3; food and laundry, £52; in bank for "rainy day," £3. Total, £100.—"Marial" thinks too much is spent on needless show in the food, and too little care is taken of "the fragments that remain."

A. H. H. does not consider our estimates "sensible," "as she has the misfortune to keep house on £130 per annum." She is quite mistaken in thinking that a maid cannot be got under £15 per annum, as, if a housewife will undertake the trouble of training, many institutions are glad to find first places for young girls, for their clothes and food only. If really anxious to do good, it is the truest charity to take young girls from the different workhouses, and help them on their way by giving them a good training.

COOKERY.

ENILEDA.—The recipe is generally to be found on the paper cover.

A. K.—We have nothing to add to the advice given by "Medicus" on the subject. The method of preparing potato flour is described at page 318, vol. iii.

H. K.—You should have rubbed the butter into the flour, and added the treacle. Taking a cake out of the oven during the baking will make it fall.

IONA.—For "Devonshire pudding," take eight or ten apples, and boil them to a pulp, add a small piece of butter, one egg, a little milk, and sufficient bread-crumbs to make rather a stiff batter. Add sugar, nutmeg, and lemon to taste, and bake in a quick oven. Some people prefer the pie-dish to be lined with paste. You will obtain the information from the Rev. A. S. Herring, 45, Colebrooke-row, Islington-green, N. This gentleman is the chairman of a large society for assisting emigration.

A. T. C., 27, sends us her plan for using a leg of mutton weighing 10lbs.:—Sunday, roasted, hot; Monday, cold; Tuesday, cut some nice slices from it, lay them in a flat dish with the gravy saved from Sunday, cover closely, and place in the oven to get quite hot. There will still be two dinners for Thursday and Saturday, the one a hash and the other minced mutton baked in a pie-dish with potatoes (mashed) at the top. The dinner on Sunday is partaken of by seven or eight people, the rest of the week there are only three. We think, however, more might be done by cutting the leg of mutton in two parts. This would give three dinners of fresh meat; viz., the thick end boiled with plenty of water and some turnips, which should be mashed and served, and the liquor saved for broth, with a little rice added, and an onion. Two collops, or steaks, cut from the centre and cooked like beef-steak, with the addition of some gravy or a few stewed mushrooms. The knuckle-end roasted, with onion or celery sauce. Secondly, curry the remains of the boiled end, and have the mutton broth for one day. Broil the larger slices from the roast end, and serve with tomato sauce; tomatoes 8d. a tin. Mince the small remnants from both ends of the leg, add one or two onions, pepper and salt, and some gravy, and make them into a pie, with layers of mashed potatoes. The bones and trimmings, brown bits, &c., should be put into the stock pot for soup, adding vegetables and thickening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LITTLE ELDERBERRY. — Read the articles by "Medicus." Black cannot be dyed any other colour, but can be re-dyed black. An excellent recipe for re-dyeing is given at page 238, vol. ii.

EDITHA.—We could not undertake such a transaction; it is not at all in our way.

J. M.—A petticoat bodice, made with a few whalebones, may be used in place of stays, or else many ladies are using the low stays used for riding. Perhaps a shoulder brace might prevent your stooping.

SAPPHIRA.—A correspondent informs us that the date of the Poet Laureate's birth is August 5th, 1809. Several authorities give 1810 as the year of his birth.

HEATHER.—The quotation:—

> "For the ways of men are narrow,
> But the gates of Heaven are wide,"

is from a song called the "Children's Home," by Cowen, words by F. E. Weatherly. Your writing is large and coarse.

A WEARY ONE.—The three quotations you send us are from the poems of Frances Ridley Havergal. The practice of making short quotations in books without the names of their authors is most unsatisfactory.

JENNY P——Y.—You have our best wishes on your long voyage, and we hope the new land will be a happy and pleasant home. We have many Queensland correspondents, so you will find no difficulty in getting the paper out there, but we cannot give an answer to the last question, and must wait until you try for yourself.

OLIVETTE.—Your question embraces such a wide field that we must beg you to expend 1s. 6d. on the purchase of Fry's London Charities, which will give you every information on the subject.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We cannot make promises about future competitions. Consult "New Music" Reviews. Many thanks for the recipe.

MORDAUNT.—We are sorry to hear of your headaches. You had better consult a doctor without delay. Holding the hands in extremely hot water, adding hotter water as long as you can bear it, is sometimes a cure, and is nearly always a remedy.

SISTER AGATHA.—Simple toilette vinegars can be made at home by digesting 3 to 4 ozs. of the fresh flowers, tops, or leaves (according to what plant you are using) in one pint of the strongest distilled wine vinegar for a week in a glass utensil, filter through a glass funnel and muslin or blotting paper.

SINTIE.—Write to the Secretary of the Girls' Friendly Society, Central office, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W., for a list of the various lodges. Many thanks for the promised parcel for the Bazaar.

PICKLED VELVETEEN.—If you value the dress, send it to a cleaner to be properly done.

VILLAFRANCA.—You may compete for a certificate but not for a prize. The religious examination is not compulsory, and candidates may be examined on other subjects who object to it. We suppose that is what you mean.

MARY BENOÎT.—It is not usual to have the ears of very young infants pierced; the process is generally performed when grown up.

JAPONICA. — Your question is more suitable to the *Field* than to the "G. O. P."

ADA.—"Ada" is the same as "Edith." Both are old German, and mean "happiness."

E. H. M.—We do not give addresses.

MUSQUITO.—Turn the child over on its side; sleeping on the back will always cause snoring. We believe Talleyrand's memoirs were not to be given to the world until a hundred years after his death.

J. M. M.—Thank you for your encouraging and kindly letter. We are indeed glad to hear that our paper has proved "a friend in need."

CARELESS MATTIE coolly says that drinking water which is tainted with magnesia is a cause of goitre. A necklace of amber is said to do good.

IDA. — THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be obtained throughout the Australian Colonies by ordering it monthly from a bookseller.

JEANIE G. N.—We should imagine your bird was moulting. Perhaps you had left him in a draught, and his death was the result of cold.

JUNIOR STUDENT (G. L. S.)—"Black Friday" was the 6th December, 1745, the day on which the news arrived in London that the Pretender had arrived in Derby.

MIMA.—The quotation, "Man wants but little here below," is from "The Hermit," by Goldsmith. Young, in line 118 of his "Night Thoughts," uses the same words.

GERALDINE. — For a description of a lawn tennis court see page 15, vol. iii. Please inquire the price yourself; in a large city like Manchester you will have no difficulty in finding out many shops where lawn tennis bats and balls are sold.

ZOE.—Write on one side of the paper, and when the MSS. is finished, send it to a printing or publishing office and inquire their terms for printing.

GWENYDD.—Before undertaking to translate a French book into English for publication it would be better to find out if it has been done before, and if you could find a publisher.

HELEN.—The size you require for your screen is made as follows:—Cut into small pieces the best white size (or glue), and put it into a white gallipot with a little water at the bottom, and melt by the side of the fire. When the whole is liquid and very hot, apply all over the screen panels very quickly and evenly with a large, flat brush, keeping the size hot all the time. When the first coat of size is dry apply another, and when that is perfectly dry varnish with the best hard white spirit varnish, using a flat brush about two inches wide, and laying the varnish on very evenly up and

down the panels. The screen must be kept in a room with a warm, even temperature during the whole process, and the palest and best size and varnish must be used. Your writing is not good, and you leave too wide a space between your words.

META.—We say to you, as we have done to many others, that the effort to find employment must be *your own*. All who have tried (so far as we know) energetically, putting their own shoulder to the wheel, have succeeded. A married woman with children can usually make more by staying at home, by saving and management, than she would earn abroad.

MARIE SUSETTE.—The flowers are not sufficiently dry when you take them out of the blotting paper. We do not give addresses of the kind.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.—What are "Frauflecks"? We do not understand your meaning. A little alum and water to rinse your hands may do them good.

PHILLIS NICHOLSON and A GUERNSEY LILY.—Use a little alum and water, or a little salt and water, to set the colour first before you wash the stockings. An old recipe used to be 20 drops of oil of vitriol to a gallon of water to rinse all coloured cottons. "Celia" is considered to be derived from the Italian word for a "jest or joke." "Edith" is old German, and means "happiness."

ECONOMY.—We think the process would be too long to repay you at home, particularly as the hats would need pressing and re-blocking, neither of which you could manage.

HERMALINDA.—We should advise you to have the dress cleaned, unless you have a very superior French laundress near you.

WALLFLOWER.—A little "benzine colas," to be found at any chemist's, might clean your gloves, but if you have hot hands, we fear nothing will help you. Holding the hands in a solution of alum and water is said to do good by hardening the skin.

JULIA and LIZZIE.—"Laura" means a laurel, and "Louisa" is the feminine of "Louis," a bold warrior. Jealousy appears to indicate a lack of love. We are told on the best authority that "perfect love casteth out fear."

P HEBE.—Thank you for your kind note. The name "Ellen" is a diminutive of Eleanor, meaning light; "Kate" is a diminutive of Catherine, meaning pure; "Sydney" is a surname, frequently used as a Christian name; "Tom" has the same meaning as "Thomas," a twin. December 31, 1860, was a Monday; November 17, 1862, was a Monday; and February 4, 1866, was a Sunday.

A VIOLINIST.—We give you a recipe for making the kind of varnish you want. As you cannot require much, would it not be better to buy it? Before applying the varnish the violin must be very carefully washed with soap and water with a soft flannel, and allowed to dry. Varnish for violins is made as follows:—Coarsely-powdered copal and glass, of each four ounces; alcohol 64 o.p., one pint; camphor, half an ounce. Heat the mixture with frequent stirring in a warm water bath, so that the bubbles may be counted as they rise until solution is complete; and when cold, decant the clear portion.

ADA.—Two things occur to us in reading the account of your trouble—first, that you are a minor, yet have thoughtlessly acted as if you were mistress of your own actions without your parents' advice, or even permission. See Numbers xxx. 3, 4, 5. Secondly, it seems to us that the name of the "Union" does not agree with the terms of the bond it lays upon its members. At your early age your parents' will should guide all your undertakings, and has authority to "disallow" them. Open your heart to your mother, and she will counsel and direct you in your difficulties.

COWSLIP.—See page 611, vol. i. You will there find an article entitled "Food for Invalids," which will supply the information you require. The cost need not exceed one shilling. We regret that your "writting" should be as bad as your spelling; and that you employ wrong words to express your meaning, such as "were" for "where." Why do you always throw away two "l's" on the word "also"? Keep one for some adverb that you swindle out of its dues. We are glad that you appreciate our paper so much, and thank you for the kindness shown in telling us so.

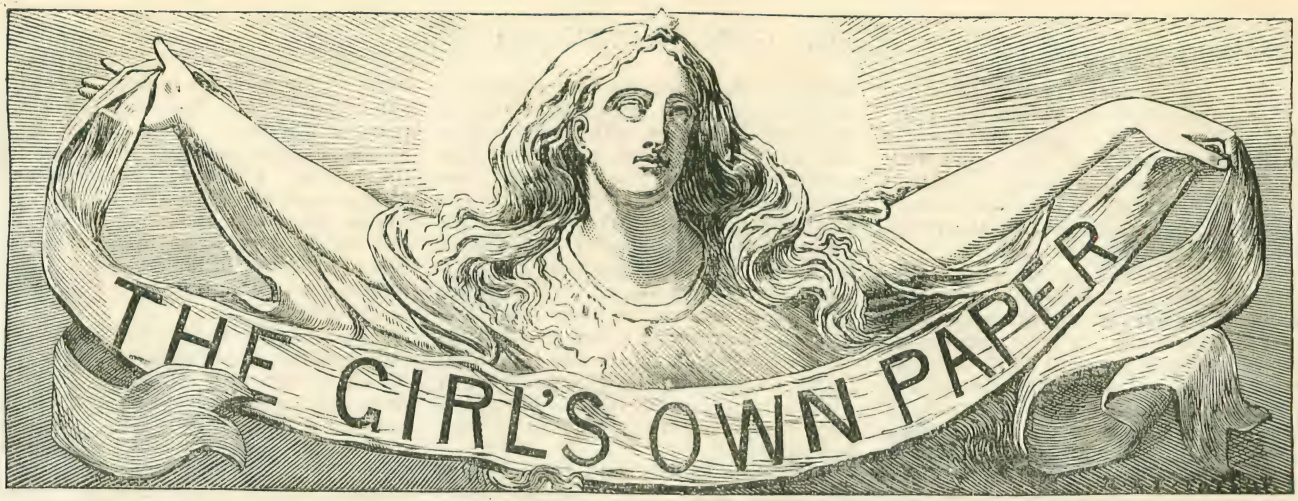
ANXIOUS MARGUERITE.—So you, and your friend, and your cousin have "made up your minds" that we "invent the answers that appear every week just to make people believe that we have a large correspondence which does not exist!" We offer you our best acknowledgments for giving us the credit of such duplicity. In reply to your query respecting the teeth and tooth-powder, why do you give us the trouble of writing the same answers over and over again? Pray oblige yourself by a reference to pages 176, 336, 367, 390, and 480, all *à propos* of teeth, in vol. i. Also pages 287 and 592 in the same volume; and page 64 in vol. ii., all *à propos* of tooth-powder. We leave your fellow-readers to judge whether we "do not *fulfil* our promise of being a friend to our readers in answering their questions." But we must make some allowance for a little girl who can neither write nor spell correctly.

L. R. S.—We sympathise sincerely with you on the trying nature of the prospects before you. But first we must observe that, unless you confound the relationship of a "half-sister" with the mere connection of a "step-sister," there is no reason, so far, why your father should not make the marriage he contemplates. The lady in question being his "full cousin" offers no difficulty; but her prejudice to you and your brother is, indeed, unfortunate. We should advise you to tell your father that, "if he feels quite persuaded that this union will be for his happiness, you will do your best to show his wife all becoming attention and respect." Time enough to think about leaving home when your efforts have failed, and your father then approves of the plan. But a year or two of patient, filial endeavour to keep the peace, and to contribute so far as you may to the happiness of home, must first be tried; and an earnest effort to "live down" the unfounded prejudices hitherto entertained.

UNE PETITE PARISIENNE.—*Astra, castra, numen, lumen*—"The stars, my camp; God, my light," seems to be a good translation of the motto. The term "antimacassar," applied to a covering for the protection of the back of a chair, is derived from the Latin *anti*, against; and *macassar*, the oil for the hair originally obtained from the district of Macassar, in the Island of Celebes, in the Eastern Archipelago. The name is retained in England in the present day, and applied to a particular-scented oil.

NELLIE HASTINGS.—We are much obliged, but they are not suitable to our pages.

STUDIES IN A PICTURE GALLERY.



VOL. III.—NO. 129. JUNE 17, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER X.

MR. GALBRAITH.

"THIS is Miss Milne's, I believe," said a clear, ringing voice at the door. There was a pause for Robert Finlay's reply, not quite so audible, and then the question—

"Is one Donald Joss visiting here just now?"

"Yes, he is. Will you please step in?" answered Robert Finlay, and there was delighted recognition in his voice, though none in his words.

"It's Mr. Galbraith himself, I declare," whispered Donald Joss, beaming.

Everybody in the room knew who that meant. It was a charmed name. For Mr. Galbraith had won such fame afar that even his own country side was forced to accept him as its prophet and acknowledge him as its genius. He it was who had shown all the world how pithily shrewd sense could be set forth in its uncouth vernacular. It was his descriptions which had led artists from all parts of the kingdom to the beautiful nooks

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"'WHAT IS THIS?' ASKED MISS MILNE, ASTONISHED."

hidden away among the bare hills and unromantic fields; his own loving appreciation which had taught outsiders to understand what true worth and what warmth of devotion lay mute in the lives of plain, unregarded men and women toiling in those fields and in the rough kitchens of the bleak farmhouses.

Faith might have spent many evenings in all the fashionable drawing-rooms of the town before she would have met Mr. Galbraith. For he was one of those people of whom it is said that they "do not go into society." Inquisitive people, when they sometimes got hold of him, would chide him for his "recluse habits," and hint that his work would be surely much improved if he took more opportunities of studying his fellow-creatures. Mr. Galbraith always good-naturedly replied that in his day he had been to dinner parties, to afternoon teas, even to a ball, and on one occasion he mischievously added that when in London he had gone to Madame Tussaud's waxwork, and had been greatly amused, but that when he went back the second time he found it so very much the same!

Mystified old ladies wondered why he should tag this piece of information to his excuses. It was only in his private circles that Mr. Galbraith would explain that "going into society" does not teach us human nature, and that when he went out, he did not go to "pay calls," but to make friends.

He came into the little kitchen unwrapping his plaid from his shoulders. He was a tall man, with a youthful complexion, a keen eye, and long hair tossed by the wind. There was actually a little flush on old Miss Milne's pale face as she rose to welcome him. She fully appreciated the honour which had somehow chanced to fall on her little gathering.

"I was round at your place, Joss," Mr. Galbraith explained, "and they said you had gone to 'Miss Milne's,' and I knew who Miss Milne was by your report of her, Joss, and I said to myself, 'Then I will go there, too, for by what I know of her, I don't believe she'd turn a dog out on a stormy night, let alone a harmless, lonely soul like me.'"

He took the chair they offered him, and drew it up into the semicircle they had formed round the fire. One thing struck Faith. Everybody was instantly at ease with him. Now among the very few people who enjoyed Mr. Galbraith's friendship, it was well known there were an earl and a baronet, and Mr. Galbraith was a thoroughly successful man in every way, and lived in one of the best houses in the town—one of the prettiest, too, said those who had seen it. Yet Faith felt that very likely every one of the wealthy and well-considered citizens who were his neighbours would have produced quite a different effect in that humble room. In their presence, Donald Joss might have been awkward, Miss Milne taciturn, Mr. Monteith pained and shy, the Cowies nervous, even Robert Finlay might have shown as blunt and reserved. Yet Mr. Galbraith was all that these other citizens could have been—wealthy, well-considered, and famous beside. But then he was something more than all that. And the something more set him even with every human soul that had suffered, and sinned, and endured. And this "setting even" was by no lowering of himself. Rather he was strong enough to lift them to his level. They did not only feel "quite themselves" in his presence, they felt "more than themselves." The things which were nearest his own heart, the joys and sorrows and household trials and losses which had made him what he was, were things he had in common with them, and in the light of his nature they recognised their true value and beauty.

"Eh, sir," said Donald Joss, when a little later Miss Milne and Mr. Monteith's grand-daughter retired to some mysterious outside region, whence came a clatter of supper dishes—"eh, sir, it was kind o' ye to come round here to see me. I'd have been sorry to find I'd missed you when I got home."

"I'm sure you see me often enough, Donald," said Mr. Galbraith, "and you would be very much more pleased to see a rare kind of beetle or a scarce species of wild cat. But don't flatter yourself that I came here to-night to see you. Your being here gave me an excellent excuse for coming to see Miss Milne."

"To see Miss Milne!" echoed Donald Joss, astonished.

"Yes," returned Mr. Galbraith, turning upon him in his bright, eager fashion. "You think nothing of walking ten miles to see a shark or an eagle, and you would think it quite natural in me to go out of my way to visit an old castle or a picturesque loch. I tell you a good, patient, strong-souled old man or woman, such as your reports showed me Miss Milne is, is the grandest sight in creation. All the rest is only the scenery they live among. To have done your duty in your own place for nigh seventy years is to have accomplished the chief end of man, and so to have fulfilled the will of God. I'd rather hear a wise word or a story of experience from such an one than read all the æsthetic poems or metaphysical romances that ever were written. For these are the originals from which all that is good in poetry or romance is drawn. What is called genius means a special faculty for recognising a good or grand character or incident when it is seen, and a special power for turning itself into a setting to preserve the picture for the admiration of others. Much that passes for admiration of genius is no more appreciative than the vulgar whisper in a picture gallery — 'What magnificent frames!'"

"Yes," said Madge Cowie, softly, not as if she feared speaking to Mr. Galbraith, but as if she shrank from hearing the sound of her own voice; "but once I saw a beautiful picture painted on a panel whose margin was carved into a frame. Picture and frame were one, and so——" she hesitated.

"And so why should not the poem or the story be part of the poet or the narrator himself, you would ask?" said Mr. Galbraith, completing her sentence for her. "There is no reason why they should not be so. There are the best of reasons why they should. Only they seldom are, because the best gifts are the rarest. I believe that we should always study the work and the life of the worker together, and know who is the admirer or censor of anything, before we join in his praise or blame. What a man is, affects every word he utters and every deed he does."

"Ah, that is true," said old Mr. Monteith, adding, probably out of the depths of old experience, "there is nothing more dangerous than to think that genius, because it is genius, may be excused for lapses of conduct. Whoever thinks that, is likely to go on and fancy himself a genius to excuse some such lapses in himself."

There was a moment's pause. Somehow it was broken by Madge Cowie turning to Faith, and saying—

"Your brother is a student, is he not? Does he happen to know a lad named Hugh Duthie, a young arts' student?"

"My brother is a medical student," Faith explained, "but it happens that he does know this Mr. Duthie. I have even seen him myself, for he came here once to visit us."

"I wonder how he is getting on now?" Madge said, musingly. "He used to be such a nice boy. We knew him and his people years ago when we lived in the country. In fact, I taught Hugh Duthie his alphabet," she said, with the sweet smile which seemed to Faith to tell of worlds of old happiness seen in the moonlight of memory. "I hoped we should have seen more of him when he came into town. But I'm afraid he found it rather dull to visit us. I suppose he's at home with his mother just now!"

Lively old Mrs. Cowie gave her head a significant wag. "Mrs. Duthie is not pleased with me," she said. "She asked me this, and she asked me that about her boy and town ways and town temptations, and I tried to tell her the truth. I remember seeing a child cry for a dainty it saw, thinking it was a sweetmeat. He got it, and it turned out to be a pickle, and then he made wry faces and screamed. It has happened so with truth, whiles. And Mrs. Duthie said young folks must be young folks, and that times had changed since I was young."

"Poor Hugh!" said Madge, with her pathetic brightness. "He was such a good child, and had such a pleasant, open face."

"He has that still," observed Faith. "I was struck by it."

"Yes, I know," said Madge, quietly.

"And he earned a bursary, too," said Faith. "Did you know that? A student much his senior, a Mr. Edgar Cheney, has taken a great deal of notice of him, and has helped him considerably."

It must be confessed that Faith volunteered this scrap of information in the hopes that it might elicit something about Edgar Cheney, concerning whom, and his character and status, she had latterly felt some misgiving and anxiety, which she shrank from putting into definite form because they were based

solely on the gossip, half laudatory and half condemnatory, of such a girl as Kitty Scott, and on sundry strange intuitions of her own, which she felt might be utterly misleading.

Nobody answered this remark. Again it was Madge Cowie who broke the silence.

"Mother," she said, with intensity of tone, "mother, as soon as the holidays are over, we must make a point of seeing Hugh Duthie."

"His mother will no send in anything to give him an errand to us," rejoined Mrs. Cowie, with a little dash of bitterness. The old lady had felt the stings that worldliness can inflict on the poor and desolate, and she had not quite risen to that other-worldliness, which can tenderly pick thorns from hands which have given its head a crown of thorns. "She did na like Hugh to come troubling us, she said, you know, Madge. We were na kin o' theirs—she reminded us o' that, Madge."

"Perhaps she did not mean it unkindly," said Madge.

"Aye, a cowslip ball is a soft thing, but it may give a dead blow if there is a stone rolled up at its heart," returned the old lady; "and it's the same with mony a civil-sounding speech."

"I will see Hughie," said Madge, with her gentle determination.

"If you are not kin on his mother's side, you are on his Heavenly Father's," said Mr. Galbraith, in his sudden, decisive manner. He had not seemed to be listening to what was said.

Madge Cowie looked up gratefully.

"That was exactly what I wanted to say, sir," she said.

The little group lingered together till the solid old kitchen clock struck twelve. There was little spoken during the later waiting for its chime, for the definite closing of a very definite period of time stirs many a secret thought in the hearts of those who have lived long and seen much, as was the case with most there. Faith's thoughts, however, were less with the dead and the vanished home at Westering than with her brother Denzil. She had hoped he would return home in time to "see the new year in" at her side, and as moment after moment passed and he came not, she grew anxious, and began to shrink from some possible criticism from Miss Milne. Robert Finlay had gone in and out of the room several times in response to sundry raps and rings, but, eagerly as she watched for his return, he always came back without announcing that her brother had arrived.

Therefore, when the good wishes and congratulations were duly exchanged, and the last of the guests being departed (Mr. Galbraith himself escorting poor old Mrs. Cowie and her daughter Madge), Faith and Miss Milne and Robert Finlay remained to take leave of each other, she was at first pleasantly startled when Robert said—

"Your brother has been indoors for some time, Miss Alleyne. It was not desirable that he should interrupt our party, and he does not wish to be disturbed again to-night."

Faith stood still, and looked straight at Robert Finlay.

"There is nothing the matter?" she asked.

"Oh, I assure you he is quite well," he answered, carelessly. But he toyed with a jug on the dresser as he spoke, and did not meet her eyes.

"There!" said he, as the door closed behind her. "And now, Miss Milne, I have a case of conscience to lay before you."

And as he spoke he drew from his pocket a key—large enough to be that of a chamber door—and held it towards the landlady.

"What is this?" asked Miss Milne, astonished.

(*To be continued.*)

THUNDERSTORMS.

FAR, far away into the distant North let our imagination carry us, beyond the furthest point of Scotland, further than the Shetland Isles, past the Faroe Islands, right on over the great North Atlantic Sea to Iceland, where we will alight on the rocky heights of Horna Fiord.

All is bleak and bare; no trees, no shrubs, only little patches of verdure in the lower lands; up here, nothing but dry lichens and mosses, and sometimes not even those. Above and behind us, snow-covered mountains stretch far into the distance.

Rest on these cliffs, away from the noise of the sea-birds and the dash of the everlasting waves. It is very silent. Ah! what is that up there? A nest? And the voice of a very young bird calling for its mother!

Suddenly, like a flash of white light, darts past us a ger-falcon, and with its marvellously rapid flight, it has reached the nest.

"Oh, mother, I am so glad you have come back!" squeaks the little one; "I have been dreadfully frightened whilst you were away!"

"What has been the matter?" questions the parent bird.

"Oh, such hard rain and fire, and noise in the sky."

"A thunderstorm I suppose, little Ger; it is the first you have seen, but you needn't be frightened; and I have not been far, only to the Faroe Islands, where I found this young raven, and brought it for you."

"How good of you! But, mother, shall I ever be able to fly like that?"

"To be sure you will, dear, when you get all your feathers, and I will teach you; you will be a very big bird, I think, when you grow up; but now tell me why you were so frightened." So little Ger went on to relate how the rain was like stones, and hurt him very much, and the sky made fire, and roared.

"But I put my head under the moss and feathers in this comfortable nest, and I felt safer when I could not see it."

"Now eat your raven," said his mother, "and I will tell you all about the storm that has been here, and why it is that it makes such a noise. I flew up very high one day, long ago, till my friends the clouds were all round me, and they told me a great deal. The earth, and sea, and air are full of a powerful influence—a fluid, some people call it—named electricity, which, however, is not evenly distributed in them; so, to equalise it, and balance matters more fairly, we have a thunderstorm."

Little Ger stopped in his meal to say, "Mother, please, I really don't understand you. What does the storm do to the clouds?"

"I will tell you," she said, stroking down her feathers with her beak, after her rapid flight.

"The clouds gather in the sky by the rising of vapour from the sea or earth, and with the vapour more and more electricity is drawn up, and so, by degrees, a short line of clouds grows and lengthens itself till it reaches some part of the earth or air where there is less electricity than there ought to be. The wind is perhaps blowing from that place towards the line of cloud that is gathering and growing to meet it, and so helps also to supply it with more vapour and electricity. Now comes the fun: the electricity, or lightning, is in such a hurry to balance matters that it rushes to fill the empty place, leaping along everything which will act as a stepping-stone to conduct it to the earth; this is what makes the fire, as you call it, seem to go zigzag in its flashing passage to earth."

"Yes, that did frighten me dreadfully!" said little Ger, "for it jumped about so fast, I thought it would perhaps come and burn me; but even that was not so dreadful as the growling, roaring noise afterwards."

"The thunder, you mean," said his mother. "The clouds told me that when there are a great number of them all packed together, they crowd out the air, and in tearing its way through them the lightning makes a hole or vacuum, which the air instantly rushes in to fill up, and vibrating to the sharp bang or cracking noise the lightning makes, thus causes the rolling noise you call growling, which is thunder. This is how we can tell whether it is very near, because sound travels slower than light, and if we hear the sound at the same moment that we see the flash, the electricity must be close to enable us to do so. You need only be frightened then if you are standing on an exposed place."

"Then I don't think it was very near, mother, for the growling came some moments after the fire; but then it growled so long each time. Why was that?"

"Because, as the lightning comes towards you, you hear first the last of the vibrations (being the nearest to you) it causes in its course through the clouds, and then each in succession afterwards, as it were rolling backwards, till the further end or beginning of the lightning's pathway is reached."

Little Ger looked up very puzzled. "Then one hears first what is nearest to one, and so on to the end backwards," he squeaked out.

"Just so," said the mother bird, "and what makes some parts of the rolling or growling, as you call it, sound louder than others, is that the clouds hang irregularly over each other, so the thunder or vibration of the crack made by the lightning explosion echoes irregularly amongst them."

"Well, I can't say I like it, and I don't see the good of electricity," chirped young Ger.

"Oh! but it does so much good, for it makes all sorts of wonderful things up in the air; in rushing through it, the clouds told me, it mixes two gases, called oxygen and nitrogen, together (which are difficult names for you to remember), and these make nitric acid, of which there is a great deal in rain sometimes—so much so, that in drinking the dew-drops off the blades of grass after a thunderstorm, they have tasted quite sour, and all plants love this nitric acid as much as you like young ravens."

"I do like young ravens immensely!" chuckled little Ger, "and now I don't think I shall be so frightened again unless a storm comes very near."

Just then the ger-falcon disappeared, and all that the little one could see was a white speck in the far distance shining like a silver spark against the dark cloud. In an instant she was back again, bearing another wild bird in her talons.

"Mother, you fly like the lightning!" he cried, in admiration.

"Ah! I wish I did!" she said. "The great Maker of the clouds and the thunderstorm, and of you and me, alone could make me do that."

KNITTED DESIGNS.

By MARIE KARGER.

THERE is a certain series of antiquated knitting patterns which seem to be such great favourites with all workers, that they survive long after more modern ones have been completely forgotten. Amongst these are the double roseleaf and the cable, which, though submitted to endless variations, still boldly retain the design which has given them their name.

The double roseleaf is so called from its two leaves branching on each side of the same stalk, and bearing a resemblance to the leaves of the rose tree. For the insertion (fig. 1) cast on 28 stitches:—1st R.—Slip the first stitch, knit 3, make 1 by putting the wool over the needle, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. Here only 26 remain on the needle. 2nd R.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 4, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, purl 4, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2. There are still 26 on the pin. 3rd R.—Slip 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, and knit 2 together 3 times, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1; leave 26. 4th Row.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 5, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 5, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2. 5th R.—Slip 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 3, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, and pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, purl 1, slip 1, knit 2 together and pass the slipped stitch over, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1; 26 on needle. 6th R.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 7, knit 1, purl 7, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2. 7th R.—Slip 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 5, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1; leave 28 stitches. 8th R.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, purl 17, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2. Again 28 remain on the needle.

This familiar pattern was formerly used for collars, knitted with No. 24 needles, and 40 Boar's Head cotton. Fifteen stitches composed the width of the insertion to which was added a vandyked border. Now that the flat cavalier, high art, and jersey collars are so much in vogue, it might prove very acceptable to revive these lace-like trifles. Another use to which the double roseleaf was applied comprised long curtains of extremely handsome appearance; however, such a task may perhaps be a little beyond the patience of the modern worker from whom so much is expected. She would prefer utilising the design for strips, to adorn princess pinafores, chair backs, and, indeed, any articles for which strong lace is popular. In silk, the roseleaf insertion forms a charming edge to a knitted vest, and it has even been employed for braces, mounted on a foundation of grosgrain. Worked with wool, the stripe is often seen in antimacassars, either wholly in knitting or combined with bands of embroidered satin or tricot-crochet. It would also make an effec-

tive pattern for a square shawl, quilt, or sofa-blanket—indeed, one might give endless suggestions for its adaptation.

A cable-stitch, with its open stripe, has already been given in p. 54, vol. ii., of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, but to-day is illustrated, in fig. 2, a smaller one more suitable for purses, bags, or pincushion covers. Our model was taken from a bolster-cushion, but for a straight thing we should prefer dispensing with the lines of purl, which, at intervals, break the stripes. Cast on any number of stitches divisible by 7—3 for each cable and 4 for the open work.

1st R.—Knit 2, over, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 3. Repeat. 2nd R.—Purl 2, over, purl 2 together, purl 3. Repeat. 3rd R. like 1st. 4th R. like 2nd. 5th R.—Knit 2, over, knit 2 together. Slip the 1st loop off as if for purling on to a 3rd needle, and keep it in front of the work while knitting the next two stitches. Then knit this first loop from the extra needle, thus forming the twist. Work a second set of 5 rows in the same manner, then make 4 rows of garter stitch, and continue thus for the length desired.

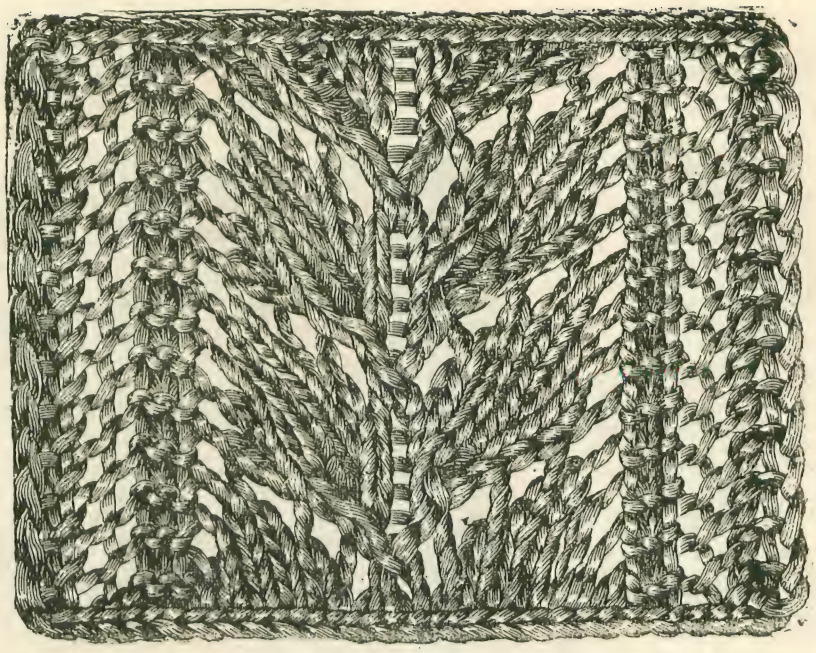


FIG. 1.—DOUBLE ROSELEAF INSERTION.

Knitted boots take much longer to make than crochet ones, yet they are greatly preferred for infants. Like crochet ones, too, they can be commenced from the toe—a plan which is, to some extent, the easiest, as it obviates the necessity of having so many stitches on the needle at once. But it is always good to know several different methods; therefore to-day we will be guided by the mode followed in the boot (fig. 3). The stitch chosen is the brioche or patent, and only one colour has apparently been employed in the work itself,

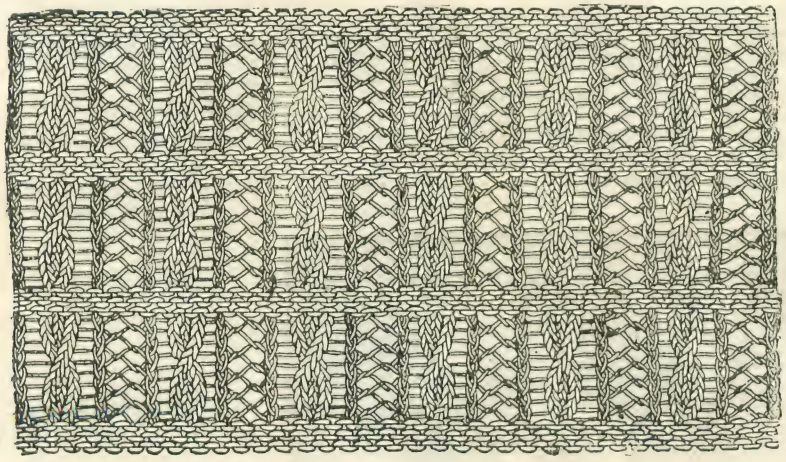


FIG. 2.—CABLE AND OPEN STRIPE.

a little bright contrast being introduced by the interlacing of silk ribbon. If two colours are liked, the first 10 rows, however, may be in blue or pink, the next 8 in white, 12 in the blue or pink again, and the remainder in white as high as the runner, above which the leg will also be in white. For another style the entire foot may be coloured, and the anklet white, or *vice versa*. To take the size or circumference of the foot, place one end of a yard measure at the back of the heel, pass it round the toe and back to the other side.

Now, with the right needles and wool, knit about 12 stitches; place them, without stretching, on the measure, to test how much space they cover, and from this judge how many stitches will be requisite. Either eider yarn, Saxony, or Shetland wool is appropriate for the little boot, worked on No. 18 needles.

Foot.—Cast on 74 stitches. 1st Row.—Plain. 2nd Row.—Knit 1, * bring the wool forward—*i.e.*, in front, slip the next stitch by taking it as if you were going to purl it, then take it off the right hand needle without knitting it; knit 1. Repeat from * to the end, finishing by 1 plain. In these three movements consists the brioche stitch, viz., wool forward, slip 1, knit 1. 3rd Row.—Slip 1, *wool forward, slip 1 as if for purling, then knit 1, taking together the stitch and the loose loop which lies side by side with it from the wool forward of the previous row. By this means is obtained the raised appearance of the rib. Repeat from *, and end by knit 1. Work these last two rows again three times, until you have arrived at the 10th. Here starts the decreasing for the instep. 10th Row.—Slip 1, do the brioche stitch 16 times to form 16 ribs, or 32 stitches. *Decrease* by knitting 2 together, knit 4 plain, knit 2 together, which makes in all eight stitches for the flat centre-piece, two of which are lost. The decreasings on each side form small ridges, through which narrow ribbon can be threaded. Again 16 ribs of brioche of 32 stitches, knit 1. This, with the two edge stitches, comes to the original 74, which is now lessened by 2. 11th Row.—Slip 1, work the brioche as usual down to the 6 centre stitches, which must be purled. Repeat the 10th and 11th rows till there are but 40 stitches left on the needle, not forgetting to decrease two stitches at *every alternate row*, when the centre band is worked plain, and purling them also like the narrow strip in the following row. The brioche, being a reversible stitch, is worked alike both sides. When there are but 40 stitches on the needle, work 8 straight rows.

Runner.—1st and 2nd Rows.—Purl. 3rd Row.—Knit plain. 4th Row.—Knit 1, * twist the wool twice round the needle, knit 2 together, knit 1. Repeat from * and terminate by 1 plain. 5th Row.—Slip 1, and knit off as one stitch the double twist of wool. Continue thus to the end. 6th Row.—Purl. Through these holes a ribbon will be passed. If preferred, replace the runner by a band of garter stitch, over which sew a double row of wick wool or crochet cord.

Leg.—Rib by 2 plain and 2 purl until high enough, being careful to reverse the order of stitches at alternate rows; that is, if you commence by knit 2 and purl 2, in the second row you will return by purl 2 and

FIG. 3.—INFANT'S BOOT.

knit 2, as the knitting is made with only 2 needles. Complete the top with any simple vandyked edging in crochet, worked with silk or arrasene. Sew round a row of wick wool to hide the junction of the ribbed knitting and crochet.

A more fanciful top can be made in this wise:—1st R. — Slip 1, knit 1, * wool forward, knit 2, slip 1, knit 2 together, and pull the slipped stitch over those knitted together; knit 2, wool forward, knit 1. Repeat from * 3 times; 6 stitches will be left on the needle; wool forward, knit 2, slip 1, knit 1; pass the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit 2. 2nd R.—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows 4 times. This will produce open and close stripes; the wool forward, knit 1, and wool forward, gives a line of web between two lines of holes, whilst the next one is crossed lengthwise by the slip stitches slightly raised and in a slanting direction. As an edging add a few rows of ribs, 2 plain and 2 purl.

Sole.—Cast on about 30 stitches. 1st R. — Plain. 2nd R.—Knit 1. Increase 1 by making 2 stitches out of 1, thus: knit in the usual way, but before dropping the loop from the left hand needle, knit a second stitch into the back of it, or purl and knit from the same loop. Knit the remainder. Work five more rows in this manner to form the curve of heel and toe, then for the centre knit 3 rows plain. For the opposite side decrease the 6 made stitches by knitting together the 2nd and 3rd stitches of every successive row. Having returned to the original 30 stitches, cast off; it is most important that this casting off should always be done loosely. Now sew together, on the wrong side, the back of the boot, and next the underneath part to the edges of the sole. It will be a great improvement to add to the toe a rosette of ribbon or crochet.

Like all woollen articles these little boots are always troublesome to wash, but specially to dry, for which reason regular little moulds of babies' feet are made in white hollow china, and on these the boots are slipped to dry in good shape. There are three different sizes of these lasts, the largest costing 3s. per pair. For the convenience of workers who live far away in outlandish places, it may be a help to have the measures of what is called infants' medium size; the sole is not quite 4 inches long, and 1½ inches in its widest part; the square toe is 1 inch across, the size round the ankle 5 inches, and round the top barely 6 inches, whilst the height from top to heel answers exactly to the length of the sole.

Next to infants' boots, shawls are the trifles most popularly taken in hand by knitters. They are generally made in squares or half squares; when in squares they naturally require more patience, as from 160 to 400 and 500 stitches must be cast on the needles at once, according to the desired size, and kept on the whole time. To produce a square, it is indispensable that the number of rows must correspond with the number of stitches cast on; thus if 20 patterns are allowed for in the cast on stitches, 20 patterns are also to be represented along the sides. A very pretty light shawl, which was given to me some years ago, has a most lacey-like pattern which might be called spotted net. I will describe it, as the pattern is quite an easy one, and only takes 3 stitches. Provide yourself first with white and pink or blue Shetland wool, and a pair of long wooden needles, No. 10. With the coloured wool, cast on 7 stitches, then with the white 153, and finish with 7 of the coloured wool again. These coloured stitches on either side are intended as an open herringbone border, which encircles the centre. Make 1 purl row, then start with 6 rows backwards and forwards, which will represent only the border. Form the first 6 rows work thus:—Slip 1, * wool forward, knit 2 together. Repeat from *. Knit the last stitch. 7th R.—Slip 1, * wool forward, and knit 2 together three times; this is for the side border. Now begins the white *ground*: knit plain till within the 7 last stitches, when you repeat the 7 stitches of the commencement of the row. The 8th and 10th rows are like the 7th, but the plain stitches must be purled. The 9th row is similar to the 7th. 11th R.—Work the 7 stitches of the border as usual, knit 3, and from the next work 3 stitches, viz., 1 plain, 1 purl, and 1 plain, which gives an increase of 2 stitches and forms the knot or spot. Continue from * to the end until the 7 last stitches. Henceforth these border stitches will not be any more mentioned. 12th R.—Purl the ground, taking the clumps of three stitches as one. 13th R.—Plain. 14th R.—Purl. 15th R.—Similar to 11th, except that the spots must be made to fall between the previous ones. To obtain this after the 7 stitches of the border, knit 1 plain, * then the 3 stitches into 1, plain, purl and plain, knit 3 and repeat from *. 16th R.—Purl, not forgetting to work the groups of 3 stitches into one. 17th R.—Plain. 18th R.—Purl. Proceed on this principle until you have the required size, reserving the 6 last rows to form the horizontal band of the herringbone just as at the commencement. Instead of casting off, a white lace border was, in my specimen, worked on these 167 stitches, and increased at every row on each side to form slopes for mitreing the corners. When one part had been finished the wool had been broken off, and the stitches along the next side picked up and knitted meanwhile like the stitches of a heel, the other two being, in their turn, worked in the same way. The angles were afterwards sewn together. This method, however, does not seem at all handy, and I should not recommend it. Finding the edging very effective, I have copied it several times, but detached, in order to neatly sew it to the shawl or hood, allowing proper fulness at the corner.

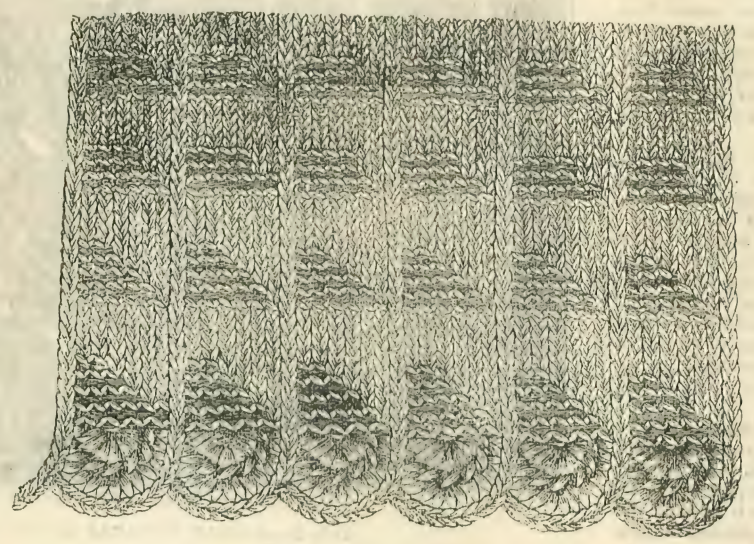


FIG. 4.—STEP PATTERN.

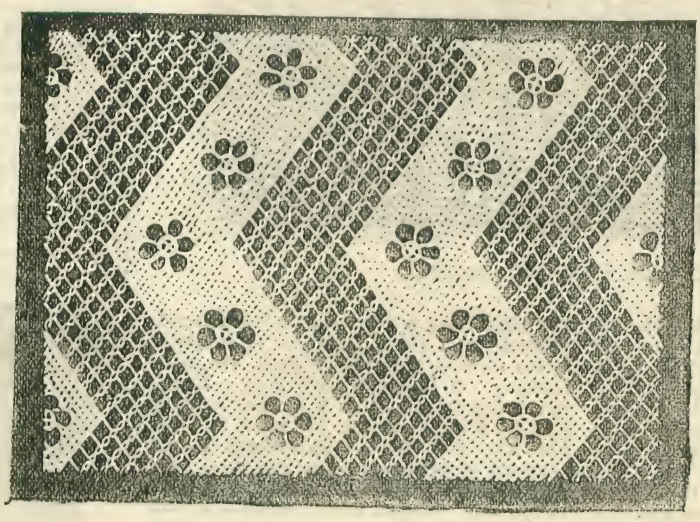


FIG. 5.—CHEVRON PATTERN.

Edging.—Cast on, on your long needle, as many stitches as it will hold, but they must be divisible by twenty. As a heading, work 3 or 4 rows in plain garter-stitch, then a runner composed of 2 rows. 1st R.—Slip 1, * wool forward and knit 2 together. Continue from * to the end. Finish by knitting 1. 2nd R.—Purl. Now begin the pattern. 1st R.—* Over, and knit 1 three times; knit 2 together 3 times; over; knit 2 together 4 times; over, and knit 1 three times. Repeat from *. The number of stitches remains the same on the needle; for if in each pattern you lose 7, you replace them with 7 made by "over," that is, "wool forward." 2nd R.—Purl. 3rd R.—Knit plain, except 1 over in each pattern, viz., the one between the knit 2 together 3 times, and knit 2 together 4 times; this made stitch forms a strip of open holes between 2 plain bands of knitting just over each dent of the scallop, the centre of the scallop being filled in with a lacey pattern obtained by over

and knit 1 six times. To return to our "over": just before you come to it, put wool forward, and knit the "over" together with the next stitch. 4th R.—Purl. Repeat these 4 rows 5 times to have 5 sets in depth, and before beginning the 6th set, knit an extra plain and purl row, taking no notice now of the open bars. Make another pattern row like the 1st row, but, to give a nice curve to the scallop, omit the "over" between the bands of knit 3 and 4 together. Finish by a purl row, then cast off very loosely indeed.

A square shawl or handkerchief need not, however, be made by the slow and inconvenient process of keeping such a number of stitches at once on the needle. You may begin with three stitches only, and increase one at the end of every row until you find that the longest row of the triangle answers to the width you wish to have; then the stitches may be cast off, if for a half-square or three-cornered shawl; or should a square shawl be wanted, the stitches may be decreased in the same proportion as they were increased till they have dwindled down to three stitches again.

When pulled out nicely in shape, a perfect square is formed, to which may be added a lily fringe, knitted lace, or crochet border. But, as nothing can be had without trouble, you will soon discover that this triangular method is not all play, and a little puzzling will be experienced by arranging the pattern according to the increase and decrease. Plain knitting, however, makes very warm and comfortable wraps for the poor in 3-thread Scotch yarn, with needles No. 2, or even 4-thread fleecy. But, whatever be the wool chosen, never work these gifts in a single or dingy colour; choose some bright hue, for, dear old souls, they are warmed up almost as much by the sight of a cheery colour as by the cosy weight on their shoulders. Grey and red always look animated and pretty for anyone, but I must say that, constantly passing by the stalls of busy market people, I have noticed for years what a great partiality they have for combining scarlet and blue, and even violet and crimson. Of course, I do not quote these folks as models of taste, and æsthetes, indeed, might go into "utterly utter" consternation over such mixtures. Still, when one intends to make a gift, one has to study the taste of the recipient a little, specially if they are old people past all ambition of elevating their minds.

For a shoulder shawl about half a pound will be sufficient, which, in Scotch yarn, will bring the cost to 2s. 9d. for the best quality, and 2s. for the second, the respective prices of each being 5s. 6d. and 3s. 11d. per pound; 4-thread fleecy, in fancy colours, is 3s. 11d. per pound. More expensive shawls are made in Welsh yarn at 6s. 6d. per pound, blue and violet being, however, 8s. 6d. Double Berlin is rather cheaper, as its highest price is 6s. 6d. per pound. It is well known that self colours are never so dear as dyed ones. Of course, Shetland and Pyrenean and eis wools make the lightest and most aerial wraps; the Shetland wool corresponds in price to that of the Welsh yarn, whilst the Pyrenean is sold in half-ounce skeins at 4½d., and the eis wool in balls at 5½d., or 8½d. when spangled.

A nice bit of practice for children will be found in fig. 4, where the changes from plain to purl are so frequent and irregular. It has the double advantage of utilising odds and ends of wool, and of being worked by several little hands at the same time. Although the pattern is, in the model, executed in stripes, it can be quite as well worked in squares, and the 6 stitches in width can be altered to 10, 16, &c., just as fancy dictates, and according to whether it is intended for a mat, petticoat, sofa rug, &c. The ground is worked in plain knitting, the web being formed by 1 plain row, and 1 purl row. The steps which constitute the pattern are easily reproduced by purl stitches. Suppose you start with two purls; at the back row, purl 4 and knit 2; these two will effect in front the purled or raised appearance. The following row, work as usual plain, and at the third purl 3, and knit 3, and so on. Each stripe now remains to be joined with some bright colour contrasting with the ground; for this bring two edges of knitting flatly together, and over them work a line of chain stitches catching in both selvedges at once, in this way: pierce the hook downwards through the selvedge of the right side, then through the selvedge of the left side, giving 3 loops on the hook, and draw the wool through the 3 loops at once, patting the chain with the thumb to make it lie flat. Form the scallops at the end of each band by 7 trebles worked into a single hole.

This close pattern will answer well for petticoats, rugs, and even jackets. There is, however, no necessity for experienced knitters to follow the pattern in such narrow strips; they can easily manage it by breadths, casting on any even number, and allowing for edge stitches. The reason of dividing the knitting into bands for children has already been accounted for. Other little strips of about 1 yard can be made by boys and girls, and 3 of them plaited together for thick cosy comforters with the addition of smart tassels. A sort of openwork can be reproduced by dropping a stitch at regular intervals, as described in the heelless stocking.

Knitted Stripe.—The portion shown in the design is worked on 50 stitches (fig. 5).

1st R.—Knit 4, knit 3 together, knit 5, over, and knit 2 together 6 times. Repeat from*, knit 2. Leave 46 on needle.

2nd R.—Purl 19, over, purl 1, over, purl 21, over, purl 1, over, purl 4. Leave 50.

3rd R.—Knit 11, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 12, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 3. Leave 50.

4th R.—Purl.

5th R.—Knit 10, over, and knit 2 together 6 times; knit 12, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 4. Leave 50.

6th R.—Purl.

7th R.—Knit 9, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 12, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 5. Leave 50.

8th R.—Purl.

9th R.—Knit 8, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 4, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 6. Leave 48.

10th R.—Purl 2, purl 21, over, purl 1, over, purl 24. Leave 50.

11th R.—Knit 7, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 2, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 7. Leave 48.

12th R.—Purl 3, purl 19, over, purl 3, over, purl 23. Leave 50.

13th R.—Knit 6, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 6, knit 3 together, knit 3, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 8. Leave 48.

14th R.—Like the 10th.

15th R.—Knit 5, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 12, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 9. Leave 50.

16th R.—Purl.

17th R.—Knit 4, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 12, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 10. Leave 50.

18th R.—Purl.

19th R.—Knit 3, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 12, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 11. Leave 50.

20th R.—Purl.

21st R.—Knit 2, *over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 4. Repeat from*, over, and knit 2 together 6 times. Leave 46.

22nd R.—Purl 5, over, purl 1, over, purl 21, over, purl 1, over, purl 18. Leave 50.

23rd R.—Knit 1, over, knit 2 together, over, and knit 2 together 5 times, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 2, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 3. Leave 46.

24th R.—Purl 4, over, purl 3, over, purl 19, over, purl 3, over, purl 17. Leave 50.

25th R.—Knit 2, *over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 4, knit 3 together, knit 5. Repeat from*. Leave 46.

26th R.—Purl 5, over, purl 1, over, purl 21, over, purl 1, over, purl 18. Leave 50.

27th R.—Like the 19th R.

28th R.—Purl.

29th R.—Same as 17th.

30th R.—Purl.

31st R.—Similar to 15th.

32nd R.—Purl.

33rd R.—Knit 6, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 4, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 8. Leave 48.

34th R.—Purl 25, over, purl 1, over, purl 21, purl 1. Leave 50.

35th R.—Knit 7, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 4, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 7. Leave 50.

36th R.—Purl 24, over, purl 3, over, purl 19, purl 2. Leave 50.

37th R.—Knit 8, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 2, knit 3 together, knit 7, over, and knit 2 together 6 times, knit 6. Leave 48.

38th R.—Like the 34th R.

39th R.—Same as 7th.

40th R.—Purl.

This zigzag or *chevron* pattern looks more handsome when worked than in the illustration. It is equally effective in cotton or wool, and would form a bold design for curtains, if anyone has the patience to attempt the task. Though given as a stripe it can be made a continuous pattern by repeating 50 stitches as often as required.

There is no novelty in knitting needles, with the exception of the gutta-percha ones, sold in sets of four for stockings. They are alleged, like the hooks, to be smoother and more flexible than those in bone or steel; I can scarcely give any opinion of them, for I promptly laid them aside, finding them too brittle for durability and too pliant for work.

VARIETIES.

How to Read with Profit.—In order to read with profit, the attention must be rendered so firm that it sees ideas just as the eye sees bodies.

In Poverty and in Opulence.—If poverty makes people groan they yawn in opulence. When fortune exempts us from labour Nature overwhelms us with time.

Pleased with Everything.—Learn to be pleased with everything: with wealth, so far as it makes us beneficial to others, with poverty, for not having much to care for, and with obscurity, for being unenvied.—*Plutarch.*

In the Last Hour.—When a woman dies they who survive her ask what property she has left behind; the angel who bends over the dying one asks what good deeds she has sent before her.

The Praise of Others.—Do you wish people to speak well of you? Then never speak well of yourself.—*Pascal.*

Lost Days.—Those days are lost in which we do no good, those worse than lost in which we do evil.

"FAIR DIANA."

DIANA.

By PAUL BLAKE.

BESIDE the busy little brook
Which skirts that clump of cedars
Sits fair Diana with her book,
Most picturesque of readers.

By idle tales she sets no store,
Her passion is for knowledge;
She's reading up a treatise for
The tutor of her college.

She knows the structure of the eyes,
Can state the Great Bear's distance,
Can tell you where Coimbo lies,
Or gauge the wind's resistance.

She knows how fast the planets spin,
Can trace a comet's orbit;
She likes to plunge the litmus in
The acids which absorb it.

She drives half mad her brother Jack,
Who's fresh from Alma Mater,
With questions on the Zodiac,
Or Sanscrit forms of pater.

She's sorry ladies can't as yet
Join Christchurch, Caius, or Merton,
But means to ask papa to let
Her go next year to Girton.

HOW TO KEEP A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

COMMONPLACE books for bookworms!" "Not so; commonplace books, rather, Susan, for you and for everybody." Well said, Nanette, you always back me up. But let us have a talk about commonplace books, and Susan and all who think with her will most likely change their minds. The great object of reading is, or at any rate ought to be, self-improvement. We should use books as a means of culture, and it is therefore an important question how to get the largest possible amount of good out of them.

Nothing more easy, you say. Just read away, and remember everything you read. With all respect for you, Susan, I don't think much of that observation. *Could* you remember everything, and *would* you if you could? Memories are not like that famous tent we have all heard about, which, when it was taken out of the nutshell, was no more than the right size to hold the prince, but grew and grew till at last it sheltered all his army, though that army was as numerous as the sand on the seashore. No; we must have an aid to memory, and the best aid, say I, is a well-kept commonplace book.

Remembering everything, too, would be a misfortune, for a great deal of what we read we may as well forget. It may be quite useless to us, or may fail to harmonise with our individuality; and when that is the case, to be eager to keep it in mind is about as absurd as if we were to follow the example of the ostrich, and take to stuffing ourselves with stones and tenpenny nails. Here, again, the commonplace book steps in. We put in it exactly what suits us—just those things we wish to remember and want to refer to again.

But a commonplace book should contain more than mere references to books. We should store up in it references to personal history and observation. There will also be thoughts that strike us, thoughts that seem to have come flying through the air to find a home in our minds. Put these down. They will, first of all, most likely be inserted in your journal, if you keep a journal, and entries should be transferred from time to time from your journal to your commonplace book.

"Divide your learning," remarks someone, "between your memory and your note-books." A commonplace book is an index to our intellectual life, and you know what the poet says—

"Index learning turns no student pale,
But holds the eel of science by the tail."

Neglecting a commonplace book, you give the go-by to an essential part of the art of reading and thinking.

To some, of course, a commonplace book will prove of greater utility than to others, and especially it will be of use to those happiest of people who have to work for their living. By its means we accumulate a store of information bearing on our occupations, and so gain more and more the mastery over what we have to do. Let governesses, teachers of music, art students, book-keepers, clerks, and girls in shops and warehouses only keep such a book with regularity for, let us say, a year, with special reference, if they like, to their own pursuits, and then say whether they have not now had pointed out to them one of the secrets of worldly success.

Every Sunday-school teacher also ought to keep a commonplace book. It was remarked some months back by a writer in this magazine of ours that "in nine cases out of ten those who fail in teaching are those who fail in preparing." Now, a great portion of the work of preparing consists in the accumulation of material, and everyone will acknowledge that that accumulation should be set about in the most orderly manner possible.

The question now arises, how is our commonplace book to be kept? It must have one leading feature—easy reference—and that is not so easy to obtain. A book without arrangement is a mass of learned lumber, interesting and amusing it may be to look over, but of no service when we really want anything.

There is not much chance of our getting a plan without some disadvantages, but amongst the many which have been advocated from time to time, the best, I think, is that recommended by the Rev. Dr. John Todd, the author of "The Student's Manual." Whether he invented it or not I do not know—most likely not. This commonplace book on Todd's principle I shall now describe. It is neither difficult to start nor to understand.

Buy first of all a book of blank paper, ruled, if you like, with faint blue lines. The number of pages should be either a few over 260, or a few over 520. The size of the page will depend much on taste, and a good deal also on the size of your handwriting. For this sort of work the smaller and neater that is the better.

Rule every page with a line a short distance from the top, and another line parallel to the left-hand margin, and just far enough away from it to admit of writing an ordinary-sized word between the margin and the line.

Then divide the pages amongst the letters of the alphabet. Suppose your book has two hundred and sixty pages, that will admit of giving ten pages to each letter.

Take the ten pages devoted to A and divide these amongst the five vowels *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, two pages to each, the reason for which you will see presently. Place now at the top of pages 1 and 2 "A—*a*," on pages 3 and 4 "A—*e*," on pages 5 and 6 "A—*i*," on pages 7 and 8 "A—*o*," and on pages 9 and 10 "A—*u*." Three examples are given below, and these will show you better than any amount of writing exactly what is to be done.

Treat the next ten pages, those devoted to B, in precisely the same way: "B—*a*," "B—*e*," "B—*i*," "B—*o*," "B—*u*." Then deal with C, then with D, and so on to the end of the alphabet.

Your commonplace book is now ready for use. The rule under which all entries are made in it is this: Fix on a word under which the entry is to appear; take the first letter and the first vowel following the first letter, and place the entry on the page at the top of which that letter and vowel stand. The catch-word is to go in the space ruled off to the left of the page.

A	a

A	e

A	i

Thus, supposing we had to enter "Music, a new theory of," &c., we would place it on the page headed by "M—*u*," entering the word music in the space ruled off, right under the capital M.

The following examples will perhaps make the matter still plainer:—

C.	i.
Cries	Street: "New Oysters, new!"—"Selections from the works of Thomas Ravenscroft (*Pammelia*), p. 3.
Children	Among my few blessings, I have always reckoned this, that every child in the world loves me. Amongst grown men I question whether there are five upon earth who do.—*Landor:* "Letter to Southey, quoted in *Forster's Life of Landor*," i. 452.
Criticism	A principle which underlies all Goethe's critical writings is that of expatiating on the good and the positive, and of passing over in silence the defective or the mistaken, as if it were a nonentity—a mere negation.
Cries	Street: The Common Cries of London Town. "Popular Music of the Olden Time."—*Chappell* (vol. i.), 219.
Children	Talking nonsense to: "Queen's English."—*Alford*, p. 334, *et seq.*
Chinese	Character: "Philosophy of History."—*Hegel*, p. 144 (Bohn's Ed.)

Our remaining examples should, of course, be entered under the letters printed in the margin in italics.

A—a. Arabia not a land of song. That Arabia is a land of song is an agreeable delusion.—"Arabia," *Palgrave*, i. 310.

A—e. Affectation, Thoughts on.—"Critical Essays," *Foster*, i. 34.

A—i. Amiability: Truly, better is amiability than beauty.—"Four Ancient Books of Wales," *Skene*, p. 574.

A—i. Animals, Folk-lore of.—"Popular Tales from the Norse," *Dasent*, intro., p. 58, *et seq.*

B—e. Bells: Not used by Mohammedans.—"Thousand and One Nights," *Lane*, i. 429.

B—e. Beauty: An indication of high birth.—"Danish Ballads," *Prior*, i. 258, 261.

"Tell me . . . .
Of what so noble race you're born
To be so passing fair."

B—e. Beauty, Ideas of, in the Middle Ages.—"Ancient Danish Ballads," *Prior*, i. 255.

B—i. Bible, The Language of the. The language of our English Bible is not the language of 1611 (when it was translated), but the language which prevailed from time to time during the previous century. For the translators of the Authorised Version made use, when they could, of the version of the New Testament by Tyndale, of 1525.

B—o. Brother and Sister: Original meaning of *bhrâtar* seems to have been he who carries or assists; of *skusar*, she who pleases or consoles; *svasti* meaning in Sanscrit joy or happiness.

E—i. Epitaphs, Famous:

"Renowned Spenser, lie a little more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your three-fold, four-fold tomb."
Will. Basse, on Shakespeare.

F—o. Flowers, Folklore of: Honeysuckle—Charm against evil.—"Tales of the West Highlands," *J. F. Campbell*, iv. 417. Ivy—Charm against fairies, iv. p. 342.

L—i. Life: Shall I not everywhere enjoy the light of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth, under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth?—*Dante.* Quoted by Longfellow. Tr. of "Inferno," p. 200.

L—i. Life: The life of a Christian man is nothing but a readiness to die and a remembrance of death.—*Latimer.*

S—o. Sorrow:

"Oh, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a kindly end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend."

Wordsworth. "The Force of Prayer," p. 373.

T—u. Truth: All men wish to have truth on their side, but few to be on the side of truth.—"Aphorisms," *Whately*, p. 9.

W—o. Woman's reason: I have no other than a woman's reason—I think him so because I think him so.—*Shakespeare*, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," i. 2.

Y—o. Young, Characteristics of the: One of the discriminating characteristics of the young is that they are lovers of honour, and still more lovers of victory.—*Aristotle*, "Rhetoric."

Some letters, it will be found in practice, require more space than others, but the letters which are fullest will depend to a great extent on your own individuality. Everyone has some pet subjects, and these naturally will have most entries. As a rule, too, such letters as I, K, Q, X, Y, and Z will have rather an idle time of it, but all these things you are perhaps as well to discover for yourself.

In making your entries, a very important matter is the catchword. This should be the word representing the leading idea, the word, in fact, by which you would be most likely to refer to the entry again. For instance, if you were going to enter this article, it would go in a page devoted to *C—o.* "Commonplace Book, How to Keep a," GIRL'S OWN PAPER, vol. iii., p. 601. You would not think of placing it under "How"—of course not.

When two catchwords suggest themselves it is best to enter both in their respective places, giving the full entry in one case, and in the other only a cross-reference. Thus, in the above examples, we have an entry "Animals, Folklore of," and this should have a cross-reference, "Folklore of Animals—*See* Animals." The entry, "Birds, Folklore of"—if there were such an entry—should be treated in the same way, and "Brother and Sister" given above should have a cross-reference, "Sister and Brother—*See* Brother."

It is also a common plan to have a few general headings, for the purpose of grouping entries together, but the fewer of these general headings we have the better. Under the general heading of "Advice," for instance, we would place such a maxim of prudent counsel as—

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul."
Pope, "Wife of Bath," 298.

A commonplace book is one of use only to the owner, and should never be so much as seen by other people. I remember hearing an eminent author say that in his will he had ordered all his commonplace books to be burned, perhaps for this reason chiefly, but also from a charitable wish that a whole army of critics might find employment in discovering with what old bones his genius had been manured.

Make the entries in your commonplace books whenever it suits you best. The great point is, once having adopted a system to stick to it. It is not a bad plan when reading a book to make a little pencil mark in the margin over against those things which you think are worth entering, and when the book is finished, write up your commonplace book before returning the book to the library or replacing it on your shelves. Other entries you are better to make at once in your note-book, transferring them at intervals from that to your commonplace book.

When once an entry is made, do not think you have *done with it* for ever. Turn over your commonplace book frequently, and every day will be found to add to its value and suggestiveness. By such means as this, girls, we become more useful members of society, and enjoy what is best worth enjoying—a vigorous, intellectual life.

JAMES MASON.

WHEN I WAS A GIRL.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

I often wonder, looking back over the lapse of years, whether any of you who read this will be able to recall as many differences between these days and those of half a century, say, to come. It seems difficult to suppose so, for the introduction of railways has, of course, caused such marvellous changes in every way. Still, there is no knowing what the development of sciences, yet in their infancy (as so we are told) may do for the future. You may be sailing through the air in balloons, and conversing with absent friends by word of mouth across the Atlantic. None can tell.

But it is of minor matters I am thinking just now.

Say you want a light. You draw a match across the roughened side of a box; in a moment the candle, lamp, or gas is kindled, the match blown out, thrown away, and no more is thought about it. Nothing could be easier or quicker.

But fancy having to strike with a piece of flint upon a steel, shaped for your hand to hold, something like the handle of a small kettle. These you struck for some minutes, till the sparks which flew out fell upon a piece of tinder in a box below; then you puffed at the spark, holding to it a brimstone match till that ignited, and a flame was obtained. Then the lid of the little round tinder box was popped down upon the tinder, and its smouldering sparks were quenched.

The tinder was made of a bit of old linen scorched for the purpose; the matches were thin strips of wood about four inches in length, pointed at each end, and dipped into yellow brimstone, which had a most repulsive smell in burning, and was apt to get down your throat and into your eyes, and set you coughing; while in unskilful hands the steel had a vicious habit of striking one's knuckles instead of the flint. Too often a draught from an opening door would extinguish the newly-lighted candle, when all the ceremony had to be gone through again.

Fancy all this, on a cold winter morning, before a light could be obtained.

But careful housewives, in order to obviate the necessity for "striking a light," were accustomed to burn a rushlight set in a contrivance especially adapted for it: a long tin cylinder pierced full of holes, whose ghostly shadow thrown upon walls and ceiling in the silent hours of the night will be among the familiar memories of my contemporaries when they were young.

I saw a tinder-box and steel the other day in a museum among the "curiosities," and I almost expected to see by their side the snuffers and snuffer-tray which were wont to hold the place of honour between the tall, silver candlesticks on every table. How

troublesome we should find it nowadays to interrupt our readings or work, every fifteen minutes or so, with a response to the constant request, "Please snuff the candles."

Tallow dips and rushlights were all the common use at that time. Waxlights, of course, for those who could afford them, and lamps, in which colza oil was burned, also very expensive and troublesome, for the manufacture of lamps was not carried to the perfection it is at present.

With the memories called up by the "nick-nick" of flint and steel, and the smell of the brimstone match, comes one which you, dear young readers, will, I am thankful to say, never see revived.

The cry of "sweep," uttered in a plaintive childish treble, in the snowy winter morning, the little bare feet pattering up the stairs, the almost baby form, half naked, thrust up the chimney, the choking tones replying to the hoarse shouts of the man's voice below; the little head thrust forth at the top, with rattle of the broom to give token of a completed ascent. These make up a picture, alas! so common as to call forth little comment and but a small amount of pity in those days.

But, girls, if you could now see, as I have seen, the bleeding little feet and elbows, soot-begrimed and frost-bitten, and heard the threats with which the poor children were urged on, when perhaps some faulty construction or unwonted obstacle in a flue caused them to falter; if you saw the half-famished mites, taken almost from their cradles to such a round of life—untaught, uncared for—what would you think of it? I daresay it would make your hearts ache, and give you bad dreams, as many a time it did to me, when I was a girl. People get used to things unfortunately, and to hear a helpless little sweep being sworn at by a brutal master, to know that the terrible cruelty of even lighting straw beneath them was no unusual practice, so to force them up a chimney—these things were such common matters then, the mass of the people did not think about them. Only the thoughtful few at last bestirred themselves and the practice was stopped.

Almost as painful, too, then, to a tender-hearted child was the sight of dogs harnessed by ropes to small carts filled with hearthstone, bathbrick, or salt, which were hawked from door to door.

No matter the size or breed of the animal, all were pressed into the service. Of course those most commonly used were the mongrel species, by nature wholly unfitted to the task. The creature's efforts to drag often a heavy load, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, its bony frame strained to the utmost, ill-fed and badly treated, made the spectacle a shocking one. I remember once seeing a man seated in one of these carts, and a couple of the willing brutes half breaking their hearts in accomplishing the feat of dragging the "superior being" who drove them.

I suppose it was the rejected ones of the race which then swarmed the streets in numbers you would not believe possible. There was no tax on dogs then, and anybody who chose kept one, or discarded it, how or when he pleased. Starving, mangy, diseased, they hunted in the gutters for food, fought over the offal, and lay about at corners, crushed out of shape by some accident in the roadway.

Distressful objects, only less so than the beggars, which were indeed plentiful in those days I speak of. Crippled, maimed, old, able-bodied and young, one met them at every turn. Also sailors, who had lost an arm or a leg—often both—in the wars, and who begged, sometimes silently, more often roaring lustily, as they pegged down the centre of the road on wooden legs, some sea song, such as—

"Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List, ye landsmen all, to me,
Hear a poor, disabled sailor
Tell the perils of the sea."

I do not vouch for the exactitude of the words. Numbers of black people, too, there were about then. A negro footman or coachman was quite the custom, and a black page boy the height of fashion. Indeed, one then met more "coloured people" in London than one does in the streets of New York to-day. Now the number is very few, and as servants they appear to be employed scarcely at all.

There were more street entertainers then. The organ-grinders were not common, but there were hurdy-gurdy boys, who carried white mice, and buy-a-broom girls, dressed in the costume of their native country, with their quaint caps and monotonous plaintive song. Jugglers were plentiful, who tossed balls, balanced plates on sword points, swallowed fire, and drew yards of coloured paper from their throats. Men, with pan pipes and tabor, led a bear by a chain, sometimes a monkey perched upon its back or head, clutching with its hands the bear's shaggy coat, while the unwieldy animal performed an absurd dance, as it was called.

The stilt dancers, too, were in great favour. They were rather startling, coming upon one suddenly looking in at a first-floor window. A girl and a boy generally dressed in the Highland costume, mounted upon tall stilts, and accompanied by a man with pipes and a drum, who looked sharply after the contributions of the spectators.

How we children admired them as they stalked too and fro, made believe to dance, and elevated one stilt high in the air, balancing on the other. I believe we envied them their accomplishments. We know now they were indeed subjects for pity, untaught, exposed to all the hardships of such a life, and unfitted for any useful calling in the future.

From our nursery window, too, objects were familiar which have long disappeared. The postman, with his scarlet coat, ringing a loud bell, as he strode down the street, carrying a brown leather-bag for the letters people hurried to the doors to give him. There were no stamps, no prepayment of letters then, as I have said. Then, the lamplighter, with a long ladder on his shoulder, and a lantern in his hand. How swiftly he ran up and down that ladder which was leaned against the small projecting arm attached to the lamp-posts! You might well wonder what it is placed there for, since the ladder is dispensed with, and the lamplighter goes his more leisurely rounds with his long wand. To "run like a lamplighter" was quite a proverb in those days.

What were the police about, you may ask, to permit the swarming of the streets with stray dogs and shameless impostors, as many of the beggars were known to be?

There were no policemen in those days. Lying awake, as was too much my habit as a little child, well do I recall the voice of the husky old watchman as he cried the hour beneath the window, "Past two o'clock and a rainy morning," or, "Twelve o'clock and a moonlight night." That was the formula by which he announced the hour and the state of the weather at the same time.

The watchman—old, weather-beaten, slow of movement, and heavy of foot—was the only guardian of the streets at that time. No wonder that robbery and law-breaking were carried on to a terrible extent. They wore huge, heavy, drab top-coats, carried a lantern, and their temporary abodes were small boxes similar to those used by the sentries, having a seat within and a hatch door, whence they issued at intervals to cry the hour and patrol the streets, and where I fear they might too often be found securely wrapped in slumber.

The streets were much dirtier, too, bad as we are accustomed to consider them now. Crossing sweepers drove a good trade, and were known at their various posts as well as certain buildings. From year to year they were to be seen, and rumour credited more than one with dying possessed of a large fortune.

The wonder is how we got along at all in the mud with the foot-gear which was then worn. Thin, low shoes were general. The children's had straps, the elder people sandals. The soles were no *thicker* than those of ordinary house-slippers; boots were a later fashion, and those only of slight make, with cashmere tops, mostly coloured. They were called "Adelaides," and laced up at the sides. More recently the very old fashion of high heels was revived. These have been carried to such an absurd extent, we may hope for a reaction to a less dangerous and unhealthy style, though not to the thin sole and sandal slipper of half a century past. Certainly there were pattens. I wonder if by chance you have seen any of these—now almost obsolete! In some country places they still linger among the very ancient dames; but in the time when I was a girl the familiar click of the patten rings fell in harmony with the pattering of the rain upon the windows and the downpour from pipes and housetops into areas below. Most effectual in raising one out of the wet they must have been, when once the difficulty of walking in them was overcome. I cannot speak from experience, for before I was of an age to enter on such dignities the patten was almost superseded by the French clog, an ingenious contrivance as far as it went, which sometimes was not very far, as too often some buckle or strap would give way, compelling us to carry home the clogs, ourselves wet-footed.

But the elderly ladies stood by their pattens, with the stout strings and leather thongs over the foot, and the staunch iron rings beneath.

Well do I remember my aunt's maid sallying forth to fetch her mistress from some cosy tea-drinking, laden with the pattens and cloak, and carrying a horn lantern to light them on their way.

No gas, no cabs, no late shops open to make cheerful and bright the suburban side-walks. Visiting was a momentous matter in those days. We kept early hours, too, in the matter of rising and retiring.

Of course, it is in London that the changes speak of are most to be remarked. Fancy the Strand, where the Grand Hotel has just been opened, so narrow that two hackney coaches could only pass each other, the upper stories of the houses so overhanging that people could talk across from opposite windows. Fancy Trafalgar-square, its fountains and Nelson's column and lions all vanished, a high wooden hoarding surrounding the space, where the skeleton of a whale is being exhibited within a shed erected for the purpose.

People walked inside the whale. Among them was one very small child, holding by its father's hand. As they came out wondering, there is a stir in the street, and the words, "The king, the king!" are hastily repeated from mouth to mouth.

A carriage drives quickly along; soldiers ride before and after; their drawn swords and scarlet coats glitter and flash in the sun. A stout gentleman in a brown coat smiles and bows, as the people cheer and lift their hats.

You will laugh if I say that I believe the sky was bluer and the sun shone with greater warmth and persistency that day than it ever does now. Yet I remember our choicest wear was dainty muslin; we laid aside our merinoes and linseys in May without hesitation, and the wide Leghorn *hats* meant shade from real summer suns in June and July.

Without a doubt, among the many things which have changed for the better, there is one we cannot count. The old-fashioned winters we have had a renewal of lately, but the summers I knew when I was a girl—where are they?

RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

BLOTTING CASE.

Examiners.

MARY LAYBOURN and THE EDITOR.

THERE were but few blotting-cases sent in for examination. The faults in the blotting-cases were very similar to the points of failure mentioned in our last report of the fancy needlework competition.

FIRST DIVISION.

First Prize (Three Guineas).

Richardson, Jane Rice (23), Portrush, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

Second Prize (Two Guineas).

Lee, Bessie (21), Theale Villa, Winchester, Hants.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Brown, Cecilia Isabella (23), 5, Gladstone-place, Leith, N.B.
Hickman, Evelyn Augusta (22), 9, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Maund, *Edith* (19), Westmount, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Maxwell, Ivy Roberta (23), Manor House, Orton Waterville, Peterborough.
Lock, Alice Mary (25), 141, Hockley Hill, Birmingham.
Cole, Georgina (22), Osmond House, Church-road, Leyton, Essex.

SECOND DIVISION.

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Shuttleworth, Edith (19), Springfield, Northampton.
Hobson, Edith (17), Haverfield, Spalding, Lincolnshire.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—*Continued.*

A MARQUISE left Etienne with all her best feelings uppermost; a little sore against *petite* for having dared to give her proud heart away without a hint to her of what she was doing, a little cast down because she had not been so keen in her observations as she professed to be, but still resolved in the end to befriend her and Etienne to the utmost of her power, although for a little while she might stand upon her dignity; and secretly, but unconfessedly even to herself, rejoiced that the two whom she loved so dearly should each have appreciated to the full the merits of the other.

But unfortunately she had to confer with the Duchesse de la Roche, who contrived, in her ponderous, baneful way to shift the variable weathercock of the old Marquise's mind.

When Leonie left Damaris's room she found that her godmother's plans had been altered, and their departure deferred until the following evening.

La Marquise despatched Jacqueline with a message to *la demoiselle anglaise* to the effect that she begged her to remain in her own room, and that dinner should be served to her there. Damaris thought the request a little peremptory, but, never doubting that it had gained that character from transmission through Jacqueline, and believing that La Marquise sent it out of pure kindness, she obeyed without question.

It was a relief to her to be alone, to dream to her heart's content of that sudden flush of rosy light which had burst upon the horizon of her life, and not to look up and find the cold, glassy eyes of the Duchess fixed upon her.

Evening was fully come, and darkness was flooding the landscape without, when Angelique came to her door.

"If mademoiselle is willing, Madame la Marquise would like to speak with her."

"Oh, certainly. Where shall I find her, Angelique?"

"She awaits the coming of mademoiselle in her chamber."

Damaris found the old Marquise seated upon the hearth in her own room, in the gleam of a wood fire. Her little hands were stretched out to the warmth as she bent forward in her chair, the rosy light gleaming through them.

"You sent for me, madame?"

"Yes, be seated, mademoiselle," says the old Marquise, drawing herself up a little stiffly.

Since the first day of their acquaintance Damaris has never been addressed so formally as now, and she searches her old friend's face curiously as she takes the seat indicated on the further side of the hearth.

The Marquise's dignity sits ill upon her. She cannot acquit herself of the duty she has nerved herself to perform without an effort.

"I sent for you, mademoiselle, because I wish to talk to you very seriously."

Damaris is somewhat amazed at this ominous beginning, and more especially after the cordial and affectionate manner in which she had been treated in the morning. She had found the moods of the old Marquise more variable than usual of late, and had been at no loss to account for the least inviting of them, having perceived the malign influence which the Duchess exercised over her impressible nature.

"I am ready to listen to whatever you have to say to me, madame."

"Perhaps you will not mind, then, if I begin by reverting to the past?"

"Just as you please, madame."

La Marquise softens a little, then bethinks herself, and resumes the chill formality of her tones.

"When you and I entered into our engagement, mademoiselle, you thought me over-scrupulous about one thing. Circumstances have proved that I ought to have been even more careful than I was. If you remember, I made especial inquiries, first through Madame Argent, then of yourself, about your prudence and circumspection. I knew, I warned you, that you would have need of both qualities in the highest degree. The prepossessing appearance, the careless habit of badinage possessed by one of my sons, with the somewhat peculiar position and painful circumstances in the life of the other, made these qualities absolutely necessary in the lady I chose as my companion."

"Well, madame, you professed yourself satisfied then; you can be no less so now."

"You are wrong, *petite*. I am bitterly disappointed in you."

"How? Surely you will have the justice to explain."

"I will be just, certainly. I have a serious charge to bring against you. You have lately been using all your powers to destroy any favour that Etienne might have had for Leonie in order to secure it for yourself, and have been so far successful as to make my son desire to marry you instead of Leonie."

La Marquise speaks frigidly and without turning her eyes in the direction of Damaris, to whose cheeks springs a deep flush.

Damaris strains every nerve to prevent her indignation getting the better of her judgment.

"From Angelique, with whom you have always been a favourite, I learn that you sat half the night through nursing my son Etienne."

Damaris turns *paler* even than the old Marquise; the rapid throbbing of her heart takes from her the power of speech.

"Well, mademoiselle, have you not one word to say? I hoped you would have been able to explain away both of these accusations," says the Marquise, querulously.

Damaris rises from her seat, and coldly and proudly confronts the old Marquise.

"Madame, if you who know me so well can be dissatisfied with me because of Angelique's tattling, there is nothing left for me to say."

"If I had been satisfied I should not have spoken to you at all, *petite*. Now do be sensible; sit down and talk the matter over quietly. I am not only willing, but anxious to receive your own explanation."

"But if I will not condescend to any explanation, how then?" says Damaris, with hard-set lips and an ominous light in her eyes.

"I must be even more magnanimous then, I suppose. Only deny this unpleasant charge, and I will say no more, *petite*."

The old Marquise looks up wistfully into the girl's face, where the colour fluctuates strangely, really anxious to be able to justify her favourite to the Duchess, and to reinstate her in her own fickle favour.

"Have *you* ever seen anything to condemn in my conduct, madame?"

"SHE STANDS BY THE MARBLE MANTELPIECE."

"No, never; I can safely say that, *petite*."

"Do you think I would be less careful when you are not by than when you are?"

"I have always trusted you fully, as you know, *petite*. I only want your word now. Deny this rumour, and I shall be quite contented."

"I deny nothing," cries Damaris, pushed to extremity. "I can only say that when Angelique is determined to impute selfish motives to me which never would have entered my mind of their own accord, and you are disposed to believe them rather that the promptings of your own kind heart, I can do no good by contradiction or explanation."

"Try me, *petite!*" says the Marquise, pleadingly. She is beginning to grow anxious for the conversation to assume a milder tone, as she remembers certain assertions of Etienne's that afternoon, which have been pushed aside for awhile by the more lately exercised influence of the Duchess. But Damaris maintains a chilling silence.

"You have nothing to say, *petite?*"

"No, madame, I have nothing to say, except this." She pauses one moment to rally her failing energies. 'As I have had the great misfortune to fall under your displeasure, you can no longer desire my companionship. Let me depart."

"*Quoi!* you would leave me? and in this sudden and painful manner?" exclaims the Marquise, in dismay at a result which she had not anticipated, and which threatened her with a deprivation she was not prepared to undergo. "No, *petite*, that is not to be thought of for one moment."

But, with a flash, there occurs to this astute little diplomatist a modification of this proposal which is less objectionable, which may even be advisable.

"Come here, *petite;* sit down at my knee, and don't fly off at a tangent in that manner."

Damaris crosses the hearth, takes the low seat indicated, but still holds herself rigidly upright, without seeking or giving any of the little caresses which have so frequently passed between them.

"I want to reason with you, *petite*, to get you to talk sensibly. I will deal perfectly frankly with you, and so I tell you at once that the worst of this foolish charge to me is the effect it has had upon Etienne."

"Upon Monsieur Etienne!" falters poor Damaris. "Does he also complain of me?"

"Complain of you? No. But your affection for him has turned his brain, and he declares that the only thing left is for him to marry you, *petite*."

Her heart gives a wild throb, and involuntarily she recoils from the dealer of this rude blow, starting again to her feet.

"*I*—*I*—don't understand, madame."

The old Marquise interprets her words and actions quite according to her own wishes.

"I was quite sure you would not consent to any such sacrifice, *petite*, and so I told Etienne. But he assured me it would be no sacrifice, and that he is quite fond enough of you to make you a good husband."

Damaris freezes as suddenly and as stiffly as if an arctic wind had passed over her. La Marquise goes on speaking, but Damaris hears nothing, understands nothing. One idea is shaping itself in her own mind to the exclusion of all others.

"Etienne is chivalrous, noble; he cannot endure the thought that a breath should assail you while under his roof, *petite*. But you, I am sure, would be the very last person to take advantage of such unparalleled generosity."

She pauses, and Damaris echoes mechanically—

"The very last, madame."

"But Etienne is impetuous, determined; we must save him from doing what he would ever afterwards regret."

"We must save him, madame."

"I felt so sure of you, *chère enfant*, that I tell you all this in the utmost confidence."

"Confidence, madame!"

La Marquise looks up. Is *petite* attending? She stands by the marble mantelpiece, her two hands clasped upon it, her drooping face reflected in the glass. Her whole face and figure express immobility, which La Marquise interprets as weariness.

"You are tired, you shall go to your room now, and to rest, dear child, and in the morning we will arrange everything. But this is what occurs to me. It is near the time when I promised you should go home for awhile to your England to see your sister. I cannot give you up altogether, *petite*; and you will not abandon me, I am sure. But suppose you take your holiday at once now, and when you return, I shall be settled in Paris, and we will forget this *triste* St. Aubin and be happy together once more. Shall it be so, *petite*?"

"As you wish, madame."

"Then kiss me, and go to bed and to sleep."

Damaris kisses her with icy lips and goes, still moving as one who walks in her sleep, and whose senses are sealed to all outward things.

Left to herself, La Marquise ponders the position of affairs.

"She is a strange child, this *petite*; wayward and warm-hearted, but sensible. She sees at once that Etienne's idea can never be carried out. I need have no further uneasiness. If she is away in England for a month, by that time he will have recovered his health and his common sense, and will not dream of repaying a simple act of duty on her part in so extravagant a fashion. They will be good friends once more, I shall be happy in their mutual pleasantness, and both will thank me for having prevented them taking a rash and fatal step in a moment of undue excitement. How many sad mistakes in life might be prevented if people would only exercise a little caution and diplomacy!"

With which sage reflections La Marquise rings for Angelique to prepare her little person for the rest which is to fit her for further negotiations on the morrow. When her head is on the pillow, she falls asleep with the comfortable reflection that without her supervision the affairs of everyone who came within her jurisdiction were certain to go wrong. She dreams of a possible English lover for *petite*, and is pursued with a nightmare dread that she is about to lose her companionship for ever.

(*To be continued.*)

WOMANHOOD.

By Alice King.

THERE are Eastern tales of jewels so radiantly bright that but the faintest contact with the outer air will leave a stain upon them. There is a Spanish flower whose perfume is so delicate that it will not and cannot be wooed forth by the burning rays of the noonday sun; only the cool, soft wing of the night breeze stealing over it can draw its hidden sweetness from the inner cup among the folded, silken petals. Such a gem, such a blossom is Christian womanhood; and yet, unlike the jewel and the flower, it has to preserve its unsullied brilliance, its rare fragrance amid the roughest storms of life, in the world's noontide glare, by the wayside of earth's high-road, where the dust is thick, and the miry pools are many.

When our girls step out of girlhood into womanhood they must not forget to keep their Christian maidenhood with them; indeed, the attributes of maidenhood, something of its radiance, something of its sweetness cling to the purest and highest type of Christian woman throughout her whole life, and make a halo and a perfume round her. Still, when she is wife and mother, womanhood must never lay aside her white robe, even when she is treading the most commonplace paths of daily life; but she must also learn to keep those white garments unstained as she stoops to raise the fallen or to help the weak, or to speak a word of gentle reproof or warning in the ear of the erring, or when she takes up bravely her own load of every-day cares, and worries, and trials. Nothing ought to be, nothing can be more lofty, more exalted than womanhood; and yet the Christian woman must think nothing in her home too small and lowly to have her earnest and careful attention if it concerns the comfort and well-being of those around her; and yet the cry of the most obscure sorrow and poverty must be more readily heeded by her ear than the loudest praises of the world.

We want our girls to blossom into highly-educated women, into refined women, into high-souled, high-minded women; but we want them, at the same time, to be thoroughly practical women, whose characters and dispositions will wear well in daily life. If our girls merely develop into women who can talk finely in drawing-rooms about the duties and privileges of their sex, they will entirely fail to do womanhood's mission in the world. Our women, to do any good in their generation, must be earnest, faithful workers, as well as readers and thinkers, and they must be workers who will do simple, noble work as conscientiously and fully as great work. We say this most emphatically, because the sphere of action of so many of our girls will lie among the so-called little things of ordinary daily life. Let our girls, however, be of good courage when they find that their season of womanhood, from which they had expected and hoped so much, about which they had dreamt so much, only leads them into a crowd of small duties, of small difficulties, of small cares; for out of these small things of earth the Christian woman can build up the ladder on which she herself will mount to heaven, drawing others after her. Christian women must never forget, but always remember with joy and thankfulness, that the Lord and Master, when He came down from heaven, dwelt upon earth as one that serveth, and that it is a high, rich, precious woman's right, the right to exercise especially the virtues which most marked the Saviour's life—meekness, patience, and gentleness. As the Lord, too, manifested His godhead, even when His lowliness and His longsufferance were most apparent in word and deed, so must Christian womanhood live up to her loftiest standard, and show it forth even while she does the most common round of household duties, even while she replaces the proud or angry word that rises to her lips with the soft answer that turneth away wrath—the answer which, if she would only believe it, gives her such infinite power, power that no railing, violent tongue can reach over the minds and hearts of men.

When our girls reach womanhood, one of their chief and most important destinies in the world's history is, of course, to become wives. In the last paper of this series we spoke of the time when the Christian maiden begins to think of marriage; now we would speak of the period when the Christian woman becomes a wife. Let no girl, who is a noble Christian girl, regard this period, in the fashionable young lady's usual point of view, as a season when, released from the restraint of parental authority, gay toilettes, incessant visiting, and extravagant display of all kinds may be indulged in with the most unbridled and reckless excess; far from that, let our girls think of it as a time when a chosen and well-loved burden is to be seriously yet sweetly taken up, when the real earnest journey of life is to begin. There will be a second self, and a far dearer than self it is true, to help to bear the load, there will be a brave tender heart and a strong arm at her side in her pilgrimage; but not the less for this is marriage a grave undertaking which no young woman must take lightly in hand. It is no light thing, our girls will surely see if they think of it calmly, to promise to be another's life-long companion; it is no light thing to become the mistress of a household and family, with many dependent on her rule and guidance. Hitherto the girl has been fenced around, every day and all day, by anxious protecting love and care; hitherto she has but had gently, and with docile sweetness, to follow where she has been led; hitherto one of her chief duties has been to learn, now she has to come forward to hold a more or less prominent position, now she must know how to assert her own womanly dignity, now she must be a counsellor and often a support, now she must lead instead of being led.

In our paper on maidenhood we dwelt on a girl's choice of a husband. Now, in this paper on riper womanhood, let us suppose that she has chosen well, and let us consider what are the graces which will most adorn the Christian woman as a wife, and how she may

best fulfil the duties which will be hers by highest, purest right. The first duty of a good and loyal wife is helpfulness. She must be willing and joyful to take upon her a share of everything that concerns her husband. Whatever may be his work or business, she must endeavour to learn enough about it, to be able to listen to him with interest if he speaks to her of it, and to give him a sensible opinion, if he asks for it, on any point of trouble or difficulty that regards his calling. If her husband is straitened in means by any sudden loss of money, she must take her part of the anxiety and do what she can to lessen it; if there comes some unexpected family misfortune she must be ready and strong in standing up against it at his side; in every chance and emergency of life she must be truly a helpmeet for him, never for a moment letting herself be treated as a pretty toy, or at best as a child who has no power and no capability to meet the storms and struggles of life.

Another of a wife's most high and holy duties is the duty of gaining a firm yet sweet and modest influence for good over the man who is her husband. This influence will never be reached by sharp, bitter words, or by fits of sullen pride, or by the assumption of masterful airs, or by dictatorial lecturing. Nothing is more distasteful and abhorrent to man than any of these things in woman; nothing so quickly as any of these things will snatch all power in her home out of her hands: it will be won by gracious looks, by tender little acts of love, by soft, persuasive words, by gentle, hardly perceptible leading. It is often the case that women have deeper and loftier religious convictions than men, and it is a glorious task, in truth, for a Christian wife to make the life of her husband more spiritual, more rich in noble deeds of love towards his fellows, more near to God in his daily walk than it was before she entered his house. Wondrous both for earth and heaven, incalculable in its breadth and length is the power which Christian womanhood may thus hold and wield. If only she will go the right way to win it and exercise it, the world would be a very different place from what it is, if in this respect all Christian wives would live up to their duty.

Sympathy, and sympathy of the most lively, earnest, unwearying sort is another quality very needful in a wife. A woman must cultivate in herself a thoroughly sympathetic nature and frame of mind, or she will never—however great may be her other charms of face or intellect—retain lastingly her hold upon her husband's heart. A vain woman, wrapped up all day in thoughts about dress and personal appearance; a selfish woman, whose time is filled up with nothing but her own ease and pleasure; a cold, apathetic woman, whose stagnant soul is never stirred by a single breeze of feeling; none of these can make the light and sweetness of a man's home. If our girls have the germs of any of these sins and faults in their characters, let them root them out at once, resolutely, and with the mighty help of prayer; let them strive to awaken in themselves instead a warm, loving, sympathetic disposition of mind and feeling which takes quick, lively interest in the joys and sorrows of all around them: so shall they, in one point, be preparing themselves to be, at some future day, the sunshine and the perfume of a Christian home, the priceless jewel to some brave man's heart, that he would wear here and in eternity.

This quality of sympathy of which we have been speaking must colour and impregnate the Christian wife's whole life with regard to her husband and her conduct towards him in a thousand ways, making sweet and easy to her what would otherwise be hard and difficult. It must make her always ready, whatever she is doing, to throw it aside the moment he comes in, to interest herself in what interests him; it must make her able to have a smile for him when he returns home at night, however sad and downcast she may be feeling from small home worries; it must make her a good, earnest listener when he talks about himself and his doings, as the best and cleverest men often love to do when a sympathetic woman's ear is at their side; it must make them try to master, in some degree at least, any subject that especially occupies him, that she may be able to speak with him intelligently about it. Entire, many-sided sympathy of this sort men have a full right to expect from their wives, and many and many a domestic story would be very different from what it is did women use and practise it more in their daily intercourse with their husbands. But this most womanly grace of sympathy, which is, in fact, the own sister of self-forgetfulness, can only be reached in full perfection by her whose whole life is pervaded by a living, active Christianity.

To speak for a moment of a smaller and yet very important matter. It is a great mistake when a wife ceases to try to make herself pleasing in her husband's eyes. The young wife whose dress and bonnet are faultless when she goes out for a round of afternoon visiting, but who does not scruple to appear in untidy, ungraceful, not to say slatternly, attire before her husband at home, is taking a step in a very wrong direction. She is giving up one of her most simple and natural womanly ways of keeping his affection for her always aglow and awake. A woman should always be at least neatly and becomingly dressed in her home, otherwise she pays a very bad compliment to both herself and her husband. Moreover, the bright, sparkling girl, who turns, after marriage, in her hours of privacy with her husband, into the dull, silent wife has no one to thank but herself if he is often absent from his own house.

If a husband is slipping into any bad way or habit, it is certainly a Christian wife's duty to speak a word of warning; but this must always be done gently, and with tact, or the woman's good object will be worse than lost. A woman must never fail to remember that man's nature and character are, by right, stronger than her own, and that when she is married it is her duty in everything, except where a yet higher duty to her Master above commands, to be subject to her husband; therefore, when she comes forward, in God's name, to admonish him, she must do it very mildly and modestly, or the harm she will do will be far more than the good; a loving word of warning on a woman's lips will often work wonders with men where her loud, railing tongue would be of no more avail than the noise of a cataract.

When a woman marries, it is her duty at once to weld her whole life and being into the life and being of her husband. She is, of course, in these days when so many careers of noble, useful work are open to women, not at all compelled to be ever a wife; but if she chooses the married state she must give herself heart and soul to him whom she makes, by her own free will, a part of herself. She must cheer him when he is sad, she must soothe him when he is worn or harassed; she must support and encourage him when he is weary. In how many a noble struggle for God and men have high-hearted Christian women thus upheld and strengthened the hands of Christian men! It is in the nature of woman to be thorough and entire in all she undertakes. A true wife will never give her husband a half-allegiance; all her faith, all her courage, all her sweetness, will be his, to beautify and irradiate his life, until he and she together blend into one fair, harmonious whole—one story, one picture of goodness and of light.

Above all, let every Christian wife, whether her station be high or low in society, whether her husband's sphere of work be in the library or the workshop, adorn herself with a calm, peaceable temper, with a gracious bearing, with the most precious ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. These are jewels that are equally becoming in the palace and the cottage; these are jewels that will stand every-day wear; these are jewels that will grow the brighter for the using. Then let Christian wives put them on resolutely and at once, and their home history, wherever it may be cast, shall be a radiant history that shall shine in the eyes of angels and of men.

Finally, let all Christian women begin their married lives as true, faithful servants of the Master to whom women did minister, and let them strive to tune all their relations to their husbands to the same high key-note; then shall they draw those who are dearest to them upon earth up with them to heaven, and they who have been as one in time shall be together in the light of God in all eternity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EBO.—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," is from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

CALISTA.—Khorassan is an extensive province of Persia, now divided between the Shah and the Afghans. The great Salt Desert occupies a part of it.

MAIDENHAIR.—We are sorry we cannot help you, save with the advice to continue your education, which is your most important duty at present.

MARCH HARE.—Write to 56, Paternoster-row, for the numbers which are contained in the first volume. Bound, price 6s., in cloth.

SWEETBRIAR.—You may restore the black hue to your leather bag by using one of the many "glosses," "polishes," or "varnishes," sold at all shoe shops for home use, instead of blacking.

ANNIE K.—Many thanks. We regret to decline your offer.

TIGER and NELLIE.—Wear large boots and shoes. Pressure is the cause of nearly all the evils to which the feet are liable.

PEGSIE—Our statements as to the value of coins are gathered from the last published list, or from some recent sale, but it is impossible to be certain on such points, as the values of coins alter from week to week, and are of course governed by the demand and supply.

ONE WHO SEEKS FOR INFORMATION.—"Toga virilis" means the gown of manhood assumed by the young Romans when they arrive at that age. The 13th July, 1868, was a Monday.

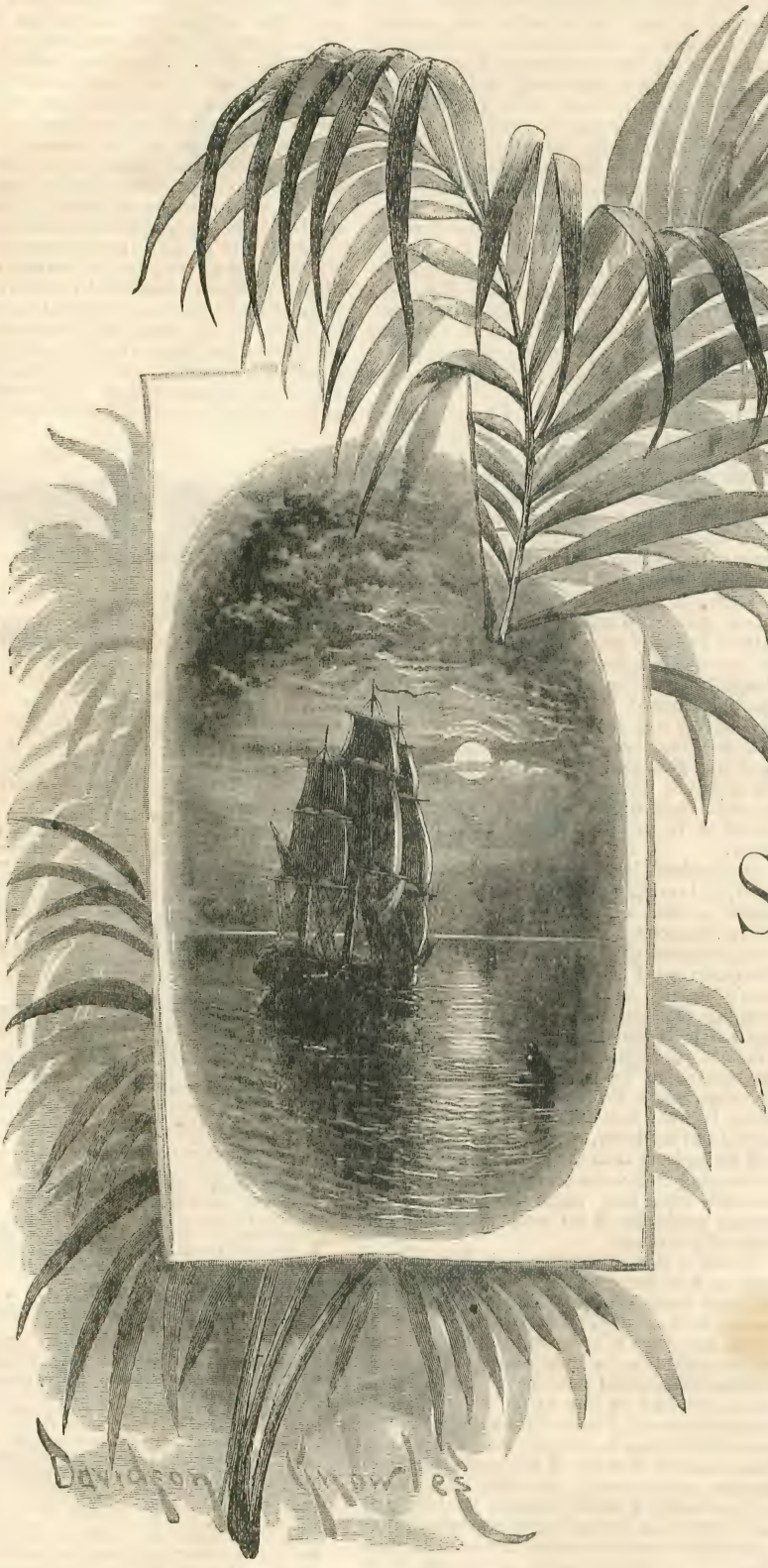
ORSINA.—The quotation, "Like ships that have gone down at sea," is from Moore's "Light of the Harem." It is easy to show by a cold yet lady-like and courteous demeanour that you do not desire his attentions.

EDELWEISS.—Your quotation is wrong. "Daffodils," not "cowslips," "come before the swallow dares." See Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," act iv. sc. 3.

POMPONIA.—"Tom Brown's School Days," as well as "Tom Brown at Oxford" is by Mr. Thomas Hughes. George Arthur is considered to be a portrait of the late Dean Stanley. "Eyre" is generally pronounced "Air." "A very powerfully written tale."

JUMBO AND ALICE.—The origin of Hot Cross Buns is of great antiquity. Their use on Good Friday has probably something to do with the unleavened bread eaten at the Passover by the Jews; they were formerly unleavened also. "Bouns" or buns were a kind of sacred cake offered to the gods. Cecrops is said to have first offered it. The Prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering when upbraiding the Jewish women in Egypt.—See Jer. xliv. 18, 19; vii. 18. We retain apparently the name and form, but the sacred uses are no more.

MADCAP.—When the colour has been taken out of the material by acid there is no remedy; however, it is to be hoped you can hide the spots with a little trimming, some cheap white lace, or a bow.



READY ON

Midsummer-day.

"SILVER SAILS."

BEING THE EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

Silver Sails.

Now in the long, bright summer days,
  When eager feet are roaming
On rocky shore, in woodland ways,
  From morn till sweeter gloaming;
When work is left for healthful rest,
  And leisure seldom fails,
To give enjoyment keener zest
  We spread our "Silver Sails."

Go, little bark, and meet your fate!
  With wit and wisdom laden,
You bear abroad a goodly freight
  To many a happy maiden.
A hundred welcomes soon shall play
  The part of friendly gales,
Shall waft us bravely on our way,
  And speed our "Silver Sails."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 130. JUNE 24, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW YEAR.

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CHAPTER XI.

DENZIL'S DISGRACE.

"THAT," said Robert Finlay, "is the key of Mr. Denzil Alleyne's bedroom; and I am quite determined, whatever you may decide about the rest of the matter, that his sister shall not see him to-night. The way that he has chosen 'to see the old year out' will make a pretty beginning of the New Year for her!"

Robert Finlay's features were naturally of the high, severe cast, and as he spoke their expression was in harmony, and little angular Miss Milne stood before him astonished and confounded, almost like an innocent culprit before a severe and sudden judge.

"Waes me!" she cried; "and is it as you say? Feast days and fast days aye find out the risky ones! Has he been long in? And how did he find his way home?"

"He was here before midnight," said Robert Finlay; "if they had not brought him then, he would not have been able to come at all. There were two fellows with him—one, a student on our side, a man in a regular fast, low set; and the other a townsman, in one of the banks, I believe. They offered to see him to his room, but I did that myself, and wouldn't let either of them into the house, for they were neither of them quite sober themselves."

"You managed it wonderfully quietly," observed Miss Milne. "I'm glad it was you who went to the door, for I should have had to call you, and it would have all come out in the worst way! You've given the poor lassie one more peaceful night, and let the year o' her father's death close without disgrace. Each leaf o' life turned down clean is aye something gained."

"Surely he will be ashamed of himself," said Robert Finlay. "And he must know that I have seen him in this disgraceful state. Don't you think we might be able to give him such a lesson as should prevent this from happening again, without letting poor Miss Faith know that it has happened already?"

"Na, na," said the old woman; "it's no true friend who hides aught from the eyes which have the best right to see! It was a kind thought o' yours, Master Robert, but a short-sighted one. Put aside the rights an' wrangs o't for a while, and just look at the common sense o't—who else may ha' seen the poor lad drinkin'? An' sae it might be told her a' of a sudden by ony malicious tongue, an' she'd feel no more trust in us, an' would never feel at ease, however well and safe things seemed. That's the price o' false peace—it just costs true peace, that's a'; but isn't it enough? An' when an ugly weed like this begins to grow in a life, there's maist sure to be sore work uprooting it. And then, too, as I mind reading somewhere, 'God's work has to be done in God's ways,' and I feel His word for this occasion would be, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise;' and I reckon neither you nor me would like ithers to know more than we did o' the one we loved best i' the world. Miss Faith has got to be told."

"Well, I suppose you are right—yes, I admit you are right," conceded Robert Finlay.

"She believed he'd gone off, as usual, to his work the night," observed Miss Milne. "I never do like that constant going down to town; the best students aye say that the best work is done alone—though it's fine to brush oneself up with a friend, whiles. Ye see, I've had a good deal of experience now, and the hard workers were always ready for a crack with me, when I took in their meals. It's the man who hasn't a look to throw at you when you go in who has most likely been asleep all the rest o' the evening, or else reading a novel. When there's very much at the top, Master Robert, there's generally the less at the bottom."

"Perhaps he hadn't been with his own friends to-night," said Robert Finlay. "Of course, it was an exceptional night, and things may have taken an exceptional turn."

Miss Milne looked up at him keenly. She saw he was softening.

"If I kept to my usual rule, he'd be out of this house by noon to-morrow," she remarked.

"But you won't do that, for this once?" pleaded Robert Finlay.

"We'll see," she said. "Good things should never be wasted; and mercy is one o' the best o' things."

"I wish he would himself tell his sister the whole truth," pondered Robert Finlay, gazing into the fire.

"There'd be some hopes o' him if he did that," answered Miss Milne.

"There is hope for every living soul," said Robert Finlay; "and there must be plenty of hope for him."

Perhaps he would not have said that so readily of another lad whom he had seen in Denzil's degraded condition. But he could not help looking at Denzil through Faith's love and trust. If Denzil was not to be saved, then what would become of that love and trust? It is those who best realise how somebody loves everybody, and how God loves all, who keep the strongest hope for their fellow-creatures, and refuse to despair of them, be their stains ever so black or their weakness ever so great.

Miss Milne was silent. Robert Finlay could not guess what was in her heart, or what scenes were passing before her mental vision. There was the old smithy, and her grand old father, and the handsome George, and the slight student brother; but there was another figure, too. Ah, whose was that? and why had it vanished from her life?—leaving behind but an aching memory, one fruit of a bitter experience—to wit, that no mercy and no long-suffering, God's or man's er woman's, can save those who will have no mercy on themselves—and a sense of hopeless helplessness which had almost paralysed her very heart. She was a severe woman now, with many strict rules, and little relenting for those who broke them; but this was because there had been borne in upon her the terrible uselessness there may be in relenting. She was relentless only because she had relented so long and so vainly!

It was not her own goodness which had made Anne Milne stern; it was the persistent sin of another. She had had to gird her heart with steel to keep it from breaking! When she had turned aside from sinners and scapegraces it had been in no Pharisaic spirit, but in the silent conviction that she could do nothing to help these, when she had not been able to help one for whom she would have gladly given her life! It was an old, old story now—all over long ago—a story nobody had ever heard. Perhaps she had never been so near telling it as she was that night, standing with Robert Finlay before the kitchen fire in the strange, solemn silence of the New Year. But all that came was—

"Drink is a terrible thing. It's one of the worst diseases we have. When I hear all the big talk about the necessity of being cruel to poor beasties to make discoveries for the good o' humanity, I think it's not more discoveries we most want just now, but more sense for all of us, and more good plain law for those that haven't sense o' their own. Have you ever taken the pledge, Master Robert?" she asked, abruptly.

"No," he answered.

"I've never seen ye touch a drop of anything," she said.

"I never do," he replied; "but I think it's better to be able to abstain, or to keep within limits, by the restraint of one's own conscience."

"It may be quite enough for oneself," she said, "but there's some that needs every restraint that can be had, and if those who are above suspicion will na be bound for their sakes, it's an ill look out for them."

Robert was silent.

"Well, it's time we were both in our beds," she said. "What do you mean to do with that key, Master Robert?"

"It's your property," he said, with a sad smile.

"But you've taken possession," she retorted.

"Then I'll keep it," he answered. "And first thing to-morrow morning I'll unlock his door and go in and see him, and try to make the best of him before his sister encounters him. As she is to hear the exact truth, you won't object to that, will you?"

"Ah, no," said Miss Milne, "the heavier a weight is the more gently one lets it down. An' oh! Master Robert, if I can see my way to its being right to have mercy on him and give him a longer trial, I'll be just rare glad of it—and no only for his sister's sake, but for his own too, and my own besides. It's ill to be always doing hard work with hands or heart. But one has to do what is given one."

And so the two, who, because they were both right-thinking and earnest, and not inclined to call sin anything but

what it was, had therefore inclined each other to mercy, shook hands and said good-night.

Faith was already sleeping soundly when they stole to their couches.

Robert Finlay had a restless night. He had made up his mind to be astir very early next morning, and his conscientious determination effectually drove sleep away. And lying there in the darkness many thoughts passed to and fro within him. His life had hitherto been kept warm and strong by his resolutions to do his duty to his mother. And now that she was gone, and the first agony of loss was subsiding, he began to feel that his life had grown somewhat empty and cold. A nature which has once been truly fed by the divine food of love can never rest content with any coarser diet. From the love of kin and neighbour we must rise to the love of mankind. Sorrow empties the heart to expand it.

"If there is nothing more to be done for mother there is plenty more to be done for God," he pondered. "Once or twice lately I have wished I was dead; but it is base and cowardly to want to leave a world where there is so much sin and sorrow for somebody to struggle with and to bear. And I do think, sometimes, even among us students, that the steady fellows are not half so active in trying to keep others steady as the wild ones are to make others wild. I know that I myself do not say a single word of dissent when I hear words spoken and see things done which I know to be downright wicked. I haven't even openly condemned them as 'caddish' or 'low'—which all wickedness is. I don't believe I should have troubled myself one bit about Denzil Alleyne if I hadn't happened to know his sister and to understand how troubled she will be. And yet, of course, it's the same with all the others.

"Why, if I had been on the alert to do my duty to strangers, I might have managed to know this boy Alleyne as soon, or even sooner, than any student in the town; and then he might have got into quite a different set, and taken quite another turn.

"Well, I'll begin to be more considerate, in future, about everybody I come across; and as it's always best to begin one's resolutions in the nearest future, and on the nearest person, I'll begin to-morrow morning on Denzil Alleyne himself."

And then a sudden inspiration seized him.

"The very thing!" he cried aloud. "Why did I not think of it before? How odd it should come into my mind at that moment!"

Robert Finlay had not yet enough experience to know that the knowledge of what we should do is seldom given us till we have first summoned the will to do what we can.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

SINCE our last brief notice we have visited the Home, and seen what the girls and their governess have done for the bazaar. It was on the occasion of the annual meeting and the presentation of prizes by the Lady Mayoress. It was very interesting to see ten of the former pupils receive one guinea each for keeping their places as servants for one, two, or three years, and others a new cotton gown for shorter periods. Many prizes in the shape of books were also given to the present inmates of the Home. They had previously displayed their educational progress by recitations and examinations, creditable to all concerned. Still more interesting, if possible, was it to witness the joy of the absentees at returning for this one day, and, perhaps, a night, to the scenes of their schooldays, and to hear them declare that it was, indeed, a coming *home*. There was no mistaking their happiness, or their delighted reunion with former companions.

The articles already manufactured for the bazaar were displayed in the schoolroom, and what might have been a long stall was filled with knitted or crochetted petticoats, socks, caps, dolls'-clothes, and every imaginable woollen thing suitable for future sale. Besides this show, each girl stood with her own especial work before her, in the shape of underclothing, so well made that we recommend ladies who want to replenish their wardrobes to come to our bazaar, and there to purchase what the girls have wrought for the benefit of their Home. No machine work, but all done by those busy fingers, unaided by the feet. And how busy they must have been! For in addition to the bazaar-work, the eighty girls wore their new summer frocks and tidy aprons, all manufactured within those ancient precincts by the inmates. No wonder that poor Miss Corbett should have nearly lost the use of her hands from the labour of cutting out, to say nothing of her "lion's share" in the articles for sale at the bazaar.

The Lady Mayoress, having previously given each prize-winner good advice, examined and commended these various labours; after which the girls had the happiness of seeing her ladyship depart in her grand yellow coach drawn by four fine horses, and attended by coachman and footmen in yellow plush and rosettes. Doubtless they looked upon her as a fairy princess, and wished they might one day be Lady Mayoresses, as Whittington had been, once upon a time, Lord Mayor.

Meanwhile, they all had tea on the lawn, and danced on the green sward, or wandered about in pairs, or even quartettes, their arms round one another's waists in such loving fashion that one felt that Woodhouse was truly a harbour of refuge for these tempest-tossed barques. We saw six who had been received within the harbour bar during the last few months; and our "bazaar child" welcomed us with smiles, and thought "she should be very happy." She had already a shade of colour in her pale face—she had only been there a week—and told us, as we roamed about hand in hand, that she had secured a friend, to whom she introduced us.

Although it has nothing to do with the bazaar, we cannot resist recounting how that we accompanied the children and their friends not long since to see our dear Queen, as she went to declare Epping Forest open to her people. How the girls enjoyed that drive of seven miles through the Forest, and the sights and sounds that filled earth and air that day. How they wondered at the Christy Minstrels, and laughed at "Jack-in-the-green," and gazed at the string of carriages, omnibuses, carts, advertisement machines, equestrians and pedestrians that passed in unbroken stream beneath their vantage-ground on a high bank above the crowd! For had they not a plot of land to themselves, with "The Princess Louise Home" placarded in front? They were one of many schools that covered the high banks on either side of the road, and were complimented for their good behaviour.

It was a mighty shout that broke from those thousands of juvenile throats as their beloved Queen and her royal daughters approached, and a sure presage of future loyalty.

"I am sure I heard the Princess Louise say, 'There is Mrs. Talbot.' She pointed us out to the Queen," affirmed both children and elders.

Certain it is, that Her Majesty and our Princess turned especially towards our large group as the procession passed, and bowed and smiled with unmistakable pleasure. And oh! how we all loved them, and thanked God for *such* a Queen, and such a Royal Family.

But we must return to our bazaar, and tell what "our girls" have done for it during the past month, again premising that we write on this 25th day of May, what cannot be made public in the monthly part of The Girl's Own Paper until the end of June or 1st of July. Thus the bazaar, arranged to take place at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, on June 21 and 22, will have been held when this meets the eye of the undermentioned kind contributors.

Space still forbids us to mention here the various gifts of work that reach the office daily. Miss Tidd acknowledges each kind contribution, however small, by letter, when it is accompanied by an address; and every donor may be assured of the gratitude of all the friends of the Home for the interest displayed by old and young. It behoves us, however, to specify two or three of our generous helpers, for reasons which will be patent to all. We quote from the letter of one, just to show the need of such an institution as ours. "A lady's maid" sends shawls of her own work, who "has herself known what it is to walk the streets without a home." A dear Scotch lassie makes a suggestion worthy of everyone's consideration. "It would be splendid," she writes, "if, by the proceeds of the bazaar, and help from other friends, we could not only fill 'The Princess Louise Home,' but leave enough over to begin another home, which might be called 'The Girl's Own Home.' Could not 'the girl's' support a Home among themselves, by work and contributions?" A letter from India demands especial notice, since it comes direct from the Zenana Mission House at Bombay, and shows how that our sisters who are striving to convert the women in the zenanas are not unmindful of the tempted girls at home. This kind letter is from a young lady who has already sent one box of valuable Indian articles, and who announces that two others are on the way. May they reach us in time! They are to contain Indian pottery, Indian mats, &c., &c., and we thankfully insert the names of the donors, as "Mrs. I. P. Watson and Miss Crittall, through Miss G. Spencer." We rejoice to record that the ladies committee formed at Exmouth, and mentioned in our April number, have, indeed, done us good service. They have had a bazaar in that town for the benefit of the Home, the proceeds of which have been sent to the Secretary. They amount to £26 13s. Two large boxes containing the surplus

articles have also been forwarded, which will, we hope, sell at the larger bazaar for as much again.

We have now only to return many grateful thanks to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the last month's instalment of "money and goods," and to assure them that we are bewildered by the multitudinous articles that fill the bandboxes, and which may with reason be summed up as "too numerous to mention." As usual, we append a list of the donors of money, and hope to continue to give details even after the bazaar has actually taken place. May it prove what so many kind correspondents hope it will—"a success."

Alma, 6d.; Emma Swansbury, 1s.; A Servant Girl, 1s.; A. B., 1s.; Mistress Priscilla, 6d.; Miss Spencer, 2s.; Henry Cordwell, 5s.; Miss Carr Nuttall, 1s.; Saltcoats Lassie, 1s.; Annie, 1s. 4d; Toby, 1s.; Christina, 1s.; C. M. D., 2s.; A Reader "G.O.P.," 2s. 6d.; A. M. S., 2s.; G. W., 5s.; Jessie Brown, 2s.; Catherine Cordy, 1s.; A Reader "G.O.P.," 1s.; Cynthia, 5s.; Biney, 1s. 6d.; Miss Balfour, 10s.; Dippenhall, 1s. 9d.; Edelweiss, 1s. 6d.; Jumbo and Alice, 1s. 6d.; Waste Paper, 4s. 6d.; M. B. Soham, 1s.; Suselle, 2s.; E. S. B., 1s.; A. and E. Horsfall, 5s.; Every Little Helps, 5s.; Miss Mary Parr, 3s.; Rob Roy, 6d.; A Few Schoolgirls, 2s. 6d.; P. M. H., 2s. 6d.; E. S. R., 5s.; Miss Barker, 5s.; Florence, 2s.; Someone, 5s.; Reader "G.O.P.," 1s.; C. J. S. Stourbridge, 2s.; M. Ellis, 2s.; Sympathy, 10d.; Daisy, 5s.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE FRIENDLY DOG.

A FRIEND of mine has a dog, Xit by name, which prefers the ease and comfort of the hearthrug to promenading the streets, so he never will on any account accompany his mistress in her walks. However, last summer while on a visit to the seaside, Xit altered his habits, for he became acquainted with another dog who regularly called every morning and took his new friend for a walk. The dogs were absent two or three hours, and when they returned, the stranger left Xit at the door, and did not come back again for the rest of the day.

KINDNESS OF A DOG.

A LARGE retriever finding a set of small puppies in the stableyard trying unsuccessfully to bite up a hard dog biscuit, quietly walked up to them and coolly took it away. He then lay down, stretched himself out, and bit the biscuit up into little pieces without eating any himself; then he waited, watching the puppies, while he looked on with satisfaction at his work and pushed the pieces towards them with his paw, as if to attract their attention.

A SOCIAL DRAKE.

A LADY was walking round a farmyard with the owner, and was amused to notice that a remarkably fine drake came from amongst the rest of the poultry and waddled by her side. When she stopped, it stopped, and if she walked a little more quickly, it increased its speed to keep up with her, if possible.

Struck with the creature's friendliness, the lady stooped to stroke its back, when it showed its pleasure by pushing its glossy head under her hand. She then lifted it in her arms, where it nestled as a pet kitten might have done, evidently delighted to receive her caresses. The farmer then informed her that the bird was a pet, belonging to his little girls, who were twins. It was accustomed to follow them wherever they went about the farm, and to accompany them in their walks when practicable, the children often carrying their pet in turns if they thought it was getting tired.

TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE DRESS.

The little girls were in the habit of riding to school on a stout pony, with a saddle specially contrived for the two to ride at the same time. The farm was an outlying one, and the nearest good school was at too great a distance to permit of their walking, and as they were the only children, the parents could not bear to send them entirely away from home. They were fearless little horsewomen, having been accustomed to the saddle from the time they could steady themselves on it.

When the girls returned home in the evening, and the sound of the pony's hoofs was heard on the gravel, the drake would run to meet them, and manifest the greatest delight at seeing them again.

Another curious fact was, that whilst the bird not only received with pleasure the caresses of all ladies, and even solicited them, it manifested a decided objection to being petted by any individual of the other sex, except the father of its young mistresses.

UNITY IS STRENGTH.

I WAS one day attracted by the sound of scratching at a door which opened from some cellar steps, and by seeing the black paw of a favourite cat protruded through a very small aperture. The door was just sufficiently open to allow of pussy's paw being passed through the space; but it stuck a little, and in spite of her efforts she remained a prisoner. After several vain attempts she paused for a moment, then gave the peculiar cry which cats use to summon their young ones.

Pussy's kitten, a nearly full-grown one, heard the call and ran to her mother's assistance. She understood the state of affairs at once, and inserting her paw from the outside, the mother resumed her efforts from within, and the two together succeeded in opening the door sufficiently wide to liberate the captive.

A simple illustration of the manner in which animals communicate their wants to each other, and unite with the same object in view.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

THE beauty of the weather gives us all hopes of a brighter and more sunny summer than we have had for some years, and consequently we are doing more to prepare for it than we usually do, for long and painful experience has taught us with Lowell, the American poet, that our "Mays are more like mayn'ts," and amongst the things we may not do is to wear thin gowns in May. Indeed, we may scarcely look at them in June, and July and August may prove positively forbidding, as in the case of last year. Still, last summer we revelled in the pink gingham dresses, and rejoiced in their pretty pinks and blues, which had so long been banished from our catalogue of wearable colours. This year the pink ones will probably be worn as much as ever, and so those of our readers who have them in their wardrobes need not scruple to wear them again. This year they are made with four flounces, or with two deep *bouillonnés*, each measuring half a yard in width, the skirt being finished by a narrow box-pleated frilling round the edge. The *bouillonnés* or puffings are gathered at the top, and are moderately but not *too* full.

In Paris both linens and cottons, like foulards and sateens, are made up with bands of velvet or velveteen, as well as skirts or sometimes bodices of the same. This is supposed to render them more fit for town wear. The velvet is easily taken off when the dress requires cleaning, which it should not do more than once in the season. Last year I think I gave my opinion on this especial point more than once, and pointed out to my girl readers how much can be done in the way of keeping these pretty washing-dresses clean—by wearing aprons, and having them carefully ironed out whenever they became tumbled. A damp cloth laid over any particularly creased spot will help the iron to smooth it perfectly. The cloth must not be too wet, or it might cause the colours to run. If trimmed with lace, the lace may be taken off and washed when

soiled, and when put on again the dress will almost look like new. Inferior white laces are best washed in the following manner:—Tack the lace between two pieces of coarse flannel, laying it backwards and forwards so as to lie quite flat, and tacking the other piece of flannel over it. Make a lather of curd soap and hot water, and pour this upon the flannel. Let it lie in this for a time, and before it gets cold rub the flannel with the lace inside gently between the palms of your hands, and when you think the lace is clean, squeeze it till dry enough, rinse with cold water, and if you wish it to be blue, use the blue bag. If the lace be yellow, use some coffee to colour it. Take the lace from the flannel, and pin it out on a board to dry, laying the right side of the lace down; it must be ironed on the wrong side before it is dry. If you find any difficulty in keeping the lace clean while ironing, place a sheet of clean tissue paper between the iron and the lace. Before beginning clean the iron well on the Bath brick.

I must go back now to the velvet-trimmed cotton and sateen gowns I was describing, as many girls will no doubt find them more useful than lace-trimmed ones, and so many of my readers will probably have velvet trimmings put aside, which they may very well use in this manner. A very pretty dress of écru linen was made with a closely-pleated flounce at the bottom, and above it a short skirt, composed of box-pleats of the linen and broad bands of black velvet. The tunic also was edged with black velvet. The linen bodice had a V-shaped plastron in front, and a gathered back. Another Parisian costume which was described to me was of figured red cotton, with fans and birds in the Japanese style, and was trimmed with black velvet also. The skirt had one deeply-kilted flounce, on which a wide band of velvet was sewn, and the tunic, which was long and full, had a similar band, and was draped with black velvet bows. The bodice was full, and confined at the waist by a velvet band, and the sleeves were puffed, and had velvet bands between the puffs. I have given a full description of the way in which these velvet trimmings are put on, as I know many of "our girls" will be glad to hear of such a simple method of doing up a last year's frock. The pink ginghams of last year, for instance, might be turned "into something new and strange" by the addition of bands of either black or red velveteen. The best of this idea being the very small expense of carrying out, as a very moderately-priced velveteen would answer, and the bands should be cut on the bias to look well.

Blue seems to be the most favoured hue this summer; cobalt and sapphire blues being the two most chosen for young girls. Amongst flowers, I think the blue cornflower and the yellow buttercup are most fashionable, and one often sees them mixed together on both hats and bonnets. I must confess I like the selection of wild and field flowers for girls, as they seem more in keeping with the simplicity and unartificial nature of youth than the primmer flowers of the garden and hothouse.

There is often a difficulty about making use of old checked, striped, and shot figured silk dresses, and I have just found a very pretty and quite new method of turning them into fashionable and modern gowns again. A foundation of alpaca to match the colour must be made first, and on this the checked silk may be arranged, either as box-pleated flounces finished at the top with a scarf of plain surah or other thin silk to match the darkest colour of the old dress, or the flounces may be gathered at the top, with a plain silk flounce between two checked ones, or the skirt may be made entirely in *bouillonnés* or puffings the entire length. In this case the *bouillonnés* must be of the checked or figured silk, and the frilling at the bottom of the skirt and the draped scarf must be of the plain silk. In all these cases the bodice must be entirely of the plain silk, as plain bodices are both more becoming and more fashionable than checked ones.

The new idea for lawn tennis hats will give employment to those of our girls who are fond of crewel work and painting. The common unstiffened felt hats are used for decoration, and the lighter the colour the better, white being the most effective. A large flower, such as the poppy or the sunflower, is either embroidered in crewels or silks or painted in water colours on the front. Of course no band is needed, nor is any binding put on most of the hats I have seen. Many of the new lawn-tennis dresses are made of gingham, and have three narrow flounces at the edge of the skirt, and above them one very deep puff, reaching from the waist to the knee. The bodice worn with this is a pointed one, and the gathers of the full puffed skirt below give it quite the appearance of a farthingale.

The three smaller figures illustrated show the general appearance and fashion of the day. The young girl at the extreme left wears a plaided beige, made up with a cape in a style suitable for seaside or travelling. The centre figure shows the tabs (lined with a contrasting colour) which are now so much used for the edges of flounces, overskirts, and scarves. They are a very pretty and inexpensive trimming for any costume, and are quickly made when the cutting-out is once accomplished. The last illustration shows the method of gathering the overskirt or panier on to the pointed bodice, and adding a box-pleated puff as well.

The single figure wears a cashmere or gingham dress trimmed with embroidery to match the costume. These dresses are generally sold in boxes, which are made up and half manufactured in Paris, and so well done that there is no difficulty in putting the dress and its trimmings together. Those of our young readers who wish to begin to make their own dresses had better, to avoid disappointment, begin on one of these half-made costumes, and, armed with the lining from an old and really well-fitting dress, they will have few difficulties to overcome. It is a great advantage not to be discouraged on the first advance in a new and untried path.

There is little to be said about the hats and bonnets of the month. The former consist of the large rough straws we know so well, and the less well known Spanish or matador hat. Both of these are inexpensive, and easily trimmed at home; in fact, the latter needs no trimming, save the two or three silk pompons in front. The trimming of the large hats is now placed more at the back than it was, and the front is decorated either with a long feather or remains plain. Many of the moderately-sized hats have a roll of ribbon or a half wreath in the open space in front under the brim. This is a decided change in their appearance, and brings them more within the category of "dress hats" than before. To some girls with thin faces the addition of ribbon and flowers is an improvement, but, on the whole, the effect is heavy, and care should be exercised before adopting the fashion.

In these days of expensive and rich materials, it is sometimes difficult to afford to purchase the rich stuff required for the retrimming of some good and really valuable gown, which mother or grandmother wishes to utilise for very best. Some clever person has found means to achieve the look of richness without such an extravagant outlay, by using large-designed broché gauzes over cheap satins. Thus a black gauze lined with old gold gave all the look of a handsome yellow and black brocade, and a pale pink broché gauze laid over a cheap gold satin was very rich. This idea is excellent for new sleeves, plastrons, and the plain skirts with large ruches round the edge, which need a handsome and rich material. Unless on close inspection, the plan cannot be easily detected.

DRESS WITH EMBROIDERED TRIMMING.

USEFUL HINTS.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP.—Warm some pure olive oil. Give the patient, as soon as the brazen-ringing cough is heard, half a teaspoonful every ten minutes or quarter of an hour internally, and well rub externally the chest, windpipe, and between the shoulders with the warm oil, laying on both back and chest a good piece of flannel soaked in warm oil; new flannel is better than old. Cold oil is of no use; it must be nicely warm, but not too hot. If this be done at the first approach of the disease, a couple of doses frequently quiets the cough for the night, a severe attack will give way in an hour, and the child fall peacefully asleep. In no case has the writer ever known it to fail, even in low, damp, croupy localities. The dose should be repeated whenever the child wakes or coughs during the next day or two, and the cure will rapidly become perfect.

WIENER SCHNITZEL.—Take as many veal cutlets as are required for a moderate-sized dish. Slightly beat up three eggs, and let the cutlets stand in the egg for an hour or two. Then take them out, roll them in bread-crumbs, and fry in butter until thoroughly cooked. Take them from the frying-pan, and put them on paper to drain. Rinse out the basin in which the egg is left with a teacupful of *sour cream*, and pour it into the frying-pan directly you have taken the cutlets out, with a little lemon peel, cut very thin, and in small pieces. Stir all well, and let it get thoroughly hot but not boil; then pour it over the cutlets. This is a very popular Austrian dish.

LEMON MINCE-MEAT.—Boil four lemons until quite tender, then pound them in a mortar or chop them up while warm; adding to them two pounds of pounded loaf sugar. Let this stand till next day, then add two pounds of suet, two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins chopped, a little brandy, one ounce of mixed spices, and port wine to taste, say half a pint of brandy and wine together.

SIXPENNY PUDDING.—Take a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of suet, a quarter of a pound of flour, and a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, with grated peel and juice of one or two lemons. Mix well, and boil or steam in a well-buttered mould for one hour; serve with sweet sauce.

SCOTCH BROTH.—Put two pounds of best end of a neck of mutton into a saucepan with two quarts of water, and a small cupful of pearl barley. Let it simmer gently for an hour and a half, taking care to remove the scum as it rises. When this has simmered for that period, add one carrot sliced and one grated, two onions or leeks cut small, and two turnips in pieces of about an inch square, and boil for one hour longer. One turnip and carrot besides those cut up is required, but must be left whole, and served up with the boiled mutton.

MEAT FRITTERS (nice for breakfast).—A plain batter, always using baking or egg powder to economise eggs. Mince some Australian meat and mix with the batter. Drop a large tablespoonful into a pan of *boiling* fat (marrow or dripping). Three or four may be fried at once, taking care to keep each spoonful separate. When fried a nice brown lay on a hot fish-strainer or kitchen paper to free from fat, and serve *hot*.

RISSOLES.—With breadcrumbs, herbs, hard-boiled egg, a little flour, minced Australian meat; the same as ordinarily made with veal, ham, &c. Fry and serve with gravy made with the jelly of the meat, and a little sauce.

DAYDREAMS.

BY LILLIAS C. DAVIDSON.

CHATTERING under my open window,
Margery, Anstice, and little Kate;
Margery threading a daisy-chaplet,
Anstice swinging the wicket-gate.
Merry jesting and silvery laughter
Float to me up from the meadow below:
"I shall be great and famous and noble"—
That is Margery's voice, I know.

"I shall live in a stately palace,
Slaves shall fly at my least command,
Crowds shall eagerly flock around me,
Proud of a look, or touch of my hand.
That will be glorious! That will be splendid!
Anstice, isn't that best of all?"
"Oh!" say Anstice's gentle accents,
"Margie, I shouldn't like it at all!"

"I should like to live in a cottage,
Covered with roses, shaded with trees;
Dress like a regular village maiden,
Make the butter, and tend the bees.
I should like to be very happy;
Katie, what would you be, if you could?"
"I?" says my little Katie, simply,
"Why, I think I should like to be good!"

Ah, my trio, so sweet and merry,
Often your words to my heart come back;
Often your gay, light-hearted chatter
Drifts to me over memory's track.
Little we knew of the lives that waited,
Hidden for each in the coming years;
Could we have guessed them that bright May morning,
Which would have conquered—our smiles or tears?

Anstice—poor little rustic Anstice!
Hers is the mansion, stately and grand;
Hers are the wealth, the power, and influence,
Almost too heavy for her small hand.
Ah, but her place has its bitter troubles!
Does she remember, with stifled sigh,
The dreamland cottage o'errun with roses,
And the peaceful hum of the bees hard by?

Margery—what of her dream of greatness?
In a London hospital ward
There is a sweet-voiced nurse, who labours
Tireless, without a thought of reward.
Gentle and humble, and oh, how loving!
She has taken a strange new part;
She is queen of her own proud spirit,
She is empress in many a heart.

Katie? Out in the quiet churchyard
There is gleaming a little cross,
Margie and Anstice keep it always
Aglow with flowers and green with moss.
God has granted our Katie's longing—
She was good, and He gave her rest;
Anstice and Margie say, in whispers,
"Katie was wisest—her wish was best!"

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By DORA HOPE.

HY, Margaret, you have a new servant!" cried Elsie Colville one morning, closing the door behind her as she entered the room where her cousin was sitting. "I was beginning my usual affable salutation to Anne when I came in, and lo! it was a stranger. I was so amazed, for I thought you were settled for life."

"Oh, you have been away several weeks, you see, Elsie, or you would have heard that Anne was going," replied Margaret. "She was a good servant in many ways and I liked her, but she was so fond of her own way and so confident of always being in the right in everything, that it was one constant struggle, and that is not at all a fit state in a house. This girl, Dorcas, is very quiet and respectful, and does not resent being told things; it is quite a relief, for I used really to dread telling Anne to alter anything."

"Dorcas looks exceedingly nice and modest, and so neat and spotless, she is quite a pleasant sight; I'm sure she will do well. But I am afraid you have been worrying, Margaret dear, you look so pale and worn."

"Oh, no, I am perfectly well; I can bear a great deal of worry without being the worse for it," said Margaret, with a faint smile.

"How I wish we could hear something of Tom!" Elsie went on. "That would soon bring your roses back, *I know*. Do you know I saw someone so like my remembrance of him (for I have not seen Tom for years). It was yesterday at the station, quite a poor young fellow, but very respectable-looking, and he had just that proud, half-defiant bearing we used to notice in Tom. He was hanging about, evidently trying to earn a copper by helping with the luggage. I thought I would give him sixpence because of his likeness to my poor cousin, but what do you think? He would not take it! 'Thank you, miss, I am not a beggar,' he said, 'but if you'll allow me to carry your bag, I'll be thankful to earn it.' So I let him take it to the metropolitan station, and gave him a shilling for his independent spirit."

"How strange to see such a likeness!" said Margaret, quietly, wondering secretly if it had been the veritable Tom whom Elsie had encountered. "But I—I do not much like talking of him, Elsie, so tell me about your visit. Have you enjoyed it?"

"Very much indeed; they are only a small family but they are well off, so everything is beautiful about the house. There are always plenty of ferns and flowers, and the daughter attends entirely to them, instead of leaving it to the servants. She does not have great bunches of flowers, but generally a single bloom in each glass, and the effect is so much better; if they are scarce, a small lump of charcoal in the water preserves them a wonderfully long time. Lucy (that is the daughter's name) has the glasses washed almost every day in plain hot water and dried directly, but if they are discoloured, cold strong tea generally cleans them. There is a pot or two of ferns in every bedroom in the house."

"Very unhealthy," put in Margaret.

"Not at all," returned Elsie; "for they are lifted out last thing at night on to a table in the passage. Have you forgotten the science lessons we imbibed at school, which told us that only when the action of the sun's rays is withdrawn that the exhalation of the leaves is injurious?"

"Ah, yes, I only had, like many other people, a sort of general idea that plants ought not to be kept in bedrooms. But pray go on describing this model establishment, Elsie. How often does Miss Lucy water the ferns?"

"Twice a week all the ferns in the house are placed in a huge tub of water to have a good soaking, but the leaves are not wet, as ordinary watering with a can is apt to make them go brown. They are left to drain well before being taken back to their places," replied Elsie. "Then I must tell you about the table decorations. Even when the family are quite alone they have the dinner-table so prettily arranged. Sometimes there is a strip of red Turkey twill down the centre, with a large fern or a low pan of moss in the middle, and small ferns in tiny china pots here and there about. The twill is edged with leaves of different sorts, laid flat on the cloth; these are thrown pell mell into a basin of water after dinner, and so last for a good many days. Then, fancy, Margaret, they *always* have a *menu* of even the plainest dinner; and it really is rather nice to know what is coming next, if it is only a milk pudding."

"I'm afraid you are becoming quite a gourmande, Elsie!" said Margaret, laughing.

"I do not think so, but, you know, I always thought *menus* ostentatious, and that only gentlemen, at grand dinners, cared to have them on the table, but I am quite converted, and mean to introduce them at home every day, just two or three china ones which will wash. But how I have been rattling on, and hindering you, I daresay, so I will go. Now do not trouble about Tom, darling Margaret; I feel so *sure* we shall hear of him soon, and if we do not—well, I shall be inclined to say he is not worth worrying about."

"You will never say that, I know, Elsie, whatever happens," said Margaret. "Must you go? I will not ask you to stay, then, for I ought myself to be helping Dorcas; she is not quite settled down to her work yet."

Margaret had begun very methodically with her new maid, and had been particular to tell her all that she would have to do beforehand, that she might not find more work than she expected. The duties of each day were written down and given her, that there might be no mistakes and no forgetting.

As to dress, it was evident at a glance that the girl was by nature neat and quiet, and that there would be no danger of her spoiling her appearance by anything approaching gaudiness or show. Margaret, however, explained that plain print dresses were to be worn in the morning, and a small white apron put on under the large working one, so that, if the door had to be answered, she might remove the latter, and, pulling down her sleeves, present a nice tidy appearance. Margaret gave her two mob-caps, of the size and shape she liked her maids to wear, which might serve as a pattern for others. These, with a dark stuff dress and white apron, were for afternoons, and were *always* to be put on by lunchtime, at half-past one.

With regard to wages, Dorcas came first for a month on trial, at the end of which, being found suitable, she entered Margaret's service altogether, at a sufficient sum a year, with the promise of a present of five pounds at the end of three years, instead of the usual annual rise. This acts as an inducement to young servants, who, as a rule, are fond of changing situations merely for the sake of change.

Dorcas thought she could not do without beer, and Margaret's teetotal principles strongly objected to having intoxicants in the house. She therefore, for a time, gave money at the rate of £2 10s. a year in place of it. Finding that it was really spent on beer, which involved its being brought to the house by potmen, Margaret was anything but satisfied with the state of affairs, and finally arranged to allow Dorcas one glass a day, buying a dozen bottles or a small cask at a time. She was firm in limiting the quantity to one glass a day, thinking rightly that no strong young girl could possibly require more, but promising that, if her health had suffered at the end of two months, some other arrangement should be made; meanwhile trying to induce Dorcas to give it up altogether in favour of milk, cocoa, or anything of that sort.

Dorcas was frank enough to own at the first to being inclined to unpunctuality in rising of a morning. Margaret, pleased with her candour, and perhaps with a little fellow-feeling, did her best to help her in this difficulty by supplying an alarum in the maid's bedroom, and sending her off to bed as early as she could conveniently be spared in the evenings, for Margaret well knew that unpunctuality with breakfast and morning work upsets the whole day, and therefore can never be permitted in a house with any pretension to order or method.

One of the first extra duties for Dorcas was the pickling of a number of quite young walnuts, procured for the purpose before they grew "woody" or hard. She pricked them well with a steel fork and placed them, according to her instructions, in a strong brine, and left them there a week or more, changing the brine once or twice. They were then laid on dishes or trays in the sun till, in a day or two, they had become a good black, when they were put in dry jars and covered with hot vinegar, in which had been boiled whole black pepper, bruised ginger, allspice, salt and shalots, in the proportion of 1 oz. each to a quart. The jars were tied down with bladder and kept in a dry place for use in five or six weeks.

But Margaret had forgotten to mention one important item in the pricking.

"Oh, dear, ma'am, what to do with my hands I do not know, they are stained that dreadful, and I saw master looking at them quite disgusted-like when I was waiting at dinner last night, and no wonder, for my thumb's as black as black," said poor Dorcas, in great distress, putting her hands behind her, as though the sight of them were unbearable.

"Yes, they are bad indeed," said Margaret; "I quite forgot to give you a pair of old but sound dog-skin gloves I have been saving on purpose to be worn whilst pricking the walnuts. Here they are, you see, but it is too late now, so we must try and remove the stains. Pumice stone rubbed on the fingers will generally answer, and lemon juice is good also, and if these fail, I will get a small quantity of oil of vitriol, to be mixed with cold water and the hands washed in it without soap, though this must only be used as a last resource."

The idea of vitriol was so alarming to Dorcas that she resolved to try every other means

first, and she rubbed and rubbed the stains so zealously with pumice stone that indeed nothing further was necessary. She learnt a lesson from this little mishap, and would often beg her master's old gloves when discarded, to slip on before doing any particularly rough or dirty work.

It was Wilfred's custom to glance through the paper at the close of breakfast before starting to business in the morning; and one day, about this time, his eye fell on an announcement on the first sheet, which caused him to utter an exclamation of surprise not unmixed with pleasure.

"What is it, Wilfred?" asked Margaret, looking up from her knitting.

"Did you not call your brother Tom by some pet name, when you were all children together?" asked Wilfred.

"Yes; Atto he used to be called in the nursery, though I do not know how the name arose."

"Look there, then, there's a crumb of comfort for you at last, darling," and he passed her the paper, pointing to a few lines at the top of the "agony" column, which ran thus—

"From Atto, to any who care to hear.—I am well and comfortable; even happy, having a clear conscience. I cannot yet explain my behaviour, but will as soon as it is possible. My only regret is to have caused pain to some I truly love, and would have spared."

Margaret bent her head low over the paper that her husband might not see the conflicting expressions in her face. She had been lately urging Tom to communicate the fact of his well-being to his friends in some such way as this; he had hitherto refused to do so, though she tried to picture to him the misery his father and others must be suffering, not knowing whether he were alive or dead. Now she saw that his better nature had conquered, and he had taken one step in the right direction. Yet never did her own deceitfulness appear to her in blacker hue than at that moment. There sat Wilfred, eager and happy to think that at last she would be glad, looking and waiting for her to show her pleasure in her old enthusiastic way.

It was desperately hard work to get up a smile as she said, quietly enough—

"Yes, that must be from Tom; how glad they will all be!"

"This may affect your father's movements," Wilfred said, surprised at her apathy. "You remember he wrote to ask what we thought about his remaining any longer abroad. I see no reason why he should not come home now, do you, Madge?"

"No; I see no reason why he should not come home now," she repeated, slowly, not knowing what else to say.

Margaret was in truth a poor actress; by nature impulsive, eager, and enthusiastic, when she came to trying to play a part not her own, she was sadly at fault.

"But what should you wish me to say to your father? Would you prefer him to stay abroad still? for, after all, Tom does not say he is in England. Surely, Madge, dear," he went on, with just a shadow of impatience in his tone, as his wife sat silent—"surely, you are glad to get this message?"

"Of course so, Wilfred—we shall all be glad, very glad," she said, trying her utmost to speak gladly; "but as to father, I would rather you would decide that; indeed, I do not know what to think. Please do not ask me."

So Wilfred, taking her at her word, cut out the announcement and enclosed it in a note to Mr. Colville, advising him to please himself about returning to England, for it was impossible to say where Tom was, and he was as likely or unlikely to be found in one country as another.

(*To be continued.*)

"'WHAT TO DO WITH MY HANDS I DO NOT KNOW.'"

THOUGHTS ON PRACTISING.

By LADY LINDSAY (of Balcarres).

"You are a musician when, with a new piece, you almost divine what is coming, when you know an old acquaintance by rote—in a word, when you have music, not only in your fingers, but in your head and heart too."

Schumann.

PRACTICE makes perfect; this is the first and best thought. We must try to be perfect, for, in music as in all else, we should *endeavour* to be first-rate performers, even if we can only achieve a second or third-rate position after all. It is better to have a high standard, although it be not quite attainable, than to set up for ourselves a moderate aim, because the very act of trying for something noble and lofty (though difficult to reach) is good in itself; it raises us above what is commonplace, and strengthens our minds and faculties until the effort, like every other habit, good or bad, becomes a "second nature."

Beginners are not fond of practising; but to a musician it is an absolute delight. No one knows really what practising means until he has come to enjoy it; it is a pleasure far greater than playing over in society what has been already learnt; it is an occupation as exciting, though in a different way, as the excitement of reading new music.

When we *play*, we are liable to become depressed by the poverty of our own performance; when we *practise*, hope spurs us on; it does not matter what faults we commit, we are only practising, and it is encouraging to feel that as time goes on, our difficulties are conquered and overcome. They meet us halfway, and melt and vanish from us, even as, when we travel by rail, the landscapes through which we pass seem to advance towards us and recede behind us, and we are scarcely aware that it is we ourselves who press steadily forwards, whilst they stand still.

There are three kinds of practising: one, which is purely mechanical, and which I believe to be almost useless; the second, which is both mental and mechanical; and the third, which is purely mental, but which is of immense advantage. The first, or mechanical practising, is a mere continuation of that dreary schoolroom routine which allows the pupil's thoughts to wander freely o'er hill and dale whilst her fingers, in the most ungraceful and listless attitude possible, tap the keys of the pianoforte, or travel feebly up and down the strings of the violin, reproducing a monotonous musical exercise until the clock points to the hour of release.

It may be said in favour of this melancholy occupation that the hands acquire thereby a certain amount of dexterity; but the want of proper thought and careful direction reduces the amount almost to a minimum; the fingers unstiffen a little, it is true, but, through carelessness, they fall daily into new bad habits; they acquire a noisy, or else a flaccid, indolent touch; they play indifferently out of time and out of tune; above all, they never learn to answer (as they should), with immediate and well-trained precision, to the call of brain or ear. In such practising there are two great omissions: the performer never *thinks* and never *listens*. For, indeed, it is more necessary to think and listen whilst practising than many people are aware of. There is a curious self-deception even in the most conscientious kinds of practising, and we are all of us apt to dream dreams and slumber at our posts, even whilst we fancy that we are mounting guard with thorough watchfulness. Violinists are mostly trained to listen to their own performance, in order to acquire perfect tune and quality of tone, but it is extraordinary how many pianists play without actually listening, their hearing merely occupied with the difficulties of notation.

The second kind of practising is what practising should truly be—a mental and mechanical exercise, the ear of the performer carefully following every touch of the fingers, the mind controlling and directing every movement. In this way each moment of time is utilised to the greatest advantage; the fingers (never allowed to relax their efforts nor to fall into bad habits) rapidly acquire a wonderful agility, and difficulties that seemed overpowering before, grow less and less until they are finally altogether conquered and trodden down.

The third style of practising is one to which masters but seldom turn their pupils' attention, and yet it can be made of immense use to us all. I refer to that form of mental study that is sometimes called "thinking it over." We can practise inwardly, whether walking or driving, recalling our past efforts, classing our faults or peculiarities, and resolving what we had best try for next time. We may also take up a piece of music, and, whilst silently studying it, we may learn the whole thing, mastering in our own minds, not only the notes, but the rhythm, the light and shade, the delicacy of expression. Many great executants have rehearsed and learnt by heart on a railway journey difficult passages or pieces intended for concert performance. It has often been remarked by musicians themselves how much they have "got on" at times without practising. This is, of course, the result of hard work beforehand, which settles itself down into the mind, whilst a lapse of quiet time enables the performer to sift his lately acquired knowledge, and make the most of it by thinking over it and disposing of it in the best way, and whilst the hands, perhaps too tired before, are likewise taking their share of rest.

This habit of silent mental practice will grow upon whosoever wishes to become a musician. There is no art without thought or true feeling, and music is not merely a senseless noise. Longfellow, in his "Building of the Ship," tells us of the skilled builder, that—

> "His heart was in his work, and the heart
> Giveth grace unto every art."

Music is sister to painting. I have lately been reading a book wherein students of painting are recommended "not only to practise their art diligently, but also to seek to know as much about it as they can."*

And, again, another painter says:—"No one ever did a good thing without thought, without respect. I believe in laying out just so much earnestness. What if Michael Angelo had done his work in the Sistine Chapel easily?"†

However, in this short article it is chiefly with the second kind of practising (practical practising, I might call it) that I have to do.

Masters teach us how to play, seldom how to practise. It is an art we must mostly discover for ourselves, and, unless we are personally acquainted with good musicians, who by chance study in our immediate hearing, we have to buy our own experience by slow degrees.

Regularity of practice is the first necessary thing, variety the next. It is better to work steadily two hours every day, or even one hour, than three or four hours twice a week. It is, above all things, necessary to practise when we are fresh; that is why the morning is the best time. It is of little use to take up an instrument when we are fagged and weary with other pursuits, or over-engaged with other interests. And yet it does not do to yield to what is merely languor, disinclination, or (in plain parlance) laziness. If there be the least possible doubt in our own minds whether we are to practise or no, we shall, in all probability, never practise at all; we put off the hour to begin, we make a hundred plausible excuses to ourselves, yet, if stern necessity compels, and no plea is allowed to interrupt the daily task, after a few minutes' hard work the languor has worn off, and, with a joyous throb of excitement at our hearts, we vow to ourselves that practising is "the most delightful thing in the world."

In writing this short article, I wished most especially to allude to violin practice, but, except as regards strictly technical difficulties, the practice of every instrument is closely similar. Technical difficulties are explained in any book for students, in any violin school. It would be as impossible as unnecessary in this short space to enter on the varieties of bowing, or to point out that the violin requires more work than perhaps any other instrument, and that to the earnest student who loves his fiddle, its difficulties seem to increase day by day. There are many manual exercises and technical studies that are necessary for the violinist only, but on these we will not enter.

It is essential for every musician to practise according to some distinct plan, and to conform to the rules laid down in his own mind. To those who have the advantage of the instruction of a master, I would only say: ask your master what to do, and try to follow him in everything. It is an absolute necessity (if you wish to make any progress) to obey the master you learn from, yes, even if you are painfully aware that he is not always right. You will learn nothing as long as you set yourself up as an authority against him. Either do not learn from him

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* "A Primer of Art."—*John Collier.*

† "Hunt's Talks About Art."

at all, or obey him implicitly. Even if all he says is not quite for the best, a residue of good remains. Whether he be first-rate, second-rate, or third-rate, he is sure to be a better musician than you yourself. Nor is it always the finest artist who is the best teacher. Many a great artist has not the gift of teaching, a gift that requires a combination of patience, moderation, sympathy, steady nerves, and many virtues of which the exacting pupil is but dimly conscious! The path of a pupil, however, seems to be less thorny nowadays than in the olden times, for we read of Haydn's obligations to his master expressed as follows:—"I shall be grateful to that man as long as I live, for keeping me so hard at work, though I used to get more flogging than food."

Yet, to return to our subject, it is clear that, whatever conditions our masters impose on us, practising is for the most part under our own rule and guidance. It is well, therefore, to divide and subdivide our efforts, so as to reap the best advantage from what may otherwise easily become a mere waste of time. An ancient writer says, "The ordering of exercises is matter of great consequence to hurt or help, for, as is well observed by Cicero, men in exercising their faculties, if they be not well advised, do exercise their faults and get ill habits as well as good; so there is a great judgment to be had in the continuance and intermission of exercises." *

There are several different forms of practising.

1. Mechanical difficulties. Practise either an exercise or a tough passage of some sort, repeating it over and over again, till everything that seemed difficult before, seems to have grown easy. In learning a piece or a study, take first the most difficult bars, then the most difficult passages, then a page or two; lastly, the whole thing. In practising a passage do not necessarily begin at the beginning of a bar, but at the beginning of the phrase itself. That is a musical sentence, and, were you to repeat a sentence in speech you would not cut off the beginning, nor yet commence by the last few words of a foregoing sentence.

2. Play the piece you are learning without any expression or sentiment, merely with regard to correctness of time; play it first without a *métronome*, then with a *métronome;* lastly, again without a *métronome*, having carefully noticed the bars in which the *métronome* seems to tick too quickly!

3. Play over the pieces you have already carefully studied, and play them as though you were before an audience, being careful to begin without stumbling, to regard all marks of expression, and to phrase the piece with due attention to light and shade. Light and shade are in music represented by the words *forte* and *piano*, and by such marks as these: < >.

But even such gradations cannot thoroughly represent the meaning of the composer, unless carefully studied and rightly understood by the performer. For instance, *sforzando* and *crescendo* do not mean "loud," as they are frequently unfortunately interpreted by beginners, but only louder, or sometimes only less softly; nor does *rallentando* express a sudden pulling up or extinction of forces, but rather a gentle and gradual beginning to decrease, such as occurs on a railway line when the engine-driver sees the words, "Slacken speed."

Before playing any piece, take the music in your hand, glance over it; you know the grammar and spelling of it. Divide it into phrases, seek out the air or subject, the variations or else the counter subject, notice the recurrence of the first subject, the modulations, or new keys, the after part or coda. Study it all before beginning to play, then play it as though you were narrating a story, a beautiful piece of workmanship, a thing complete in itself, not a mere jumble of chords and runs that has neither beginning, interest, nor end.

4. Reading at sight (though I have already mentioned it as an opposite branch of study) may well form a part of practising. In reading, long habit alone can teach us which notes may best be left out or skimmed over if we find ourselves in a desperate hurry or in extreme difficulty. Above all, keep time sternly, pay due regard to the melody, and never omit the bass notes in the left hand. The general impression of the piece is what is most wanted. As for the bass notes, they are the root of the harmony, on which the whole structure is built. Try to gain the habit of reading a bar or two ahead of what you are actually playing. You ought to be prepared for any emergency, and, if possible, you should know what are your next difficulties, otherwise you will flounder terribly. Put as much expression and phrasing into the performance as possible. It seems needless to add: "Do not play more wrong notes than you can help!" Be ready for the last and first bar of every page; it is a great thing to learn how to turn over deftly. If you are a pianist, glance hurriedly over the last bar before you come to it, and play the part of one hand with the other; if a violinist, the notation will be more simple, and you can instantaneously learn it by heart, and turn the page at any convenient pause with your right hand without loosing the bow.

There is an admirable French book written on the art of phrasing and musical expression.* The writer says: "There is nothing arbitrary in expression; its phenomena are reproduced by an absolute law like all natural phenomena. Composers, in accentuating their works, are obeying conventionality, and are impelled by secret affinities and not caprice. Every sign of expression in use represents certain *sensations*, and is intended to attract the attention of the performer to those notes which he should specially appreciate, and likewise make his audience appreciate. But even were there no such signs of expression, the true artist would still play as though they were all indicated, for the *necessity* for them would exist to the same extent."

Technical terms for music and painting are too often interchanged, and yet it is no folly to say that music can be grey and monotonous for want of light and shade and colour, which should all be judiciously distributed. Well, a drawing master may teach you a good deal, but nature herself must make you an artist, and it is an artist's work to create a right arrangement of light and shade and colour.

Learn as much music as possible; you thus become acquainted with what has been written, and are better fitted to form an opinion. Besides, to have learnt three or four pieces, and be unable to perform any other, is no nearer an approach to music than a parrot's "Good morning, Polly," is an approach to intellectual conversation. But, when you have formed an opinion, do not be too eager to thrust it on your friends. Continue, rather, to be content to wait a little; people change their opinions sometimes as years go on and experience widens. An old writer says:—"All fools are opiniative, and all opiniatives are fools." At any rate, do not become like Miss Prigsby in *Punch*, with a dislike for Rossini, a contemptuous tolerance of Mendelssohn, and a smile for anything that is not Bach or Brahms.

As for your own performance, I would say: be of good courage, because every artist *must* be prone to fits of depression and despair. I cannot believe that any student will grow elated over his own efforts when he considers the great masters whose works are bequeathed to us, or the great performers who are amongst us, and whose magic touch is, to our poor efforts, what "when music, heav'nly maid was young," the tender thrill that Orpheus brought forth from his lyre may have been compared to the rough piping of an ignorant herdsman.

I could say much more. We have all of us stores of good advice to give our neighbours! But, in writing this, I have sought merely to offer a few slight hints from my own experience of forms of practice that I have found most useful. Before concluding, I should like to supplement my own remarks with a few words from worthier pens—words that perhaps, before now, have helped many a hardworking student in the very steep and difficult ascent of the musical Parnassus.

"Music," says one writer, "when portraying feelings or emotions, assumes various forms and undergoes various modifications; and, being the representation of a passing feeling or emotion, has a definite outline, a commencement, development, and ending." *

"Many players, professionals as well as amateurs, endeavour to escape a thorough study of their instrument with the excuse that it is not their object to become *virtuosi*. To this it may be replied, that some fundamental study will by no means expose them to the danger of suddenly finding themselves *virtuosi;* and that, before they reach that point, they must first become simply *good players*. This should be the aim of every pianist (or violinist), so far as circumstances will allow: of the professional, otherwise he will be subject to the reproach of having lowered his art to the level of a mere ordinary occupation; of the amateur, for the fact that he studies only for his own pleasure gives him no right to regard his art merely as a pastime, or to perform a composition for his amusement, in a manner more or less mutilated."—Technical Studies for the Pianoforte.—*Louis Plaidy*.

"Technical and æsthetic principles must go hand in hand, for the *greatest* mechanical efficiency would prove cold and lifeless without the animating spirit, while no æsthetic beauty could possibly exist apart from a perfect command over technical resources."—Primer of Singing.—*A. Randegger*.

"Courageously press forward then; do not tarry! Standing still would be but the precursor to your going backwards. You have chosen the most difficult of all instruments (the violin) upon which it is only possible to make progress—or, indeed, to retain in after years what you have already acquired—by constant, daily practice. Your instrument is, moreover, the most perfect of any, as well as the one which most amply repays the trouble of learning, but not until the player has attained the full command of it. Never, therefore, lose sight of this object. Strive at all times after that which is noble in art, and disdain all kind of charlatanism. He who seeks only to please the multitude will sink ever lower and lower. Be also considerate in your choice of music, and perform only the finest and best of each species. By this means you will most surely succeed in promoting your further improvement."—Spohr's Violin School.

Perhaps, above all kind and encouraging guides stands Schumann, whose "Advice to Young Musicians" may be written in letters of gold, to be read and re-read and read yet again. But, though I have headed this article with one of his sayings, I will not quote the others; they are short, and are best, not culled or selected, but studied together as he himself has grouped them. And now that I must bring these rambling thoughts to an end, I would fain conclude with a paragraph in the quaint American book of "Talks on

* "Bacon's Advancement of Learning."

* "Traité de l'Expression Musicale."—*Mathis Lussy*.

* "Musical Forms," by Ernst Pauer.

Art" I have already mentioned, for, in that paragraph, clothed in rough language, lies one of the best arguments in favour of practising.

"When I was a little boy I wanted to learn the violin, but a certain man discouraged me. 'Don't learn the violin—it's so *hard!*' I could kick that man now! It is easier to eat dip-toast than to play the violin; but it doesn't meet the same want."

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By Maggie Symington.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MOONLIGHT ON THE CEVENNES.

DAMARIS reached her room, closed the door, and threw herself down on her bed, feeling almost as though she had only one thing left to wish for—annihilation. Last night, in her terror on behalf of Monsieur St. Just, she had thought only of how she could most speedily reach and help him; and this, her present misery, was the consequence of her self-forgetfulness. It seemed as though she ought, in reality, to have paused and calculated the consequences to herself of every step she had taken on her way to his relief.

No, she would not think that. Better by far this keenest pain, which only touched herself, than that he should have wanted in vain the effectual help that she had given.

Why had Monsieur St. Just said that of which La Marquise had told her? Why had he so insulted her as to say, even to his mother, that he liked her just enough to marry her? And how utterly he must misunderstand her to suppose that she could for one moment, under these circumstances, accept his offer. If he had studied how most to shame and humiliate her, he could not have fixed upon more effectual means. Her wounded heart had but one instinct left—to put the whole world, if possible, between herself and him; to hide herself so effectually, that neither he nor anyone belonging to him could ever find her again. Nothing could ever atone for the cruel wrong done her; nothing blot out the memory of the ingratitude heaped upon her.

So Damaris felt. She was far too passion-blinded to reason correctly. Deeply, desperately wounded in her most vulnerable point, every higher principle and truer instinct were, for the time being, under the dominion of her hurt pride.

To sleep or to rest while this fever burned within was an impossibility. She rose and busied herself with her preparations. By midnight she had arranged all her possessions.

Then she sat down to her writing-desk. It was necessary to leave some sort of an explanation of her present flight and of her unalterable determination with regard to the future. Her own mind was unable to carry her beyond Chambuisson at present, but as far as that she could readily plan her escape.

She seized her pen and wrote rapidly. She dared not stay to consider her words, or from what they were about to separate her. If once she allowed herself to give way to any emotion, if once she allowed any softer feeling to be excited in her heart, she knew she would never have the requisite strength to carry out her determination.

"To Madame la Marquise de St. Aubin.

"I have thought over what you said to me this evening, and have decided that only one course of action is open to me. I must at once and for ever put an end to all intercourse with you and your family. Do not think me *ingrate;* I am not that. For all your kindness to me I am, and ever shall be, most deeply grateful. Tell Monsieur Etienne I am sensible of the honour he would have done me, but the method of his proposed compensation makes it more than an insult. He will find Jacquet and the key of the escalier door held in charge for him at the Café de la Reine in Chambuisson. I am obliged to him for the use of them.

"Farewell, dear madame. In time I hope you will be led to understand more truly, and judge more kindly, her you have so foolishly called

"Petite."

Her pen trembled so much over the last sentence that she dared not trust herself to add one word more, but closed the note abruptly, folded, sealed, and addressed it. Then she placed it in a conspicuous place where Jacqueline could not fail to find it in the morning, and began to gather together the few things she would need to carry with her. She put on her extemporised riding-habit, as she could easily loop up the skirt afterwards as a travelling dress. She had very little money in her purse, but she stowed away her few meagre trinkets in her little travelling bag as a necessary reserve in case of need.

Having made all ready, she stationed herself at the window to watch for the dawn, determining that its first pale rays should be the signal for her flight.

In that compulsory period of inaction her spirit was visited by gentler thoughts, by something of compunction even, until she recalled the purport of La Marquise's confidence, and kept her mind at the necessary stretch by repeating the portion of it which had been the incentive to her present determination.

The faint rays of the night lamp fell through the lower windows of the opposite tower, and naturally concentrated her thoughts upon its occupant. Her heart went forth to him in a mute farewell, and as she thought of all his kindness to her in the early days, a little thrill of gratitude quickened for one moment its deadened pulsations. She wondered in a vague sort of way how her departure would affect him. If her presence had been so potent to relieve and heal, surely her absence would cause him some disturbance. But he had such resources in himself and in his books, it would be comparatively easy to him to forget her. Lilian had often told her that men were not so faithful, so persistent in their love as women; that their fancies were more easily distracted, more easily fixed upon other things.

But hark! A harsh sound disturbs the dreamy stillness of the night. Down in the valley a cock is crowing, and over the green hills creeps a faint grey light.

Damaris closes her window, and once more kneels by her little bed, where so many of her past joys and perplexities have been poured out into the ears of the All-merciful Father. It seems to her that she cannot pray now; all she can do is to commend the inmates of the *château* and herself to the brooding care that enshrouds the universe. Then she rises, draws on her india-rubber overshoes, so that her footsteps may be noiseless, takes her lamp in one hand, her travelling-bag in the other, gently turns the handle of the door, and steps out into the corridor without one backward glance.

She takes care not to leave her door ajar, for fear her absence should be discovered too soon. She creeps stealthily down the corridor, and enters the library with the same precautions.

The furniture of the room has been placed in its usual orderly array, save and except Monsieur St. Just's writing-table, which no one is allowed to touch. His papers lie just as he had scattered them two evenings ago to deceive his brother with a semblance of industry. The room to Damaris is filled with ghosts, memories of past days. She is nervous. The fluttering of the blind over the broken pane, as it is stirred by the night-wind, causes her to start and tremble. She can almost believe she hears an entreating whisper from some dim corner—"*Petite!*"

She raises her lamp so that the palest rays stretch even to the far corners, but there is nothing astir to detain her.

With great sickness of heart she takes the key of the escalier from the nail. Over her rushes the memory of what had passed between her and Monsieur St. Just, when first he had pointed it out to her hanging there. A smile which is quite spasmodic tortures her features. She had told him she should never dare to play the heroine, yet this secret departure at dawn certainly savours of the heroic.

She feels to need a great amount of heroism when she has touched the secret spring that moves the door on its hinges, and the yawning black chasm opens beneath her. All her old horror of darkness rushes over her. She carefully examines her lamp to be sure that its light will not fail her. She must dare this descent; it is her only chance of leaving the *château;* she understands nothing of the peculiar fastenings with which all the usual outlets are nightly secured.

What a little thing would have dis-

finds his saddle, and equips him as well as her unaccustomed fingers can secure buckle, and band, and strap. Then she mounts, and rides slowly out of the *basse-cour*, across the bridge, and adown the village street. It is like a village of the dead for quietness; only the faint, dreamy sound of animals in pasture or stall as they wake up with the day-dawn, and the plash and flow of the waters that encircle the *château*, greet her ear. She lets Jacquet walk until they have passed the last habitation, for she does not wish the sound of his hoofs to attract any inconvenient attention.

Outside the village she pauses and turns for one last look at the old *château* standing grim and stately on its green height. With a rush comes back to her the memory of all the happy days spent within its walls, of the first day she saw it girt about with sunshine, ringing in her coming with the merry sound of its waters.

Now they seem solemnly to chant a dirge. She thinks of the happy lace-makers, and of 'Lisbeth lying in her quiet bed on the hillside, of the good-natured little curé, and of all that must henceforth be to her only an undying memory.

As she gazes her last upon the old *château*, her vision grows dim, there is a blurred mist before her eyes. Sadly she turns Jacquet's head and rides away.

(*To be continued.*)

mayed and detained her! Just the flickering of her lamp, the tripping of her foot, but her caution is instinctive and extreme. She reaches the foot of the escalier in safety, sick, faint, and half paralysed with fear. She has hardly sense enough left to insert the key in the lock. She turns it with her last effort, and the silvery morning light falls about her like a veil. The day is broadening rapidly, birds are twittering, and flies already beginning to stretch their lazy wings. Carefully shading her lamp—for she will have need of it yet—her trembling knees carry her forwards.

Jacquet greets her with a little neigh of recognition, which is so human and so welcome in her loneliness, that she has much ado to restrain her tears. She

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College March. By George Asch.—A spirited and easy march. Good practice for our young pianoforte players to acquire decision of touch and correctness of time.

"*Pentre.*" Schottische impromptu. By Ernest Bennett Gilbert.—A decidedly good and well-marked schottische, not beyond the powers of a moderately-advanced young performer. The style is showy and pleasing.

Pensées d'un Solitaire. Composed by E. Bennett Gilbert.—"Les Pensées d'un Solitaire" is in three parts. The first movement, "La Plainte," reminds us rather of the well-known "Last Waltz" of Weber, although decidedly different. The melody is sweet and smooth, and easily executed. No. 2, "La Désireuse," also in waltz time, is expressive and unsettled. "This is followed by No. 3, "L'Ennui," characteristic and equally pleasing as the two first parts.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Metzler and Co.

April Song. Words by Theo. Marzials. Music by Georges Bizet.—An uncommon accompaniment to a well-written song for a soprano voice. Both words and music are of a pleasing character, as might be expected from such writers.

For Aye. Song. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Odoardo Barri.—"The message" that is wafted across the pathless sea is responded to by one equally faithful and true. The air and accompaniment are both expressive and full of energy as well as feeling.

When All the World is Young. Words by Canon Kingsley. Music by J. M. Coward.—J. M. Coward has caught, and produced in music, the character of the song that Canon Kingsley has graphically portrayed in words. There is a long symphony at the beginning, preparing for the coming song; the second verse of which is accompanied in a changed style, suited to the words.

Shaking Grass. By A. M. Wakefield.—Those who have heard A. M. Wakefield's "A Bunch of Cowslips" will be prepared to receive "Shaking Grass" with pleasure. The style is simple, although the subject is a trifle sad.

In the Wood. Words by Theo. Marzials. Music by Georges Bizet.—As usual, both writer and composer of this quaint descriptive song have worked together to give pleasure to the singer and listener. The song requires good singing and playing, and is written within a moderate compass.

In the Moonlight. Ballad. Written by Theo. Marzials. Composed by Lady Arthur Hill, and sung with the greatest success by Signor Campobello.—Lady A. Hill's "In the Gloaming" has made her name well-known, and Theo. Marzials's reputation requires no mention to render his words acceptable. "In the Moonlight" will not detract from the favourable opinion entertained for both poet and musician.

A. Cox.

Summer and Winter. Duet for tenor and contralto. Words and music by Walter Maynard.—An easy duet both for voices and accompanist. The parts are simple and quickly caught. With voices blending well together, this duet will be received with pleasure.

Life is full of Happy Hours. Duet for soprano and tenor. Words and music by Walter Maynard.—Another of Walter Maynard's vocal duets, suited for young, fresh voices. The arrangement is good, and the accompaniment easy.

Ding Dong. Duet for soprano and baritone. By Walter Maynard.—A duet sure to please. The ringing of the bell is well imitated, and comes in with telling effect. The arrangement is easy for each performer.

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

IV.—The Secret of Love.

A GIRL disappointed in love was once, they say, changed into a stream and forced to go all through the world in search of the object of her affections. She is not the only one to whom love has thus brought misfortune, and whose life has been overturned by an affair of the heart.

Perhaps, after all, such experiences have been nothing but the result of blundering and ignorance. Perhaps, my friends. Let us then look into the secret of love and see if we can secure a happier fate, by calling to our aid both reason and commonsense. The study at all events will prove interesting. "God," says some one, "opens a curious book for our instruction, when He sets us reading our own hearts."

It is a necessity of our nature that we should love something. Without love this would be a dull, miserable world, and even if one has only a little bit of a soul the want for love is felt and must be satisfied. "Without love, truly, is not to live, and all the wildest passions," says Fénelon, "by which people are led astray, are but true love which has wandered from its rightful sphere."

Of the helpfulness and advantages of love how much might be said! To us feeble people it brings strength and courage, and banishes weariness. We work hard for those we love and count it nothing, toiling on our way, like the prince in the fairy tale, who, to keep up his spirits, continually repeated the name of his princess. But it has been pointed out that while love is the strongest of the passions, it is at the same time the weakest: it is strong in daring, but weak in fears for the beloved object.

Love stirs us up to do hard work, and it also urges us to do good work. "Sweet maid," says the knight in the story, "if you love me I will try to prove worthy of your love." Dante for the sake of Beatrice "issued from the vulgar herd," and the same thing happens every day with less men than Dante and more obscure damsels than Beatrice.

Love, too, gives new insight and invests everything with a new charm. Hold fast to love if you would see and know. There is a sense, however, in which love blinds. The falsest description on earth, it is generally allowed, is a youth's account of the maiden he adores, and I have not forgotten how Susan's brother the other day brought me a poem written by Mary: it was in no way extraordinary, but to him it was wonderful and precious beyond telling, a little finer indeed than the finest production of genius he had ever seen.

It would be all very well, girls, if we could place our affections on right objects. But it often falls out otherwise. We become infatuated about the meanest things, and waste our enthusiasm on worse than nothing. "I once thought," says Lizzie, "that pure thoughts and the love of truth and beauty dwelt in the heart of every maiden, but I now see I was very much mistaken."

There is one affection which we may secure with the greatest ease—the love of self. But self-love is at the root of all our troubles, and those who cherish it are little better than spiritual and mental dwarfs. To have a great nature, and to be capable of growing still greater, we must cherish a profound attachment for some one outside of self. Maria, I have you in view in saying this. "Never mind me; I shall turn over a new leaf the day after to-morrow." Alas! Maria, you have been saying that ever since I remember.

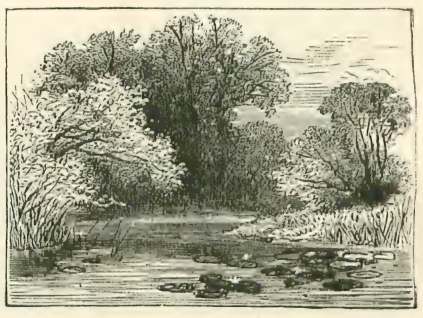
The secret of love is to be worth loving. Be lovable, girls, and the conquest of all hearts worth conquering is yours. To hold that secret is as good and likely to bring as much happiness as the lucky possession of a feather plucked from a fairy's wing. There are amongst you, I know, a few bright stars, girls of pure and disinterested affection, but they are only a few. Their composition is on the basis of twenty-nine atoms of heaven to one of earth, whereas the general rule is to give twenty-nine atoms of earth to one of heaven.

Some of you imagine that success in life means getting married. I am not going to discuss that question: as things go there is some foundation for your way of thinking. How important then is it that you should be truly lovable, so that there may never be remarked about you what a friend said to me the other day, "I have got a wife, but really she is no great prize."

How different is the case of Tom—I think you have heard me speak of him before. He lives in the country with one he loves. He rises with the sun and is happy; he walks and is happy; he works and is happy; he sees Alice and is happy; he leaves her and is happy still. Happiness is within him, and never departs for an instant.

Of course, there may be extraordinary circumstances in which a girl of a good and tender heart may remain lovely and unloved. But such a condition of things cannot endure long. Let me just hear of such a girl, and I shall think every minute a whole day till I come to her and whisper in her ear all those tender speeches which spring naturally from the heart of friendship and sympathy.

James Mason.



VARIETIES.

SIMPLICITY FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.—If a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plain dressed . . . . . It seems to me as a woman's face does na want flowers, it's almost like a flower itself . . . . . It's like when a man's singing a good tune, and you don't want t' hear bells tinkling and interfering wi' the sound.—*George Eliot.*

THE QUAKER AND THE THIEVES.—A Quaker, having been disturbed one night by footsteps around his dwelling, rose from his bed and cautiously opened a back-door to reconnoitre. Close by was an outhouse, and under it a cellar, near the window of which was a man busily engaged receiving the contents of his pork-barrel from another within the cellar. The Quaker approached, and the man outside fled. He stepped up to the cellar window and received the pieces of pork from the thief within, who after a little while asked his supposed accomplice, in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes; take it all," and the thief industriously handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker! Both were astonished; for the thief proved to be a near neighbour, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged the Quaker not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully never to steal again. The Quaker forgave him, and it is pleasing to relate that both the man and his accomplice turned over a new leaf, and became afterwards very worthy members of society.

POETRY AT HOME.—Poetry is to be found nowhere unless we carry it with us.

CHANGED OPINIONS.—Few books can please us through life. For some we lose all liking as we grow in age, wisdom, or good sense.

TASTE IN DRESS.—Women always show more taste in adorning others than themselves, and the reason is that their persons are like their hearts—they read another's better than they do their own.—*Richter.*

LIVING IN SUNSHINE.—Our houses should be on the hill-tops of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest on them, and when the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other people. She is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day.

THE LESSON OF SORROW.

Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her
Grief will pass away;
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day.

Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

A. A. Procter.

A BIRD FOR A PREACHER.—Looking out of his window one summer evening Luther saw on a tree a little bird making his brief and easy preparations for a night's rest. "Look!" said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, *leaving God to think* for him."

A CURE FOR AN UNKIND HUSBAND.—"A decent countrywoman," says an English divine, "came to me one market-day and begged to speak to me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and that knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell her what would cure him. 'The remedy is simple,' said I; 'always treat your husband with a smile.' The woman thanked me, dropped a curtesy, and went away. A few months after she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls. She told me, with great satisfaction, that I had cured her husband, and she begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. This was at once the victory of love and the reward of patience."

GRIEF IN THE WRONG PLACE.—A distinguished literary tourist was once found in a paroxysm of tears over the supposed tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, but it turned out to be only the ice-house. This reminds us of the traveller who, while weeping over what he thought was the grave of Collins, the poet, was roused from his reverie by the sexton saying, "That is the grave of Collins, the cobbler; Collins, the poet, lies buried yonder."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

T. JOHNSTONE.—Although we supply articles written by members of our staff on various subjects, we are unable to break our rules by advertising publications for instruction, or any article for sale, or to give information as to the prices of either. But should we have an opportunity for so doing, we may give a quotation from any letter received from "X. X." on the subject of the "Italian mandoline"—which you have failed to procure — and information as to whether an instruction-book for it is published, and also whether such instruments are to be had in England. We only reply to our correspondents through these columns; not by private letters.

LOVER OF STUDY.—The boundaries of the French Empire under Napoleon I. were perpetually changing, according to the successive victories achieved and defeats experienced. Amongst "the causes of the overthrow of his power" were the loss of a whole army in Russia; the victories gained over him in Spain and elsewhere by the Duke of Wellington; those of Austria, and likewise those of the Germans at Leipsic and elsewhere. But the first great blows struck at his power were undoubtedly those by Nelson at the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Of course, to those reverses we must add the gradual exhaustion of France herself. The greatest hero or military tactician must needs be supplied with soldiers, sailors, and ships to face such formidable foes by land and by sea.

THISBE.—1. The Woman's Educational Union has published a "List of Schools, Colleges, Lectures, and other means of education for women and girls in the United Kingdom," price 3d.; write for this to 1, Queen-street, Brompton, London, S.W., addressing the secretary. 2. With reference to the possible non-inspiration of the "Book of Esther" on account of the non-appearance in the history of the name of God, such an argument is valueless. Chapters, and verses, and many complete histories of events occur in other parts of Holy Writ, which Moses, Samuel, and the Prophets were divinely inspired to write, but in which the Sacred Name did not necessarily occur. If you take the trouble of searching the Holy Scriptures you will find many histories without it.

ENQUIRER.—With respect to clerkships in the Telegraph and Post Offices, candidates must apply for them in their own handwriting to the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, E.C. The candidates must be between the ages of 14 and 18, to whom a printed form will be sent. You would have to pass an examination in writing by dictation, in the four rules of arithmetic—simple and compound—and in the geography of the United Kingdom. Successful candidates are also required to pass through a medical examination, more especially in reference to sight and hearing.

XANTIPPE.—We do not at all understand to what "Book of Rates" you refer. If we learn anything we shall inform you of the same with pleasure.

COOKERY.

L. M. N.—If your "convalescent" friend be disposed to take soup, rather than much solid meat, we think that "mushroom soup" would prove agreeable as a change. Make the stock as for any other white soup, only adding as many mushrooms as will flavour it very strongly. The flat ones would serve the purpose the best. Strain them and the meat off, and add cream and eggs to thicken it. Stew some small mushrooms separately, from one dozen to three; the latter number probably not too many, if others partake with the "convalescent." Another dish to tempt a poor appetite may be found in "oyster loaves." Procure some small French-rolls, cut off the tops, and draw out the soft crumb; crumble it in very small pieces, and brown before the fire. Stew some oysters in their own salt water, with some breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, and a piece of butter rolled in flour. Fill the rolls; brown, and serve.

COTTAGE HOUSEKEEPER.—If you have so much rhubarb, why not make it into jam for the winter? Weigh 4 lbs. of sugar to 5 lbs of rhubarb, 1 oz. of bitter almonds (blanched), and the peel of two lemons cut finely. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, and secure well from damp and air.

ROSALIE.—We fancy that your oven must be an old one, and worn very thin at the side of the fire; for otherwise your flat tarts and biscuits would not have been over-baked in the time named. You will have to keep a slower fire. To make "moonshine eggs,"—butter some scollop-tins, strew into them some fine breadcrumbs, first mixed with finely chopped parsley, and a little pepper and salt. Then break an egg into each tin, strew some more of the crumbs and parsley over it, and a few small pieces of butter at the top; and bake to a nice brown. It would be regarded as an improvement by many to place a single slice of potato (previously boiled) on the last-named layer of crumbs and parsley; and then sprinkle a slight one on the potato, and place the butter on that. For this addition the tins should be proportionably deep.

LILLIAN B.—To preserve the green colour of gherkins, pickle them as follows:—Leave them in salt and water for three or four days, wipe them quite dry, and place in a stone jar. Boil one quart of vinegar for 10 minutes, with whole black pepper ½ oz., allspice, ¼ oz.; bruised ginger, 1 oz.; 4 cloves, 2 blades of mace, and a little horseradish. When boiling, pour it over the gherkins, cover the jar with vine-leaves, lay a plate over them, and leave all near the fire until the morning. Then drain off the vinegar, boil it again, and pour it a second time over the gherkins, cover with fresh vine-leaves, and leave till quite cold. Then tie down closely with a piece of bladder, and in a month or two they will be ready for use. Beware of using anything to give the pickles an artificial greenness of colour. 2. Certainly boil the custard, before pouring it over the "savoy pudding," and before the latter is baked in the oven.

MADGE.—To detect the presence of copper in the green colour of pickles or green tea.—Put some of either—if pickles, cut small—into a phial, with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia diluted with about half as much water. Then shake the bottle, and if there be the very smallest amount of copper present, the liquid will assume a beautiful blue colour. Read what we have said to "Lillian B." on the method of preserving the natural green colour of pickles.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SUNSHINE.—You should take up the carpet, have it well examined underneath and beaten, and have the floor scoured, and then washed over with turpentine. Perhaps the carpet should be sent to a cleaner's, as the most effectual way of getting rid of any insects. Spiders are said to eat woollen articles.

TWO SISTERS are recommended to read the following articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER:—"The Girls' Own Bedroom," vol. i., pages 229 and 456; "The Girls' House, and How They Furnished It," vol. ii., page 69; "Window Gardening," vol. ii., page 483. Much else has been said by us in reply to correspondence in reference to the decoration of a bedroom in an inexpensive way. Why not stencil the sides of the beams of your ceiling in the same shade of blue on a white ground, and "pick out" the grooved borders of the door-panels and framework with a light shade of blue likewise, to soften the effect? You might also stencil or paint inside an openwork design, cut in zinc or cardboard, on each panel in the same light blue colour. You might also lay on a braid of the same light shade on your dark blue curtains and *portière* to harmonise all.

ART.

IGNORANT ONE.—We give you credit for the execution of the pretty leaves and flower enclosed, painted without instruction. We think you will succeed very satisfactorily. As representing a "pressed specimen" you have done well; but if you desire to make a picture of a living plant in its proper relief, and with light falling upon some side, or the top of it—as must be the case in Nature—you must learn to put in half-tints and shadows, as well as strong and effective lights, on the flowers themselves, and to paint a background to throw them out into suitable relief. Procure a shilling manual at any artists' colourman's for study, and learn to lay on successive shades of every colour clearly at one stroke of the brush—filling it well at each dip into the colour; also practise outlines in pencil. Then proceed to painting the

groups, and afterwards the background and shadows (apart from them) on the table or background. We are glad that you have derived benefit from our magazine.

WORK.

MADGE.—Try holding the back of the velvet over a hot bottle, and laying a piece of blotting-paper on the pile of the velvet to soak up the grease. You may also scrape some French chalk on the back afterwards to absorb what remains in the web. Should the laying of the velvet on the hot bottle be found insufficient, try holding a hot poker near the web—but taking care not to scorch it—and, if that fails, hold it cautiously to the pile, laying the blotting-paper between them. Your writing is much too large and coarse-looking.

LIEBLING.—We are obliged to you for sending your recipe for reviving velveteen for the special "benefit of Janie. Brush the cloth well, lay it on a table. Take a very small piece of fresh butter, enough to cover a three-penny piece ; spread it on the palm of the hand, and rub the velveteen the wrong way of the nap. This, "Liebling" tells us, is a tried recipe, and may be safely used.

J. J. STEWART.—We are much obliged to you for your letter, and the recipe for cleansing lace and Indian muslin, which we here give to other readers :—Roll the long pieces up, place them in a basin, and pour the mixture, here below described, over them. Make a lather of boiling water and soap cut in small pieces, in a two pint jug ; add a dessertspoonful of spirits of ammonia and the same quantity of spirits of turpentine. Then rinse the lace in cold water, and roll round a bottle, carefully drawn out into place as rolled. No rubbing should be done. Indian muslin, under this method of cleaning, may be rendered like new ; being ironed, when dry, between a fold of linen. Sufficient of the spirits of ammonia and of turpentine may be had for a couple of pence each to make two or three such washings.

PHILANTHROPIST.—We quite agree with you as to the question of "tight" lacing ; but those who wear no stays at all must be very careful about their dress-making ; and their bodices will require whalebones, or delicate well-cased steels, to preserve their form. It is far from either pretty or economical to allow the bodice to draw up into wrinkles. Most of our stayless young friends present an appearance that we can only describe as that of the type "guy." The wearing of an inner close-fitting bodice or vest is essential to supply the degree of warmth that stays would have afforded. The name, "Rhoda," is pronounced as if written "Roda."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MORAYSHIRE LASSIE. — Queen Berengaria was the daughter of Sanchez, King of Navarre, and she survived her husband, Cœur de Lion, for about twenty-nine years ; or until the year 1230. Berengaria was crowned in Cyprus, immediately after her marriage, "Queen of England and Cyprus," and her husband "King of Cyprus" at the same time. She was with him when he died, April 6th, 1199. After becoming a widow she settled at Mans, where a great part of her foreign dowry was situated, and there founded the noble Abbey of Espan. She had much trouble in procuring her English dower from King John ; and the Pope interfered for her with him. After her meeting with him, and being treated with great honour at Chinon, she retired from the world into her own convent ; having been given her rights of Maine by Philip of France, and over which province she exercised sovereign power. She finished her life at Espan, near Mans, her own Abbey ; and there she was buried, and a fine effigy of her was there raised to her memory.

ROUGE GORGE.—The word which you spell "chindara" is probably *chandara*, which is the Persian for "a gift," or "contribution." If written somewhat differently, *i.e.*, *chandary*, it would signify "beetroot," in the same language. See Richardson's "Persian Dictionary," page 544.

MURIEL.—Although the term "gossip" appears in the plays of Shakespeare, and other works of the olden time—meaning nothing more than is signified by that of "neighbour"—its original application was to a sponsor for an infant at baptism. It was a contraction formed of two words, *i.e.*, "God" and "sib," a Saxon word which signified kindred or affinity, and so denoted "kindship in God."

DAME DURDEN.—No one should take off their bonnet or hat at a wedding breakfast. Of course you should take off your gloves at a meal.

SISSY.—The meaning of the word "ubique" is "everywhere"—nothing more. Certainly this magazine is very suitable for distribution in any hospital. We wonder that you should ask such a question. Try to spell better. Always refer to a dictionary when writing.

SESAME and LILIES.—1. To omit the prefix "Miss before the Christian name on a visiting card is an American vulgarism, which has crept in amongst a certain class in England. 2. We never heard of "visits of digestion." We fancy you mean after-dinner visits. Great intimacy alone could excuse them.

GIPSY.—Perhaps you have not observed that the Ten Commandments are divided into two distinct classes, the first four relating to our duty to God, and six to our duty to our neighbour. They were originally divided and written on two tables, and the obviously correct division is made according to the sense of the commands.

K. E. H.—We return your coins by post. None of them are of any value, and they are greatly obliterated. One is an English bank-token of George III. and Queen Caroline, bearing their heads, and a crane on the reverse. Another is Greek of about 2,000 years old ; a head on one side, and a centaur on the reverse. That with the *fleurs de lys* is a Mediæval French token. A fourth apparently the coin of some Gothic king. The coin with a square perforation is Chinese or Japanese ; and the other two worn out of recognition.

MURIEL.—1. Use soft water, if you can procure it, or put some bran or oatmeal in it. Also use glycerine and rose-water, mixed in equal parts, at night, after having washed your face. This will probably heal it. Fine skins suffer much from the prevalence of the east wind and from frost. At the same time, be sure that the roughness and redness of which you complain do not proceed from acidity, for which you need suitable medical treatment likewise. Delicate skins often suffer in the way you describe from exposure to a hot sun. 2. Although your letters do not all slope consistently the same way, we like your hand.

A LEARNER.—Baron Swedenborg was born in the year 1688, at Stockholm, and died in 1782 in London. His followers began to style themselves "The New Jerusalem Church" in 1788. He published fourteen volumes, in which there was a great mixture of grave error and truth, and much that was very beautiful. He was a religious fanatic, and claimed to have had direct communications from the unseen world. One of the terrible mistakes in his creed was (a heresy of the Sadducees) the denial of the resurrection of the body.

PINE-TREE SHILLING.—We regret to say that your coins are of no value as such. Most of them are merely tokens, and none are rare. No. 1, George III. ; 2, Austrian ; 3, Token ; 4, Irish bank token ; 5, George III. ; 6, token ; 7, William IV. ; 8, George IV. ; 9, Token ; 10, Danish coin ; 11, Tokens of mercantile houses ; 12, Danish coins ; 13, George III. ; 14, Louis XVI. of France ; 15, Jersey penny of Victoria ; 16, Manx coin of George III. ; 17, Token or medal ; 18, Irish coin or token ; 19, a token ; 20, Austrian farthing ; 21, a penny of George IV., Irish ; 22, silver coin of Charles IV. of Spain ; 23, silver coin of Louis Philippe of France ; 24, silver Danish coin. So far as we could judge of the rubbings of coins so much worn as those you sent us, we have given our opinion to the best of our ability.

NAN.—We can form no idea of the event or the signification of the allegory of which you give a sketch. You should write direct to the clergyman who preached respecting it, as we have not the aid of the context to serve as a clue to the reference made in the sermon.

FRENCH MERINO.—1. We quite understand how awkward your position might be if your pupil won a prize, while her governess failed in the same competition. Why not assume, as you now do, a *nom de plume* ? 2. If suffering from excess of perspiration, you may need a tonic ; if at night, when taking no exercise, you should consult a doctor. It is always bad for the hair, but it is a fine thing for the skin. Beware of any chills, and wear lighter clothing.

A NORMAN.—To mount seaweeds, read our articles in pages 176 and 494, vol. ii. Your verses show religious feeling, but lack the characteristics of poetry. They have no new original idea, and no beauty of rhythm. "Scarlet" and "fulfil it" do not rhyme ; the alliteration, ". . . ness" and "know," is bad ; and in the last line the beat lies on the wrong word, on the first and third foot, instead of the second and fifth. At any rate the metre, if correctly written, is what may be described as "jigady jog," and sounds like an old market-woman's nag cantering into town.

AURORA F.—The old rhymes to which you refer, we suppose, are the following :—

> "Monday's child is fair of face,
> Tuesday's child is full of grace,
> Wednesday's child is born to woe,
> Thursday's child has far to go,
> Friday's child is loving and giving,
> Saturday's child must work hard for its living ;
> But the child that is born on the Sabbath-day
> Is bonny and virtuous, blithe and gay."

We are not positive of the entire correctness of the last line. There is a second version of the same lines.

CLARISSA.—Never conclude a sentence with a preposition, as, "I am going to"—"do so" should be added. See Dr. Angus on the "English Tongue," so continually recommended. You will find every rule you need therein fully supplied. When gentlemen are seen in ball-rooms, and at every description of evening entertainment, they always carry a hat, so made as to fold flat, and manufactured for the purpose of evening use, on occasions when the wearer is otherwise in suitable costume. Such hats are always carried under the arm.

WILTSHIRE GIRL. — Take some male relative or female friend of a certain age—a householder if possible—with you to the cleaners', and desire them, in the presence of your companion, to return you the ostrich feather, "cleaned or not cleaned ;" and say that neither of you will leave the shop until they return it to you. If they still refuse, tell them that after going to them for this tenth time, you will go to a magistrate, and at once take the steps he recommends.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—See our articles on "The Art of Verse-making," vol. ii., pages 378 and 502. There are certain fixed rules, but writers who possess poetical genius are permitted a certain degree of what is termed "poetical license ;" such breaches of these rules as are made by them only adding in some sufficiently grand and striking manner to the beauty of the poem, to justify that departure from them. "Julius Cæsar" is written in blank verse, the lines consisting of ten feet each, and with the appropriate breaks—which, of course, must never occur in immediate succession at the same place. Sometimes a poem or drama in blank-verse is agreeably diversified by the introduction of some verses in rhyme ; and by Shakespeare often by two final lines in "Heroics"—lines of ten feet each in rhyme.

A READER. — Numbers 1 and 2 are Chinese or Japanese coins, of no value ; and No. 3 is a French *sou* of the reign of a Louis ; but so much appears to be obliterated, that we can tell you no more.

GIPSY II.—It is very unlikely that any opportunity will be offered to you of "emigrating" as a companion to an invalid lady. Such persons do not "emigrate ;" they visit resorts suitable for certain conditions of health, and few seek attendants out of the circle of their own families. If you wish to emigrate, go to some friends, and then see what situation of any respectable description they may procure for you. But consult them before deciding on going. If you prefer to undertake a few years of severe work and self-denial, we advise you to try it first, for the period of probation required in all hospitals before making-up your mind definitively on the question. See "Nursing as a Profession," by S. F. A. Caulfeild, vol. i., page 454.

NAMELESS CORRESPONDENT.—We can only say to you what we have just said to "Gipsy II."

E. SUFFOLK. — Unfortunately you omitted to name your question ! Four sides of note-paper were filled with other things, and telling us that you are "going in for" something, but do not say what ! Under such difficulties as these, in the way of our obliging you with an answer, we can only say write again, and do not omit the query.

MARY LIGONIER.—We are not acquainted with the old ballad called "The first grey hair."

LILAC.—Perhaps you eat too fast, or study too soon after meals, or you are in too low a state, and need better diet to enrich your blood. This appears to be the case. We refer you to all that has already been said in our paper respecting the complexion. See the indices.

READER.—It is deemed expedient that only certain hours of the day should be pronounced legal for the performance of the marriage service ; but a special permission may be obtained by anyone—not by a Royal Duke only—when there are reasons sufficient to render an application for such permission desirable. We do not advertise nor give information respecting prices.

ANNIE sends an impertinent letter ; at the same time we overlook her ignorance of good manners, and of her proper place. Cookery classes are held at South Kensington. Whether she will prove an apt scholar, or obtain a first-class situation in some great house, it is impossible to say. An opening might be found in some country town for teaching ; and classes formed—for the gentry in the morning or afternoon, and for the working classes and servants in the evening. Some little capital would be requisite for hiring a room, firing, and light, and providing materials on which to demonstrate the instructions. If Annie has not the means required for this first expenditure—kitchen utensils included—she will have to take a situation.

MIDGE.—Perhaps an application of sal volatile might afford some relief to the parts bitten or stung by midges. If much troubled at night, place your candle outside your door, leaving the latter wide open, just before going to bed. All flies are attracted to light, and most of the gnats and mosquitoes will fly out to it. After a short time, take the candle in again, and shut the door quickly. You might also sponge your face and throat with vinegar and water, as they object to the smell and taste ; and if the plague be very great, procure a large stiff piece of coarse net, make it into a bag, and pull it over your head and neck when you lie down in bed, tucking the open edge under the bed-clothes. If you keep the net far out from your face, it will not incommode you, and the tormentors will have to keep at a respectful distance. We write at some length, because so many need advice on this subject.

SEA-SPRAY.—1. We are glad that you like our articles on etiquette so much. When your gentleman neighbour at a dinner table cannot hold his own plate without stretching his arm across you, of course you should pass it on or hold it for him. 2. Yes, if you have conversed with a gentleman at a friend's house you should bow to him on a subsequent meeting. It need not involve any more intimate acquaintance.

NO GREEK SCHOLAR.—Your motto is incorrectly written, which is a quotation from the *Alcestis* of Euripides. The translation is this:—"How should a perfect woman behave herself?"

DAISY SALTBURN.—The fable to which you refer does not appear in Æsop, Gay, or La Fontaine; and the learned Bochart, the Dutch author, whose "Index" dates from the year 1350, makes no allusion to any fable relating to the "Chameleon and Two Travellers." If we discover its authorship we will inform you of the same with pleasure.

KATHLEEN.—Your digestion is feeble; get a medical man to prescribe, not only in the ordinary way, as we alone could, but with reference to your particular constitution and a knowledge of your habits. Your mother is quite right. A quickly-taken bath of warm, or nearly warm, water for the purpose of cleanliness and the benefit of friction might be suitable for you. But your mother knows more about you than we can; and the same treatment cannot suit everyone.

E. G.—We regret that we have not any opening at present for casual contributors, thanking you for your offer. We quite coincide with your views as to recommending young women to seek engagements as a "Mother's Help," rather than one as governess.

BRAT.—1. There is one golden rule to which, amidst all the varieties of opinion which exist as to what is innocent and what is objectionable, no exception can be taken, and which is especially applicable to your case, viz., rather deny yourself what you might otherwise claim the liberty of doing than do anything while under your father's roof to hinder his usefulness and scandalise the prejudices of some of his parishioners. 2. The last style of head-dress for lawn tennis is a soft, light-coloured felt hat, either painted or embroidered in coloured flowers, such as poppies or sunflowers. These should be worked half way down on the side of the crown, and half way across the top. See our monthly article on dress.

ONE WISHING TO LEARN.—Modern languages should be acquired before "dead" ones. Let French, German, and Italian precede Latin. Although your hand be insufficiently sloped, we only recommend your reducing its dimensions a little. We are glad that you like our paper. For those desiring to emigrate to newer localities we recommend Muskoka. Rosseau can be reached by rail and boat from Toronto, and offers many advantages. You would miss the sunshine of Canada if you returned to Scotland.

DOLLY.—Perhaps you have dark eyes and hair, and in this case to be pale is very general, and does not indicate any delicacy. "Leave well alone." You do not wish us to propose your trying raw beefsteaks on your cheeks at night to produce a colour, as some vain folks did in the eighteenth century; or even to propose your keeping a butcher's shop, as a colour appears to be the usual result! You write a beautiful hand, a fact we venture to observe, although unasked.

GERALDINE.—We are pleased to be able to tell you that we are already preparing separate volumes of articles and stories from this magazine. The first of the series is "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," illustrated by M. E. Edwards; now ready, price half-a-crown.

ROSE.—To destroy the blight on the rose-trees you might burn some brimstone on a shovel under them, and we think that the fumes would destroy it. With a little more care you would write well, but your "g" is a very poor specimen of its kind.

JESSIE.—You will find more answers than one in our correspondence on the subject of "Stammering." The difficulty which you find in sounding "sh" may be obviated by throwing forward the lower jaw, so as to bring the upper and lower teeth together on the same line of the facial angle.

ONE CHARMED.—We are gratified by your kindly telling us of the great interest taken in our paper by your husband as well as yourself. But if, as you say, you "both sit in one arm-chair to read it together," we advise you to look well to the legs of that much-tried chair, or you all three will inevitably "come to grief"!

CAMBRIDGE SENIOR.—We should not have imagined that it required much penetration to perceive that such answers as we supply must have been elicited by genuine letters of inquiry. But allowance must be made for inferior powers of discrimination. Your friends may be very good, and that is worth more than brightness and ability. A "negation," on the contrary, is "intended," in the passage, "*Mahomet toutefois n'empêcha pas que*," &c. A single negative, as, *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, means "only." We are glad to hear of your father's high approval of this paper. Of course, he knew that our correspondence was not "all made-up."

M. A. Y.—Wills, or copies of the same, are kept at Doctors' Commons. Inquire for the one you desire to see at Somerset House, in the Strand, W.C., and for this you will only have a fee of one shilling to pay.

LADY JANE.—We are obliged to you for having so good an opinion of our work for "the girls" and others; but if you consider that you have "taken in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for many years, and hope to do so for many more," we fear the existence before this magazine will be very brief indeed, this being only our third year! You should cleanse your paint-brushes in turpentine.

ELEANOR.—No mourning whatever is worn by parishioners for the rector or vicar. If put on by any of them, it could only be done as a matter of purely personal feeling.

M. Y. R. R. H. appears to think that we do not know our letters, or she would not add after her initials—"not A. L. O. E." How could we mistake them, one set for the other? She says further, "A philosopher once said, 'He who drives fat cattle should himself be fat,' and the late deeply lamented Henry Wadsworth Longfellow said, 'Be *not like* dumb driven cattle.' How do you reconcile these two statements?" The philosopher simply meant to say that none can so keenly feel for the sufferings of the poor fatted beasts driven to the slaughter when scarcely able to walk as the butcher or drover who is himself "suffering under the burden of the flesh," and who must "take the road easily." Under these circumstances the cattle gain the benefit of his corpulence. There was no sort of contradiction given to this statement by Longfellow, for any personal resemblance to cattle was certainly not intended. He simply meant that we were to use our own human intelligence and energies, and not require to be "driven" to do our duty, like the dumb beasts. Did our young friend imagine that the poet was objecting to any personal likeness between them and ourselves? and that he included the peculiarities of four legs and a pair of horns—or only the two long ears?

PASHA.—Henry V. was crowned in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, April 9th, 1413. His coronation is the only one represented in the structure of the Abbey itself; being sculptured on each side of his chantry. A terrible thunderstorm was going on at the time, and supposed to be a sign of some great conflagration impending certain towns. Henry V. was also crowned "King of France" in Paris, after the battle of Agincourt; and his French Queen, Katharine, was crowned Queen of England on their return from that country.

SCOTTISH LASSIE.—When public toasts are drunk, it is said that they are "drunk with all the honours;" and to give "three cheers" is usually the way of showing due honour to a country or an individual whose long life and prosperity are desired. Sometimes, to show still more honour, they call for "three times three," and cry "hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" nine times. In the old song, which you quote, the words are awkwardly placed, and thus very naturally misled you into supposing that there were "three honours" especially credited to Scotland, such as certain heroic deeds or splendid discoveries, &c. In fact, they were not attributed, but paid to her.

GRUMPY.—We do not at all know to what warrior you refer by the description you give. You write a pretty hand. Do not abbreviate your words—as, for example, thus: "can't" instead of "cannot," or "I'm" for "I am," as some others do; it is a vulgar style. We are glad that you propose to work for the Princess Louise School.

UNE PARISIENNE.—The name "Maurice" is Latin, and signifies "sprung from a Moor." The names "Eliza" and "Elizabeth" are Hebrew, and mean "the oath of God." We are much pleased to hear from you, and are glad that your parents sympathise with you in your approval of our magazine. All "girls" are "our girls," and this publication is designed for the pleasure and benefit of readers of every nationality. If you wrote with a better pen your hand would be much improved.

J. B.—A "spectroscope" is an instrument employed for determining the chemical constituents of substances by examining the spectra of their flames exhibited in it. It consists of a tube, at one end of which is a convex lens, and at the other of an adjustable opening, long and narrow. Professors Bunsen and Kirchoff have written and published in reference to spectrum analysis, and Dr. Roscoe has made a translation of the same from the German.

LLANTHONY.—The ruins of Llanthony Abbey are situated at a distance of ten miles from Abergavenny, Monmouthshire. It was a Cistercian Priory, built at about the end of the twelfth century. There is a tolerable inn in the "Old Prior's House," and the road goes up through the valley for four and a half miles to a mountain village called *Capel-y-Ffin*. Near this stands the modern building erected as a monastery.

AN OBSERVER.—We thank you for giving us an account of your ancient May-Day festivals at Otley, and regret that these pleasant old English gala days should be so observed and incur such unnecessary expenditure as to result in their disuse. If thus come to an end at Otley, at least the good folks at Knutsford have managed their festivals better, and the country people and children still enjoy their celebration of the advent of flowers.

E. J. MILNER'S SISTER.—"Christmas Roses" was not designed to form a part of either the second or third vol. of this magazine; but there is no reasonable objection to its being bound with the numbers of either.

(Drawn by Madena Moore.)

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.

A Scene at the University of London, May 10th, 1882

[*See page* 682.

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MAY GOLDWORTHY;

A SEQUEL TO

"THE QUEEN O' THE MAY."

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

RETURNED FROM HER TRAVELS.

MORE than a year has passed since we parted with Madeline Goldworthy. We left her at Derwen surrounded by all she loved best; we find her in North Wales filling the important post of *prima*

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donna at a large concert, given in aid of the sufferers from a great colliery explosion. Since we saw her last she has spent many months abroad with her father, but her heart has ever been, and still is, in her beloved Wales. As she sits on the broad platform, the centre of observation and attraction, she looks sweet and simple as ever, but so thoroughly a lady that the large assembly before her ask if she can possibly be the young girl whom many of them remembered at the competition at the Crystal Palace. But the wonderful tissue of golden threads that interweave so perplexingly about her head convinces them. She is surrounded by the best musicians, both vocal and instrumental, of the principality—amateurs and professionals—yet she is not nervous. Although she has not sung in public since that first essay with the great Welsh choir, she is neither shy nor perplexed, for she is going to use her talent for the benefit of others, and she has resolved to do her best. Song is as easy as speech to her, and flows from her more readily, so she concentrates her mind on what she is about to do, and when her turn comes, she performs her part easily and without embarrassment. She ignores self, and thinks only of the maimed colliers yet alive, and the widows and orphans of the dead.

The music is principally Welsh, so she is in her element, and when the instrumentalists begin with an overture composed of native melodies, she can scarcely keep her seat for enthusiasm. She has not heard such, to her, soul-stirring strains for at least twelve long months, and although she has been in Italy and Germany, and listened and learnt with loving will, she returns to the airs of her childhood with honest affection. And then the harps! the dear harps! How charmed she is to hear them again!

Her first song is "The Rising of the Lark," and she might almost be the bird itself, so sweet and penetrating is her voice. And while it soars aloft or sinks earthwards, she is thinking of the cause for which her "long-drawn cadences" arise, and ignoring self, touches all hearts. She is applauded, encored, and made to sing again and again. With a simple grace that is singularly her own, she acknowledges the compliments lavished upon her, and before the concert concludes has sung, not only in the native Cymric, but in English, German, and Italian. Let those who remember the "Queen o' the May" when she performed her innocent, pantomimic dance at Derwen Fawr, think of her, now she has grown up, as the same artistic and unconscious May as then. Let them also greet her as one whose affections are as strong for the old friends and the old scenes as when she dwelt among the mountains of her beloved Derwen.

"Where is she? What has become of her?" sounded in the concert-room when the concert ended.

"She left as soon as she had sung her last song," replied the conductor. "She has made the concert a great success, and is certainly a charming singer."

Yes; May had disappeared alone through a private door, concealed from observation by a veil and light cloak. She had hastened down the principal street of the town to a small house in its suburb, where she found her father.

"Dear papa, how have you got on? Have you taken your medicine, and did Mrs. Lewis bring you the beef-tea?" she said, entering a pretty room that looked upon a glorious view of mountains.

"Yes, my darling; I have performed all your orders with miraculous exactitude," replied Mr. Goldworthy, putting his arm round her as she stooped to kiss him.

He was lying on a sofa, evidently out of health. But his malady was more of the body than of the mind, though touching both. His face was thin and pale, but his eyes were clear and calm, having lost the restless expression they had when May was restored to him.

"What an endless concert it has been!" he said, when May, having taken off her things, busied herself at the tea-table, laid against her return. "I tried to paint a little, but strength failed me; then I made an effort to read, and wanted your opinion of the book. I am sadly selfish, but every minute seems an hour when you are away."

"Dear papa, I thought it would never come to an end. It would have been over long ago but for the encores. As Mr. Minister says, they wanted enough for their money," returned May, laughing.

"They encored my darling, doubtless! Why was I not there? Had you much applause? If so, what will great-grandfather say when he reads the papers?"

"I am afraid he will think me very bold. But I could not refuse, dear papa. You said so. And if I have helped to raise money for the explosion fund, I feel almost sure he will forgive my singing in public. My heart was with that sad explosion at Derwen years ago all the time I was singing; and it seems strange that Cousin Meredith should have had a narrow escape of his life in this North Wales explosion, as he had in the South."

"He is always where duty calls. If I had been like him, I should be a rich man now, instead of a poor one. But I am rich in you, my child."

"And I in you, dear papa. And we shall have plenty of money when you are able to paint again and I begin to teach."

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of May's old friends, Mrs. Richards and her two unmarried daughters.

"Why did you run away?" they asked, breathlessly. "Such a success, Mr. Goldworthy! You would have been proud could you have been present."

"Hush!" said the father, with a glance at May. "Take not the bloom from the peach, the blush from the rose. I am glad she did not disappoint you, Mrs. Richards," he continued. "It was kind of you to come so far out of your way, first to take her to the concert, and now to visit us again."

"It was kind of you to let her sing, and of May to be so ready, and—to do so well," said Mrs. Richards.

The fact was, that Mr. Richards and his family had now taken up their abode at their handsome new house on their North Wales property, which was distant about six miles from the county town at which the concert was held. Having heard from Mrs. Everton that May was in London again, they procured her address, and wrote to ask her to come and sing for the benefit of the miners. Her father was much out of health, but roused himself so far as to beg she would not refuse. She, thinking most of him, demurred; but it ended by his declaring that he believed the bracing air of North Wales would restore him to health, and so she gladly acceded to Mrs. Richards's request. That lady took the small lodgings for them in which they were located, and to which they had come the previous evening; and she had called that same morning to chaperon May to the concert and introduce her to her fellow performers. All arrangements concerning the songs to be sung had been made previously, by letter, and May's fame as an accomplished vocalist had preceded her, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Richards.

"Will you have some tea?" asked May, doubtfully; for she never forgot the old distinction between the rank of the inhabitants of the two Derwens.

"I shall be thankful for it, May," replied Mrs. Richards, "for we shall not get home in time for dinner. You must come and see us at our new house, Mr. Goldworthy. It is even more among the mountains than this."

May rang for cups, and an elderly Welshwoman appeared, upon whom she looked already as an old friend. Indeed, she longed to throw her arms about her and embrace her for her grandmother's sake. It was like paradise, she said, to hear her speak in the native language, and she declared it sweeter than Italian, more expressive than French, and as capable of inflection as German. Her father repeated this to Mrs. Richards with an amused air.

"I am glad she is so patriotic," said Mrs. Richards. "But I am afraid you do not like Wales, Mr. Goldworthy, or you would not have quitted it so quickly when you last visited us at Derwen."

"The fact was, that when Meredith left I could not endure the stillness," returned Mr. Goldworthy. "You may remember that he was suddenly called away to superintend the works elsewhere, and although my darling devoted herself to me and was like a good fairy in that lonely place, I grew so restless, that when Minister came we agreed to travel for the general good. He argued that it would be for my Madeline's benefit to visit foreign lands, and I covered my own selfishness under that cloak, for I did not wish her altered or improved out of her own sweet self."

"Dear papa, you forget!" interjected May, colouring.

"I do. We are in the habit of complimenting one another in private, Mrs. Richards, until we quite forget ourselves in public. She thinks me the first of artists; I look on her as the pearl of—everything, in short; and we tell one another so until we quite believe it."

"Everyone at Derwen was surprised at your leaving so suddenly. When Mr. Morrison came back he would not credit it," said Mrs. Richards.

"I am afraid I offended them all," sighed Mr. Goldworthy, glancing furtively at May. "We rarely hear from Meredith. Where is he now?"

"In the North of England, I believe. Mr. Richards hopes to settle him in time, but he is so clever and useful, that he has become a kind of general-inspector. His father has taken his place at Derwen, and occupies the house he had."

"Uncle Laban at Glenpant!" exclaimed May. "Cousin Meredith in England! How strange it seems. Great-grandfather says his sight is bad, and writes but seldom. He has not told us this."

"It has only just happened, May, since we came north, and the changes have been so rapid during the last twelve months that I scarcely know where I am myself," laughed Mrs. Richards.

The events were briefly as follows:—May and her father only remained a few weeks at Meredith's house. They were cheerful and happy so long as he was with them, and passed their days sketching and visiting their friends and their evenings in his pleasant company. But when he was suddenly called away, May soon became aware that her father's spirits sank, and symptoms of his old depression returned. She wrote to her friend, Mr. Minister, and spoke to her grandfather about it. The former at once proposed a foreign tour; the latter took her in his arms, blessed her, and bade her ask the Lord for direction and strength.

"It seems as if I could never leave you again, dear great-grandfather," May had said.

"We must be parted soon in the course of nature, May *fach*," he had replied. "We will thank our Heavenly Father that we have

met again, and thou wilt do thy duty by thy earthly one."

And so, with hasty adieux, ill-suppressed tears, and heartfelt regrets, May again bade farewell to the scenes and friends she loved so dearly, to visit lands of which she had scarcely dreamed.

When Meredith returned, his temper, which was naturally hasty, was roused. He said to his grandfather that he knew Goldworthy was a proud man, and he believed that he was tired of intercourse with his wife's humbler relatives. Meredith was himself proud and sensitive when he imagined that his superiors by birth slighted him, so he spoke as he felt. Evan had his suspicions, also; born when Goldworthy had taken away his sweet Mary, nurtured during all the intervening years, but crushed down when his son-in-law brought May back to stay amongst her kith and kin. Still, not only he, but all May's friends, believed, and not quite unnaturally, that her father, who was a gentleman by birth and education, found a residence amongst them unpleasant, and had left hastily accordingly. They made no excuses for the nervous and morbid temperament, for they did not rightly understand it; but they felt aggrieved. There had been an unnatural stiffness in the leave-takings of Aunt 'Lizbeth and the cousins, which May would have failed to comprehend but for her grandmother, who could not restrain the pertinent remark—

"This comes of our Mary's marrying out of her own station. Once people do go to London, 'tis all over with 'em."

And when May was far away Evan failed to convince either Peggy or the other members of his large family that she was quite the May of her early days. Even Meredith would have it she was altered just because she and her father had left his hospitable abode so suddenly. He even fancied that they had done so to avoid his seeking a nearer and dearer connection with them; and when his grandfather told him that Mr. Goldworthy had echoed his wishes on that head, he laughed bitterly, and assured the old man that his son-in-law was more ambitious for May than he had been for himself; and as to May, her feelings were purely cousinly; indeed, how should they be otherwise, since she was still but a child?

Old Evan sighed, and prayed that all might come right, though he should not live to see it.

But there was undoubtedly an estrangement which May felt rather than understood. She wrote "home," as she phrased it, regularly. She wrote a long letter to Meredith, at her father's request, explaining, as best she might, their hasty departure; but she felt that his reply was strained. It pained her sadly, but she did not comment upon it to her father, whose temporary depression demanded cheerfulness in those around him. Neither could she allude to it to Meredith himself, for she thought it possible he might have met with some new "Miss Edith" in his wanderings, and so was preoccupied by her. She could but remember how that she, his little cousin, had been but a childish confidante in those days, but that, being now a woman, he might be more reticent.

"I should love him just as dearly were there a dozen Miss Ediths," she had said to herself, over and over again, with tears in her eyes.

Nevertheless, she had been absent from Wales more than twelve months, and had felt intuitively that there was some sort of cloud between her beloved country and herself which she could not penetrate. But she had not much time for selfish meditations. Her father, and, for that much, her friend Mr. Minister, were never happy when she was absent from them, and even her letters were written by snatches.

"I suppose Meredith is a rising young man?" asked Mr. Goldworthy of Mrs. Richards; for he was unconscious of this estrangement, and had often thought of those words of old Evan's, when they were so happy together at the little farm.

"He has risen, Mr. Goldworthy," replied Mrs. Richards. "He is received everywhere and much considered. His talents and honesty combined have won him the esteem of everybody we know."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed May, involuntarily.

"And the young ladies are all in love with him because he is so good-looking," put in Miss Richards.

But May could not reiterate, "I am so glad," to this information, but only wished she could see him again.

"How did you think great-grandfather was when you left Derwen Fawr, Miss Bertha?" she asked, as if to cover the confusion she felt at the idea of the young ladies admiring Cousin Meredith.

"He seemed just the same as ever, and managed to get to church in the waggonette every Sunday. We always picked him and Peggy up. And Dai Bach is very good to them—almost like you, May. He manages to play the organ, and the vicar and my sister are making a collection to send him to London to have him regularly trained."

"That is what Mrs. Richards wished to do for me," said May, with a smile. "Dai Bach is quite taking my place. How can great-grandfather get to church now that you have left Derwen Fawr?"

"Nothing has been changed there yet. My father goes occasionally, and my sister sees to things. The schools and the institute are the difficulty; but your uncle Laban does his best, and when Mr. Morrison is in the neighbourhood he superintends everything; he has such a head for organisation, papa says."

"What makes my darling look sad?" suddenly interposed Mr. Goldworthy, as May's expressive face underwent many changes.

"Not sad, dear papa," replied May, with a radiant smile, rising, and laying her hand on his shoulder. "We were only talking of great-grandfather and the dear old scenes. I am glad, not sad, for Miss Bertha says he is really quite well."

"We will go there again, some day," he said, with a sigh.

"Your father promises to come and spend a few days with us, May," said Mrs. Richards, rising to go, for the carriage was at the door. "You must keep him up to it. He tries to get out of it by saying that you expect Mr. Minister; but you must bring him also; we have plenty of room. We will send for you next Tuesday, if we do not hear to the contrary. Thank you for singing so beautifully. You must bring your music, and your father shall do what he likes, and we will all help to nurse him."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" cried May, as Mrs. Richards kissed her affectionately.

She went to the door to see them off. She heard a few words in Welsh from the coach-box, and, looking up, saw an old friend.

"Mr. Gwillem! How do you do? I am so glad to see you again," she cried, and stretched arm and hand to meet the coachman's, who had been an important personage in her old world.

"Is that one of my darling's friends? Then he must also shake hands with me," said her father, and shook Gwillem's hand, to the amazement of the bystanders, and, perhaps, slightly to the annoyance of the Misses Richards.

"Now we are alone again we will resume that article on art," he said, wearily.

"No, dear papa; you must come for a walk with me. I have been all day in the crowded concert-room, and long to wander into the sunset glow. Look at it flushing the mountains and flooding the river!"

"As thou wilt, sweet poetess," replied her father; and in a few moments their steps were turned westward towards the rapid river that foamed among the mountains.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

In the Wrong.—When a girl is in the wrong and won't admit it she always gets angry.

An Easy Proceeding. — To pooh-pooh what we are never likely to possess is wonderfully easy. In Æsop it is the tailless fox that advocates the disuse of tails. It is the grapes we cannot reach that we call sour.

Surprising Generosity.—"Generous to a fault" may be said of many girls. At least they are generous enough to their own faults.

The Passions Purified.—The passions must be purified. They may all become innocent if well directed and controlled. Hatred itself may be a praiseworthy emotion if provoked in us by a lively love of God, and directed against what is evil in God's sight. Whatever purifies the passions renders them stronger, more lasting, and more delightful.

Becoming Distinguished.—If you are poor, distinguish yourself by your virtues; if rich, by your good deeds.

Double Acrostic.

Where'er my first is found, my second's sure to be;
Judge by your own experience . . . you will see.

1. From these tri-colour'd flow'rs the fondest thoughts and mem'ries rise.
2. The glorious prism of heav'n, with all its thousand glowing dyes.
3. The lily maid, whose hopeless love the poet hath enshrin'd.
4. Ah! if we lose or waste it, this we never-more may find!
5. The winding stream that "cuts me here a monstrous cantle out."
6. The time of love without mistrust, of faith without a doubt.
7. A virtue, with "a lively sense of benefits to come."
8. A hill, where shepherds found an infant prince and took him home.
9. A Kentish hamlet, where are seen two lofty sister towers.
10. "Church of Three Saints," a triple crown of peaks the town embowers.
11. A Roman emperor, by whom a barrier was erected,
    By which his northern subjects from their foes might be protected.

Ximena.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Words by MRS. HEMANS. *Music by* NATALIE.

Andante molto tranquillo.

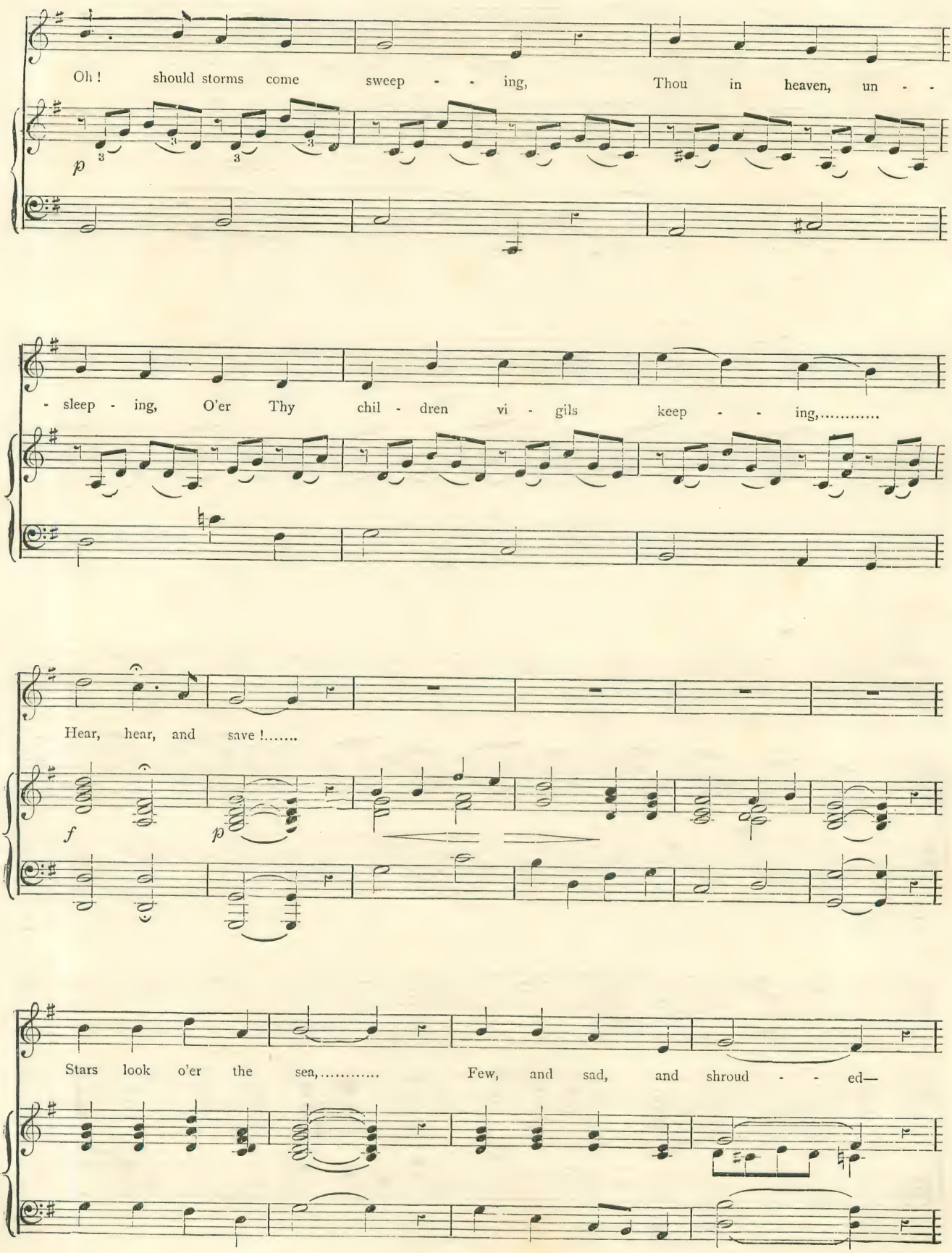
PIANO.

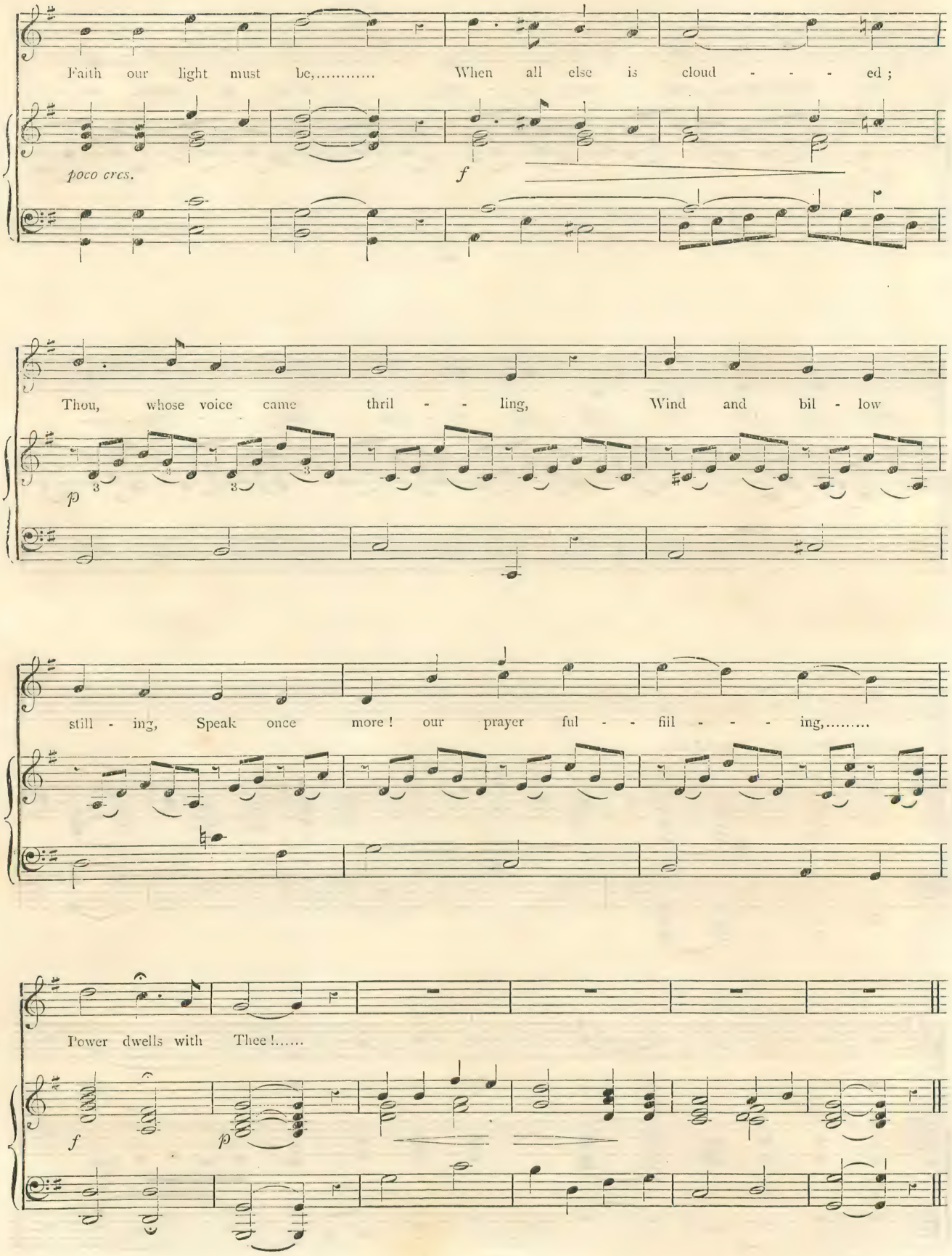
p

Night sinks on the wave,..... Hol - low gusts are sigh - - - ing,

Sea - birds to their cave..... Through the gloom are fly - - - - - ing—

poco cres. *f*


Oh! should storms come sweep - - ing, Thou in heaven, un - -
p
- sleep - ing, O'er Thy chil - dren vi - gils keep - - ing,.....
Hear, hear, and save!.....
f
p
Stars look o'er the sea,..... Few, and sad, and shroud - - ed—


Faith our light must be,..... When all else is cloud - - - ed ;
poco cres.
f
Thou, whose voice came thril - - ling, Wind and bil - low
p
still - ing, Speak once more ! our prayer ful - - fil - - - ing,.....
Power dwells with Thee !.....
f
p

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

A NEW RESOLUTION.

In the cold, chill morning young Finlay crept into Denzil's chamber. He could hear him breathing heavily in the dark. He had provided himself with matches, and fumbled about till he found the gas-burner.

The flash of light roused the sleeper, and he started up, saying pettishly—

"Who is there?"

"It is I—Robert Finlay," the other answered; "and this is New Year's day. Last night was the last night of the old year," he added, with intentional significance.

Denzil had scarcely come to himself; but he could realise that his head was aching, and that he felt thoroughly miserable, both in mind and body. He had but the most hazy recollection of anything that had happened during the evening before.

"It was you who let me in last night, was it not?" he asked.

"Yes, it was," Robert answered, briefly.

"What a mercy it was not the old lady or my sister," said Denzil. "What a fuss there would have been!"

"'The old lady,' as you call Miss Milne, knows all about it," observed Robert Finlay. "She had friends with her last evening, as perhaps you know; but directly they were gone I told her the truth."

"Oh, bother it! Well, but she must know what students are—and it was only for once—and the last night of the year, too! And if she does want to turn us out, well, I shall be glad enough to go—I never have liked the place—if she only will let us go without telling Faith the reason."

"But Miss Alleyne ought to know it," persisted Robert Finlay.

Denzil looked at him. His wits were growing clearer, and he was beginning to understand what sort of man this fellow-lodger of his was, and how he would regard the whole state of the case. Nay, Denzil Alleyne could not see how it must look through Robert Finlay's eyes without seeing it so with his own also. He had a fatal facility for seeing everything with the eyes of those about him. As the chameleon of the fables was said to change its colour to that of anything overshadowing it, so there are people who seem to have no character of their own, but to be mere reflections of the characters nearest them. Science has shown that the chameleon is no mere reflector, but has an organism specially capable of varying in colour in different states of excitement, and the same may be true of the fickle human being who resembles it. But it does not follow that therefore science has destroyed the moral of the old fables; that remains much the same, whether the varied shade is produced or induced by a varying neighbour. In either case, there is no permanence in it.

"I believe it will half break her heart," he said, in a low voice.

Robert Finlay was instantly touched. It seemed to him at once that the half-reckless bravado of Denzil's first remarks had been assumed, and that this was the real thing to be reached when one got deep enough down. Poor Robert required to fortify himself in righteous severity; he said to himself that he must not soften truths.

"It must pain her terribly, of course," he answered; "and when anything like this happens once, it shakes one's faith in the future, naturally."

"That's it," cried Denzil; "she will never again be at ease about me. That's why I think she need not be told, and I'll make up my mind that it shall never happen again. There! I'll give you free leave to tell her at once if it ever happens again!"

"But do you think a resolution for the future can be well based on a desire to escape the consequences of the past?" asked Robert.

He spoke shyly. He was so sorry for his fellow student's humiliation.

"It needn't be for myself that I'm thinking about the consequences," said Denzil, with something very like a sob. "But poor little Faith! If anybody had told her this before we left Westering she wouldn't have believed it. I wish we had never come here!"

"It might have been the same anywhere," observed Robert, rather bluntly.

"Of course it might," said Denzil, forlornly. "But yet I don't know. I had never done more than just touch whiskey before last night, and I hadn't the least idea how soon it would take effect."

Minds like Denzil's always dwell on the circumstances of sin, not on the self-seeking, God-forgetting spirit in which it has its root.

"I shall know better for the future. But oh, if Faith could be only spared from hearing this!"

"I wished that, too, at first," Robert confided to him. "But Miss Milne soon convinced me what was the right thing. Miss Milne is quite determined that Miss Alleyne shall know," he added, rather thankful that the matter was out of his hands, for he felt he was relenting.

"Who will tell her?" wailed Denzil. "And what will she do? I don't believe I shall be ever able to look her in the face again!"

Robert's heart beat quickly. This was the opportunity at which the bright idea which had come to him might be presented.

"Why should you not tell her yourself?" he asked. "It would be easier to bear from you than from anybody else. It would give her hope even as she received the blow."

Denzil looked up at him wistfully. He was quite under Robert Finlay's influence now, and could see everything as he saw it. It was a moment of utter self-prostration. Such moments must generally come to the strongest natures at any beginning of new life, but when they happen to come to weak natures their significance is very different. As the strong nature recovers itself a loyal obedience which overcame it for its salvation becomes the very backbone of its strength; but as a weak nature recovers its wonted tone it repudiates the sense of subjection, and puts forth its energy not in following its leader but in pulling back. There are many who feel an ecstasy of love to God when they think of Him as "restoring their souls," who find that love grow wonderfully cold and dead in the quiet days when He would persistently "lead them in the paths of righteousness."

"That is not a bad idea!" said Denzil. "I think I could coax Faith into forgiving me."

"No fear of her not forgiving you," Robert answered; "but you will have to justify her forgiveness."

"Oh, I will promise solemnly that such a thing shall never happen again," said Denzil.

"But do you think you can ensure that that promise shall be kept?" urged Robert.

"We are all human," said Denzil, rather fretfully; "but I will do my best. You can't imagine I enjoy getting into that state, can you?"

"Not yet," answered Robert Finlay, firmly. "I suppose very few people deliberately throw themselves into evil ways, but they fall in, and then sink lower and lower. Our own struggles to get out won't avail us much."

"Then what do you want me to do?" asked Denzil, weakly. He was ready to heed any suggestion which would help him "out of the hobble." His thoughts did not go forward beyond the next few hours.

"The first thing is to get your own will set against these things and towards the right," said Robert Finlay. "Only God can give us a new will," he added, gravely, for he had all the natural diffidence and reserve of wholesome youth; "and the next thing is to get a helping hand. That's first the wish to get out of the ditch, don't you see, and then the stretching out for help, or the taking it when it is offered."

"I don't know where I'm to get any help," said Denzil, almost sullenly.

"You have your sister."

"She is not with me when I'm among the fellows."

"But there are plenty of steady men and good students. Nearly all the good students are steady men, aren't they, now?"

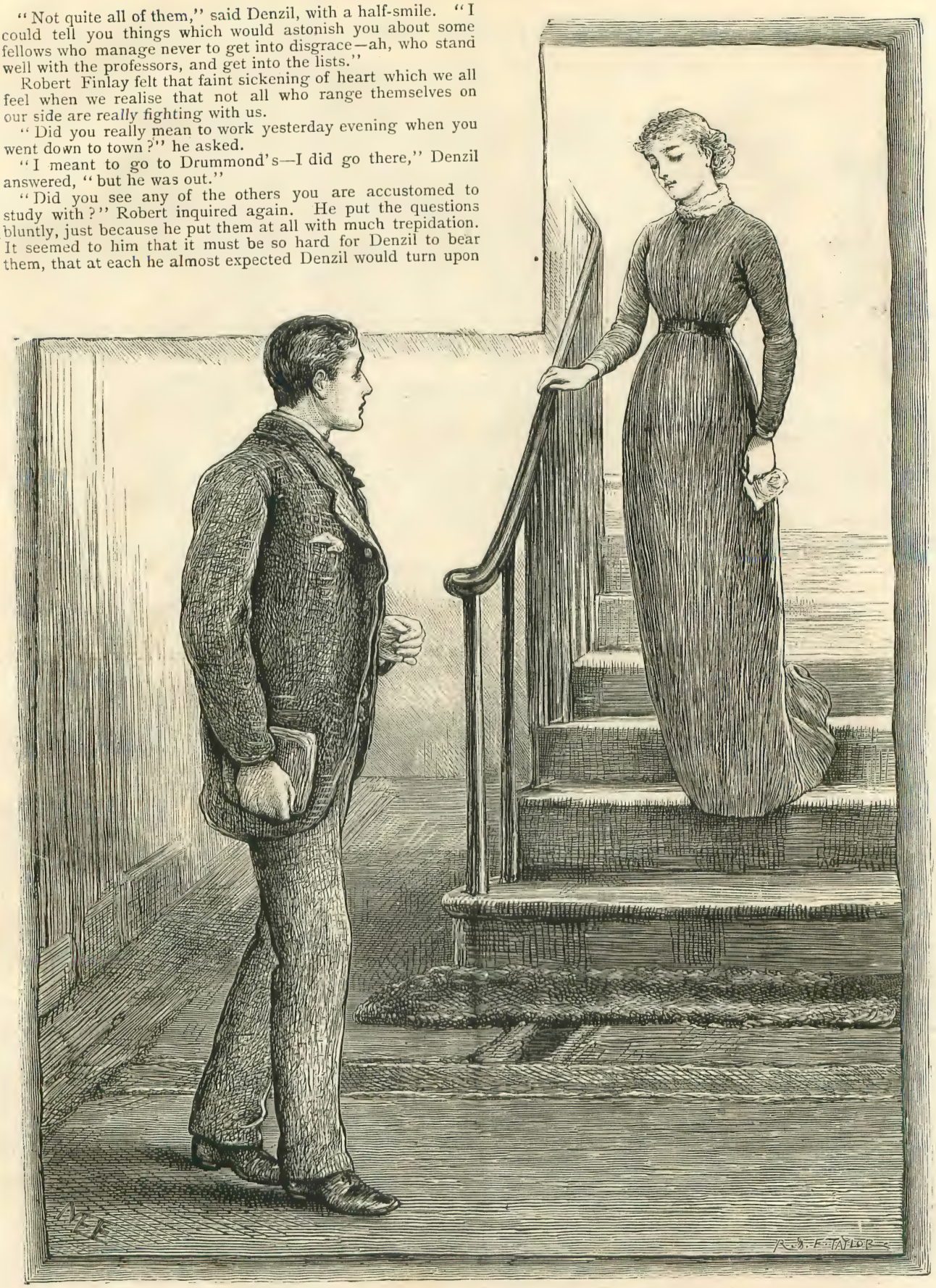
"Not quite all of them," said Denzil, with a half-smile. "I could tell you things which would astonish you about some fellows who manage never to get into disgrace—ah, who stand well with the professors, and get into the lists."

Robert Finlay felt that faint sickening of heart which we all feel when we realise that not all who range themselves on our side are really fighting with us.

"Did you really mean to work yesterday evening when you went down to town?" he asked.

"I meant to go to Drummond's—I did go there," Denzil answered, "but he was out."

"Did you see any of the others you are accustomed to study with?" Robert inquired again. He put the questions bluntly, just because he put them at all with much trepidation. It seemed to him that it must be so hard for Denzil to bear them, that at each he almost expected Denzil would turn upon



"FAITH CAME NOISELESSLY DOWNSTAIRS."

him and ask who made him his censor, and what business it was of his. He felt that submission would have cost himself very dear, and he was touched by it and almost pained to see Denzil yielding it so unresistingly. Perhaps he lacked imagination, for he could not realise how rejoiced Denzil was to be anybody's business but his own—that Denzil was not he, nor Denzil's ways his ways. A racehorse admiring the patience of an ass is apt to forget that he himself is prepared to run without blows!

"No, I did not see any of my own regular chums; just some chance acquaintances—Scotch fellows," Denzil answered.

"The twice-accursed drinking habits of our race!" groaned Robert Finlay, bitterly. "Alleyne, I'm afraid there will be no safety for you except you abstain altogether. If I were your sister, that is the promise I would exact from you when you asked my forgiveness."

"I'm sure I'd do that in a moment; it wouldn't really cost me anything to do that," said Denzil, eagerly.

His head was aching, and he felt thoroughly sick and sore.

"It will cost you more than you think, but not more than it is worth," answered Robert. "Then when you tell your sister the whole truth, you will tell her that you are prepared to do this? If there is anything that can soften her pain, that will. We can bear almost anything in the past, if it is not to re-echo down the future."

"I'll promise Faith that at once," said Denzil.

"Ah, but I mean rather more than that," explained Robert. "I mean that you ought to tell her you will take the solemn pledge of abstinence."

"Have you taken it yourself?" asked Denzil, quietly, with a sort of affected carelessness.

"I have never touched whiskey in my life," answered Robert, "except once, when I had been out for hours in a Scotch mist on a mountain, and when we came at last to a little hut, there was no coffee nor any other comfort to be had except 'grog.'"

"But you have never taken the pledge?" persisted Denzil.

"No," said Robert.

"And yet you've been able to keep from touching the stuff?"

Robert felt that Denzil's thought, whether he should utter it or not, was "then why should not I?"

"And I'm sure if you have abstained so rigorously as that," Denzil went on, "it shows what can be done without a pledge. You don't need any."

Robert's mind was already fully made up. But he felt that if it had not been so, he would have found himself at an awkward corner, either unable to urge on Denzil to the step which he felt was the one chance of safety for his facile nature, or else driven to resort to the Pharisaical declaration "that he himself was not as other men," and to the Pharisaical expedient of binding burdens on others which he would not touch with his own little finger.

"I think I will take the pledge to-night, Alleyne," he said; "if you will come, too, we will take it together."

"Will you, now, really?" echoed Denzil, delighted. "If you'll do it, that will make it all right: one can't help being afraid of making oneself peculiar and being clapped on the back and hailed as a repentant brother by all sorts of cads! And if anybody happens to hear of a fellow's taking the pledge, they're so apt to think he's just been off the square, don't you know? But if you go too, that's perfectly splendid! And it's awfully good of you. I know you are doing it just to get me to do it, and I wouldn't let you do so; I'd do it all by myself, only after what you have told me about your habits hitherto, it really won't cost you any sacrifice."

"But you are quite sure that you feel in your own heart that it is the right thing to do, and that you will put all your will and power to keep it?" reiterated conscientious Robert.

"Of course, I do; how can you doubt it?" and Denzil looked at him with those trustful eyes of his. His face was pale, too, and his lips quivered.

"I don't doubt it," said Robert Finlay, compunctiously — a mighty yearning rising within him that whatever strength he had should be held at the service of weakness struggling, and of sin repentant. He stretched forth his hand and grasped Denzil's—a grasp so strong that Denzil's was powerless within it. Then he strode from the room.

He went straight to Miss Milne's kitchen. She was up and had her fire lit, and was already stirring the porridge over it.

"I've seen him," he said, "and he is to tell his sister himself; and he is to come with me to take the pledge to-night—we are both going to take it!"

Miss Milne looked up at him.

"Well," said she, "that's a good morning's work—so far."

"Is it not quite as much as one could expect?" asked Robert.

"More than one could expect," said Miss Milne, heartily.

"In fact, what more could there be?" Robert asked again.

"Nothing," she said; "only time, and time takes time."

If Miss Milne had any other feeling than that of unmixed satisfaction, certainly she did not express it. If Robert had any consciousness of a little doubt or uneasiness, he attributed it to his own fears lest he had not acted and spoken quite wisely and kindly throughout the interview—had either said too much, or else left something unsaid.

Perhaps, if he had not been in such a glow of enthusiasm, it might have struck him that though he had thus obtained a hold on Denzil Alleyne—the hold was all in his own hands—there was no responding grip. No suggestion of well-doing had come from Denzil himself, and though he had answered questions, he had made no spontaneous confession—no spontaneous statement—had told no frank story of his fall.

But perhaps we cannot afford to be too wise, too early, but must press on, guided by the leaping flames of enthusiasm, until they settle down into the clear fire of patience and faith. Our wild hopes, which bloom and wither in a day, may yet serve to keep up our courage till experience has taught us to be content to bury our hopes in silence and darkness, with the assurance that we shall gather their fruit in the kingdom of God.

Presently, Miss Milne and Robert heard Faith go and knock at her brother's door. They could not hear what he answered her, but they heard that she opened the door and went in. She stayed there a long time, and Robert Finlay lingered in the kitchen. But when he saw Miss Milne had nearly finished her breakfast preparations, he thought he must return to his own parlour.

Just as he was crossing the little hall, Faith came noiselessly downstairs. He tried not to seem to see her, but she stepped in front of him. She had been crying, but on her face now there was a light such as we may see in the sky after a storm.

"Mr. Finlay," she said, "I can never thank you! But you'll believe it, won't you?"

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' WORK AND WORKSHOPS.

By Ruth Lamb.

I BELIEVE that the commonest things in daily use—those which are always around us—are the ones respecting the production of which we rarely bestow a single thought, much less a second.

For instance, the window cord, the tassel with which I have just drawn down the blind, the more ornamental ones which adorn the cushion on which my head rests, the handsome fringes and pendants which greet the eye when, at its first opening, it glances upwards at the bed drapery in the early morning. Which of us, if asked, could describe how these are formed into their present shapes, or even give a guess at the number of hands each passes through before we see it as it is?

I remember that when I was a child I was greatly astonished at the number of persons who could each claim a share in making one of those pins, about the loss of which I was so careless. It is quite as astonishing to know how many processes each of the little articles named above must pass through before they are exhibited for sale.

Why, even the bit of loose braid at the bottom of my dress which nearly cost me a fall just now, and must be instantly repaired, would have been a puzzle to me a few days ago. But I can now take you, in imagination, to a workshop where braid is made.

You would be surprised, if actually in the room, at the noise made by the comparatively

small machines. I was warned that, once inside, nothing but shouting at the very top of the voice will enable us to hear or be heard. When in the midst of the clatter, we feel that permanent deafness must result from spending any length of time there.

A needless alarm! The girls who work here are quite unconscious of the noise, except as a hindrance to conversation.

Imagine a circular frame, round the outer rim of which are placed two rows of spindles each carrying its bobbin of yarn. They look like a double circle of dolls dancing in and out, and plaiting the thread as they go. Having thus travelled round, they turn and journey in the opposite direction until they reach the point whence they started. Long steel fingers extend from the outer rim to the centre, and in the weaving process every thread passes over these, and is thus held tight so as to secure an even plait. All the threads meet in the middle over a pipe, called the drawing-off iron, and down it the completed braid travels. The number of threads varies from 16 for window cord, to 105 in the largest of these machines. An even number makes round, and an uneven flat braid, but by adding or removing a bobbin the machine can be used for either kind. The little window cord machines are especially pretty in operation. Sixteen little red or green clad bobbins dance in and out round a strong perpendicular cord, and weave the coloured yarn upon it, exactly as we have seen little girls at a May Queen festival plait ribbons round the maypole as they danced about it. Above eighty patterns can be produced on one machine by varying colours and changing their positions; for instance, place two black at equal distances amongst white threads. These will make a diamond pattern on the light ground. Put them together, and you will get a wider stripe, but half the patterns only.

Girls wind yarn, fill bobbins, piece threads, gas the woven braid, block it for the dyer, and afterwards make it up into knots and packets for sale. One good hand can mind several machines. All are paid by piece except learners, and those who know their work and do it earn from thirteen to fifteen shillings a week. Except for the noise, the work is of a pleasant kind, light and cleanly. In the little gassing room, when the braids are undergoing the singeing process, the smell of burned worsted is not agreeable.

The manager, however, complains that his girls give him a good deal of trouble by frequent absences, and says it is much easier for the young people to obtain employment, than for him to keep them steadily at work. Indeed, the more I look into shops and factories the more firmly am I convinced of the almost countless openings there are for really industrious working girls. The number of businesses and handicraft trades in which girls perform the principal parts is perfectly astonishing. I could fill pages with mere lists of these, without going into details or out of the circle in which cotton, silk, flax, and wool furnish the materials used.

On our way from the braid factory we will look into another where tassels, cords, fringes, and gimps, for upholstery purposes, are made.

We must peep into the basement; for though girls are not working here, the materials for their work are in course of preparation. A man and a boy are making fancy silken cords—an altogether different process from braid making. Let us look on whilst they make a length of ordinary "feather," as it is called, such as we use for sewing round cushions.

A length of thin cotton cord is attached by one end to a wheel, on a movable stand; by the other, to a hook at the opposite corner of the room. The man stands by the wheel, while the boy proceeds to overlay the cord with strands of silk. He has his jack-frame strapped round him (that is, a wooden breastplate with projecting steel spindles to hold his bobbins), and he will put on four threads each time. The man fastens the four together to the wheel-end of the cord, and the boy goes backwards and forwards with the fine silk until the cotton is overlaid with this dainty coating.

A looker-on thinks it cannot be evenly placed round the cotton cord, for the man only gives it a little twirl with his fingers now and then. About seventy strands of silk are needed to cover the cord. Then the wheel is set in motion and the twist given. This shortens the cord, and we understand why the wheel must be movable, so as not to break it in the twisting. It looks rough and fluffy; but the man gives it a rub from end to end with a bit of clean paper, pats and strikes it with the palm of his hand, the boy lays on two more sets of silken threads, the wheel is again twirled a few times, and the cord is completed.

Four thicknesses of it are placed together and receive an additional twisting, and it is ready to trim a cushion with, if you please. Use shaded silks, combine colours, vary their arrangement and the twist put into them, and you produce patterns almost without end.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered that tassels and fringes retain their twist. If, however, you take a length of cord in both hands, twine it tightly, and then bring the ends close together, the hanging loop will be instantaneously twisted. This process, on a large scale and by the use of a wheel, prepares the yarn for fringe, and the ends being constantly secured, the twist cannot come undone.

Girls weave fringes in hand-looms, and by means of a number of treadles, according to pattern and colours used. A narrow warp forms the heading, and the loop is made by throwing the weft over a thin steel rod or mesh, which is fastened parallel to the warp at the distance required. The loops twist of themselves as they run off the mesh on to the receiving-reel below. Upholstery gimps are also woven in similar looms, the loops being regulated by hand.

Now let us see a tassel made. It will be a very cheap thing when done, being intended to attach to coloured holland blinds, and is made of red, white, and grey cotton. Each worker has a jack before her—two upright pillarets of turned wood—on which she hangs her loose silk or yarn. The pegs are pierced at the top, so that a spindle can be passed through and a bobbin suspended between them.

The tassel-maker threads her needle with fine, strong, white cord; places a peg in the lower part of the wooden mould she is going to cover, and then fastens her thread round it. Then she carries the cord firmly round the ridge nearest the top of the mould, and thus makes a foundation for her work. Passing her needle through this, she covers the top of the mould with a pretty buttonholed pattern. Next she cuts a length from a skein of knitting-cotton, places a thread across its centre, combs it evenly out, and then ties it round the mould below the worked portion. The upper half is turned down over the lower, and thus the second part of the mould receives a double coat of cotton, the ends being firmly tied down in the ridge beneath.

All this has been done with white material. Next a length of fine grey cord is cut off. No threading needles at random, but just enough to make a pretty grey network over the white. When this is finished the tassel is ready for the "skirt," or fringed portion.

A girl is making skirts at a little distance. She has bobbins of twist beside her and must take care to keep the ends fast, so that it may not untwine itself. She uses wire, and two little appliances for skirt making—a "twirler" and a card. The latter is a short broad mesh to regulate the length of the skirt; the former like the handle of an old-fashioned corkscrew, to the ends of which fine wire is attached. The wires also pass through the holes in the jack in front. The cords are passed over the mesh, and the wire is used to secure each loop, a turn of the twirler fastening it firmly in its place. When the proper length is done the wire is cut and the skirt ready.

The length is just sufficient to go twice round what we may call the "waist" of the wooden mould. As it is put on, we see the importance of using wire instead of thread. It keeps its place better, is firmer and much more easily fastened, the outer end being simply pushed under the heading. A row or two of fancy cord often made on wire also completes the tassel.

Having seen one, we can imagine any number of kinds in silk, chenille, thread or wool, so we turn to the next worker, who is covering the various moulds to be used in making a long ornament for bed-hangings, and the tips for heavy fringe. The silk is in two colours—crimson and maize—and is invariably put on by hand. It is not passed through the moulds—this would increase the expenditure of material—but caught just within the top and bottom apertures and secured there. The fine silken bands round the hollow parts of the moulds are run on with a winding wheel.

The covering of a small flat button is quite a pretty operation. The tiny mould is placed on a pivot, the silk fastened to it, and wound on by a winding wheel. The bright coating creeps over it so rapidly that the effect seems almost magical.

Some hands are busy tying fringes, whilst others make the daisies to be attached thereto, and thus the various articles grow to completeness and beauty. The work is pretty, cleanly, easily learned, and fairly remunerated. A good hand can earn good wages in a pleasant way, and those workers to whom I spoke expressed themselves well satisfied both with their employment and the remuneration received.

There are many kindred businesses in which girls are the workers; but to go over these in detail would only be wearisome and unprofitable. Girls are to be found in macintosh factories, fashioning and finishing all sorts of indiarubber articles for domestic and personal use. But the needle is little employed, the seams being made and joinings effected by moistening the edges with the rubber itself, dissolved in a powerful spirit. The spirit evaporates very quickly, but not without first acting on the solid rubber upon which it was spread, so that when dry, the edges are not only joined, but actually amalgamated.

Again, in glass works, though not employed in the manufacture itself, girls pack the brittle ware, and quite little ones do the roughening process. I have seen them busily scouring away at gas globes, sugar basins—all sorts of articles which have the milky, semi-opaque appearance called frosted glass. The little people use short glass rods, which they dip into wet sand, and by their vigorous scrubbing the surface is rapidly roughened.

Once in each week I pass a girls' workshop, into which I could scarcely muster courage to enter. In it girls and women are sorting rags, waste paper, and all the miscellaneous odds and ends which are collected in highways and byways for re-transformation into new (?) paper. Yet they look healthy and merry enough over their—to my mind—very disagreeable task.

In cocoa and chocolate factories girls do the packing, &c., and are also largely employed in making fancy wrappers and boxes for enclosing these and other articles.

Christmas, New Year, Easter, and birthday cards, valentines, and perfumed sachets furnish endless scope both for the taste of the designer

and the occupation of the clever fingers by which these pretty souvenirs are put together.

The tablecloths embroidered in silk or decorated with appliqué work at the corners are all done by girls; two youngsters thread the row of needles in the embroidery frame, and do the sewing by standing at each side of it, and pulling it backwards and forwards.

The action of the needles is controlled by the pentagraph, which is worked by an older girl. The buttonholing of the scalloped edge is done with the sewing-machine. I remember a girl once told me that she received a halfpenny for thus edging a large tablecloth with gold-coloured silk. The time it took was so short, that it only needed plenty of work to pay her extremely well. In the same factory numbers of girls also found employment in fringing articles with another exquisite variety of the sewing-machine, the invention of the proprietor. The work was done by a horizontal spindle, with a hooked end, which caught the strong thread that formed the fringe, and twisted it as it ran backwards and forwards. The same movement of the treadles worked two sewing-needles, which stitched the fringe down and formed the heading.

Many other hands did the fastening off and finishing, whilst other girls did the cutting-out and folding. The book-keeping was entirely in the hands of a bright young girl, whose handwriting was equally legible and beautiful; and to her was also entrusted the calculation of wages and nearly all the correspondence of the establishment.

In my next chapter I purpose showing other girls at work where you would little expect to see them. With it I shall close these papers, *as a series*. I hope, however, with the editor's permission, again to be your guide, as from time to time I have an opportunity of *seeing for myself* any kind of girls' work which is likely to interest and give you information. The ground occupied by workshops in which young females are employed is so wide, that hitherto our researches have not extended beyond a mere corner of it.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—*Continued.*

AND now Damaris must part from her last reminder of St. Aubin. She explains to the landlord of the Café de la Reine that she has been called away and is obliged to depart by the early train; gives him the key, and says that Monsieur St. Just will send for it and the pony. Then she turns away to take leave of Jacquet. There is no onlooker, so she puts her arms round his neck, and lays her cheek for one moment upon his shaggy mane. Her tears are falling fast now, but she must deny herself the luxury of indulging them for the present. Again she braces herself and moves onwards. Jacquet, deserted, gives an expressive whinny, then consoles himself with his corn, which has been bountifully served to him. Damaris has parted with one of her few precious coins to secure it to him.

In her extremity her heart has turned instinctively to that spare chamber of her old nurse Justine; the thought of it is as of a sanctuary where she may remain unquestioned until the cloud upon heart and mind is lifted, and she can think what to do with her future. She had rather meet fond, ignorant Justine now than Lilian, who would be sure to probe her wound too inconsiderately, and blame, because she could not comprehend, the reasons for her flight.

A stupor is upon her all day; the incidents of her journey occur as in a dream. That she has need of some physical refreshment does not strike her until she is passing down one of the streets of the picturesque old town of Le Puy, searching for the office of *la patache* from Puy to Yssengeaux. The mingled odour of cakes and coffee greets her nostrils from the open door of a *confiserie*, and an idea presents itself to her dulled senses.

"If I were to eat something perhaps I should feel better. If I am taken ill now whatever will become of me? Maybe, also, the people here can direct me to the bureau of the coach."

She crosses the threshold and demands, "*Une petite tasse de café.*" The stimulant revives her, and she eats too, furtively the while examining the few coins left in her portemonnaie, to see if she will be able to pay for so much as she needs.

The *confiseuse* is inclined to be chatty, and informs her that *la patache* does not start until evening, but that if she is *étrangère* she will do well not to leave Le Puy without seeing the cathedral, which is like a dream of beauty.

Damaris's strength and courage are so far revived by eating and drinking, that she gratefully accepts the suggestion of the *confiseuse*, and bends her steps in the direction indicated.

It is pitiable, but true, that a heroine in distress should be so far dependent upon the common necessaries of life as to find existence take a wonderfully improved aspect after the gross requirements of nature have been attended to. Damaris is so deplorably human as to feel altogether a new creature when the *confiserie* is left behind. Hope has revived in her breast; she seems to be alive once more.

The exertion of mounting the steep elevation on which the cathedral stands sends the blood coursing quickly through her veins, brings the life-hue back to her cheek. She enters the stately red pile, which rises out of the lava rocks as though it were a freak of nature, or as though one of her soaring religious expressions had been caught and perpetuated in stone.

Damaris seats herself in the dim obscurity which reigns amongst the clustering pillars of black marble, under their stormy cupolas, and in one moment she is carried in thought back to that first evening at St. Aubin, when Monsieur St. Just, by the fervency of his words, had transported her here in spirit.

What a strange circle events are describing in her life! Is it possible that she has been led here without any volition of her own, for its completion? And is all shaped to an end—the past, present, and future being one unbroken chain? When she thought she was taking her fate into her own hands on leaving St. Aubin, was she, after all, nothing but the shuttlecock of circumstances?

In her present mood she is half inclined to admit something more than a partial truth in those gloomy views which Monsieur St. Just had propounded to her, but which her mind, in its healthier condition, had at once repudiated.

The force with which they present themselves to her now, with doubled attractiveness, being his, alarms her. Surely they come in the form of a temptation, and savour of those principalities and powers of the kingdom of darkness which muster in unseen array about the steps of those who are seeking to find the True Light!

Through the sombre thoughts that assail her, a little thread of silver light shines.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

Here is at once the cause and the assurance. To them that love Him, who choose the light instead of darkness. The will is so far free that a choice can be made—"Our wills are ours to make them Thine," "My sheep know My voice, and they follow Me."

Has she made the choice? Does she know the voice that speaks through her conscience, know it so thoroughly as to follow unhesitatingly?

Alone in that mighty temple, Damaris searches her heart as she has never searched it before, and learns that with its fullest strength she does love the living God, now in His attributes of truth, and purity, and holiness, hereafter to follow on to know Him more and more as she learns His will by doing it.

Then, like oil on troubled waters, comes the blessed assurance, "*All things*"—not one stray event here and there. And the end—"good."

So she arises and goes on her way comforted, having seen more than all

the treasures and sacred relics the cathedral contained, for she has caught a glimpse of that glory which in its fulness hath not yet been revealed.

Damaris purchased a guide to Le Puy and its environs, furnished with a map, which she carefully studied whilst waiting for *la patache*. She took her ticket for Yssengeaux, lest, by any means, she should be traced as far as Le Puy; but she made the conductor set her down at a little town only a few miles from the city. She descended at the bridge which crosses the Loire, and walked quickly along without asking her way of any one or seeming to be the least at fault. But as soon as the coach was out of sight she sat down seriously to consider her situation.

She had only a franc and a few centimes left in her purse, and the twilight was growing rapidly deeper and deeper. She had studied the map so carefully, that she thought she had the whole of the way to La Joyeuse, the little village in a cleft of the mountains where Justine lived, traced clearly in her head. She had just to follow the Loire to its junction with La Gâgne, then to pass by La Roche-Rouge, and follow the course of the stream which flowed at its foot, and so climb along its bed to the first village which bore the pretty, pregnant name of La Joyeuse. She did not deceive herself. It was a long walk—at least three or four miles—and she would have to accomplish the better part of it by such light as the clear young moon could give.

She was not cast down nor dismayed by the perils and novelty of her situation. On the contrary, they acted as a needed stimulus to her flagging energies. Necessity is a stern teacher, but oftentimes a very wholesome one.

While she was still considering, she saw a train of oxen coming along the road behind her. She waited for it. A band of bouviers, or oxen-drivers, young and old, accompanied by a woman who carried a child under her cloak, were transporting a quantity of felled trees. The transport was effected by means of a pair of small but massive wheels firmly bound with cords to each end of every tree-trunk. There were six of these huge forest giants, severally drawn by a pair of oxen, and accompanied by a driver.

Damaris retraced a few of her steps and addressed the first of these bouviers. He shook his head; he could understand nothing but the patois of the district. The second stopped and signed to her to repeat her query, which she did. He made a grimace, shrugged his shoulders, and marched onwards as much at a loss as his comrade.

The third waves his hand towards his wife, who is seated behind on the trunk of a tree, her feet suspended in a loop or kind of stirrup made of rope, to render her seat more secure.

"Be good enough to tell me if you are going anywhere near La Joyeuse?" asks Damaris of the woman, who replies in French with a strongly provincial accent—

"Yes, we are going to La Joyeuse, and farther."

"Will you allow me to walk so far in your company? I do not quite know the way."

The woman shakes her head dubiously.

"You cannot mean to refuse me so small a favour as that?" cries Damaris in dismay. "I am quite willing to pay you."

The montagnarde shakes her head still. The name of La Joyeuse gave her the key to the purport of the first sentence, there is none to the others.

Damaris does not know the patois of the Cevennes, but the accent of this woman recalls to her mind distinctly the peculiar tone of Justine's voice, and she imitates it so exactly that the montagnarde pricks up her ears. She understands something of French pronounced in this manner, and can even speak it a little.

"Get up on the tree behind this," she says, "and give your little bag to my husband. *Allez, ma fille.*"

Damaris thankfully avails herself of this kind permission, and the man politely slings a rope to support her feet like that which holds those of his wife. Then the rustic convoy continues its route.

The husband, who walks close behind Damaris, makes no effort to talk. The Cévenol, as a rule, is grave, and if he has any curiosity does not condescend to let it appear. His wife is almost safe to possess what he seems to lack. But the trees are long, and Damaris is too far off the woman to be exposed to her interrogations.

In this way she passes the famous Roche-Rouge, the indestructible monument of that volcanic era made so interesting to her through Monsieur St. Just's descriptions. Its pale shadow, projected by the moon, falls upon them as they pass. She recognises feature after feature of the country she has already learnt so much of through him, and derives a sorrowful consolation from the thought that the scenes which surround her are known and loved by him. She remembers how he once said of this neighbourhood of Le Puy that he had never hardly seen scenery more to his taste, and so it commends itself to her at once as a further revelation of his mind and thoughts.

The road is narrow and sinuous, it winds gradually upwards, and in some parts contracts so much that Damaris shudders to find her feet, in their slightly prominent position with regard to the rest of her body, overhanging a frightful abyss, where the stream dashes along in alternate gleams of light and depths of shade. The wheels graze the very edge of the precipice, and sink into the earth which the rains have left moist; but the brave little oxen move steadily on, never budging an inch from their course, and the driver, singing his low, monotonous chant, falls behind his tree when the road is too narrow for him to keep his position at its side.

Damaris sees the woman in front of her drooping forwards, then starting upright with a jerk, as though overcome with drowsiness. She is so alarmed for the safety of the child in her arms that she calls out to the bouvier in attendance on her team.

"Are you not afraid that they will tumble into the ravine? See! she is sleeping."

He understands her gestures, though not her words, and shouts to his wife not to let the little one fall, then takes up his song once more, which is sombre and slow like a religious chant.

Damaris endeavours to accustom herself to the novelty of her position, and strenuously resists the desire which assails her to turn her back on the yawning chasm of darkness immediately beneath her feet, as the bouvier suggests to her by signs that she should do if she feels at all giddy. The country is so beautiful and so strange, and, seen by the pale moonlight, has an aspect so savage and so wild, that she cannot make up her mind to lose anything of a spectacle at once so awful and so glorious.

In rounding the angles of the road, when the oxen and the front wheels have turned the corner, the hind wheels are sustained solely by the weight of the fore part, and it seems so inevitable to Damaris that they must be slung clear over the chasm, that she involuntarily draws her feet under her and raises herself slightly in the stirrup of rope, expecting no other than to find the whole concern rolling over into the darkness.

The bouvier never misses a note of his monotonous song, and it begins to exercise over the perturbed spirit of Damaris the same soothing and sustaining influence that it evidently has over the oxen. In every moment of peculiar peril it seems to rise clearer, more melodiously into the silent night.

"Why should I be afraid?" Damaris asks herself. "Why should I shrink from death, even though it come to me in so awful a form as this? If I were to fall into this unfathomable gulf I must be killed instantly. One moment of agony, then light, and life, and joy for evermore. How can I cling to an existence which has been stripped of every hope of happiness, to a long perspective of days of pain and solitude the prospect of which is more terrible by far than death itself? The instinct which bids us cling to life, however, must have a truth enfolded within itself. There is a nobler end for which to live than to be happy. No circumstances can possibly arise under which there is not a duty to be done towards God and one's neighbour. I live, then, not to do my own will, but His. And, thus willing to serve Him, He will direct me in the way."

The road rises continuously, and widens sufficiently as they proceed to allow the wheels to steer clear of the edge of the ravine. All immediate danger is past. The slowness of their progress, the swaying motion of the tapered end of the tree on which she sits, the grating of the yoke against the shafts, the monotonous chant of the bouviers, all conspire to bring back to Damaris's wearied eyelids the sleep so long banished. The fantastically-shaped rocks and the trembling foliage of the trees pass drowsily before her in the moonlight. The air becomes colder as

they ascend, and more rarefied, lending its aid also in benumbing her senses. The torrent has quite disappeared in the darkness below, but its roar comes dreamily from afar, filling the night with its wild harmony.

Damaris feels sure they cannot be far from La Joyeuse now, and for fear of falling asleep and being carried farther than she wishes to go, she slips her feet out of the stirrup and lets herself down lightly on to the ground, still walking close to the trunk which has afforded her such timely aid.

Twenty minutes' walking brings them in sight of the clustering roofs of La Joyeuse. Then Damaris gratefully takes leave of her fellow-travellers, receiving again the little bag she had confided to the bouvier's care, pressing her few last coins upon him, and skilfully avoiding the questions of his wife as to her destination, etc.

She falls behind the convoy then, and allows them to pass on before her to the village into which she will creep more quietly at dawn. She does not know exactly where Justine's house is situated; she must wait until there is some one astir to direct her. She sits down on a bank of dry herbage by the roadside and disposes her little bag for a pillow.

Dreamily the convoy of wood passes on its way. The wheels rattle over the ill-paved streets of the village, and the weird, measured chant dies softly amongst the night shadows. Neither the rumbling of the wheels nor the sound of the men's voices disturb the slumbers of the inhabitants, accustomed as they are to the passing of such convoys.

Damaris takes curious note of the irregularly-peaked roofs of the village, which stand out clearly from moon-lighted masses of vapour that float over the deep purple of the sky. Quite close to her is the basin of a little fountain all fringed with weeds and mosses, into which falls a little thread of water from the hills, gleaming pale gold in the moonlight.

Vaguely wondering which of those strange roofs will receive her, and what are the experiences La Joyeuse has in store for her, she falls asleep, lulled by the silver trickle of the stream.

(To be continued.)

THE MESSAGE OF THE SWALLOW.

By Mrs G LINNÆUS BANKS

"SWALLOW, oh swallow, with swift-speeding wing
What are the glad tidings, the tidings you bring?"
"Glad news from a southern and sunnier clime,
Of the soft warm winds, and the sweet summer time;
And I and my brothers are flying so fast
To say that wild winter is banished at last.

"Asleep underground lie all glorious things
Awaiting the news in the rush of our wings;
At the whisper of spring they may stir in their beds,
But we come, and they lift up their beautiful heads.
Spring spread a green veil o'er earth's wrinkled brown breast,
But summer will 'broider gay flowers on her vest.

"Young buds from bare boughs peeping timidly out,
At our signal burst forth in a fluttering rout,
Till trees wave their banner-like blossoms aloft
O'er wayside and wilderness, garden and croft,
And the rainbow that April held arching o'erhead
Drops its colours on earth, where they linger instead.

"They glow in the tulip erect on its shaft,
Gild the bright dandelion with marvellous craft,
Tinge nasturtium, and pansy, and many-hued phlox,
And the gentian which brightens the moors and the rocks,
The crimson carnation, lobelia so blue,
Days-eye, and forget-me-not, modest and true.

"And—but this is a secret—the rainbow distils
An odour so subtle, each chalice it fills—
From the deep-blushing rose, to the jessamine pale—
Flings the incense of summer o'er mountain and vale,
To the joy of the bee, and the myriad things
That follow our flight on invisible wings.

"There's more, oh, far more, in the message we bring
Than sunshine and summer on fast-flying wing.
In our flight o'er God's acre, or over the sea,
Where the dead or the dying, or grief-stricken be,
We tell of a summer that never shall fade,
Where the tears of Hope's rainbow in jewels are laid,
When the wings of the soul have the swallow outflown,
And shine in the light of God's radiant throne."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

POOR CINDERELLA.—A recipe for Scotch porridge will be found at page 336, vol. ii. If the offence given was unintentional, say so, and express your sorrow that your friend should have so mistaken you.

F. B. MITCHELL.—Use what are called Browning Pastils, to be obtained at any grocer's. A quarter of one will be enough to brown a large amount of soup, and they must be used with caution, as they may spoil the flavour. We think your letter does you credit in every way.

A MOTHERLESS ONE.—You will find a recipe for Eccles cakes at page 814, vol. ii. We sympathise much with you on your recent loss, and trust you know where to seek and to find the best "Comfortor," who wept Himself under the pressure of human grief, and well knows our sorrows by His own sorrow over the dead friend He loved.

ANNETTA FERRATA.—A recipe for scones is given at page 759, vol. ii.; also on pages 367 and 431, vol. i.

PEGGOTTY.—Use the recipe given for "vegetable marrow jam" on page 399, vol. i.

INTENSELY WORRIED.—We think you could alter the arrangements, and make two servants at £16 and £14 per annum answer, *i.e.*, a good general servant and a nurse who could wait at table and sew. If you keep three, all the sewing should be done at home. We should cut off the beer at once, which you will find a great saving. Your present nurse might stay perhaps.

EDUCATIONAL.

PATIENCE and FAITH.—We should recommend your applying to the Zenana Mission Society. We imagine that you will require training for the work you desire, and should learn, at least, one of the native languages. Have you thought of learning the "*Kindergarten* system" of teaching children? Before proposing to go so far away from your family at such early ages, suppose you apply for information at the Home and Colonial Training College Kindergarten, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., or at that at 21, Stockwell-road, S.W., which is under the British and Foreign School Society. When trained, they might send you out to one of the colonies.

WIMBLEDON AVERAGE.—1. See "Subjunctive Mood," and all the rules given by Dr. Augus, in his "Handbook of the English Tongue" (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). 2. Holes can be made in shells either by using a red-hot coarse darning needle; or else by the application of muriatic acid on the point of a fine painting brush. Your hand is not formed, and is very irregular, even for a child's hand.

CAMBRIDGE.—The "Charter of Henry II." we suppose to mean the "Constitutions of Clarendon" and the "Assize of Clarendon." All details respecting the former are given in Lord Lytton's "History of Henry II.," App. to Book iii., and those of the latter in Palgrave's "English Commonwealth," vol. ii. p. clxviii. The "Constitutions" had special reference to ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the limitation of clerical power—the priests, being offenders, were thus brought under the power of the civil law. Sixteen articles were comprised in these "Constitutions." The "Assize of Clarendon" had to do with the ordering of civil affairs; but this series of regulations did not come into force until the year 1176.

MARCHIONESS.—Read our article on the subject of nursing the sick, and consider well before you change your vocation. It is a noble work, but it is severely trying even to the healthy and strong. See page 599, vol. i. The signature of your employers will suffice as a guarantee for your competition work.

NELLIE H.—1. "*S'il vous plaît, ma bonne sœur,*" is the French for, "If you please, my good sister," only you have made a mistake in one letter, and written "bous," instead of "vous." 2. The sign in music placed above a note, like a "v" upside down, signifies that a swell, or emphasis, should be given to it. You should procure a small manual of musical terms and signs.

PRUDENTIA.—We must give you, as to many other readers, the needful recommendation to learn sufficient Italian to enable you to pursue your studies as a musician. The sentence you quote is in that language — "*Nel cor più non mi sento,*" and means, "In my heart I no longer feel."

SPRING.—When employing the subjunctive mood, and its sign "if," you must say "were"—not "was"; there is no exception to this rule. "Were" must also follow the use of the conjunctions "though" and "although." Study the work by Dr. Angus on the English tongue, which we have so often recommended to our readers.

ART.

PETITE FRANCAISE.—We do not quite understand your question. We have given an article on terra-cotta painting at page 225, vol. ii. Also tile-painting, page 728, vol. ii.

H. T.—"How to Model a Rose in Wax," page 355, vol. i. Nothing else has been given on the subject.

SYRINGA.—Mr. Ruskin's writings are upon art, and subjects intimately connected with it. The names of his works are no guide to their subjects. We prefer the oil paints.

SUNLIGHT.—Obtain some plaster casts, and draw from them and from photographs of statues. There *must* be a school of art near you, we think.

SUSAN FIELDING, L. M.—Water-colours are used, and no medium is required, but they are very difficult to paint upon, as the colour seems to sink in.

WILD ROSE.—Nothing will alter the spots, we believe, save covering them with a little sepia or Indian-ink.

ANNIE GRAHAM.—Unless we saw your paintings we could not offer an opinion. Try one of our competitions, and you will soon find out if they have any merit. Fresh air, tonics, and a careful diet are the best cures; also a healthy and occupied mind. Avoid idleness and day-dreaming, and think more of others than yourself.

MUSIC.

ANNIE SMITH.—Inquire at any secondhand music shop.

ROMA CROSSBY.—Send to any publisher of such music. You will soon discover if it is worth having.

FLORA MCDONALD.—At a secondhand music shop. We should think from 15s. to 30s. would be a good range of price.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.—The examination fee to the Royal Academy of Music is £1 1s., which is remitted on admission. There is an entrance-fee of £5, and the fees for instruction are £10 per term, languages and deportment being extra. There are three terms, and thirteen weeks vacation in the year.

O. P. and F. C. G.—Both your questions are of the nature of advertisements. Surely you could not expect us to tell you the best music master in the place you live.

LETTY.—The fees at Trinity College are as follows:—Registration fee, 5s. 6d.; class fees, from 5s. to £4 4s.; organ practice, 1s. per hour to students. Fee for higher examination, 21s.

K. A. N. and LITTLE DORRIT.—You would obtain free training without limit of age, at the National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, London, W.C. Write to that address for a school directory, which costs sixpence only. There is a competition examination, and you require a nomination.

TOTTIE.—1. The terms "major" and "minor," as employed in music, are not merely arbitrary in their respective applications. There are more tones, or semi-tones, in the former than in the latter, and thus they are suitably designated. 2. Perhaps you might find the following a good wash in a case of sunburn:—Make a mixture of 1 drachm each of Roman alum and camphor, 2 drachms of borax, 1 lb. of oxgall, and ½ oz. of sugar-candy. Stir all well together three or four times daily for ten minutes at a time, until it becomes quite transparent, and then strain the mixture through blotting-paper, and it will be ready for bottling and use. We have found sage-tea an excellent healer of bad sunburns, and the remedy is one more easily and quickly prepared.

WORK.

G. M.—A pretty border pattern may be found on page 517, vol. ii. See also "My Work Basket."

NELL.—You will find oxgall, in the proportion of one part to four of soft water, will revive and clean your wool work. The chief secret of washing lies in the wringing, which should be done, if possible, through a machine.

PATTIE.—Jersey patterns are given at pages 223 and 319, vol. ii.; mittens, page 160, vol. ii.

LITTLE MARIGOLD, DAPHNE, S.W., SAMPLER, &c.—Veining is one of the names for double hemstitch, which nearly all the girls did in place of single hemstitch in the last competition. The name should be in cross stitch as well as the letters. The linen sent by "Daphne" is not too fine, but she might obtain one with larger threads if she preferred it.

WILHELMINA.—Shakespeare was born on the 23rd of April, 1564, and died on his birthday, 1616. See "My Work Basket" for the patterns.

BLUE BELL.—Beethoven was born in 1770, and died in 1827. He was born at Bonn, on the Rhine, where his father was organist and "chappell-meister."

NANCY.—We think your pattern of silk might be made up after the design of that worn by the young girl with the rake, page 553, vol. iii. The underskirt of plain silk, with small flounces of the striped at the edge of the skirt, either of the colours of the ravellings, dark blue, or red would be pretty for the plain portion of the dress.

LETITIA C.—If the long-cloth has much "dress" in it, you should have it washed before making up; but in any case the underlinen had better be washed when finished.

RIDER.—The usual way at present is to make five pleats at the back, the centre a box pleat, the others facing each way toward the front. This will improve the back of the bodice also. "After So-and-So" with your initials. Many valuable oil paintings now have glass before them.

F. A. T.—If you have no good cleaner near you, wash in the ordinary way with cool water and curd soap, and lay flat between two towels to put through the wringing machine. Hand wringing will not answer. Send the red plush to a cleaner by all means.

GIP.—Inquire of any of the photographers in the city where you reside. Your writing is legible, but you have a liking for flourishes, of which you should beware.

MIRIAM.—Instead of making decorative flower-baskets, why not try your skill at making the new seaweed decorations? They are fixed into shells—such as nautilus—or any shell that supplies an opening sufficiently large for your purpose. That named looks particularly well for suspension. The seaweed must be dried and spread out as the branches of a shrub; and to do this, we believe, the best plan would be to hold it standing in a basin, and to pour sand in very gradually, so as to keep the branches spread out, as in the water, instead of drying them all flattened out. You must procure a variety of these in both form and colour. We only mention this new description of work, about which you will have to make inquiries, as we have never tried it nor seen it done; and only profess to give the suggestion, not to teach this pretty art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ZILLAH.—Always introduce the younger to the elder, supposing the position in society to be on an equal footing. Do not say, "*on* the street;" it is an American vulgarism. The street is composed of houses, as well as roads and foot-paths. Say, *in* the street; that is, between the double row of houses.

MINITTE.—Your very kind letter deserves our warm acknowledgments, and we wish you success in your competition for the essay prizes.

MIRANDA.—The correct plural of the name "Narcissus" is "Narcissi;" but it would be very pedantic to form certain names and words otherwise than after the English method. For example, you would not say "gemi" as the plural for "genius;" but, little euphonious as the Anglicised termination may be, you would say, "They were both 'geniuses;'" and so you would say, "The 'Narcissuses' are very fine."

QUEENIE.—1. Menu cards are used at private dinner-parties, where there are several courses and entrées. 2. In Heraldry the name "Ermine" is pronounced as in English.

MOTHERLESS ROSALIE.—We are glad that you were gratified by our reply to your letter. We are well aware that lemon-juice is used in cases of fever, liver affections, sickness, scorbutic eruptions, jaundice—and, when applied externally, for neuralgia.

IGNORANT.—If you consented to receive the birthday-card, you need do no more. People do not write to acknowledge them. Your writing would be improved by rounding the letters a little more. It is too angular.

NINA.—You could not give a party of any kind to a mixed society of men and women, unless your aunt came to act as a matron or chaperone on the occasion. You are both too young, under other circumstances. Your hand is uncouth-looking, and you use a bad pen.

JULIE.—We perfectly agree with you in your approval of the effort made by women to become self-supporting in the sphere of life—whatever that may be—in which Providence placed them. But we do not approve of bestowing a wrong education on any woman—one which is not calculated to help her in the sort of work suited to her condition in life. A woman whose natural vocation is domestic service, for instance, should learn household work, cookery, housekeeping, needlework, hair-dressing, waiting at table, and the still more important duties of a nurse and child's-maid; together with what is known by the name of "the three R's"—not painting, music, French, mathematics, and so forth. Girls of a higher position in society should study both these distinct branches of education, and some special profession or vocation, besides.

IRISH DAISY asks "What would I use to soften and whiten my hands?" We have not the least idea of "what you would use." Perhaps you have made some new discovery; but, so far as we know about the matter, we know "what you should use." See page 319, vol. i.

BENNY.—Wear a veil, and do not expose your face to the sun and wind, as they often produce freckles. See one of our prescriptions for their removal, at page 383, vol. i., in reply to a question from "Annie."

KATE.—Go to the police inspector, and ask him to desire his men to give him information of any private removal of the tenants from the house, and to take whatever measures are then necessary. Also, ask him for the address of the nearest magistrate, go then to him, and make him acquainted with your case. By his advice you must then be guided.

KEW.—Go to the nearest Humane Society's station, state the case to the superintendent there, and they will direct you as to the steps to be taken, and give you the address of the secretary of the head office in town. State the fact that your sister had sunk some way into the mud of the river-bank, and was in imminent danger of being dragged in by the drowning child.

PORTE BONHEUR.—Perhaps you have hereditary gout, now showing itself in the joints. Consult a doctor. We have heard favourable accounts of the use of petroleum for improving the growth of the hair; but never that it had a tendency to turn it grey. Beware of going near a candle! We have had no personal experience in the use of this peculiar description of hair-wash.

ETHEL W.—Certainly, you may be married in your travelling-dress. We see no objection to your continuing to take the medicine, which appears to agree with you; but you may have to ask the advice of a

doctor later on. Indigestion may be cured by care taken in reference to diet, to the hours for eating, the rest taken before meals, and by allowing an hour for undisturbed digestion after them. Much drug-taking might thus be rendered unnecessary.

In Haste.—The words *una* and *tre* mean, respectively, "one" and "three;" and *corde*, strings. You should learn the signification of all such Italian terms employed in music. Get a little manual on the subject.

Ruby D.—See page 383, vol. i., in reference to freckles and the complexion.

Winnie.—Were your visitor an older person than yourself, *i.e.*, of "a certain age," or a married person, a young girl should lay aside her needle-work, and give her undivided attention to them. But, if the visitor be a young friend of her own standing, she may continue it, provided that she can converse, and look up from it, and make herself agreeable and attentive—so far as may devolve upon her—all the same. Say, "Would you excuse my going on with my work?" should you fear your so-doing might be regarded as impolite by the visitor, whether young or old. Rather be too punctilious than wound anyone.

Bessinda.—1. A young man of the second generation born and settled in France might be claimed as a French citizen; but the question should be referred to your own British Consul. 2. If living on a "flat," as in foreign houses, you might very well accompany your friends to the outer door on your story if your one servant may not open the last for you. You should use the nominative case, and say, "Is it he," not "him."

Jeunesse.—The parish of "St. Pancras" was so called after a young Roman who was martyred at the early age of fourteen years, in the Diocletian persecutions. He boldly professed the faith of Christ before the Emperor, making his profession voluntarily, and defending the cause of the Christians, and offering himself as a martyr. He suffered by being beheaded by the sword; his body was taken by the Christian women and honourably buried, and a church raised to his memory in the year 500, A.D., called "*San Pancrasio*," near the gate likewise called by the name of the young martyr at Rome. Voluntarily as he witnessed for the truth he was regarded in the Middle Ages as the avenger of perjury, and the protector against false oaths; and those who swore falsely by his name were supposed to be at once and visibly punished. So much was his memory revered, that the Kings of France, in ancient times, confirmed their treaties in his name.

Neuralgic One.—Very many are the theories formed and the drugs given for the cure of the suffering nerves; but it is our opinion that not one sort of medicine taken, nor one kind of lotion externally applied, will prove a specific for their cure. We believe that a whole system of living, comprised in early hours, suitable climate, suitable diet, frequent change of air, and gentle exercise daily, are the great essentials in treatment to be prescribed; and to be only supplemented by certain drugs and external applications. Amongst the latter we may name one which came to us from the best authority some time ago; the correspondent of the *Lancet* was, in this case, Dr. Alfred Wright. He said that, when in China, he discovered that the natives, when suffering from facial neuralgia, applied oil of peppermint to the spot most affected, with a camel's hair brush. As a local anæsthetic, it proves remarkably satisfactory in its results; not merely for neuralgia, but for gout, the pain from which complaint is almost instantaneously relieved. It is worth your trying, and the cost very trifling.

Heather Bell sends us a statement of the coat of arms and crest of a certain family, and asks us to tell her "the meaning" of it! We cannot tell her more than she has told us; and we do not understand the drift of such a question. If she require a detailed explanation of all the terms employed in Heraldry, we must decline giving up so much space to the subject as would be occupied by a description in English of what two or three technical terms in Latin would make clear at once to anyone acquainted with Heraldry. Get a small manual, and study the terms and their respective significations.

Peggy.—From what you say, it is very evident that cold baths are most injurious to you. We have known more than one case in which they nearly cost the life of those who tried them; and in one of these the lady was accustomed to bathing in the sea, not only without harm, but with great advantage. People who practise immersion in cold water should have good circulation producing strong reaction, a strong heart, good lungs, and a liver in thoroughly satisfactory order. A gentleman of our acquaintance became paralysed by persisting in daily cold immersions in a small river running through his grounds.

Emerald.—We feel much gratified by the great encouragement your letter affords. It seems to us that your strength is so much over-taxed by the very long hours of weekly business and the early rising and very late retirement to rest—especially on Saturday nights—it is not possible for you to be otherwise than very much overcome by drowsiness on Sundays. Nature calls for rest of mind and body; and a person placed in your position is rendered physically unequal to the extra fatigue of teaching on the day of rest. Until your bodily and mental powers are allowed a greater amount of refreshment in sleep, you ought to limit your Sunday's fatigue to attendance on the services of divine worship; and we counsel you to take what in your case exhausted nature seems to need—an hour's quiet rest and sleep after dinner. Then you will be enabled to perform your religious devotions, and listen—without falling asleep—to some good purpose, to the exhortations of the preacher. God does not "reap, where He does not straw," and your field of religious usefulness may lie in the words you utter, and the personal example you set amongst those with whom your weekly labour is carried on, and that which you set in the house of God. Your "vineyard" is not of necessity in a schoolroom.

Hertford.—We are gratified by your high approval of our paper, but regret that it would be taking too great a responsibility upon ourselves to give a private opinion on so difficult a question of law. The case is of so important a character that we advise you at once to take counsel's opinion—the best you can obtain—for many changes take place in the laws respecting property, and only a lawyer's opinion could be trusted.

A. P.—It would be very far from proper to accept the invitation of your intended husband's "landlady" to pay him a visit in the same lodgings. Do not take so unseemly a step; it would be discreditable to you, however religious the young man may be. Your hand is very neat.

Lena.—The adverb "very" must not be associated with the past participle "pleased," without the intervention of an adjective—such as "much." You may say, "very pleasant," or "very much pleased;" but to say "very pleased," or "very liked" (instead of "very much liked") is an illiterate vulgarism. We advise you to study Dr. Angus's work on the English tongue, to which we have so often directed our readers' attention. Your name is, we imagine, only a contraction of "Leonora."

Pensez a moi.—You must show your MS. to a variety of publishers of children's books, and take your chance of disposing of them. Remember that you must pay for their return to you, or you may not see them again. The hour for rising in the morning must depend on the circumstances of your position in life, and the work to be accomplished. If you rise very early, you should go to bed proportionably early. It is not advisable for any girl to take a walk so early as at 7 a.m.; unless accompanied by a proper chaperone it is scarcely safe. She may work or walk in her own garden, and in a town she may go to her school, or house of business, at 8 or 9 o'clock, when respectable people are about—which supplies the requisite protection.

E. Atkinson.—Yes, there are "inquiry offices" in London; as, for instance, Messrs. Pollaky's Private Inquiry Office, Paddington Green, London, W., but when inquiries have to be made in a foreign country the expenses might be considerable. You could write and find out their terms in your case. Have you no relatives in England who might trace your aunt's whereabouts? There is a "knitting machine," and a "stocking darning machine" likewise. We may not advertise such things. Write to some shop for the address. We are glad you like our paper, and thank you for your kind letter. Your New Zealand stamp is useless here.

Little Nell.—We must refer you to our article on Easter eggs, and the information given on the subject of that season, at page 393, vol. ii.

Bruebell.—No gentleman has a right to take off his hat and bow to you in the street, nor should you bow to him, if a stranger to you, excepting under special circumstances. For instance, if passing you so as almost to touch your dress in a very narrow passage, or in the hall of a mutual friend's house, he should raise his hat without looking at you, and you should bow slightly in passing to acknowledge his courtesy. Also, were you walking with a brother to whom the stranger bowed or spoke, he ought to raise his hat to you; or if you bowed to a lady walking with him, he ought, of course, to raise his hat. But in none of these cases is any subsequent bow or acquaintanceship involved, and under no other circumstances should any notice be taken by you of what you could only regard as an impertinence.

E. L. K.—Such a mode of signature would be somewhat peculiar in a letter addressed to your vicar. If you felt it, you might say, "with warmest attachment" to his wife; but, very likely, you do not quite mean that, so far as she is concerned.

Eleanor D.—I suppose that your friend retires too late at night, and over-fatigues herself. But there is a complaint known as "lethargy," of which we have personally known an instance; and of which the individual died. No means taken could keep him awake, though cannon were fired to rouse him. Your friend should consult a doctor, if the reasons we have suggested be not sufficient to account for her extreme and perpetual drowsiness.

H. I. J. S. G. F.—1. We commiserate the owner of so many initials. "How long she should know before she consents" to change the last among them must depend on a variety of circumstances. Her family and friends may have had a long and highly satisfactory acquaintance with him, his connections, and his circumstances; and in such a case, mutual attraction will bring about a happy and speedy agreement between you. It would be absurd to form a hard-and-fast rule in such matters. Caution, the honest seeking of wise counsel, the free acknowledgment to each other of all existing or possibly occurring drawbacks, and prayer to God for guidance, should be made your several duties before any engagement, were it long or short. But circumstances must aid in guiding you; and thus, if your intended had to sail from Plymouth for Australia to-morrow, and urged a speedy decision, it might be somewhat injudicious to wait, say, till the next day, to make up your mind! 2. We are told that Schubert and Schumann are, both of them, dead.

Nervous Girl.—We can only advise you to try to forget yourself and your nose, and read all our advice to all our "blushing beauties" and quivering aspens. Do you know a song called "We are all so nervous"? Learn to sing it to your friends, and enjoy a good laugh over it, as it will help to cure your own troubles in this respect. Mere "flushing" may be the result of employing the mind too soon after meals, and of indigestion.

Begonia.—Your wish for instruction as to "how to bring up your little sisters" involves so much, that it would be impossible to do much more than reply to any two distinct questions. One or two hints may, however, be given. Do not be always saying "do not do this or that." Insist on instant obedience, but do not require it in trifling matters. Never deceive a child by saying that medicine is "not disagreeable." Tell them it is so; and ask them to take it for your sake. Never allow tale-bearing, nor unkindness one to the other; and never put a child in the corner, and say that forgiveness depends on an admission of being "sorry." You may thus induce it to tell an untruth; and there will be a trial of strength between you, which should be avoided. Win the child's love and confidence above all things, but not by spoiling it, and giving it all for which it asks. Lastly, teach it to love and reverence its Saviour, and to be persuaded of His continual presence and merciful care; and that it must show its gratitude by endeavouring to be good.

Enquirer.—The questions you ask are such as only an oculist could safely answer. If you feel a doubt respecting the competency of a "first-class oculist" to pronounce upon the case described, how much more should you distrust the opinion of a non-professional! Go to an "Eye and Ear" Hospital, and compare the opinion and advice there given you with that of your private oculist. This we know as a fact, that for eyes over-strained the use of a small "electric battery" is invaluable. But you should go to a good electrician, and let him apply it round the eyes himself; as it has to be very carefully done, and only for five minutes in each day. The effect is wonderful after a certain length of time. But you will need patience.

In Centre of Ireland.—You do not tell us your age, but your hand is formed, and we think you old enough to take what you suggested. We cannot advise you further as to how to bring colour to your lips, as we are not magicians. We can only advise, and leave the rest to Providence. The defect appears to be constitutional. You appear to be in somewhat "evil case" in more respects than one!

Happy Girl.—Write to the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., for the number you lack, and enclose the price and postage. Write roundhand copies daily, and do not always supply two "t's" to the active participle, "writing."

A Chorister.—Many surnames were taken by persons of superior condition and good family from the lands which belonged to them; and subsequently, when the lower orders were required to assume surnames, they generally adopted the name of their trade, or else of colours, or any objects—nouns or adjectives—which occurred to their memories or took their fancy. "Griffith" is British, and signifies "having great faith." "Norbury" we imagine to be the name of a village or place; "Jones" is the most common of all names, and "Smith" follows second on the list.

Elter Water.—The distinction between a cathedral and a minster is explained in vol. ii., page 640. Your hand is well-formed, but too upright.

Emmeline.—The name "shambles" is one in common use in the present day, and means the slaughter-houses, where butchers kill the cattle that have been fattened for meat. The Jewish festival called "Pentecost" (Pentecost being a Greek term, signifying the "fiftieth") corresponds with the English "Whitsuntide." It was celebrated fifty days after the Feast of the Passover, on which day our Lord rose from the dead. During how many weeks subsequently He visited the earth, or remained here with His disciples, before His final and public ascension into heaven, we do not find recorded in Holy Scripture, nor can we with any certainty make the calculation.

Muriel II.—We do not know the picture to which you refer, but imagine it must have some reference to the events and scenes described in the 19th chapter of the Acts, and the cry of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," in opposition to the preaching of Christ by the Apostles. According to Dr. Hook's view ("Church Dictionary," page 464) the 5th Sunday in Lent is called Passion Sunday in the Church of England, because on that day our Lord predicted His approaching passion; and thus the name "Passion Week" was applied to the week commencing on that day; while they have given the distinguishing name of "Holy Week" to that on which the Passion really took place. In primitive times it used to be called *Hebdomas Magna*, or the "Great Week," on account of the great work of salvation then accomplished.

The Maiden & the Poppy.

By the Author of "The Girl's Own Alphabet," &c.

SANG a maiden in a cornfield, as sh wreathed
her golden hair
With the red and purple poppies luxuriating
there—
"I would not be a poppy, if a flower I must be;
A life so vain and useless would never do for *me*.

"I could not stand still staring, if I were
dressed like *that*,
In flimsy gown of sallow green, and scarlet
bobbing hat!
I should think the folks were laughing and
making game of *me*—
No! I will not be a poppy, if a flower I must
be."
And yet she went on weaving the poppies in
her hair,
Whilst speaking thus against them—it surely
was not fair!

Sang the poppy low and sweetly, as it nodded
to and fro—
"Since a poppy I was born, as a poppy will
I grow—
Content to raise my rosy head above the
sunny corn,
That the early lark may see me as he carols
in the morn;

Perhaps he'll sing the sweeter for the brightness
of the scene,
When he views the golden glory and specks of
red between!
"And I know a pretty maiden who often comes
this way
To search along the hedgerow for a gaily-
coloured spray;
For though she is so lovely, she yet would be
more fair—
So she wants a simple flower to twine around
her hair.
I will nod my head, all friendly, and strive to
catch her eye,
As she wanders through the cornfield she will
not pass me by!

"She will seize me as a treasure, and claim me
as a prize,
Though only just a weedling, and worthless in
her eyes;
And *I*, though but a poppy, shall thus true
pleasure give—
But that is all I care for, and that is why I live!"
So the poppy nodded, singing, and singing,
nodded still,
And the maiden gathered freely, her pretty
hands to fill.

But a thought of pain came o'er her, and she
murmured in distress,
"Than the least of Nature's children I am
doing even less;
They live and bloom for others, whilst I—oh,
can it be?—
Live only to myself and the thing that pleaseth me!"
So the maiden twined the poppies around her
sunny brow,
And said, "Ah, scorned flower, I have learnt
your lesson now!"

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MAY GOLDWORTHY;

A SEQUEL TO

"THE QUEEN O' THE MAY."

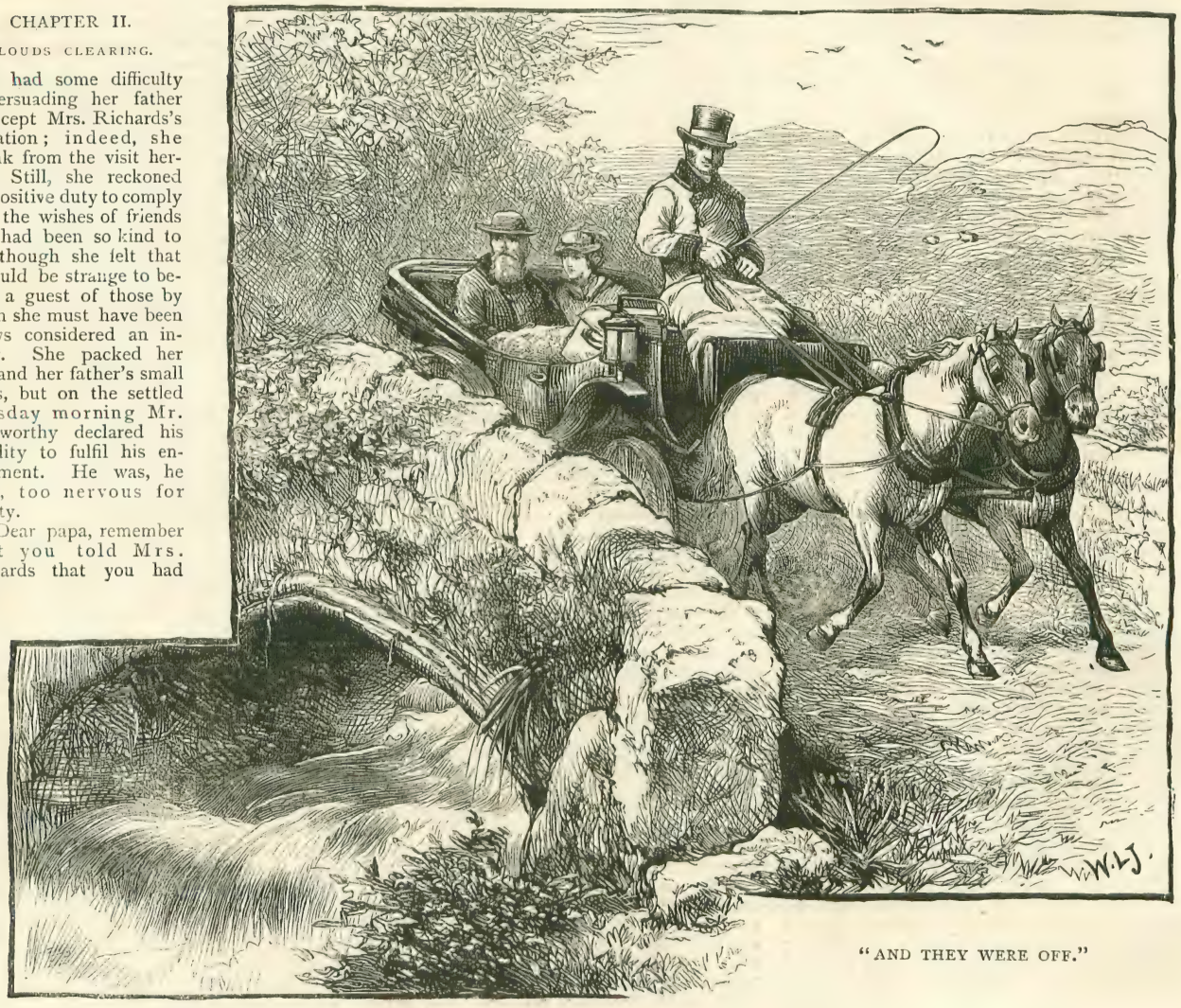
BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER II.

CLOUDS CLEARING.

MAY had some difficulty in persuading her father to accept Mrs. Richards's invitation; indeed, she shrank from the visit herself. Still, she reckoned it a positive duty to comply with the wishes of friends who had been so kind to her, though she felt that it would be strange to become a guest of those by whom she must have been always considered an inferior. She packed her own and her father's small boxes, but on the settled Tuesday morning Mr. Goldworthy declared his inability to fulfil his engagement. He was, he said, too nervous for society.

"Dear papa, remember that you told Mrs. Richards that you had



"AND THEY WERE OFF."

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left Glenpant because it was so quiet," pleaded May. "Will she not think you contradictory if you refuse to join her cheerful family party?"

"Perhaps so. But at Glenpant I was always reproaching myself for your dear mother's wrecked life, and everyone I met seemed to be asking me, 'What have you done with sweet Mary Morrison?' Here it is different, for there are no relations."

"Here is the carriage, dear papa," exclaimed May, in despair. "What are we to do?"

"Send it back, my darling, with an apology. I really cannot go."

The landlady was in the doorway, and understood May's difficulty. She at once passed it on to the coachman. He dismounted, and asking a man who stood by to hold his horses, went, hat in hand, into the sitting-room.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I am ordered not to wait. You are expected to luncheon," he began.

"I am truly sorry, but I am quite incapable," returned Goldworthy.

"Couldn't possibly return without you, sir. As much as my place is worth," said the coachman, who had received a hint from Mrs. Richards previously.

"What am I to do?" asked Goldworthy, hopelessly.

"Come at once, dear papa. You will be strengthened by the drive and refreshed by pleasant company. Never mind your coat. The other is in the portmanteau, and you can change it when you get there. It is really impossible to send back the carriage."

After a little further opposition, May and the coachman prevailed, and Mr. Goldworthy was seated in the carriage. The modest luggage was soon up, May by her father's side, and they were off. But this little scene will give the reader an idea of May's life since she left Glenpant. Her father was what is called "hipped," and needed constant rousing. May's prognostic concerning the drive proved true, and the mountain breezes and glorious scenery revived him as if by magic. By the time they arrived at their destination he was another man, and May was radiant with joy because he was thus transformed.

Plâs Elain, Mr. Richards's new house, was a handsome mansion backed by mountains, and situated near his slate quarries. These, as well as shares in various mines, constituted his wealth in North Wales, and he was well-known as a man of substance. Although Mr. Goldworthy declared the house too new to be picturesque, and May thought with regret of the sweet, peaceful, antiquated house her kind friends had tenanted in the south, they both forgot all else in the hospitable reception they met with. No sooner were they in the hall than May uttered an exclamation of delight, for she was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Everton and their little girl.

"Dear sir! dear Miss Edith! I am so glad," she cried, a hand extended to each, at which they laughed, and she remembered that she had returned in imagination to Derwen.

Her father was scarcely less pleased than herself at meeting these, his best friends, in London, but whom neither had seen since their return from the Continent. Mrs. Richards and her other daughters received them just as cordially, and soon conducted them to their rooms, which were near one another. Mr. Goldworthy changed his coat in no time, and looked spruce, if still artistic, as he and May descended the broad staircase together.

It turned out, to May's uneasiness, that all the neighbours and many of the performers at the concert had been invited to meet them; some to luncheon, others to dinner, part one day, part the next. Not that she was uneasy on her own account, but on her father's. Always simple and self-possessed herself, she was not afraid of the people she was introduced to, because she neither aped nor cringed, but was always natural. But he was peculiar, and avoided what is called company, and disliked being flattered merely because he had won name and fame as an artist. He, however, soon set her at her ease by joining in animated conversation, first with one, then with another. She had scarcely realised before how charming her father could be; and could not resist whispering to him, "Dear papa, how well you look! How good you are!"

"It is all your doing, my darling," he replied. "And, perhaps, in part the coachman's."

They both laughed, and he recited the little scene at the lodging so amusingly that everyone else joined.

It is not necessary to tell how May was caressed and admired, not only for her sweet singing, but her sweeter self. She thanked everyone with the utmost simplicity for their kind expressions, and sang to please them from morning to night. There was, indeed, much music; for she was not the only accomplished performer invited to Plâs Elain, but she was the most attractive. Mr. Everton took her father on sketching expeditions, and thus, to the ill-concealed chagrin of both, they were separated.

"My good friend, you must lose her some day," said Mr. Everton, when the devoted father complained that May had not come with them.

"I will never be parted from her while I live," was the reply.

They had been two days at Plâs Elain, and they were to leave on the morning of the fourth. Mr. Richards had been absent all the third day, and he was not expected back to dinner. The party was therefore restricted to the family, and Mr. Everton took the master's place at table. May sat near him, Mrs. Everton on her other side. Mr. Goldworthy was placed by Mrs. Richards, and entertained her and her unmarried daughters by foreign gossip.

"When we are all back in town again you will come and see us at once, May," said Mr. Everton.

"And help in the Crystal Palace teas," added his wife.

"Oh, I long to do something for the children of the pantomimes," replied May. "You remember, dear sir, when you rescued me from the stage and the union, and sent me to my dear great-grandparents. How well I remember that parting at the railway, and all that passed afterwards—and your kindness, dear Mrs. Everton!"

"And your dancing, and singing, and doll!" laughed Mrs. Everton. "What has become of Terpsichore?"

"I have her still," replied May, blushing. "She is a good friend, for she reminds me of my childhood, and especially of great-grandmother. I took her abroad with me; and, indeed, the Welsh costume is as pretty as the Italian."

"You are a true patriot, May," laughed Mr. Everton.

"Oh, the whole wide world cannot compare with sweet, wild Wales!" she cried, enthusiastically.

At this moment, to the general surprise, Mr. Richards entered.

"I did not expect to be so soon," he explained. "I have brought a friend with me. I hope you haven't quite cleared the dishes. Stay where you are, Everton; I shall be only too glad to be allowed to eat instead of carving. We have had a hard day's work, distributing money and seeing to the wounded. Some more plates, Johnnes."

While Mr. Richards was speaking, May's eyes were fixed on the door, and before he had concluded she had risen from her seat impulsively, and hurried towards it with the words—

"Cousin! Cousin Meredith!"

"May! Is it possible? Can it be you?" was the greeting she received in return.

Her extended hands were soon clasped in those of Meredith, and both forgot, for the moment, the place and the hour. Mr. Richards had planned this little surprise, having abstained purposely from telling Meredith whom he was to meet.

The confused greetings that ensued did away with all embarrassment, if there were any, and when Meredith finally approached Mr. Goldworthy, he was able to meet him without any display of the agitation which he really felt.

"Meredith, my good friend, this is a delightful surprise," said that gentleman, grasping his hand. "Why have you not written? We have been in despair, my Madeline and I."

"Explanations after dinner, if you please, gentlemen," broke in Mr. Richards, who was a man of business, and would have no loss of time.

So the new arrivals sat down: Meredith between the two Misses Richards and opposite May, the master of the mansion at his wife's side.

"Don't let us interrupt the dinner; we will catch you up, as the children say in their tasks," said Mr. Richards, decidedly, and he was obeyed, as was his wont.

But May's appetite was gone. Meredith had spoilt her dinner for that day. She could only look at him—think of him. In vain Mr. and Mrs. Everton pressed her to eat.

"Indeed, I cannot," she said, simply. "I am so happy. We have not met for more than a year. But, dear sir, don't you think he looks ill? And so much older!"

"His life is an anxious and responsible one, May," replied Mr. Everton. "He certainly is altered, but, I think, for the better."

"Ah, that could not be," said May, with a smile. "Cousin Meredith must always be the same."

"He certainly is not an old man yet, May. He cannot be more than seven or eight and twenty," laughed Mr. Everton. "Yes, Morrison, we are making personal remarks," he added, as he caught Meredith's inquiring eyes.

The young man coloured and continued his conversation with Miss Bertha. It was rumoured in those parts that Mr. Richards had such a high opinion of him that he would not object to him as a son-in-law, albeit Miss Bertha was slightly his senior. Still, as May remarked to herself, she looked as young as he did.

"Why did you not join us abroad, Meredith?" asked Mr. Goldworthy across the table. "I left word at Glenpant that we should expect you."

"It was quite impossible," returned Meredith; and May, who knew every inflection of his voice, fancied the response was cold.

"My Madeline also looked for you. We talked much of Cousin Meredith," continued Goldworthy.

"Young men who have their way to make have no time for idle travel, sir," put in Mr. Richards, "and Morrison has not let the grass grow under his feet, I can tell you."

"I admire resolution and perseverance beyond everything," sighed Goldworthy. "If I had possessed them, I should have been a different man."

"We have not all the same physical energy and health," said Meredith; "mental vigour is almost useless without them."

"Thank you for making my apology," returned Goldworthy, with a look at Mere-

dith so affectionate that he must have been obtuse not to read it; but he was obtuse.

In the evening May was planted at the piano as usual, and had no time for a private word with her cousin. But he was near her—at her side—turning over the leaves of her songs, joining in glees, choruses, hymns, and the old tunes that all the party had sung together at Derwen hundreds of times.

"This is almost like practising for the great competition," said May. "Dear papa, what a time that was!"

"A blessed time for me, my darling!" replied her father, whose hand was on her shoulder. "I should have been in my grave, or——"

"Hush, hush, dear!" cried May, suddenly striking up a lively Italian air, to which he hummed a refrain, and the words of which, in patois, he was afterwards prevailed upon to sing.

And so the evening of the reunion of May and her Cousin Meredith passed.

The following morning they met again at breakfast, but he and Mr. Richards disappeared immediately afterwards, and May could not even manage to inform him of their plans. She was disappointed, for it seemed so unnatural; "but then," she thought to herself, "all that is merely conventional is unnatural, and I suppose he and I are growing conventional. Oh! I am thankful my dear papa and Mr. Minister are unconventional."

She and her father were pressed to prolong their visit at Plâs Elain, but Goldworthy positively declined. He was as eloquent in his thanks for the hospitality shown him as even May could desire, and left behind him several valuable sketches that he had taken during his stay, and which were subsequently framed and hung, but not "skyed." Mr. and Mrs. Everton accompanied them on their return journey, and left them at their lodging, exacting a promise that they would visit them at Sydenham as soon as they got back to London.

"That is over. I am thankful!" exclaimed Mr. Goldworthy, as soon as he and May were alone.

"But you enjoyed it, dear papa?"

"Yes, really. But I saw nothing of my darling. The friends were too kind, too appreciative. They engrossed you wholly. Have they spoilt my Madeline? I trow not. But I am not ungrateful. They were kind, and I liked them. But Meredith was not himself."

"No, dear papa," replied May, sadly. "I suppose the world alters us all. He was the same and yet different."

"Can we have offended him?" asked the father.

This question was to be answered, ere long, by Meredith himself, who arrived about tea-time. May chanced to be out of the room when he came, so the two men had a brief *tête-à-tête*.

"My dear Meredith, I am thankful you have come," began Goldworthy. "We have been thinking and talking of nothing but you since our return here. We cannot understand in what way you are altered. Perhaps you can enlighten us."

"Altered? Really——" returned Meredith, and paused, colouring to his hair-roots.

"You see, my friend, there are changes so imperceptible that they can only be felt. A look, a word, a gesture conveys them, and yet you can lay hold of nothing tangible. Often it is a succession of negatives that arouses one's doubts. For instance, you have *not* written; you have *not* made an effort to join us; you have *not* kept alight the torch of friendship of your own free will. This for twelve months! Now that we have met again, you seem—forgive me if I am wrong—you seem reserved, cold, distant—altered, in short. You know how sensitive my Madeline is, and how well she loves Cousin Meredith. Although she does not say so, I am assured that her tender soul is vexed. Have we offended you? and if so, how?"

This straightforward question perplexed Meredith. He hesitated, as he made an attempt to reply to it, stumbled, and fell, as those who hesitate often do. He found, to his surprise, that Mr. Goldworthy was not conscious of having given cause for his taking offence, and wondered if there really were one.

"I should be so glad to set it right before my Madeline comes in," suggested the anxious father. "I am tolerably indifferent to the fluctuations of friendship myself, but cannot endure that she should suffer from them."

"Then, sir, why did you take her from my house so suddenly?" broke out Meredith. "Why did you remove her, almost without explanation, from those who loved her dearly, although they were only homely countryfolk? She belongs to us, of right, almost more than to you. Her grandparents nurtured her, we all took her to our hearts, she loved us, and, but for the journey to London, would never have left us. Why must the people of the great world rob us of the little world of our fairest flowers?"

"Remember she is my daughter," said Goldworthy, humbly. "What you say pierces my heart, for I have done all you say. But, indeed, my friend, I meant no wrong. Even when I carried off her sweet mother, it was for love of her."

"And what of those from whom the branch is torn, sir? I leave her, like the sunshine, in my poor home; I return and find it empty and dark. I hear only that her father wills to remove her, and I—I can but believe that it is because he knows I love her."

"Meredith!" exclaimed Goldworthy, starting up and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "this is a misconception. I felt my old melancholy returning when you left us. I feared for Madeline—for myself. I wrote to Minister, who knows me, and he it was who arranged the foreign tour. If you but understood how well I loved her mother, sweet Mary Morrison, you might imagine how the streams, the hills, the woods, the very flowers of her native vales recalled her, and filled me with self-reproaches. They call me 'hipped,' and so I am; but it is by periodical returns of early memories. Hush! Here she comes. Scatter the clouds that lie between her and you as you will—as you will!"

"Cousin Meredith!" exclaimed May, as she came in. "Oh, I am glad!"

"All is well, my Madeline," said her father. "You and Meredith must take a walk together after tea."

And May knew, by Meredith's frank face and loving greeting, that all was well, and before the sun went down started with him for a ramble among the mountains.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

POTATO PIE.—Four pounds mashed potatoes. Lay at the bottom of a large pie-dish a layer of the potatoes, then a layer of meat cut in dice, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, a little thyme, pepper, and salt; moisten enough to soak the crumbs with a gravy made of the jelly from the meat, a little warm water, and a tablespoonful of sauce; another layer of potatoes; another of meat, crumbs, and gravy; another of potatoes. Rub over the top with a small piece of butter, and bake in a quick oven till the top is a golden brown.

BREAD AND MILK.—This may be made without boiling the milk, which very much deteriorates it, by simply breaking the bread into cold milk in a china vessel, which stand in a saucepan half full of cold water. Put it on to boil, and let it boil for five minutes say, then place it on the hob for a little while. The bread will become as soft as the finest pap, according to how long it is left on the hob (ten minutes at longest), and it will be found invaluable for very young children, especially if sick or delicate.

MAKING BREAD.

MUCH lighter bread can be made with what is called renewed yeast than with fresh-made yeast. If you buy one or two pennyworth of good baker's yeast, use half for your first batch of bread, and put away the other half in a tightly-corked bottle. Renew it an hour or two before making your bread by putting one tablespoonful of coarse sugar and three or four of flour to it, with as much water as will double the quantity. Beat up well and stand this in a warm place covered up, but not near enough to the fire to cake it. Make the bread always over night, leaving the dough well covered up in a pan only half full and in a warm room. By the morning it will have risen to the top of the pan, and you will only need to separate and shape the loaves, leaving them again to rise near a fire for one or two hours, as they require it. The dough must be kneaded in the first instance till it is perfectly elastic, and if made too dry and close it never will be that, so be particular about the amount of moisture.

It is easier to make light bread in summer than in winter. Renewed yeast may be kept (always saving half and repeating the process) for three months in cold weather or two in hot weather. If you only make bread once a week, stir a little sugar, flour, and water into it every third day, recorking the bottle, or it will lose its life.

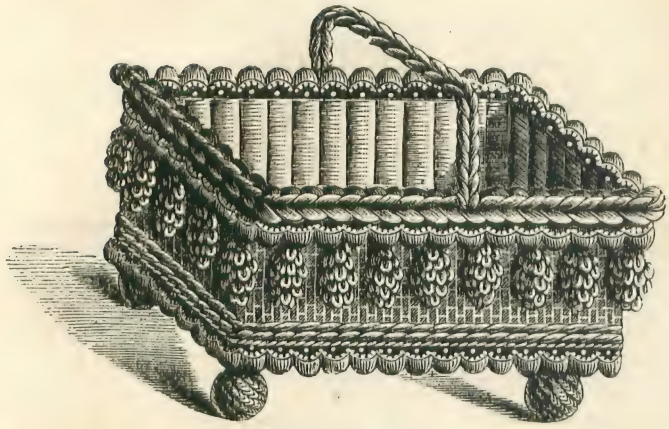
AUSTRALIAN MEAT RECIPES.

PIE.—Two pounds of Australian meat, a few cold boiled potatoes (mashed), 1½oz. tapioca, a little thyme, a teaspoonful of salt. Lay the meat in small pieces, roughly, in the pie-dish, put spoonfuls of the potatoes here and there amongst it, sprinkle the tapioca and thyme over the whole, and pour in a tablespoonful of sauce mixed with about a quarter of a pint of water. Cover with a crust made with Australian marrow (instead of lard or dripping). There is often enough fat in a three or four pound tin of Australian meat to make crust for a good-sized pie.

IMITATION MINCED VEAL.—One pint of milk, half-a-pint of water, rind of half a lemon, quarter of a large nutmeg, grated. Simmer the milk and water, and the lemon rind (minced finely), and the nutmeg, and a saltspoonful of salt gently for an hour. Mince two pounds of Australian mutton, taking care to cut *across* the grain of the meat. When wanted for table, thicken the milk, &c., with a small piece of butter rubbed smoothly into a tablespoonful of flour, and moistened to a cream with a tablespoonful of sauce and a little water, which pour into the milk, which must now be allowed to boil, just to thicken but no longer (stir, of course); add the minced mutton, let it stand two or three minutes to warm through, and serve with sippets.

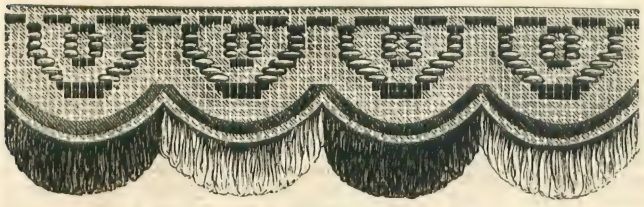
IRISH STEW.—The same vegetables as generally used; add the Australian meat the last thing before dishing up. The most important point in serving tinned meat is to avoid cooking it a second time, as it is thoroughly cooked already.

MY WORK BASKET.



SQUARE WORK BASKET.

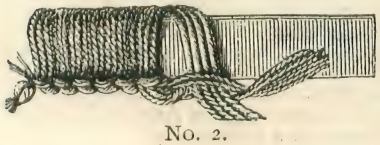
The basket is made of coloured wicker, lined with plaited red satin, the top edge of which is covered with a band of embroidery. The illustration No. 1 will be an easy guide. The band is a Colbert braid in écru thread, on which the design is embroidered in red and olive silks. The bottom edge of the band is scalloped, and trimmed with



No. 1.

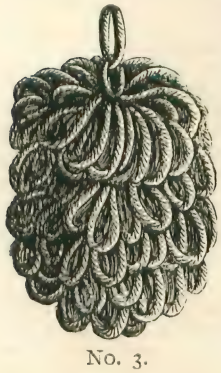
fringe in alternate lengths of red and olive. No. 2 will show the manner in which the fringe is executed.

Two lengths, one of red and the other of olive wool, are used for one scallop; the alternate ones are in pale blue and gold colour. A wooden mesh the width required for the fringe, and two balls of fine wire to work in the wool. The mesh is held in the left hand, and after fastening the ends of the two lengths of wool to the two balls of wire, the work is commenced by passing the double wool round the mesh, and passing one piece of wire *over* the top of the wool; the next covering of wool must have the second wire slipped *under* the wool, by which means the fringe is secured on the mesh. When a sufficient length for a scallop is made, the fringe is drawn off the mesh, and the ends of the wool and wire fastened off.



No. 2.

The tassels which ornament the sides of the basket are also made of wool in the four colours used in the fringe, and formed as shown in illustration No. 3. The loops are made by passing the wool over a thick pencil, or small round ruler, and fastened with very fine wire in the same way as the fringe, and formed into tassels by twisting the narrow fringe round a thick piece of string. The balls are sewn under the fringe on the upper part of the basket. The Colbert bands are fastened on the basket under a fancy cord of the different colours of the embroidery. The satin lining is trimmed with a narrow scalloped band of embroidery to match.



No. 3.

NEST FOR EGGS.

A good sized round cardboard box, half filled with wadding and covered inside and outside with moss-green cashmere, forms the foundation.

A band of knitted loops in shaded green wool is worked as follows:—

Cast on a sufficient number of stitches for the depth of the box.

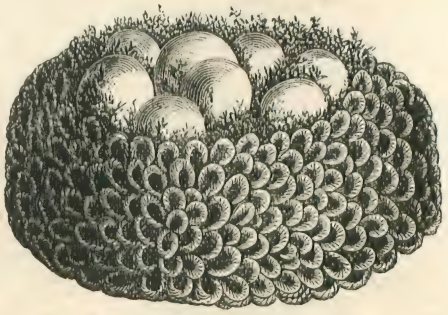
1st Row.—Plain knitting.

2nd Row.—Pass the needle through the first stitch on the needle, turn the wool three times round the needle and first finger of the left hand; work the stitch in ordinary knitting—knit one and repeat.

3rd Row.—Knit the row in plain knitting, taking each three stitches made in last row as one.

The second and third rows are worked alternately, until a sufficient length to go round the box is made. Cast off and sew the two ends together.

The inside is filled with moss made of wool, by knitting a long length of twenty stitches in width. When finished, hold the knitting over boiling water; let it dry before the fire, and pass a warm



NEST FOR EGGS.

iron over it. Cut one edge of the knitting and ravel out the remainder. Place the moss in the basket, and tack here and there to keep it in place.

Some bright flowers interspersed with the eggs will add greatly to the pretty appearance of this nest. The wool and wadding will help to retain the heat in the eggs.

SOFT WORK BASKET.

This little fancy basket bag is made with Java canvas and coloured cashmere.

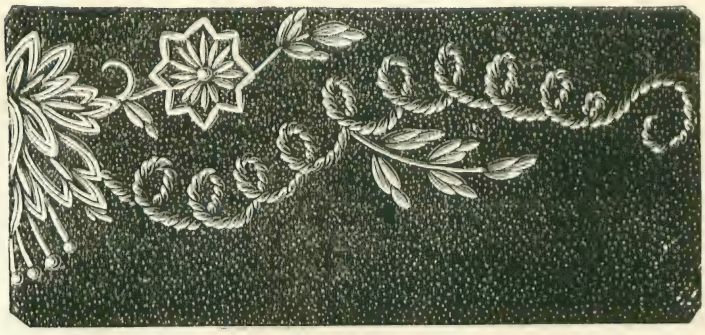
The canvas is worked with a spray of flowers on each side, with wools and gold thread.

The ends of the canvas are fringed out and fastened in loops to form full bunches, and the loose ends are tied with ribbon to match the ruche which covers the join of the canvas and cashmere together.

The bag has a drawing string run in to form a frill, and plaited woollen cord is used for handles.

SLIPPER OF EMBROIDERED CLOTH.

Black cloth or velvet can be used on which the illustrations—No. 1 for front of slipper and No. 2 for sides—can be traced



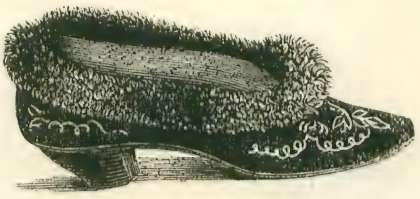
No. 2.

The rosebuds are embroidered with shades of pink and red silks. The foliage in shaded greens, with green and pale brown stalks.

The rest of the centre bouquet is in *point russe*, with gold-coloured silk or gold thread. The large flower on the toe is in shaded blues with yellow veinings and red ball in centre.

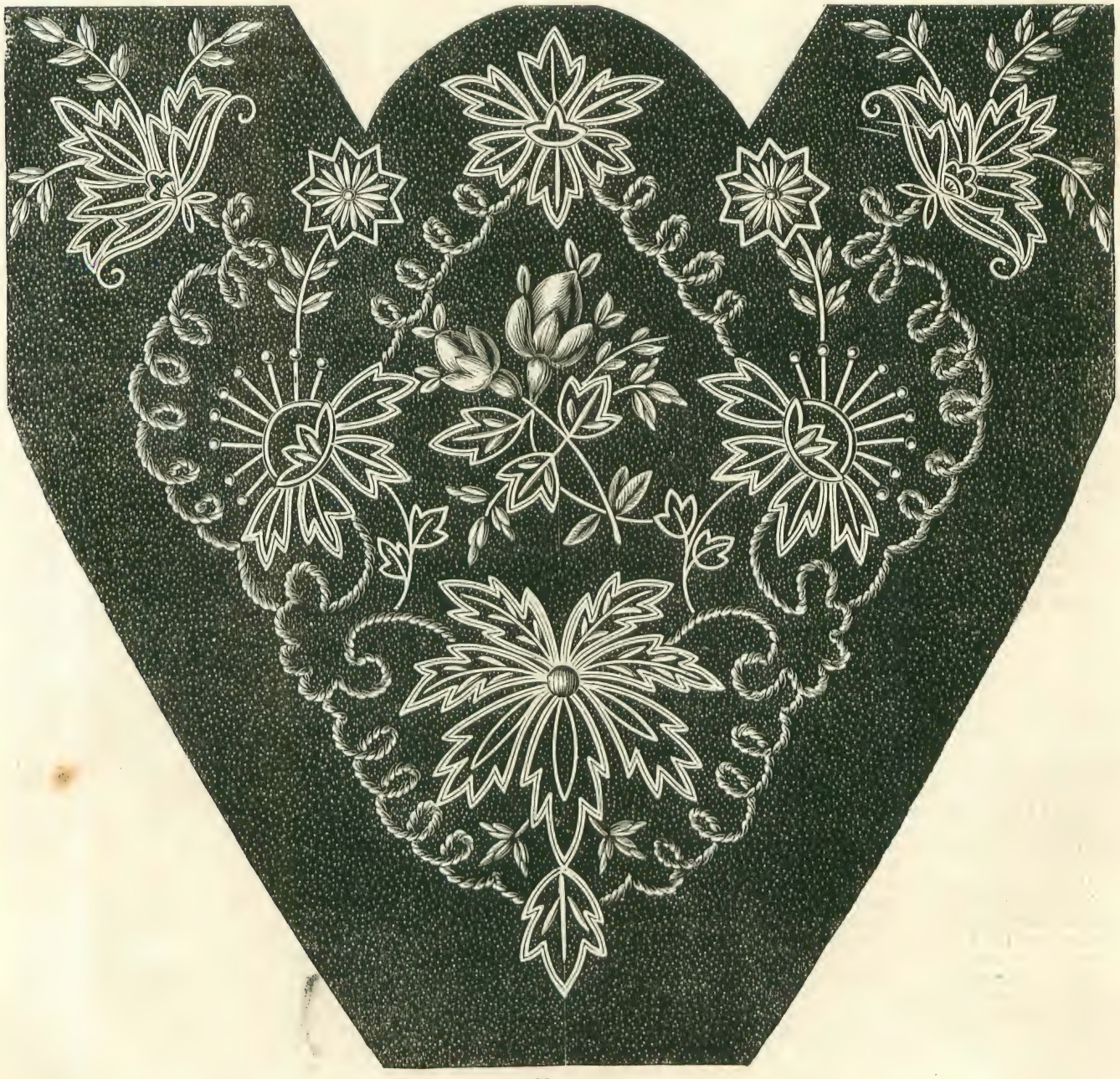
The leaves at point are white with yellow veins. The side flowers are pink with pale green centres, and petals and points in yellow.

The two small star flowers are red with yellow centres, and the three upper flowers are blue and white with yellow veins. The leaves are in shaded greens, olives, and browns, and the small buds pink. A closely twisted gold cord attaches the different flowers together.



THE SLIPPER.

The slipper is lined with blue wadded satin, which can be brought over the edge and finished with a cord to match, or with a band of fur, according to taste or warmth required.



No. 1.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LA JOYEUSE.

DAMARIS was aroused at daybreak by the clucking and the scratching of a number of hens around her. It took her a few minutes to collect her scattered senses and to understand the novelty of her position. She was conscious then of two sensations. The first, and by far the most urgent, was one of sharp, unmistakable hunger. The pure mountain air had done so much for her already. Her second sensation was one which bade her avoid all curious eyes, all questioning until she had first seen and spoken to Justine.

Her first care must be to find her old *nourrice*, and telling herself that this would be no difficult matter in so small a village, she arose and went forwards along the rugged street. La Joyeuse seemed to be huddled together in this cleft of the hills, as though the same fate had befallen it that the witch Sycorax inflicted on Ariel when she left him "hitched in a cloven pine."

Could she be quite certain of recognising Justine, Damaris wondered. She could recall her voice and appearance exactly as they were when last she saw her; but sixteen years must have altered her in some respects. Justine had been a widow then; her early marriage had brought her much unhappiness, but her later one with Jean La Marque seemed to have brought her all possible happiness.

As she climbed the steep, ill-paved street she anxiously scanned every cottage and open doorway, but no one met her view who at all answered to the picture in her mind. She followed the street in its descent on the other side of the rock, her heart sinking at every step she took, until all at once it gave a great throb and her feet came to a standstill. She had reached the last house, and saw lettered over the doorway, with a large iron horseshoe nailed above to indicate his profession—

"Jean La Marque, Maréchal Ferrant."

The house door stood open to admit the morning sunshine. As she paused before the little gate, Damaris had a view of the comfortable interior. The sunlight gleamed upon a wealth of pots and pans, and quaint crockery ware. Under the ceiling of the room was a second, made of a trellis-work of laths, upon which was stored abundance of vegetable produce and household provisions.

A woman was upon her knees on the hearth in the act of kindling a fire in the stove, as Damaris passed in through the garden gate and paused on the threshold of the door. Her figure intercepted the sunshine; the woman rose to her feet and turned round. Seeing a stranger stand there with a bag in her hand, she asked in the Cevennes patois—

"What have you to sell?"

Damaris pushed back her hat from her head, took one step forwards, then paused.

"Don't you know me, Justine?"

The woman shaded her dazzled eyes for an instant, then threw up both hands with a cry of joy, rushed forwards, and took Damaris into her strong arms.

"*Est-ce toi, mon enfant?* At last! at last! Your chamber is ready and waiting; we have hoped for your coming all the summer."

Damaris clung to the broad bosom, and hid her tearful face in Justine's plump neck.

"I have come to you for a shelter, for a hiding. Will you take me home, will you let me stay with you, Justine?"

Justine, with her shrewd woman's wit, instantly divined that there was more in this sudden arrival of her nurse-child than the mere fact. She saw the tears run down her pale cheeks, she felt her tremble in her arms, and her own joy was checked in its first transport.

"You are tired, you shall not speak, you shall tell me nothing until you are rested and refreshed. Hush! not one word."

She put her into a big cushioned chair, took her bag, and laid it aside.

"I am so hungry!" exclaimed Damaris.

Justine threw up her hands and her eyes once more, and with the single exclamation, "*Dame!*" laid fresh kindling on the blazing sticks and hung on her little pot of soup. She served a cup of the soup, hot, to Damaris very speedily, with thin strips of brown bread soaked in it. Damaris ate as one who is half famished, and while she ate, the colour came back to her cheeks, the light to her eyes.

"*C'est bon,*" said Justine, curtly, as she received back the cup. "You are better, poor child?"

"Better! I am well, I am at home," said Damaris, letting her arms fall once more to Justine's broad shoulders. Justine almost lifted her to her feet.

"Now come to your room, it is waiting; the little white room of which I told you."

"And which, in my own mind, I have seen and thought of so often, Justine. And when this trouble came upon me, a great and overwhelming trouble, Justine, I could think of no place else to go but to you, and the little room I knew was always ready for me."

"Come, *mon enfant!*"

With her strong brown arm about her nurse-child, Justine led her to a little spiral staircase which wound upwards from one corner of the large low-ceiled room.

The chamber was in the high-peaked roof, it had sloping walls, and was as white in all its garniture as the driven snow. From the window was a magnificent view across a little garden filled with fruit trees, whose branches were breaking down with their burden; to rocky heights, and foaming cascades flashing through the clear mountain air.

Damaris was sufficiently recovered to take an almost childish delight in the novelty of her surroundings.

"*C'est un paradis,* Justine! A perfect little paradise," she cried, clapping her hands enthusiastically, as she stood in the centre of the floor and looked around.

Justine's kind face was beaming.

"*Reste-toi, mon enfant,* whilst I go and prepare breakfast, and break the news of your coming to my husband, who still sleeps."

She hurried away down the winding stair, and Damaris heard her calling to Jean, who evidently slept in a little room on the ground floor.

"*Lève-toi,* Jean, quick, quick! I have some news for you—good news. *Paresseux! Lourdaud! Lève-toi!*"

Then a deep masculine voice responded, a voice so perfectly harmonious as to convey at once to Damaris a sense of strength and protection.

"*Doucement,* Justine! *don't* excite yourself. What is the matter now? Is it neighbour Lanion's horse that is taken worse? Tell them to go on with their former treatment till I come."

"Bah! neighbour Lanion indeed!" cried Justine indignantly, as she bustled about to prepare the morning meal.

In the meantime Damaris had discovered a most ingenious little toilet contrivance in her room. The crystal water which oozed out of the rock close by was conveyed fresh from its secret cavern, through a little terra-cotta pipe, into a small bath fitted to receive it, and thence to the house region below. She filled her basin and pitcher for herself and carried them to the little stand, plunging face and hands into the pure cold liquid, emerging laughing and rosy from her primitive lavatory. Then she brushed out and arranged her long hair, and hastened downstairs to take up resolutely and at once the simple life she promised herself, by helping Justine with the breakfast.

But all was ready below, and in the great chair by the bright stove fire, where she had rested awhile ago, sat Jean La Marque. After shyly making his acquaintance, Damaris found Justine's husband exceed all her most sanguine expectations. He was a big man, tall and meagre of form, ugly as are all the montagnards of this region for the most part, with a face rugged as the mountains themselves, illumined rarely by a wonderful, sun-like smile.

"He is worthy of Justine," was

Damaris's internal comment. Higher praise she could not bestow. Her last uncertainty varished; she could not have found anywhere a more secure retreat than the one she had chosen, nor kinder and more trustworthy protectors.

Both Justine and her husband would have waited upon her with the respect they considered to be her due, but Damaris thought best to tell them at once just sufficient of her story to account for her wish to lose her own personality altogether for the present, and begged them to let her share their simple lives quite as one of themselves.

"So few strangers ever come to La Joyeuse, mademoiselle, that, to prevent idle talk, it will be necessary to account for your presence here in some way," said Jean La Marque. "What shall I say to the neighbours, Justine?"

Justine readily concocted a little story which she submitted to her foster-child, to the effect that she is the daughter of an old mistress of hers, and being in delicate health, has come to try what the air of La Joyeuse will do to strengthen her.

"But," said Damaris, "I had rather not pass for a young lady of position. Say that I am the daughter of some friend of your own, for I mean to make myself useful to you, Justine. You must find me employment or I shall die. I will adopt a dress and cap like yours, and you shall call me by my mother's name."

"Mademoiselle Josephine?"

"Nay, Josephine without the mademoiselle."

"But, mademoiselle," said honest Jean, as he washed down his soup with a bowl of *vin chaud*, followed by another of *café noir*; "you have the air of a demoiselle of quality, and nothing can disguise that."

Before Damaris could reply, Justine, whose eyes had hardly left her face during the meal, nodded her head sagely—

"Jean has no idea of anything but the plain, blunt truth. He shall see how we can deceive him, mademoiselle—*ma bonne* Josephine, I mean."

So successfully did the two women lay their heads together during the day that, when Jean returned to his evening meal, he caught a glimpse of a slim little figure within the house-place habited as Justine, but in no other respect resembling her, and his foot halted upon the threshold. In the short gown, shoes, and cap of the montagnarde he did not recognise his wife's foster-child until she, perceiving his perplexity, advanced with a little courtesy; and, with an audacious little attempt at the patois of the district, bade him enter.

Justine waved her hand triumphantly towards the result of her handiwork.

"There, Jean, what do you think of her now?"

Damaris blushed and smiled, conscious from Jean's manner that she still looked a lady every inch of her. His slow, critical gaze surveyed her from the crown of her dainty cap to the buckles of her shoes; then he shook his head.

"It won't do, Justine. Dress can no more turn mademoiselle into a *paysanne*, than it can make a *grande dame* of you"

And though he so far fell in with Damaris's wish as to eat at the same table, and call her by her mother's name, he always used the prefix of mademoiselle to the last day of her stay in La Joyeuse.

The change of dress had one advantage, however: it helped Damaris to get rid of her own individuality to some extent. The shock produced by the revelations of the old Marquise, the revulsion wrought in her by the belief that Monsieur St. Just could act in a manner so unworthy of the high ideal she had formed of him, the agony which had driven her to flight, the vague terror of her journey hither, the relief of finding the safety and seclusion she had sought, all conspired to produce in her a numbness of soul with regard to the past. For several days she resolutely strove to banish all thought of it. But as her mind by degrees recovered its healthy balance in the invigorating atmosphere, in the simple life she shared with her humble friends, and in the novel occupations she conscientiously pursued, this past arose and reasserted its sway.

Questions forced themselves upon her which startled and alarmed her, questions she had never dreamed of asking herself at the time. She had told herself over and over again that the course she had taken in quitting the *château* was the only right one; but now came the cruel suggestion that she had been passion-blinded, that she had listened to and obeyed the instincts of her pride alone.

"No! No! No!" cried Damaris, when this possibility occurred to her; "I was justified, more than justified in what I did. To have remained would have been to lose my self-respect."

But an awakened conscience is a troublesome thing It pursued her when she arose from the mossy stone on which she had been sitting by the wayside, and followed her as, singing one of the rude airs of the village she had already caught from Jean La Marque, she plunged into the green shadows of the woods.

When no particular duty lay ready to her hands in Justine's home, she often tired herself with long rambles, finding physical fatigue a necessity in order to lose herself in the sleep she had now studiously to woo to her pillow at night. Her only resources were occupation and exercise. Reading, which would perhaps have been more effectual than either in turning the channel of her thoughts, was denied her. A few antique books of devotion comprised Justine's library.

Sometimes she accompanied Jean La Marque, whose profession of veterinary surgeon took him away for whole days into the most difficult mountain passes. In this way he fulfilled his sometime promise of showing her the loveliest scenes of this beautiful country. While he was busy visiting and treating the sick animals, she would make acquaintance with the friendly villagers and explore every nook of their little settlements, coaxing the children to her, and winning the mothers' hearts by the gentle ways with which she enticed the little creatures, who were as wild and shy as the goats that browsed on the sides of the mountains. On these occasions Jean always drove a little covered waggon, to which was harnessed a mule so hardy and intrepid, that without whip or rein he would have taken them along the most dangerous ways in safety. Justine encouraged these excursions, avowing that they did her *chère* Josephine much good, that she was always hungrier and happier when she returned from them.

But to-day Jean is engaged with a critical case in La Joyeuse, Justine is giving her services to a neighbour, and Damaris is left wholly to herself for the first time since she came. The day hangs heavily, and she sets forth to tire herself with a long walk, which has for its indirect object a little commission to execute for Justine in a neighbouring village, to which she has not yet been. Justine has plainly directed her so that she cannot lose her way.

The morning is lovely, fresh with that exhilarating freshness which only mountain regions know, with a sharp definiteness of light and shade due to the exquisite purity of the atmosphere. All the rills are dancing in the sunlight, and the red mountain peaks stand clear cut against the background of sky. As she enters the wood, its cool shadows still the song on her lips. Softly, clearly, melodiously, she hears what seems to be an echo of its refrain, wandering through the green aisles like a disembodied voice.

(*To be continued.*)

Double Acrostic.

Two women: but how different their fame!
One, grand, inspir'd, the greatest of her time;
The other, by her actions, made her name
The type of heartlessness, deceit, and crime.

1. The shepherd lad, the warrior bold,
The chosen monarch of a mighty race.
2. The prince who led his people from exile,
And brought them to their former dwelling-place.
3. The idol, whose deception was made known
By means of sand upon the Temple floor.
4. A king, who seiz'd by force on Israel's throne,
And work'd more ill than those that went before.
5. The dying mother, who her own life gave
For him she call'd "the son of my right hand."
6. That ancient kingdom, giving from its grave
Its hist'ry at a foreigner's command.
7. Old Syrian town: Greek conq'rors chang'd its name,
But it retains its old one all the same.

Ximena.

"ALREADY THE BERRIES ARE FLUSHING TO CRIMSON."

THE FIRST BLACKBERRIES.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE roses have faded—the bonnie wild roses—
They sleep with the violets that blossomed in spring;
The midsummer glory has gone from the hedges,
Where only the blackberries cluster and cling.

We measure the flight of the year by its seasons.
"It fell in the haytime, or harvest," we say;
"At the fall of the leaf, or when primroses blossom;"
Or else, "when the berries are red on the spray."

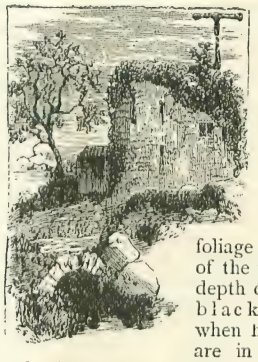
Last year, when the blackberries purpled in clusters,
He gathered the first that were ripe in the lane,
As thickly they hung o'er the stile where we parted,
And said, "I'll return when they ripen again."

Already the berries are flushing to crimson,
The cornfields are bright with their own mellow glow;
Each day that I waken I think will it bring him—
My laddie who left me a long year ago?

Fly fast, O ye days, and blow softly, ye breezes,
Shine warmly, O sun, on the blackberry lane,
For when the red clusters have deepened to purple,
The lad that I love will be with me again!

MOTHERHOOD.

By ALICE KING.



HERE is a keystone to the arch which puts the finishing touch to its grace and beauty; there is a time in summer when fulness of flower and foliage makes the crown of the year; there is a depth of melody in the blackbird's song, when his callow young are in the nest, that excels in sweetness all the silver trills, all the gay chirping, all the tender notes of other seasons. Such a keystone to the lofty arch of her story, such a crown to the blossom and fruit of her life, such a rich blending and bringing out of all the rarest melody of her nature, is motherhood to woman.

Motherhood is woman's highest, fullest royalty, her season of most splendid prerogative, of her widest rule; when her influence, her broad dominion, her sovereign power, stretches far on into rising generations, sways the men and women who are to be, moulds and colours the minds, and manners, and deeds of the distant future. Maidenhood is queenly with a moon-like queenliness that is all her own; wifehood is queenly, wearing a modest diadem that well becomes her; but motherhood is queenly with a supremacy of royalty that shines out in a noontide radiance to which scarcely any light on earth can compare.

Yet, with all its queenliness, with all its perfection of beauty and brilliance of brightness, with all its richness of harmony, motherhood is a thing often misused and misunderstood among us, motherhood is a thing often turned by women into a poisoned root, a talisman of evil; it is a coronet that woman often lets fall in careless neglect from her brow to be trampled beneath her feet.

She who is a mother holds in her hand the wonder-working wand of a saint, she has the halo of an angel gleaming round her brow; and yet she will fling away, with a light laugh, this wand, she will let herself, quite calmly, lose this halo, and will pick up instead any little bit of glittering tinsel that society, that fashion may let drop in her path—will wrap herself up in a mantle of idle ease or self-indulgence, and forget tranquilly the royal, the sacred privileges that belong to her. Would that we could rouse up mothers in all ranks, and classes, and stations in England to recognise and exercise, in its whole extent and fulness, the mighty power that lies in their hands! Then the coming pages of the nation's story would be secured, even before they are written, for goodness, for glory, for purity, for truth!

Women are always said to be fond of power; what a boundless field of power opens before them here! Parents and guardians are frequently ambitious for their girls; they want them to make marriages which will raise them in social position; here is something worthy of men and women being ambitious for, to bring up a girl so that she may become the mother of heroes, the mother of patriots, the mother of saints, the mother of martyrs. Our girls, themselves, may well claim the highest advantages of training and education, may well demand that the clearest intellectual light should be poured in on their young souls, may well expect that, in early life, the best and most learned among us should labour to lay deep and firm the foundations of their religious faith and knowledge—when such work as this may lie before them in their future. When we shape the flexible natures of our young girls, when we wake up their hearts, when we feed their fancies, when we give employment to their brains, when we kindle their lively feelings and affections, we must remember that our work is a far-reaching work, for they will perhaps be one day mothers, and on the mother depends the whole formation of character in the children, who will be men and women, fathers and mothers, by-and-by.

It may, perhaps, be thought by some, at first sight, that these last words which we have used are an exaggeration; but let us look at them closely and calmly, and we shall own that they are not. In the first place, it is said by those best qualified to judge on such subjects, by men who have made these things their constant study for the good of their fellows, that on the treatment, and the care, and the training received by the child from the time when it is born till it is two years and a half old depend its whole mental and bodily future. Who is it that at this early period holds, or at least ought to hold, the entire empire over the boy or girl? Who, but the mother! How can an ignorant, low-bred, narrow-minded woman, how can a woman whose head is nothing but a list of new dresses, whose life is one long story of thoughtless dissipation, how can a woman who knows nothing of prayer, nothing of a noble, spiritual walk with God, who has no desires and aspirations beyond this world—how can any of these fill such a post, a post which has in its keeping the destinies of humanity for both earth and heaven? For such women to be raised to the dignity of motherhood seems like setting an image of clay in a marble temple on a jewelled altar. The woman who is to print on her child's soul and features impressions that are to be life-long, though made at this early age, must know, at least, something of the laws of health, that she may care wisely and well for the development of the tender form; she must have a lively intellect always bright and awake, so that she may be able to kindle the young intelligence; above all, she must have a strong, brave, religious faith to lean upon, so that from the very beginning she may put the little fingers into the hand of Him who takes the little children in His arms, who is the might and strength of all true manhood and womanhood alike.

We have spoken above of the care and attention a mother should know how to give to the physical development of her child, and we must say a word more about it, as one of the duties of motherhood, before we go on to higher things. It is, perhaps, little known and considered how many bodily weaknesses, how many nervous affections, that sadden and torment the middle-age of men and women, arise solely and entirely from foolish, injudicious treatment and management in their childhood. A mother's guardianship over her children should be vigilant, active, unwearying, practical, sensible, and should never, except under peculiar circumstances, be delegated, for more than a few hours, to servants and dependents. Every muscle of the young limbs should be given just its right amount of exertion and rest; every slightest tendency to physical disease should be watched and guarded against; the tender mind, the lively budding fancy should be kept from shocks and disturbances that set the poor little sensitive nerves all in a quiver. If a mother would have her boys and girls grow

up to do good work in the world, she will do her utmost to give them healthy bodies, and calm, nervous systems, for these good things are wondrous helps to those who are fortunate enough to possess them in all mental labour, in all the graver tasks and undertakings of human life.

What a rich, choice treasure to the mother, who knows how to value her, is a baby girl creeping and laughing in the sunshine on the nursery floor! Here is a creature to be trained into a household angel, that shall first gladden her own home, and then another home that is to be, with grace, with light, with sweetness. Here is a fair canvas on which the mother may paint her own image, so that she shall live again to a future generation; here is a heart and mind to be strengthened, and illuminated, and opened, so that if, in after days, the girl does not become a wife, she may go out to do bravely and nobly her woman's mission of lifting up, of warning, of comforting, of healing; here is a young princess, who may, in future years, have to assume the same royalty of motherhood which the mother now wears herself. A mother should be always very careful to set her girl high in the family. It is a mistake, and a mistake bringing forth much evil fruit, when the daughters are made the drudges of a household circle, upon whom all the dull, disagreeable work is thrown; the mother should educate her sons to pay chivalrous reverence to their sisters, and not to regard them, as is too often the case, as convenient slaves ready at any moment to do their will. This state of things is bad for both boys and girls, and mothers should be earnest and resolute against it. They should teach their sons respect for womanhood by making them use, even from their nursery days, all gentleness, and kindliness, and courtesy towards their sisters; they should breathe round their daughters the loftiness and holiness of womanhood, by even from their cradles making them things of worth and honour in their home, flowers whose sweetness must be prized, jewels too precious to be roughly handled.

While, however, the mother thus instils into her girls the glory and beauty of their womanhood, she must look to it that, at the same time, she makes her an article fit for everyday wear. The plan of the mother, who keeps her daughters like so many wax dolls under a glass case, is both ridiculous and senseless. A true, brave, earnest Christian mother will put on her girls armour of heavenly proof that shall make them ready and prepared to meet every possible and probable struggle of life with calmness, and sweetness, and patience, that shall cause them to be their own best guardians, that shall clothe them with strength with which to help both others and themselves.

Such are the sweet, gracious duties of a mother towards her daughter. Now let us turn to the highest, noblest, closest tie of all, the tie between a mother and her son. It begins from the first moment that she holds him in her arms; it must last, if Christian hearts and hopes are there, far beyond the grave, into eternity. The entire and absolute queenship of a mother over her son must begin from his infant days themselves; she must fill him with herself even in his babyhood, so that he will see with her eyes, think with her thoughts, feel with her heart. She is his judge to whose arbitration he brings everything. She is his law, which it is his own joyful will to obey; she is his sovereign lady, who awakens up his young knighthood to all that is fair, and generous, and noble, for whom he delights to do and to dare, whose smiles are treasures to him; she is his first great love who absorbs his whole nature into his worship of her.

Such is what a mother may be and ought to be to her son; what royalty is like this? What supreme authority can be compared to it? And when on the throne of this complete dominion sits a woman whose religious faith is a living reality that permeates her whole daily walk through the world, a woman who, moreover, added to this highest essential, is a woman of deep thought, and wide cultivation, and earnest strength of character, what can the result be in the future life of her son but a grand and beautiful result—a result that shall bring blessing and light wherever he goes, to all who come in contact with him, to every work that he undertakes? and all the blessing, and all the light in his own life, and spreading from him into the lives of others, will have sprung, under God, from his mother. A woman who makes her queenly influence thus lasting in her son will have two lives at the same time, for long after she may have departed into life eternal she lives on here in the words and deeds of her son. Surely women cannot complain that their aims and objects in the world's history are small and trivial, when such possibilities as these lie before them.

We have spoken above of the lasting influence of a mother, and her influence, if it is rightly gained and assured, is always a most enduring one, going on long beyond the time when her son leaves her side. At school and college she is queen over the boy and youth still, as she was over the child; she takes a close and lively interest in all her son learns and undertakes, in all his young emulations; she flings her being into his, and draws his up to hers; her approbation is his highest reward in every triumph.

When he goes out into the battle of life she is still with her young soldier; he fights on the side on which she has taught him to stand; he is brave and steadfast for her sake. When temptations surround his young manhood he thinks of her face, her words come ringing in his ears like the whispers of warning angels, and he is bold and strong to withstand and to conquer; she taught him long ago to pray, she put into his hand long ago the sword of the Spirit, and he is safe. When he chooses some woman for his life's companion, the thought and influence of his mother are still with him as living and as strong as ever, and he will strive to find a wife who is formed on the same pattern. Thus the mother colours her son's story from the beginning to the end. No wonder, then, that we say motherhood is the highest crown of womanhood.

Many speeches may be and are made about education among us, many books may be and are written on it; but, after all, the real, practical, simple truth of the matter is, that the most important part of the education of our boys lies in the hands of their mothers. It is a most certain truth that no one has so much influence over man as woman, and who is so well able to gain a sovereign influence over young men as their mothers—the women who come in closest contact with their daily life? It is, then, no light, superficial task, but a task to be taken in hand very earnestly and very gravely—the education and training of girls, the future mothers of England. They should be encouraged in reading and thoughtful studies; they should have opportunities given them to form clear, reasonable views about literature and politics; most of all, the edifice of their religious faith should be built up very firm, and very fair, and very lofty, for what they are, most infallibly the men of the next generation will be. It is not too much to say that our girls hold in their hands, under the Almighty will, the coming destiny of the nation.

Nothing will so much tend towards saving the coming century from infidelity, from wild hurrying into dangerous extremes, and from all other evils that may threaten it, as the growing up among us of a race of brave, earnest, working, Christian women, with highly-cultivated intellects, with wide, warm, noble hearts, with clear, practical heads, with tender, yet well-ruled feelings, with bright yet controlled fancies, with gentle, gracious, modest, womanly ways, yet with strength stronger than the strength and boldness of manhood in standing up for the right, in fighting on the side of God. Such let our girls strive to be, such let us strive to make them, and high and beautiful shall be the story of women among us, and great and wide shall be the work they shall do for God and man, and greater still shall be their reward in their heavenly Father's kingdom.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

DENZIL Alleyne wrote a note to Marcus Drummond, telling him that on this New Year's day he should not keep their usual evening appointment, as "he had a very particular engagement." Nor did he leave the house all day, until evening, save for a short walk with Faith down to the sea-shore, which, though there was a light snow lying over the country, was comparatively warm and perfectly bright in the brilliant winter sunshine. The waves dashing in with the energy left by the last storm, broke in soft prismatic colours at their feet. And Faith's heart was warm and tremulous with pain already melting into joy, and disappointment scarcely felt before it resolved itself into hope. She seemed something like a child who receives an unexpected blow from a dear hand, but almost before the smart is felt, is smothered in a shower of kisses. Very tender and very precious are such seasons, but they are too often like one of those sweet summer-like days which come upon us in late winter and make us think that it is ended, till long weeks of harsh and bitter spring tempt us to doubt if summer will ever come.

When Denzil and Robert came home together from the temperance meeting which they attended that evening, they found a bright little supper set for them both in the Alleynes' parlour, and Faith

presiding. Faith had wanted Miss Milne to join them, but Miss Milne would not. She said she was tired, which was true enough, but she had another reason which she kept to herself.

"The boy would think his good resolution was bringing him down in the world, if he had his poor old landlady—his father's man's sister—for his first visitor after he took it."

It was a pathetic little meal—there have been so many such in this world—the rich coffee, and the cold chicken, and the gingerbread were poor Faith's modern renderings of the fatted calf of that sweet parable which will for ever float in our memories at such seasons. Perhaps we dwell too much on the happy tears, and the feast and the music, and dwell too little on the fact that though the father was always looking for his son's return, he yet waited patiently for it; did not go down after him to save him from the nauseous taste of the swines' husks, but waited till he came back—and came, too, saying not, "I have suffered," but "I have sinned," and came not claiming what he got, but praying for a seat with the hired servants. Alas! alas! if we will have our harvest-home in May, we need not groan to find our barns are empty!

Miss Milne said not a word of rebuke to Denzil. While the two young men were gone away, she and Faith took counsel together, and on Faith's entreaty this decision was arrived at.

"He is miserable enough under the shame," Faith pleaded, "and now he is doing all he can to show us how sincere he is in his promise never to do the like again."

"I'm sure it's no pleasure to me to lay on a stripe to anybody that's down," said Miss Milne; "the only thing that fears me, is, lest they mistake mercy and pitifulness for just a thinking light o' the sin itsel'. I'd no give much for the repentance of anybody that wanted the sin he had committed to be called by it's saftest name, to spare his feelings. You don't make anything really less by looking at it through the wrong end o' the spyglass. If it's a wild beast it'll eat you up, though you've made yourself see it like a harmless lap-dog. Best see the truth, and run for your life. Dinna say there was no danger, but be thankful ye were saved from it. I'm no saying your brother needs ane harsh word—na, na. But sin has never done its warst for the sinner till it has made those around him afeared to call it by its right name. How can you cure a man o' a fever gin you tell him he has a slight bilious attack, and treat him according? It may be my way to look too much on the fences round the kingdom of God rather than on the gate of everlasting mercy. But still there are the fences, and if ane does na find himsel' inside them, he canna have gotten in by the right gate to the right place."

Possibly Miss Milne was talking more to herself and her own past experiences and present fears than to Faith. And certainly all she said to Denzil was—

"A good New Year to you, young gentleman, and this day twelvemonth may you remember to-day with thanksgiving!"

And then life went on again, quietly. For a week or two, Denzil Alleyne never spent a single evening from home. Marcus Drummond came up to Miss Milne's cottage two or three times, and the two students shut themselves up with their books in Denzil's bedroom till supper-time, when Marcus came down, generally his usual genial, chatty self, but once or twice rather morose and silent, making Faith feel that there was another and perhaps a deeper side of his character than she had yet seen.

After that Denzil resumed his visits to Marcus Drummond. But he did not go very often, never more than once or twice a week, generally on Friday or Saturday evening, when the students were supposed somewhat to lighten their labours. And he never stayed very late. As even Miss Milne herself made no remark, Faith could not help thinking that a vague uneasiness which stirred within her was only the nervousness bred of anxious and lonely solicitude.

Yet one thing disappointed Faith and another troubled her. There had grown up in her heart a simple and perhaps apparently unaccountable confidence in Robert Finlay. They had had but few conversations; they knew little of the details of each other's history, and yet Faith's trust had really better grounds than she might have been able to assign. They had now lived under one roof for many weeks, she had seen his simple habits, his devotion to his work, his constant self-restraint in all leisures and pleasures inconsistent with his own duty, his abstinence from everything in itself pernicious. She had seen him pass through the ordeal of a great sorrow, unshaken, girding his good habits about him but the closer, and seeking for the human side of consolation in redoubled application and diligence.

On the occasion of her brother's fall and sore need, which many fairly well-meaning people might have felt justified in passing by as no affair of theirs, he had proved himself a friend in deed, full of resource and helpfulness. Yes, truly, Faith had some sound grounds for the confidence she felt towards Robert Finlay, and she had fondly hoped that a friendship might spring up between him and Denzil. During their supper together on New Year's night, and for the first few days afterwards, before Denzil had again visited his old acquaintances and his old haunts, he had seemed inclined to attach himself to Mr. Finlay—had gone to the college museum with him, and to an evening lecture in the town (it was during the holidays), and had stepped in and out of his room in a friendly way.

Robert had certainly met these advances in the friendliest fashion, or rather the advances themselves had been from his side, for the proposals to go to the college museum and to the lecture had both come from him, and whenever Denzil had visited him in his parlour, he had always made some pretext for "returning the call" with the utmost promptitude. But this first glow soon waned on Denzil's side; he evaded rather than declined sundry invitations of Robert Finlay's, and fell back on his solitary study, varied only by those occasional brief visits to Marcus Drummond. It seemed to Faith from his answers to certain inquiries of hers, that he saw less than formerly of Edgar Cheney, and though her vague doubts of that individual had never received any confirmation, she felt some satisfaction from that fact. Still, she was sorry that Denzil had not been more drawn towards one who had shown such capacity for true friendship as Robert Finlay. She tried to argue herself out of her disappointment by the old and always rather puzzling truth that human love is not wholly the growth of human will, and that people who may have the highest regard and respect for each other are not always the best fitted for familiar companionship.

And it troubled her that when Denzil had dropped so many of his old habits and with them, she hoped, some of his old weaknesses of character, there seemed to come into him nothing new. He might study rather more, perhaps, but he seemed to do it rather because now he had nothing else to do, than because of any new acceptance of it as a duty or recognition of it as a *delight*. His thoughts never appeared to turn back to Westering, nor did he show signs of trying to save Miss Milne trouble, or of taking any cheery interest in the arrangements of their little home. And what, thought Faith, save new impulses can hold the citadel of his heart when old temptations return, as return they must sooner or later? and she could not help tremblingly recalling the Master's declaration of old: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man . . . he walketh through dry places . . . then he saith, I will return unto my house from whence I came out, and when he is come, *he findeth it empty*, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

But what could Faith do? She could but surround her brother with every loving little wile. She could but pray for him, not only on her knees at night and morning, but by every thought, all day long. She could but cry out to God to do with her as He would, to set her any task, require of her any sacrifice, and if only her brother's soul might be given her — a prey taken from the mighty—the object of her life would be fulfilled.

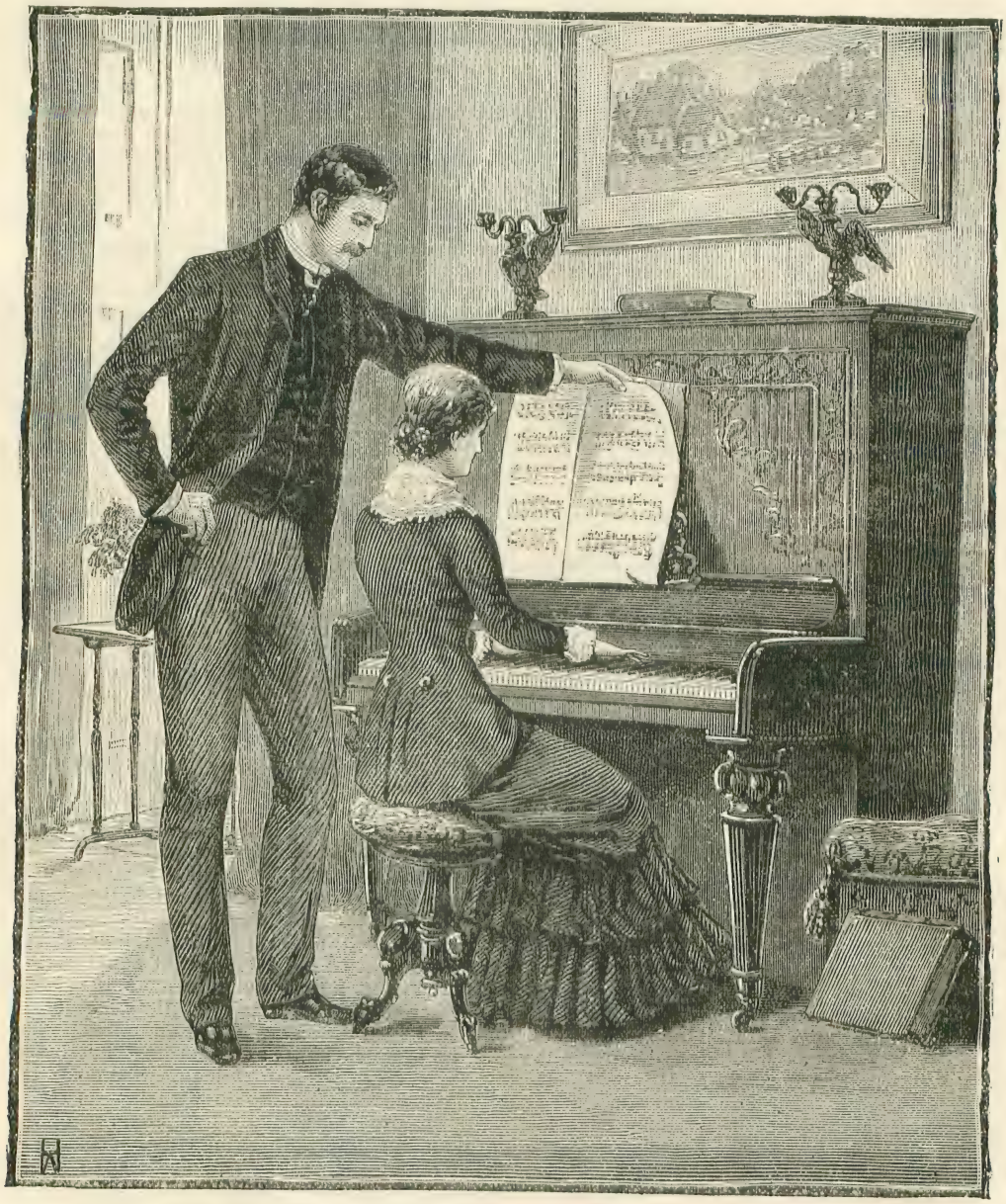
As Faith had long since found that after all her simple duties were done a good deal of time still hung on her hands, and that hours of silent needlework were perhaps not best fitted to prepare her to give a bright welcome to her brother when he came home, she presently laid out a little plan of study for herself. There were excellent classes of every kind in the city, but until another quarter's experience had shown them how their finances really stood, Faith was resolved not to incur any expense of this sort. She argued that there was scarcely a subject on which

she had yet learned all that she could learn by her own unaided exertions. The only expenditure she allowed herself was the hire of a piano, and the purchase of sundry drawing materials, additional to those she had already.

She laid out her plan and did not find many interruptions to it. She had spent several afternoons at the Murrays' house, but these, so far from being an interruption, were a help, as the Murray girls were as much interested in self-improvement as she was, and as each of them had her own hobby, and enjoyed all the advantages their father's position gave them of hearing of new methods and improved books, they could give her much valuable advice, while they, on their side, said to each other that her dainty taste and original way of looking at things were quite refreshing to them. Faith had also made acquaintance with several other young ladies, by meeting them at the Murrays' house—she had seen Miss Gordon again three or four times. But her acquaintanceship with these had ended there. Because Faith had very strong attachments and affections, therefore her longing was rather for a few friends, of whom one can hardly see too much, rather than for a wide circle, with whom one can never get far below the surface. Therefore the door-bell had very seldom any interest for Faith. So one afternoon when she heard it ring twice, rapidly and imperatively, though she wondered to herself who was in such an unreasonable hurry, it never occurred to her it could be anybody to call on her.

For once, she was mistaken. Miss Milne knocked rather sharply at the parlour door, and coming in with a somewhat pursed-up mouth, handed Faith a visiting-card, bearing the name of "Katherine Scott."

(To be continued.)



TRYING OVER NEW MUSIC.

NEW MUSIC.

J. B. Cramer and Co.

Sing Again, ye Happy Children. Written by H. F. Duncan. Composed by Joseph L. Roeckel. In two keys: E flat for tenor or soprano, in C for baritone or contralto.—This is a particularly pleasing song, written in a happy and joyful strain, but partaking of a sacred character; thus, in the second verse—

"Heralded by radiant angels,
Purer than the whitest snow,
Lo! the Lord of highest Heaven
Came to us on earth below."

Both words and music are grand in conception and idea. We recommend this composition to our musical girls.

A. Cox.

Do You Know? Words by Fay Axtents. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—A very pretty, melodious, and uncommon song, telling of the beauties and glories of May, with its birds and flowers; the last lines, with change of key and time, are:—

"Love, like lilies, fades away;
We can only love for aye,
When we know what angels say."

Daughters of Erin. Duet for soprano and contralto. Words and music by Walter Maynard.—A lively and joyous composition, easily acquired. It will become a favourite, we think, with many of our young friends, as it is pleasing and euphonious.

Gavotte in B flat for the pianoforte. By F. A. Dunster.—A spirited gavotte, presenting no difficulty to any of our readers who admire this style of composition.

Goddard and Co.

Sweet and Low. Written by Alfred Tennyson. Composed by C. A. Rodbard.—These lovely lines by the laureate have been most gracefully and charmingly set to music by the composer. The characteristic accompaniment displays the talent of the artist. We recommend it to our young friends, as it cannot fail to give pleasure when sung with taste and feeling.

Joseph Williams.

Faithful unto Death. Written by Rev. F. L. Downham. Music by Jas. Butler Fortay.—These words have been well and dramatically set by the composer. The tale is a sad one; it tells of a loving and faithful wife going over the battlefield, scanning the faces of the killed and wounded, seeking her beloved husband, and as

"The morning breaks,
Its flight each shadow takes
* * * * *
But yet a fairer sight—
A wreath of golden light
It forms around her head, whose arms are lying
Cross'd o'er her husband's heart,
That nothing her may part
From him she loved in life and joins in dying."

Robert Cocks and Co.

A series of popular trios for ladies' voices, with accompaniments by well known composers.—No. 10, *Charity*, by Rossini, is a general favourite, and a very charming composition. It requires a good soprano voice to lead. No. 14, *The Bird's Farewell*; and No. 15, *Hunting Chorus*, from *Martha*, are also excellent, and not quite so difficult.

Whither. Song. Written by H. W. Longfellow. The music composed by G. H. Smart.—This simple melody, with flowing accompaniment suggestive of a brooklet, is extremely tender and musical. It presents no difficulties, which will be a recommendation to some of our girls.

J. Brown.

Good-night. Song. Written by Helen K. Wilson. Composed by Harry E. Swain.—A pretty song with graceful accompaniment, the words "Good-night" spoken of in connection with various phases of life. Good-night "lightly" when friends depart, "delayed" when lovers part, "with tender anguish" o'er a sick bed leaning.

Hutchings and Romer.

Sunbeams. (A picture.) Words by Ella. Music by Frederic Egerton Hine.—A very pretty and descriptive song. The time changes in the second part to a *tempo di valse* style, which is bright and pleasing.

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Seventh: The Nightingale's Song—A Pet Bat—The Domestic Swallow—The Blackcap — Garden Warbler — Whitethroats—Wheatear, Chiff Chaff, &c.

"A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads;
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!"

Southey.

It must have been on just such another night as this that the poet penned the above lines. Summer will have begun to wane ere these words of mine meet the eyes of my fair readers—summer will have begun to wane, and the green of the leaves will have assumed a more sombre tint; but as I sit here by the open casement, everything tells me it is the sweetest, the most bewitching season of all the year; it is springtime. I have but to step down on to the lawn to be convinced of this; nodding lilacs and starry syringas mingle their perfume with the evening air, and from yonder Portuguese laurel rings out the low, clear, charming song of the nightingale. And there he will sit and sing all the live-long night. To-morrow morning will find him just a trifle farther afield, for some instinct tells him that my dark-haired Persian pussy is an epicure in her way, and would prefer philomel to fish for her matutinal meal. I am more convinced than ever that for the first two or three nights after their arrival in this country the nightingales do not go to sleep at all, but sing on all day as well as all night, the marvel being that they do not get hoarse. But after a week, the night song is not nearly so brilliant nor so prolonged, nor does it attain its pristine wild joyfulness until spring once more gilds the fields with buttercups. By day the song is not so noticeable, though ever and anon it sounds high over the babel of other birds' voices. But, of course, the thrush must sing, the blackbird must pipe, and vulgar sparrows bicker and shriek, and talk Billingsgate to each other, for sparrows having but little music in their own nature, have just as little appreciation for the gift in others.

The bats are abroad every night now in full force. What a wonderful power of flight is theirs, how quickly they can turn and wheel, and how nimbly gyrate! They are hardly to be recommended as girls' pets, however, although I have no doubt to a certain extent they might become so. I never had a pet bat myself. I caught one once and meant to tame it, but as the creature bit me, I concluded it would be cruel to retain it in captivity. I hope to tame and keep one ere long, and may then have an opportunity of relating my experience. It might be thought that, as they live in the wild state chiefly on moths and flies, it would be difficult to obtain food for them in confinement. They will eat raw beef, and if a piece be hung up in the cage the flies are attracted thereto, and this affords the little inmate an opportunity of enjoying sport and eating his dinner at one and the same time. A bat is not a pretty creature, I must confess, but it is a very old-fashioned one, and wise with a wisdom peculiarly its own. A bat will keep itself clean in its cage—that is an advantage, and if you managed to keep one alive all summer, it would go to sleep in winter. No more about bats.

One of my most welcome summer visitors is the swallow—the *Hirundo vulgaris*, let me call it.

"He twitters on the apple trees,
He hails me at the dawn of day,
Each morn the recollected proof
Of time, that swiftly fleets away.

Fond of sunshine, fond of shade,
Fond of skies serene and clear,
E'en transient storms his joys invade,
In fairest seasons of the year."

I must be allowed to say that I object to the word "twitter" so usually applied to the song of the swallow. It is more than a meaningless twitter. Although neither loud nor clear, it is—when heard close at hand—inexpressibly sweet and soft and tender, more so than even that of the linnet, and there are many joyous and happy notes in it, which it is quite delightful to listen to. Indeed, hardly anyone could attentively observe the song of our domestic swallow for any length of time without feeling convinced that the dusky little minstrel was happy—inexpressibly happy. Few, perhaps, of my readers are old enough to know that there is a striking similarity between the expressions by sound or voice of the emotions of all animals in the world, whether birds or beasts, and whether those emotions be those of grief or pain, or joy itself. This is well worth observing, and if you live in the country you will have a thousand chances of doing so. Why does the swallow sing in so low a voice? At a little distance you can hardly hear it at all. I have travelled a good deal in forests and jungles and bush lands in Africa, and the islands about it, and, of course, I always went alone—that is, I never had any visible companion—because only when alone can one enjoy Nature, and study the ways and manners of birds and beasts, and I have been struck by the silence of the birds, or, at all events, their absence of song. Why was it so, I have wondered? Probably because the woods where the birds dwell are so full of danger, that song would betray their presence, and the result be death. And the same reason may cause the swallows to lower their voices when they give vent to their little notes of tuneful joy.

No girl who has never held a swallow in her hand can have any idea of the extreme beauty of the bird, both in shape and in shade of plumage. The bright glossy sheen of their purple black, the purity of the white beneath, and the charming tinge of red beneath the chin. Out and in, out and in they fly, all the long summer, for a loft of mine is a favourite building place with these pets, and I can catch one at any time, and I really begin to think they are used to it, and are not a bit frightened when I handle them. They keep on building from about the first of May until far into September; two years ago, the last fledglings of the season left the loft on the 13th of October. They do not leave until they are fully fledged and permitted to fly by their parents, and on the flight day other swallows come to assist them, so that it is quite a great occasion. For a whole week, and perhaps longer, after they leave the loft, they are fed by the old swallows, not only the parents but half-a-dozen others taking part in this cramming process.

But I must resist the temptation to tell you even a tithe of all I know about these beauti-

ful birds, and all their wondrous ways; besides, I have already written an article in some other magazine on the same subject, and an author should not repeat himself. But here is a curious thing which I must tell you. I have two black cats, and during the swallow season they scarcely dare to show out on the walks; when they do they are attacked by the birds, and at last forced to beat a retreat. The sound of the blows they deal them with their wings is quite audible. The cats may attempt to defend themselves with their paws if they choose, but they can no more catch a swallow than they could a sunbeam. I may tell you, too, that there are evenings late in autumn when the swallows muster in the air in strong force, for the pleasure of exercising their wings and nothing else, for they flock and fly and mix and dart high above the regions where insects are to be found, and I have no doubt they enjoy these reunions as much as any girl ever enjoyed waltzing or skating. Is it possible to tame swallows? It has been done, and they have been kept as pets for years, singing as sweetly in the cage as they sing when perched on an apple tree or a telegraph wire. Their food is said to be the same as that given to the nightingale; they must have an occasional bath and be well protected from the winter's cold, even their perches have to be covered with flannel to prevent their feet and legs from being paralysed by the cold.

One of our spring visitors is the cuckoo. Do not let anyone persuade you to make a pet of such a bird. The cuckoo ill repays one for care and kindness; he is by nature selfish, and won't even sing for his supper, so he is best in the fields.

What an ineffably sweet, wild song is that of the little bird called the blackcap! It is worth listening to for an hour at a time. It is sometimes even called the mock nightingale, but from the latter bird it is very easily distinguished, albeit it resembles it somewhat in shape, and to some extent in colour. Although in the wild state it is far more shy than the nightingale, and keeps as a rule farther away from the haunts of man, still it makes a very nice cage-bird. It must be treated in every way like its cousin the nightingale, both in the matter of food and cage comforts. It should be remembered that it is very fond of soft ripe garden fruits in season, and in winter a supply of nice currants should be kept for it. Insects it also considers a great treat, and now and then a bit of ripe fig may be given to the bird. This tends to keep it healthy. It is withal a somewhat delicate bird; care should be taken, therefore, that the cage which contains it be never hung in a draught. Change of diet now and then does it good, and a meal or two of ants' eggs or one or two spiders may stimulate it, when it appears to mope and be sick.

We do not expect the blackcap to sing so madly and merrily in captivity as it does in its native copse, but for all that its song, when in a cage, is very beautiful and tender.

The garden warbler is another songster of the grove, which sings and thrives very well as a cage pet. It is humbly and prettily clad in a coat of brown, darker on wings and tail, grey underneath, and with just a tint of red on the breast.

The song of the garden warbler is rich and melodious, and it makes quite a delightful pet. It should be treated in every way the same as the blackcap or nightingale, and it is just as fond of change of diet and just as fond of fruit. Spiders, ant eggs, and occasionally caterpillars should be given to the bird as a treat, and fruit always, but this latter must be soft and juicy, and if the dried kinds are used, they may be steeped, but not given too wet, else they may harm the bird.

There are two cage-birds which I had nearly forgotten to mention; I mean the larger and lesser whitethroats. They are best fed and treated like the blackcap, and both make very good pets. The larger of the two is sometimes called the nettle creeper, because it feeds its young on those nasty black caterpillars which are found in such quantities on the leaves and stems of the nettle. Much as the bird might enjoy them, it would hardly be nice to collect such food for it, so it must be content with paste and fruit and occasional insects. When any of these birds moult, greater care than usual is required to be taken of them; perhaps a spider dipped in salad oil given once or twice a week might do good; at all events, the drinking wate may be lightly tinged with saffron for the first week or two, and afterwards a rusty nail placed in it.

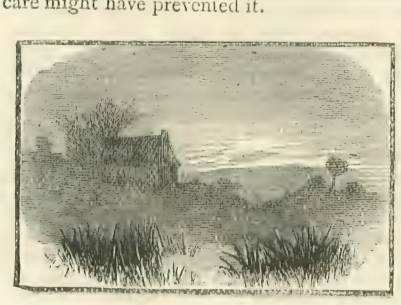
Other birds which would require similar treatment, but whose respective merits I have not space to dilate upon, are the wheatear, the chiff-chaff, the willow warbler, the grasshopper warbler, the wood wren, and I daresay I might add the somewhat rare Dartford warbler.

In my last paper I gave some account of the symptoms and treatment of the ailment usually called the husk. I will conclude this by mentioning another ailment to which birds are liable. It is usually called by bird-fanciers the surfeit. There is in reality some degree of skin disease about the bird mostly noticeable about the head, the itching of which causes the bird to denude it of all its feathers. There is a degree of scurfiness, too, over all the body, and other symptoms which indicate plainly enough that the little creature's constitution is completely out of order. Before we think about the cure, we must mention the causes of the illness. It is generally brought on them from neglect: the water has not been regularly changed, the food has not been so fresh nor cleanly as it ought to have been, gravel has not been given regularly, nor a due allowance of blood-purifying green food, or it has been fed on too many dainties; or, lastly, the cage has not been kept clean enough.

Well, the treatment resolves itself into first removing the cause, and, secondly, doing something to restore the pet to health.

Change the diet, attend most specially to all its comforts; do not coddle the bird, let it have plenty of fresh air and sunshine by day, but see that it is kept from cold at night. Change the food. Let it approach for a time as closely as possible to that to which such birds are accustomed in their wild state. Give green food daily, fresh and fresh, and at first a drop or two or three of warm castor oil about once a week, and after a week about fifteen drops of tincture of iron in its water daily changed. Wash the bare places about three times a week with a weak solution of alum water, about three grains to an ounce, and afterwards rub gently in a little benzoated oxide of zinc ointment. Common lard some use, but it is apt to do more harm than good. As soon as all appearance of roughness has left the skin, you may stop the application. The feathers will come in good time.

If your pet has had one attack of surfeit, you will doubtless be cautious to feed and tend it properly in time to come. It is not, of course, *always* through neglect, but it is sad to see a poor bird suffer, and to know that care might have prevented it.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LITTLE EFFIE.—We should judge from your writing that you are admirably qualified to teach the art, as your letters are well formed and graceful. We should ourselves prefer tails to the "y's." Beware of flourishes, as they are unusual in ladylike writing, and vulgar also. We do not know what caused the stains, but you will find "tripoli" (to be got at the chemist's) an excellent application.

PROBLEM.—From what we hear we imagine the demand for Kindergarten teachers in private families is not large at present. If you write to Miss Frost, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, W., you will be able to obtain information.

C. D.—"Minster" means the church of a monastery, or one to which a monastery has been attached at some former period. A cathedral means the chief church in a diocese, because in it the bishop has his official chair or throne.

LITTLE MOVETTS.—The list of governors having presentations for the year is published annually in March, price 1s. The general list also, price 2s. 6d. Write to the clerk at the hospital, Newgate-street, E.C.

ANNIE E. W.—There would be nothing extraordinary in your taking up medicine as a profession. Many women who feel a vocation for it do so every day.

HELEN OF TROY.—We should advise you to write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, for the advice and information you need. Be sure to enclose a stamped and directed envelope. "White Heath's" writing is not pretty, and she should pay more attention to her capital letters.

AN ANXIOUS ONE, IMPROVEMENT, F. L., EDITH, HELEN, MARIE, CECIL, CLARE, E. C. L.—Write to the Christian Women's Education Union (students branch), 3, Otway-terrace South Lambeth-road, London, S.W. The subscription is one shilling a year for the general fund, and the same for each class joined.

JULIET.—The London School of Medicine for Women is at 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, London, W.C. Four years' course of study. Fees for lectures, £80; fees for hospital instruction, £45; these are for the course of four years. The dean is Mr. A. T. Norton, F.R.C.S.

DEVONIENSIS.—Address the Secretary, School of Cookery, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, London, S.W.

CLARA COOMBE.—Write to both the school and the college, for particulars: address the clerk for Dulwich, and the treasurer for the school. We cannot help you further, as you do not tell us sufficient particulars to know if you are entitled to claim the benefits of the schools.

LEARNER.—1. The "Sargasso sea" is not named in ordinary maps. It is a sea within a sea, with a distinct individuality and character of its own. It lies between 15 and 50 north latitude, and 15 and 45 west longitude, in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean. It is north-west of the Cape Verde Islands, and south-west of Madeira and the Canaries. The surface is covered with gulf-weeds (*Fucus natans*), which are so thickly matted that the passage of vessels through it is considerably retarded. If you read the history of Columbus you would see a reference to the discovery of this immense field of seaweed. The "Sargasso sea" is said to be the centre of a great whirl of waters, and all light substances, such as these floating weeds, are naturally collected within its circle; and it moves and undulates up and down, with a more or less circular motion. Patches of the same weed float along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. 2. The name "Morgan" signifies a "mariner," and "Owen," "well descended"; and both are British. "Richard" is Saxon, and means "powerful."

MURIEL.—You should get the Eton Greek Grammar, if you wish to learn that language without a master. We think that, having advanced as far as you say already, unassisted, you might prosecute your studies still further alone, if you were to procure this book. You write a good, legible hand.

HOUSEKEEPING.

AN INEXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER.—Gilt frames may be cleaned with a sponge and a very little turpentine not too wet, but just enough to take off the dirt and fly marks; do not rub and leave them to dry without washing off. A little whiting will clean white paint, and some ammonia in water is also good.

ONE OF OUR OLDEST GIRLS might try the gold paint, but we fear the frame really needs re-gilding.

MARTHA.—A correspondent tells us she has extracted mildew from collars and cuffs by soaking them for several days in buttermilk, and then washing them in clean, soft water, and putting them to bleach on the grass for a day. The few spots that remained she took out with chloride of lime. You might, perhaps, find this a better recipe for your purpose than the other.

M. D'E.—Many thanks for your kind note. We are always glad to have the benefit of our readers' experience.

A WELSH GIRL.—A dark red sateen would make a

pretty lining; some people use a red-glazed calico, which would not be so dear. The binding should match the colours of the cretonne, and so should gimp, but the former is best. The newest curtain-holders are made of metal, gilt or bronzed, as you prefer.

JANEY.—1. A good recipe for scouring and removing stains in carpets or worsted-work may be made up in the following way:—Take 1 lb. of very hard, white soap and ¼ lb. of washing-soda; scrape the former finely with a knife, and pound the latter very small. Mix both well together, and add as much spirits of turpentine as will reduce the whole to the consistency of dough. This may demand about half a pint of turpentine. Then dip a sponge or thick roll of flannel into warm, soft water, wet the stained portion of the carpet, and proceed to rub it with the composition made; and after it has taken due effect, sponge it off. 2. It is impossible to prescribe for all sleepless people alike, but what tends to draw the blood from the head might be safely suggested in most cases. A hot mustard bath for the feet, taken the last thing before getting into bed, gives a good chance of a single night's sleep, but this could not be very frequently tried. Banish thought resolutely on first lying down, for once allow yourself to think of any subject of interest, and your chance of sleep for some hours is very small.

PEARLIE.—1. To bleach the discoloured ivory it must be exposed to the sun, when wet, and under a glass shade. 2. Your hand appears to be formed, but you can easily reduce the gigantic proportions, and thus greatly improve it. We are obliged to you for so kind and grateful a letter.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NELL.—1. A "modulation" from one key to another can only be accomplished by one who has learnt the science of harmony. It is a useful accomplishment to any one, but essential to an organist. You must use chords which are common both to the key in which you have been playing, and to that into which a change is to be made, or to those chords which are nearest to them. This method prepares the ear gradually for what would otherwise prove distressing. The most usual modulations are those from the "tonic" to the "dominant," "sub-dominant," or "relative minor;" but there are various methods, and no general rule can be given. 2. If your piano be continually out of tune, and the room be dry, it may be suffering from its exposure to the sun, for the latter proves an enemy to these instruments as well as damp and draughts of wind. If all care be taken in these respects, perhaps the real enemy is old age. If you have but a small sum to expend on another, get some professional friend to choose a secondhand one, having no money wasted on a decorated case. It should have at least eighty-two keys.

WORK.

A GIRL OF THIRTEEN.—Use very coarse flannel for your rug. You will find a yard of each colour go a long way.

A NOTTINGHAMSHIRE GIRL.—You may wear black and white sateen or cotton this summer with your hat or bonnet trimmed with crape. We do not advise you to have your blue dress dyed, as we do not think it would repay you, and you will do better to keep it till you are out of mourning next February.

F. M. B.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is a line in the "Mourning Bride," by Congreve. We do not think that white hats can be either bleached or re-blocked by unskilled hands.

FIREWORKS.—To wash crewel work, see pages 96 and 431, vol. ii.

A WELSH GIRL.—Crewel embroidery on cashmere cleans beautiful, if the colours are well selected before working. Daisies, forget-me-nots, and other small flowers are the most generally used for pelisses.

SUNFLOWER.—You may obtain both bronze powder and liquid bronze at an artists' colourman's.

LITTLE DORRIT.—1. To knit a scarf or "cloud" double is not difficult. To produce two webs simultaneously you must cast on an even number of stitches, then miss the first stitch, knit one, bring the silk or woollen yarn forward; slip the next stitch, pass the yarn back again, knit the next stitch, and continue slipping and knitting throughout the whole of the row, but work the last stitch plainly. For the second row the slip-stitch must be knitted, and the knitted must be slipped. Should you wish to make the web very open or loose, turn the yarn twice round the needle instead of once. 2. See our article on "How to Make Poor Children's Clothing," page 125, vol. i.

BOOKWORM.—You do not say of what material your jacket is made, of wool or silk, nor do you name the colour. Much depends on these questions. In any case, we advise you to send it to a cleaner.

NEGLIGENT WRITER.—1. If you can either knit or crochet, you can make a variety of useful articles, at very little cost, for the benefit of the Princess Louise Home. Mittens, socks, scarfs for the throat, or small, three-cornered handkerchiefs and shawls. These could be easily and quickly made, and taken up at odd intervals of time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BECKY.—Pronounce Munkacsy as though spelt Mun*kassy*.

CASSIE.—Birds' feet become blistered and diseased from want of being properly bathed and cleansed, as the lime and dirt sticking to them burns them. Keep hay at the bottom of your dove's cage. Give him a daily bath, and give him peas, barley, corn, and crumbs of bread.

MEG.—Many thanks for your kind note. We do not think you can do anything with your hat, and if worth it, send to a cleaner. Your writing is certainly not pretty, but we think you could inprove it.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—You probably work or sit up until you are tired. Half an hour to an hour's rest flat on your back during the day would do you good. Try the shoulder braces described at page 351, vol. iii. Your writing and composition are good for your age.

LUCY.—See answer about the treatment of tortoises at page 367, vol. iii.

ANNIE B.—Consult the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, page 196; published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SUNBEAM.—The time will be advertised in the papers. Your writing is too irregular to be good.

A FLIMSEY FRUMP.—Wash the head with a little mild carbolic or terrabene soap. Some chemists make up a carbolic lotion which may relieve you. Write to any foreign library in London; you will find the addresses in a directory. Why have you chosen such an ugly name? There is no reason for being either "Flimsey" or a "Frump."

DAISY. — The meaning of "*Semper paratus*" is "Always ready."

A QUIET GIRL.—Wash the dress in tepid water and curd soap, blue well, and wring through a machine. Iron on the wrong side. If the black comes out, rinse in salt and water.

MADGE.—The coffee would not spoil the dress at all. The old-fashioned way of restoring the colour to brown holland was to rinse it in water in which some hay had been boiled.

MADEMOISELLE.—If you are a governess you will find no better institution than that at 47, Harley-street. The office is at 32, Sackville-street, W., and there is an excellent provident fund and some annuities connected with it.

JUMBO.—For strengthening the voice, see page 160, vol. ii. See also pages 144 and 400, for the other recipes.

ARTHURLINE.—There is no story attached to the picture. The incident would date during the reign of Charles IX. of France, and the white scarf would mean the colours of the ruling party, we suppose.

M. H.—Tobacco water is said to be good, and a recent American journal advises a few lucifer matches to be stuck head downwards in the pot where the worms are troublesome. Of course the sulphur is the agent for good.

CLOCHETTE. — Pronounce "Feltham" as if written "Feltam." The name "Cecil" is Latin, and means dim-sighted. The feminine for it is "Cecilia." "Gertrude" is German, and means "all truth." "Harold" is Saxon, and signifies "a champion."

SAPPHO.—1. The Prophet Elisha was called "Elisha," just as Elijah was called "Elijah," only that the locality whence the latter came was sometimes named, while the native place of the former we think has not been specified. 2. Milk-stains, being of a greasy character, they might, perhaps, be removed to a certain extent by the application of powdered "French chalk" rubbed well into them, supposing them to be merely little spots. But you do not name the material of your dress, nor the colour, nor do you say whether you upset a whole milk-pail over your dress, or two or three drops. If a case of the milk-pail, you had better buy a new dress.

CARRIE.—We are sorry for your sister's trouble with her pent-house of hair over her forehead and eyes. She should brush it straight back, and damp it with some hairwash to keep it there. We are glad to hear that some of our girls have no wish to look like a little Scotch terrier or an owl in an ivy-bush, with no forehead to be seen worth the seeing.

PERPLEXITY.—You are bound in honour to keep the promise you made, as your affianced husband has so faithfully fulfilled the conditions on which that pledge was given. It is too late now to make an obstacle of your discovery, that he "could never thoroughly appreciate the many things in which I see so much beauty." How very much worse a discovery for him to make to find you false to your mutual engagement!

ALSACE LORRAINE.—Of course, in the absence of your aunt as a chaperone, you are under the protection of your father; and when he is present on the occasions to which you refer, you need not absent yourself, unless you desire to avoid meeting any visitor. We advise you to make, if possible, a confidant of your father. Show him the photograph, and other little gifts, and hear what he has to say about the person who gave them to you.

C. F. H.—Yes, you and your family had better call on the new Rector or Vicar, as London parishes are so large that it would be a very long time before he could ascertain who were members of his congregation, and where they lived, even if he knew them by sight. We thank you for your kind letter.

R. A.—The "nitrogenous" articles of diet are meat, game, fish, poultry, eggs, cheese, flour, oatmeal, rice, peas, barley, "Revalenta Arabica," and lentils. These are all classed together as "flesh-formers." The "carbonaceous" esculents, or "body-warmers," are butter, suet, lard, marrow, oil, fat, dripping, sugar, treacle, honey, starch, peas, and lentils; the latter two serving a double purpose, and therefore highly to be recommended. We refer you for additional information on this subject to the little book of which a notice was given at page 611, vol. i., in the article "Food for Invalids." You write fairly well, but the letters are rather angular.

MARGUERITE D.—1. It is not the custom in this country for a bride to provide either blankets or house-linen. 2. It is a matter of free private choice. A married couple may have their two names or titles on the same visiting card, or each respectively on separate cards.

27, FOLKESTONE.—Experience must be your guide in such a case. If the prescription given by "Medicus" for weak eyes—*i.e.*, "bathing with cold, weak green tea"—should be found to aggravate and increase the "discharge" from your eyes, do not use it. The eyes may be giving evidence of some constitutional delicacy or complaint. Consult a doctor.

DOLLY K.—When our Lord spoke of the harvest as great and the labourers as few, the whole world had to be Christianised, as there were only Jews and heathens. Thus there is no parallel between the condition of the world then and now. Yet nothing hinders your doing as He then commanded, *i.e.*, *praying* that he would "send forth labourers." Do so, but ever remember that St. Paul tells you that every part of the Body (His Church) is "set in the Body as it hath pleased Him," and that one member must not be envious, nor presume to usurp the higher place and offices of another, but humbly work as a foot, it may be—down in the dust, yet useful, and doing its fitting work acceptably to Him. Read 1 Cor. xii., and without aspiring to the sphere of the trained and duly-qualified preachers of the Gospel, seek to do your home duties faithfully as in His sight of whom you say that you "feel His presence in your heart." You have fallen into the common error of relying too much on "frames and feelings." Think more of Christ, and less of your ever variable and ever faulty self.

MAY LILY.—We are told that God has "given us all things richly to enjoy," but that we must be careful to "use the world without abusing it," and that we must "not let our good be evil spoken of." That we must not "judge another man's conscience," and that we must "seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness." No absolute rule can possibly be laid down by one Christian to bind the conscience of another. In matters of dress, expenditure, luxuries, and amusements, many of those who use considerable liberty in these matters are quite as excellent and devoted Christians as those who deny themselves the most. Of course, a woman's truest "adorning" should be that of a "meek and quiet spirit," and all those graces which are "the fruits of the Spirit." She is to be pitied, indeed, if that "adorning" consist in any of the flowers or gems of the earth, or even of the hair, which is, St. Paul says (1 Cor. ix. 15)—at least, in one sense—"a glory to her." We have replied to this question more than once.

FRIGHTENED T.—We have supplied our readers with a series of articles on the subject of etiquette—"Dinners in Society," and "Good Breeding in General"—and have also answered the question you now ask in our correspondence columns. But once again we repeat the rule which—although it may be frequently disregarded by persons of otherwise perfectly "good breeding," either from carelessness or ignorance—is nevertheless, without doubt, a rule in "polite society:" never put the blade of a knife to your mouth under any circumstances whatsoever.

NAMELESS.—A correspondent sent us a poem called "*La Fête des Promotions;*" her signature being perfectly illegible. The two lines to which reference is made are without any grammatical error, because the word "every" preceding "boy and girl" deals with each in the singular number, and the verb "delights" must naturally agree with it. You could not say "every boy and girl delight!" We advise you to study Angus on the English tongue, a book which you will find recommended by us to many. The value even of scarce coins must depend very mainly on their state of preservation, as well as on the particular issue from the mint. You should supply us with particulars.

MADGIO WALTERS. — 1. When no fish-knives are supplied, use a small crust of bread in the left hand, and the fork in the right; never a steel knife. 2. Mittens may be retained at meals, if desired, because there are no coverings for the fingers and thumbs, as in gloves. The latter should always be removed; and when in out-of-door clothing at afternoon-tea, at a friend's house, you should remove, at least, the glove on the right hand.

CARRIE D. — The scene of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Cawdor Castle, where the murder of the king, Duncan, took place, is in the neighbourhood of Nairn—a very ancient royal burgh, on the shore of the Moray Frith, and at the mouth of the river of Nairn. The "blasted heath" of the "three witches," described in the same play, lies between Nairn and Forres.

S. E. A.—Violets require fine, rich, well-manured soil.

FRYING-PAN and PUTTY.—Apply by post to our publishers for the copies of *Silver Sails*.

JESSIE.—We could not give such advice. Write to Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, London, W.C., office of the Female Middle Class Emigration Society.

GWENDOLINE.—Admittance into the Home for Incurables at Putney is by the votes of the subscribers.

R. S. S.—There is a House of Rest for Women in Business at Babbacombe, South Devon. Admission by payment of 12s. per week, or 5s. by subscribers' guinea ticket. Length of stay, three weeks. Apply to the Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe.

E. M. M.—You would require several histories, and might begin with Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." Then passing to those dealing with Austria and the Hapsburghs.

MAIDENHAIR.—Send for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. We think you will find what you require in that.

LIZZIE.—Plait at the back, and tie with a ribbon close to the head at the nape of the neck. Your digestion is weak. You should not write or read immediately after eating.

FAILURE.—A few lessons would be the best and quickest way of learning book-keeping. Try the Home for Working Gentlewomen, The Cedars, High-street, Old Battersea. Superintendent, Miss Barton.

PATIENCE and EVA.—Wash the dress with curd soap in cool water, rinse and blue, wring through the machine, and press out while damp on the wrong side. "Hoping the temperature is tempered to the shorn lamb" is a mis-quotation from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey."

VANESSA, PERSEVERANCE, L. B., LUCIA.—We gave the suggestion as sent in by a correspondent, and have no intention of looking for the address, or helping our querists further in the matter, as we think they can help themselves.

MRS. THORNTON.—It is everywhere advertised. We do not give such addresses.

MAGGIE TULLIVER.—At Christmas the plum pudding usually comes in decorated with a sprig of holly, and perhaps blazing with blue fire, from a little spirits being set on fire in the dish, but at other times it is covered.

DAISY.—Plain cloth jackets are much worn by young ladies. "Dear Mrs. Smith," "yours sincerely."

M. MURTON.—Your quotation is probably from a poem by Miss Muloch, but it is a very free adaptation of her lines called "Parables."

MAIE H. F.—We hardly think the quarter's notice could be asked, as the disappointment is a matter of health—not an alteration in plans. No doubt a little tact on your mother's part will arrange it successfully.

CHUCAMA MUDDEE.—The results of the prize competitions were published on page 504, vol. iii. Such a competition would not afford useful articles.

DAISY BLOSSOM.—The balloon you saw was an advertisement, and the name on it that of a new kind of wine, we believe.

OPOPONAX.—The natural food of the silkworm is the mulberry, and, if possible, it is advisable to delay hatching the eggs until the young mulberry leaves are ready.

E. E. (Shetland Isles).—Many thanks for your kind letter. We fear the fern is too rare to be said to "grow in Scotland," save by accident.

LIZ and MADGE.—Write to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris. Marriages with Frenchmen must be contracted with great caution, as they are not legal in France except under certain conditions.

GLENCAIRN.—A little turpentine or spirits of wine might favourably affect the tablecloth, but the strong tea with cream in it is a much more serious accident, and we fear you must try and cover the sad results with some kind of trimming. A little ammonia and water might perhaps do some good. Tea stains on linen are said to be taken out easily with glycerine.

IRIS GOBELL, MARION, THOMASINE.—We know of no other way of reducing an enlarged joint than the use of wet compresses, and when the inflammation has subsided, the constant wearing of one of the felt plasters, to be found at every chemist's. This is the treatment advised by the best surgeons, combined with rest, and the absolute withdrawal of the pressure which caused the enlargement. Sound the "a" as in "day."

BROWN EYES.—In winding off large quantities of cocoons they must be put into boiling water, and even if saved by using cold water, as you suggest, the chrysalis would be of no use to anyone. Only the best specimens are preserved for future use.

MARIE DE MALIKOFF.—The tales of Miss Muloch, Miss Anne Beale, Hesba Stretton, and Miss Young are delightful, and you might also read the stories of Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. Your writing is legible, and you evidently understand English very well.

A. M. K.—Consult a doctor, as there may be some digestive trouble. He will tell you if there be any need of surgical aid.

MAY.—The verse appears to be a bit of doggrel. Your writing is not good enough for your age.

MAY FLY.—We much fear you will find the papering of a ceiling too difficult work for an amateur. The paper is doubled up in a peculiar manner, and is held by a second person. No, not too young. Wear on any finger it will fit.

BUMBLE BEE.—Put a little butter on very carefully to remove the tar, and then try some turpentine. If this leaves a stain round the edges, a little spirits of wine will remove it. Both writings promise well for the future.

FLORRIE SACH.—A little flour rubbed into the feathers may clean them. We fear we cannot help you about the damaged photograph, but we believe a photographer might, as he could transfer it to paper.

DUM SPIRO SPERO.—We advise you to consult a doctor, as your general health must be out of order. Holding the hands in very hot water for ten minutes will sometimes cure a headache. Write to the publishers. We *think* your question *was* answered.

CREME.—The leaf you send is clover, and seems to have been wetted.

A LANCASHIRE LASSIE.—Why *do* people open their windows during lightning? The press is free in England, and so can give all particulars of every occurrence, provided it is not a libel on anyone.

BRYN.—The autumn and winter are the usual travelling seasons for Italy. We think you could purchase the autograph from any collector.

A. DURANT.—Use artists' black, to be obtained of any colourman. Read the articles by Madame de Lorraine, in the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, on this subject, pages 299, 458, and 571.

LOUISE.—The quotation must be wrong. "In the name of the Prophet! Figs!" is a line from the "Rejected Addresses," by James Smith, in imitation of Dr. Johnson's pompous style and the solemn language employed over small matters in Eastern countries.

A GOOD TEMPLAR.—We did smile over your letter and its funny attempt at poetry. Many thanks for the kindly thoughts, however, which are welcome in any garb.

W. D. H.—Purchase some gum-arabic at a chemist's, and put a little water to it to make a stiff gum. The stalks must be fastened by strips of gummed paper. Your writing unformed, and your ink dreadful.

SHERIDEN.—Near Cambridge, Mass., United States. Your writing is legible.

LUTTRELL OF ARRAN.—Use a simple hairwash of camphor and borax, one ounce of each; pour on one quart of boiling water. When cold, put in a bottle, and apply occasionally with a sponge or an old brush. Very bad writing indeed.

CURIOSITY.—The right quotation is:

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

It is from Shelley's "Adonais." Use tobacco-water and a syringe to destroy the insects.

MOGGY SALISBURY.—Send your question to the *Boy's Own Paper*, as we do not pretend to know anything on the subject.

EXPECTANT.—The explanation of the picture heading THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is given on page 208, vol. i. "Are you *still the youngest?*" meaning the "baby of the family." "Do not leave me, I beg of you."

GILDER ROSE.—We do not know anything better than glycerine and water, or borax water with a little glycerine added. Telegraph clerks begin at fourteen to eighteen years of age, and must pass a test examination.

UNA O'BRIEN.—We cannot advise you further than to stop up all the crevices with pounded and broken glass and cement, and keep a sharp look-out. You must obtain some advice from an experienced person. We believe in such a case you require some fresh stock, as you lack leaders in your hives.

ADA.—See article on "Summer Drinks," page 547, vol. ii. Your writing is legible.

SUSY.—We have never seen the poem, "Curfew shall not Ring To-night" save in the weekly press, and do not know any book which contains it.

MOUNTAIN DAISY.—12th October, 1866, was a Friday The two writings are so much alike that we see no difference.

DULEE.—Try a little borax and water for the silver filagree. A bag of boxwood shavings is the best for cleansing gold jewellery.

A ROSE IN JUNE.—Keep well washed, and wear a little pad of soap on it until cured. Afterward use one of the small felt plasters.

MAY and A DRAP O' DEW.—The question about dew was answered at page 222, vol. iii. Strictly speaking, dew neither rises nor falls, as it is moisture from the atmosphere condensed by cool bodies upon their surfaces. But poets have always spoken of it as "falling," and, of course, with a certain amount of truth. Many thanks for your kind letters.

S. C. L.—The 30th March, 1866, was a Friday.

MAY FLOWER.—To preserve and press seaweed, see pages 176 and 494, vol. ii.

EDIE HUDD.—A small lump the size of a pigeon's egg, or the same of borax.

KENTISH MAIDEN and MARINA.—The usual outfit for a bride is from eight to twelve of each article of underlinen; three or four flannel petticoats; one dozen each of summer and winter stockings; two dozen handkerchiefs; winter and summer petticoats; do. dressing-gowns, &c. The bridegroom supplies plate and houselinen, unless, as frequently happens, the bride has them of her own. Many thanks for your kind letters; we wish you every good and excellent gift in your new and untried life.

WILD FLOWER.—You may have the paint ready made for you at the paint shop, and buy it by the pound. This would be the best method for a novice to adopt.

LALLA ROOKH.—Yes, we believe so. We do not give the real names and addresses of authors. Wear gloves and use glycerine and water. Read "On Summer Drinks," page 547, vol. ii. We hope it will not be a question of fashion with crewel-work, as it is the only really artistic needlework we have. We have answered all your questions, remembering the 6d. postage to the "Sunny Southern Land."

ELAINE.—Try cleaning the gloves with a flannel and some curd soap—using the flannel nearly dry and not wetting the gloves. Lay flat on a towel while cleaning, or put them on the hands. An excellent recipe for chutney will be found at page 494, vol. i.

NELLY L.—The explanation of "March coming in like a lion, and going out like a lamb," is this: The east winds prevail much at that time of year, and dry the soil, preventing the rotting of the seed sown in it, and thus, for the land—though not for man personally—"a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom." After the prevalence of these early March winds for a fortnight or three weeks, their work of drying is accomplished, and the water evaporated by them usually returns again from the clouds at the end of the month, before the showery season of April arrives to soften the hard dry ground and fertilise it, while at the same time it breaks the force of the wind, which then changes to another quarter. When the case is reversed it is usually a misfortune to the country, and the young vegetation and blossoms are cut off when March "goes out like a lion."

GWENDOLINE.—Yes, starlings are capable of learning to talk, and it is a most sagacious bird, as well as affectionate to those who feed and fondle it. Nothing is easier than to tame one. They should be taken from the nest before they are fledged, and fed on bread and milk. If you wish to teach a starling to whistle a tune, whistle five or six notes—in fact, a bar of any music to him—when in the dark, and there is nothing visible to distract his attention from the tune. It will eat almost anything, and needs plenty of water for a daily bath.

A READER OF "G. O. P."—For the text you require, see Epistle to Phil. iii. 13. Your writing is coarse and unladylike. Write a smaller hand, and slope the letters the right way—*i.e.*, from right to left.

VOL. III.—NO. 133.] JULY 15, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

REVELATIONS.

THE young lady was ushered in, and found a seat on a sofa, and instantly made herself quite at home.

"What a funny little room!" she said. "How do you like living in 'digs'? Delightfully free and easy, isn't it? though I think your landlady looks as if she could be a tartar! But I really thought I should never find you. What an out-of-the-way place! You can't imagine how many flights of steps I've mounted, and how many gardens I've invaded, before I found the right one. But it must be very jolly, living here! What lots of students there are in this quarter! but they are mostly the poor ones; the swells all live at the other side—like your friend Marcus Drummond. Thought I, that night at the Gordons', that young fellow must be worth something when a quiet one like Miss Alleyne takes so much notice of him! So, next time I saw him, I cultivated his acquaintance."

"I know him so well because he is a friend of my brother's, and has visited him here," explained Faith.

"And isn't he interesting!" went on the other. "I always took him for a darkey, but it appears that he comes of a good Scotch family of undoubted genealogy since they have been in the

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"EVEN ON THE DOORSTEP KITTY LINGERED."

West Indies, and that he gets his black hair and eyes and his pretty name from a Spanish ancestor, wrecked in the Armada. It's like a novel, isn't it?"

Faith felt her heart grow faint. Had this young man—Denzil's friend—the bright-faced boy who had touched her own *sisterly sympathies*—thus converted her innocent suggestion into a veritable family fact! If so, then in what could he be trusted?

"Have you made many friends?" Kitty rattled on, without waiting for any reply. "Since we've moved across the water, I'm out of almost everything. It's awfully dull over there, I can tell you; I don't know what I should do if it wasn't for the post-office—and even letters only come twice a day. And letters keep one in a dreadful fright, don't they? They might be so compromising, you know. I liked it well enough when we first left town and I only went out for the holidays, and stayed in to school—I had grand times then. Oh, used not all the mammas and the matrons to warn the young gentlemen against me! As if they would care what they said! Is it not stupid of them? They only show how spiteful and jealous they are. Don't they wish they were young again, themselves, that's all!"

Faith was quite taken aback by Miss Scott's assumption that just because Faith also was a girl, therefore she must be on her side in indecorum, and rebellion, and defiance. She made a quiet protest, but Kitty Scott only smiled carelessly, and went on—

"Has Georgina Gordon ever been to see you? No? Well, I'm sure you haven't lost much. She thinks a great deal of herself because she has some good blood in her veins, but, after all, whatever money they may have was made in trade, you know. Did you notice how severe she was upon Edgar Cheney? He used to go to their parties when he first came to the town—stiff, pompous affairs they are—enough to tire anybody! I believe Georgina thought he was deep in love with her. Poor girl! He was more in love with me than ever he was with her. And perhaps that is not saying as much as I could!" and Kitty Scott laughed, confident that she must have piqued Faith's curiosity.

Certainly Faith asked a question, but it was not what Miss Kitty had expected. She said quietly—

"Do you go to the Gordons' parties?"

"I have not been lately," Kitty answered, in an evasive tone, and paused. Then she blurted out, "I believe they thought I was setting my cap at their son, 'Starched George,' as the students call him. Pshaw! I wouldn't have looked at him, though I might have had him at my feet if I'd tried."

Faith Alleyne looked at her visitor in dismay. Certainly Katherine Scott had small beauty to boast of. Her little face had a certain amount of red and white, but the features were commonplace, and even the eyes, which can redeem so much, were pert and hard in expression, and her hair, which was rather pretty, was entirely spoiled by being cut, and twisted into hundreds of rough little curls, which lay like a mat of Astracan fur on her forehead, and entirely concealed whatever proportions her brow might have. Faith remembered that the whole face might suffer through this arrangement, since its lower part generally manifests the coarser and more animal part of our nature, so that it has been said that by studied concealment of the brows one may bring out that likeness to some special brute face which some believe to lie latent in every human countenance. No, Kitty Scott had no pretensions to beauty, but her homely face might have been pleasing but for her *blasé*, egotistic air. Faith thought of Denzil's slighting remark, and his statement of his companions' feeling towards her. And she could not help pitying the girl, who, forfeiting honourable regard and true affection, was allowing her own vain, loveless nature to lead her into such terrible delusions concerning her personal powers and charms.

She felt she ought to say something—she scarcely knew what to say. It came in this form:

"Don't you think it is pleasanter to think of the love we may bestow than of the love we may obtain?"

"Oh," said Kitty Scott, "you go in for the sentimental, do you? I told your brother I should think you would—and that you would be dreadfully shocked at me. He is rather sentimental himself, I fancy; but fellows all are, to me—isn't it strange? I think I shocked him a little, didn't I? Now tell me, really, do, there's a dear creature!"

Faith looked up astonished.

"Why, I do believe he has never told you he saw me!" cried Kitty. "Oh, if I were you, I wouldn't be treated as if I were a grandmother or a maiden aunt. I would get at all the fun, and know exactly what he was after. And you ought to be very proud of him—he is a real jolly fellow—and what a waltzer! I thought I'd got somebody who would beat me at last, but he didn't do that!"

"Where was this?" asked Faith, in utter bewilderment, for she knew there had been no dancing at the Murrays' house on that night when they had met Kitty there, and when Denzil had made his disparaging comment on that young lady.

"Why, at the College Ball," answered Kitty. "Does he go out so often that you couldn't guess? I thought you were bringing him up, like a good boy, to stay at home."

"Denzil was not there," asserted Faith, quite confidently. "You have somehow made a mistake."

"Oh, surely it's impossible," said Kitty. "I thought he was your brother the moment I saw him in the ballroom—you introduced us, you remember, at the Murrays', though we did not see any more of each other that evening. And then somebody brought him up to me and said, 'Mr. Alleyne.'"

"Perhaps it was Allan," interrupted Faith; "there are one or two students of that name. I have heard that mistakes have been about letters."

Kitty shook her head, incredulously. "But I remember your brother," she said. "He is tall, with waving hair, and is very good-looking, though you must not tell him I said so. Now that's a description of him, isn't it? And what makes you think it was not he? Didn't he tell you he was there? But was he at home that evening?"

Faith remembered that evening but too well—the late hours, the irritability, the sense of mystery.

Kitty Scott, watching the sensitive, grieved face, read its secret, and laughed. "Oh, what a joke," she said; "isn't he deliciously caught! Give him a good scolding. Don't spare him. Yet you needn't think too much about it: perhaps he only did it on the quiet because he thought you might make a fuss about his going when he's in deep mourning. And men can't always be bothered about that, you know. Now, I suppose, it's time for me to go—as soon as I have made you miserable. But cheer up, and pitch into him, and make him take you with him next time. And do come over and see us. Cross over the new bridge, and then ask for Mr. Scott's house, and anybody will show it. My brothers are quite impatient to see you. I told them you were such an original."

As there was no servant to be summoned, politeness forced Faith to escort her visitor to the door. Even on the doorstep Kitty lingered, chattering more slang.

"And here's Hugh Duthie coming along!" she exclaimed. "I must get out into the street in time to be able to cut him, just for the fun of the thing. It bothers Hugh dreadfully when anybody does that. He thinks they do it because he deserves it—as he knows he does. And the last time I spoke to him I gave him a dreadful preachment—told him he'd have the horrors soon, if he didn't take care, Hugh *is* a wild one; he was one of the good, simple sort, and when they take the wrong way they go it straight, and no dawdling! I'll tell you some more fun about him next time I see you, but I can't wait now, or I'll miss him." And off she ran, just in time to walk primly by the youth before Faith saw him pass in the street below as she shut the door.

And Faith went back into her little parlour and wept bitterly—the sorest tears she had ever known. She did not even long for Denzil's return; for till he came she could at least hope that careless Kitty Scott had made some mistake or misrepresentation. Alas! alas! when the hope to which we cling is but a fair dead thing which a single breath may resolve into ashes!

And it seemed to poor Faith that day, as she sat and cried over all she had heard, that while there were such girls as Kitty Scott in the world there could be little hope for weak men like Denzil, or simple ones like Hugh Duthie. And then this girl—flippant, selfish, aye, and cruel to the very bottom—had "preached" to poor Hugh Duthie about some of his manifold transgressions—had, perhaps, primed herself on "using her influence over him for good," as if good influence could emanate from

that which was false and evil to its core! This girl would only have scorned and spurned Denzil if she had seen him in that day of disgrace, when good Robert Finlay and righteous Miss Milne, of her own pitiful self, had sought but to lift him up and save him! And now she would make capital of this old deception, and would blazon it to the world, managing, somehow, to manufacture from it some trophy for her own vanity!

"If it is a deception!"—Faith persisted in the doubt. She could not believe he would have done such a thing as this, or, having done it, would have hidden it on that day, when he had promised her that all things should be new. But even as she reiterated the doubt, there burst forth the cry—

"If it be true, how can I bear it? What else may remain behind? But I cannot believe God will require me to bear it!"

It is hard to say what God may require us to bear. He alone knows, and He alone knows the strength which He will provide with the burden.

(*To be continued.*)

FANS, AND HOW TO DECORATE THEM.

MOST girls like fans. We have come to this conclusion after due consideration of the subject, and also that we should not think quite so well of them if they did not. The little innocent pleasure experienced at the first garden party, when the dainty *eventoir* is brought into requisition to cool the smiling, flushed face after a game at lawn tennis, is not to be regarded as incipient vanity and love of show. It is simply a phase of youth's genuine delight in all pretty things. On the tombs at Thebes representations of this useful article are found, by which we learn that they were known three thousand years ago. We should think it strange in these practical busy days, to say the least of it, to see gentlemen dangling fans in their hands, but in the thirteenth century B.C. it was considered a mark of honour to bear one. They were made in the shape of a screen, supported by a long handle, and only princes and men of known courage, or those who commanded armies, carried them. The elegant taste displayed by the Greeks in the classic forms of their vases was not wanting in the style of their fans; the exquisite plumage of birds was pressed into their service, whereby they obtained not alone perfect colouring, but graceful outlines. The custom then was for acolytes in the temple to drive off the flies by waving a fan when sacrifices were being offered. From the Roman ladies, the most noble of whom never walked abroad unaccompanied by her fan-bearer, the ladies of Spain and France acquired the habit of carrying a fan, until they became so common an appendage to the toilette that it would seem to have been peculiar to appear without one. A fan is still a favourite item in a French lady's costume. Such elegant luxuries are well fitted for their dainty fingers to toy with. In France we read that 60,000 workpeople are employed in manufacturing fans, and their annual value exceeds 10,000,000 francs. China and Japan have always been noted for these articles, and they export them in large quantities. Lacquered fans are their *spécialité*. Latterly fans possessing historic interest, or ornamented by the pencils of Watteau and Boucher, have been in great demand, and some ladies have quite a collection that they prize as highly as others do their pieces of old Dresden. During our Queen Mary's reign ladies were in the habit of carrying feather fans, with handles a yard in length, with which they chastised their refractory daughters. The twenty-seven fans owned by Queen Elizabeth at the time of her death would probably be considered quite a meagre allowance by some fashionable young dames of the present time. The Queen's fans, however, were costly affairs; here, as an example, is the description of one given by the Earl of Leicester to her Majesty: "A fanne of white fethers sett in a handell of golde; the one side thearof garnished with twoe very fayre emeralds, especially one, and fully garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and the back part and handell of lyke gold, garnished with dyamondes and rubyes, and on each syde a white beare and twoe perles hanging, a lyon ramping with a white moseled beare at his foote." Another possessed by the Maiden Queen was valued at four hundred pounds—a large sum in those days. Catherine de Medici introduced the folding fans into France, which are the fashion at the present time. When Addison lived, ladies were adepts in the art of playing with their fans, and in the *Spectator* there is an amusing article holding up to ridicule the style of using them which was prevalent at that period. The author says that "women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court." Fortunately, a long apprenticeship was not considered necessary to acquire the correct mode of management, for "a woman of tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine." When told to "Handle their fans, each one shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arm fall in an easy motion." By unfurling the fan is understood "several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned after a month's practice." When told to discharge their fans "they give one general crack, that may be heard at a considerable distance if the wind fits fair." Grounding the fan "teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance." Recovering the fan is "when they are thus disarmed to catch it up of a sudden." Fluttering the fan "is the last, and indeed the masterpiece of the whole exercise. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter. I have seen a fan so very angry that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it, and at other times so very languishing that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add that a fan is either a prude or a coquette according to the nature of the person who bears it." But much as we would wish to continue on this subject, and interesting as it is to notice the fashions, the changes, the customs connected with fans, and the uses to which they have been put, we must not linger longer on the historic side, but rather turn to the practical object of our paper, which is to give information to our readers that will enable them to decorate some of these much-prized articles for themselves.

Fan Painting.

The material of which the mount is composed has first to be chosen, and the choice is larger than the novice would at first imagine. Vellum, satin, and silk are now most commonly used. Gauze is again to be seen in the best establishments, and it forms a very elegant light groundwork. Then, there is fan paper and India paper. Each of these, with the exception of vellum, has to be prepared for painting on, that is, sized. Isinglass and gelatine are both used for sizing mounts; half an ounce of isinglass may be dissolved in half a pint of water. The material is then laid on a stretcher, and the size is applied to it, on both sides, with a large soft brush. A far easier plan is to buy the material ready prepared at the fan-maker's; it saves trouble and time. The fan mount is cut out according to the desired pattern; it is then fixed on a drawing-board, in the same manner as drawing paper. The edges are first gummed a little way in, all round, and the material is then pressed, with a piece of linen, firmly to the board; being stretched meanwhile as much as possible, it is then left to dry. It will probably be found necessary by most amateurs to trace off the design on to the mount, as no errors can be rectified without injury to the surface. After making a sketch of the subject to your satisfaction on paper, take some tracing paper, lay it over the sketch, and make a correct outline of the several objects. Then take some red transfer paper and rub off some of the colour thoroughly with a cloth, or it will powder the mount all over with red. Now lay it face downwards on the mount, place the traced sketch carefully over it in the exact position, and keep it steady with a weight at either corner; if the paper is moved the sketch will not be true in drawing, and that, as we before observed, cannot be remedied. It can be fixed perhaps more securely by means of needles, and if there is any fear of the tracing getting displaced, it is better to follow the safer plan. With an ivory tracer, made for the purpose, mark over every line delicately; avoid going over any part twice, as that will most likely cause a double line to appear on the mount, or at least a thick one, and what you require is merely a fine outline as a guide for your painting.

The choice of the subject is by no means an unimportant matter; much of the after success secured by the artist will depend upon its merit. A light, elegant spray of flowers, drawn from Nature, makes as beautiful a fan decoration as can be wished. Still, flowers are not alone suitable; figure pieces, cupids, and even a slight bit of landscape can each be employed, according to the taste of the worker. To many, however, flowers will be found the easiest to manage; figures are always more or less difficult for beginners; the drawing must be so perfectly true, or they will be anything but pleasant to contemplate. There certainly is a greater amount of pleasure to be found in designing for oneself, if it turns out well, than in copying; but to our thinking it is better to produce a good copy of one of the great masters than to produce a bad original. We should never dissuade anyone from attempting

to execute an original drawing, but it would be as well to reserve such efforts to be carried out on paper until such time as one can be sure of creating something of intrinsic worth. Satin and vellum are expensive materials, and

it is not desirable to make experiments on either of them. Engravings of French masterpieces will often be found of use for copying on fan mounts, or, if the entire picture is too large, portions of it may easily be arranged effectively. In any case, they may suggest ideas that would not otherwise have presented themselves. The two accompanying illustrations of a pair of hand-screens, to be executed on gauze, are examples of the adaptation of figures to our purpose. They are taken from "The Noon-day Walk," painted by H. Jutson. In the original they walk hand in hand down a shady path overhung with trees; a small greyhound capers along in front of them. Now, as we require a *pair* of hand-screens, and this gentleman and lady of olden time take our fancy, and seem to us to just meet our requirements, we separate them, place the lady's fan open in her right hand, instead of allowing her to hold it closed in her left, as she has done for many years, and give the gentleman a stick to carry, although he may not thank us for causing him to relinquish the fair damsel's hand. In this way we can arrange innumerable subjects without fear of bad drawing, and yet have a fan that is in so far original that no one else has one just like it. It is a fashion at present to carry the foreground over a portion of the fan sticks, and a very tasty fashion it is. For instance, a sea piece has the pebbles of the seashore carried down over the mother-of-pearl sticks. I will try to describe the subject, as it is a very pretty one. In the distance is the sea, with some cliffs at the side, for it is part of a bay that is represented. A boat is drawn up on the beach, and an anchor lies some way off. Two fisherwomen returning home give life and interest to the scene. In another that we have noticed a shepherdess sits on a rock with her crook in her hand. Soft green branches bend over her head, and the foreground is continued over the ivory sticks. The most lovely of all was a lake scene. At the edge of the water two maidens stand watching their reflections in the glistening surface beneath, tall grasses clothe the bank, while feathery foliage forms a fitting background to the beautiful picture. The exquisite mother-of-pearl sticks are laved by rippling waves, that look even more pure and translucent on them than on the mount of white silk. On each of these fans the tints are most delicate; soft greys, sea-greens, and light browns predominate. They are executed throughout with the least possible amount of strong colour, the complexions and hair of the women being the most pronounced hues in each of the drawings. While almost any subject may be carried out on a fan, yet certain kinds are more suitable for one material than another. For example, a satin mount requires only a light decoration. It is a mistake to cover over so charming a surface entirely; especially for white satin a graceful trifling design is preferable to one more elaborate. Flowers show well on a white satin mount, and almost any favourite blossom may be represented. On vellum the design may reasonably be far more intricate. We need not scruple to cover it with figures, for the surface is so agreeable for painting on that a drawing may be worked up as perfectly as an ivory miniature.

We will consider first the satin mount. When fixed on the board, and the subject sketched out, it is ready for colouring. All colours are to be mixed with Chinese white—the sheen of the satin would destroy the effect of them in some lights if this were not done; and also, by the mixture of white, tints that will blend readily one with another may be produced in almost infinite variety; and thus harmony is obtained. An amateur may err by using too much white, and the result will be that the painting will crack off. Practice will soon teach how much it is right to use. On mounts composed of textile fabrics, more white is required in the colours than on paper. Vellum painting, too, needs the admixture of white with the colours. But this is a digression; we were considering a painting on satin. It will be found that the colours sink in, therefore more washes are necessary on it than on other materials. At first it will not be found pleasant to work on; it wants a little tact to manage it well, that will come with use. It is better to commence on white satin or cream-coloured; black demands a good deal of time and patience to be spent on it before the painting becomes sufficiently solid. Wild roses are charming on satin, and for æsthetic young ladies there are the fashionable sunflowers. A clean sheet of paper should always be kept under the hand when painting, that it may not rest on the mount. It is impossible to paint a design on vellum well, without plenty of time can be given to it; it cannot be dashed off quickly, and those who are unfortunately minus the virtue of patience, had best not attempt what they will probably be inclined to throw aside afterwards with regret that they commenced. Only highly wrought paintings look well on vellum, and these will amply repay the worker for any trouble expended on them. No mount can be compared to it for durability, while none will better supply a surface congenial to the most accurate drawing and miniature-like painting. Most intricate subjects may be executed with faithfulness, representations depending for their value on the minutest details may be successfully accomplished, the finest outlines may be preserved, while the faintest touch of colour left by the artist's pencil will not be lost. Before a perfectly flat tint can be attained, hatching and stippling must be resorted to; that is, all spaces that are uneven must be worked up with the point of the brush, and blank spots filled in with colour. By these means a perfect texture may be secured, almost unsurpassable even on ivory. Do not let so much as your finger rest on the vellum, or it will be difficult to get the colour to adhere afterwards.

Much consideration should be given to the subject chosen; it should be one of which we are not likely to tire, and one that will interest others as well as ourselves. A vellum fan is like a picture, and the design should be as deliberately chosen and as carefully delineated. Copies from pictures of the old masters are best worth doing, or if it is possible for anyone to obtain a loan of a fan painted by any of the best French artists, they should consider themselves truly fortunate. Not many, perhaps, would be willing to part with one, if in their possession, though only for a time, on which Watteau, Boucher, or Lebrun expended some of their genius; but if lent they should be treated with the greatest care, as they are very valuable. Parchment mounts require wetting with water, the same as drawing paper, before fixing. For tracing use black lead transfer paper, and trace lightly. On gauze no drawing or tracing can be done; whatever outlines you may require as a guide must be put in with a brush. A design carried out in black and grey, with Chinese white for the lights, is admirable for gauze mounts. The two illustrations we give should be done in this manner; the whiteness may be relieved with a few touches of brown or of pink. On the black gauze the white figures show to the greatest advantage; the elegance of posture, the coquetry, and the grace are all brought out.

Nothing is lost. Such a work is termed a *grisaille*.

Another mode of decorating fans is to employ only one colour throughout, and to shade with the same. On silk and satin it is

very effective. Thus, flowers are painted sometimes entirely in various shades of brown. These, if done on a brown silk ground, are excessively stylish and suitable, when they match the dress in colour. Again, a pale blue flower may be shaded with darker blue, on a white mount. This style is known as monochrome. Moire is also used for mounts. In every case the high lights are put in with Chinese white; they are never preserved. The principal point in fan-painting is to secure harmonious tones and to avoid unpleasant contrasts. Whenever possible in painting landscapes, introduce some water; it always enhances the beauty of the decoration, if the tints are kept pure and clear; the ripples are touched in with Chinese white. As for colours, the best plan is to have a few of the most useful. Although at an artists' colourman's the list for fan-painting will probably consist of between thirty and forty, it is quite possible to do well with half the number, and the beginner will only find it perplexing to have a great variety to choose from. Lemon yellow is useful to mix with vermilion for flesh tints, and also with brown for fair hair; emerald-green mixed with white for touching up foliage. The other colours are the well-known blues, reds, and yellows. Burnt sienna, vandyke brown, Payne's grey, and ivory black are also employed. As occasion requires, it is easy to add to the number with Hooker's green, Naples yellow, cadmium, etc.; but the value of the painting will depend not so much on the colours used as on the manner in which they are applied. A bottle of Chinese white must be procured; it is impossible to manage without that; and it is also advisable to have a bottle of ox-gall at hand; in case satin should not take the colours well, a drop of it mixed with them will cause them to adhere.

"SHE WATCHED HIM."

MAY GOLDWORTHY;

A SEQUEL TO

"THE QUEEN O' THE MAY."

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER III.

"FINISHED."

ONCE more at Mr. Minister's pretty house at Brompton. May and her father returned there from North Wales at its owner's special entreaty. He insisted that there was room for all, and that he was sadly lonely without them. May was truly a damsel in request. Wanted in town by parent and friend; wanted in the country by lover and relatives. But, as we once ventured to predict of her, she was found where duty called. Duty, at that time, lay in applying her talents to practical purposes. Mr. Goldworthy, though improving in health, was still incapable of much work. He painted fitfully, and at long intervals, and was especially advised by his physician not to force his powers, but to allow them to recover themselves. Mr. Minister assured May that he never expected perfect restoration, but May's faith was stronger, and she said that if it was God's will, he would be quite himself again.

So she strove to supply part of the deficiencies resulting from their uncertain position. She was told that if she would appear in public as a professional vocalist, she would make her fortune. But she shrank from this, and so did her father for her. She argued that she could not devote herself to him and the public both, conscientiously, since he required so much of her time, and that particularly of an evening, when the uncompromising public would want her; so she sought and obtained some pupils. She also sang occasionally at private parties, where her lovely voice and charm of person and manner won her instant favour. To these her father would, by invitation, accompany her, and his pride and pleasure in her made him forget himself, and become in his turn a centre of attraction.

The artistic house at Brompton also drew artistic guests; and by degrees May not only found herself the admired of her father and friend, but of their circle. We will admit, by the way, that she received and refused more than one offer of marriage at that time of her life, remembering that evening walk among the mountains with her cousin.

Indeed, she never forgot what passed between them on that occasion, the substance of which must be related for the further elucidation of her history.

She and Meredith, at her father's special desire, wandered forth towards the brawling stream that flowed from the mountains to the town. They were soon beyond the precincts of the town and deep in the wild country that they both loved. As they walked on, almost in silence for some time, there rang in his ears the words of her father, "Scatter the clouds that lie between her and you, as you will—as

you will;" and when they were in the rare solitude of a mountain gorge, not far from the roystering torrent, he spoke.

"Dear Cousin May, I have been a proud, vain, jealous fool," he began, impetuously. "I believed that your father took you away from amongst us because he was ashamed of your old friends, and feared that you might love us too well. We all thought this except grandfather, and our Welsh blood grew hot, and we waxed angry, and I fear I must have seemed to you cold, and distant, and changed."

"Oh, Cousin Meredith, surely you mistake yourself," said May, fixing her eyes upon him.

"I mistook your father, but not myself," he replied.

"Poor papa!" sighed May, her voice expressing pain. "He felt there was misunderstanding somewhere, and I—I knew it. But indeed, Cousin Meredith, I thought you had too keen a pity for him to misdoubt him —or—or me."

The reproachful quiver of the voice went to Meredith's heart.

"Forgive me, dear May," he resumed, "if I misdoubted even you. Your new world is so fair and plausible that I fancied you sometimes pined after it, and were, therefore, nothing loth to hurry back to cultivation and refinement under your father's wing."

"I!" ejaculated May. "What do you mean, cousin? Are not you cultivated, and has not great-grandfather a most refined soul —ready, quite ready, for heaven?"

"Dear May, your words and looks reproach me."

"Do they, cousin? It is unintentional. But, oh! if you knew how I long for the dear old friends and scenes—how I pray to see great-grandfather again before he goes up yonder, you would never have thought those cruel thoughts, or said those unkind words. And as to my dear papa, sadness sometimes overwhelms him, so that he is not master of himself. It was so when he hurried away from your nice—pretty——"

Here May paused, for tears were in her eyes, and her full heart stayed her speech. Meredith took her hand and entreated her forgiveness. He had never before brought tears to her eyes—never, to the best of his recollection, given her pain. He tried to make her understand that it was pride, and, he feared, jealousy—yes, even of her father; but he saw that her innocent mind could not conceive so strange a feeling in one who had been her hero and friend all her life. So then he told her of a stronger, deeper, intenser feeling that had mastered him and distorted his imagination, and he asked her to spend a lifetime with him in those scenes where their happy childhood had passed.

Let those who can understand our Queen o' the May picture her sweet and radiant face at such words as these from one whom she had loved all her life. But even at such a moment, when all she most desired was outspread before her, she thought of others.

"Oh, Cousin Meredith!" she exclaimed. "You know—you know—how glad it would make me—but I cannot leave my poor papa, and he—he would go, perhaps, melancholy mad in the silence of the country."

"We will ask him, dear May," he said.

"No, you must not ask him, for he would at once say 'Yes,' because he loves me so," she replied, with a smile so sweet and sunshiny that Meredith wondered not at his own or her father's love.

"It is hard that——" began Meredith, and checked himself. He was going to add, "that your father, whom you have known but for a few years, should come between you and happiness."

"Nothing is *quite* hard, cousin," she rejoined, "and all will be right again now that we understand one another. For the rest, we must wait."

It was late that evening when they returned to Mr. Goldworthy, and they found him pacing the room in restless anxiety lest some harm should have happened to his Madeline. He saw that she was safe and happy, and that sufficed him. He was too absent to make further inquiries, and Meredith respected May's wishes that, for the present, at least, no revelations should be made to him. But they were a happy trio that night, and all clouds had melted into thin air that had previously intervened between them and the clear blue sky.

And this was the state of affairs when May and her father once more took up their abode with their friend Minister, and shared the expenses of house and housekeeping with him. While they worked at their artistic callings in London, Meredith laboured at his more utilitarian undertakings in Wales, and so Time, with his rapid wings, sped on. Mrs. Everton procured May several pupils at Sydenham, which took her to the house of her kind friends once a week, and enabled her to engage in the work she was so desirous of undertaking among the children of the pantomimes and ballet. She never forgot her early days and associations, and she devoted such money and time as she could spare to aiding those who were struggling into the doubtful career from which she was, providentially, rescued. In this her father assisted her, and they might often be seen in strange and poor quarters seeking out distressed and neglected children or young girls, whose histories reminded them of her own. Thus they became acquainted with many of the sad sights and sounds of gigantic London, and said to one another, even with tears, that they could not, and would not, spend one vain farthing while tens of thousands of their fellow creatures immediately surrounding them wanted the common necessaries of life.

"I cannot feel gay here as in the country, dear papa," she said. "It seems to crush me when I think of the sorrow and the poverty that cannot be cured. At Derwen everyone helped one another, and the fresh air and the birds and streams comfort us; but here, where the poor live, it is so close and dark that it must stifle them."

"God is everywhere, my darling," sighed Goldworthy; "and He knows—He knows! He even restored you to me, sinner that I am."

"And under Him, we owe it to the great Welsh choir, dear papa. But for that I should not have come to London, and Mr. Minister would not have recognised my shock head," said May, laughing merrily.

"Yet my Madeline loves her wild Wales best!" sighed the father. "When did you hear last from Cousin Meredith?"

"Only a few days ago, dear papa. He was then at Glenpant, and said great-grandfather had actually been staying two whole days with Uncle Laban."

"He is so bright and cheerful that it is a pleasure to be with him, my darling. Had he remained at home I should not have had a melancholy fit."

"A poor compliment to me, sir!" said May, shaking her pretty head in affected displeasure, while she felt a strange hopefulness at her heart.

But hopes and fears, plans and counterplans were suddenly stayed by the serious illness of Mr. Goldworthy. He had been overworking. We have said that his labours were fitful as were his moods. He had begun a large picture from sketches taken abroad, and both his own will and May's were bent on its completion. Minister alone warned them to "take it easy." But in this instance his warnings were unheeded, and, as he was much from home, could not be often repeated. May was delighted to find what energy her father was able to throw into his work, and encouraged him to persevere at all times and under all circumstances. She watched him, read to him, sang to him while he was at work, as she had done during the progress of that first successful picture; and now, as then, he declared that if it was worth anything it was due to his Madeline. It was, of course, to be exhibited, and had to be finished in time for presentation at the Royal Academy.

The eve of the last day for sending in pictures arrived, and it was not finished. He worked, so to say, day and night, and stood, with May at his side, putting in the final touches on the very morning of the said day.

"There!" he exclaimed, throwing down his brush.

"Beautiful! It is perfect, dear, dear papa!" said May, throwing her arms round him.

But those frail arms failed to hold him. He fell down on a couch, happily near at hand, and fainted. May rang the bell violently. She thought he was dead. When the servant came they managed to lay him on the couch and to procure water and restoratives, which, happily, revived him. When he smiled on his terrified child, she cried, "Thank God! my dear, dear papa!" burst into tears, and threw her arms about him. Then she bade the servant fetch a doctor, assuring her that she was not afraid to be left.

"Finished, my darling," said her father, returning her embrace, and striving to rise.

But he could not. His look turned from May to his painting. It seemed to her hopelessly sad.

"It shall go, dear papa. It shall be in time," she said, assuringly. "Drink this wine. You have worked too hard. It was my fault. I was too proud of my dear papa."

Her tears fell into the glass she held, and he smiled as he drank the wine with which they mingled.

The doctor arrived, who was known to them both as a friend of Mr. Minister's.

"The general complaint—overwork," he said, glancing from his patient to the picture. "We must get him to bed. I will help you, my dear."

The kind doctor—all doctors *are* kind—assisted Goldworthy to his room, and he was soon in bed. He inquired where Minister was, and as May did not know, said she must have some other friend with her, as he could not allow her to be alone. She assured him that she had no fear; and he, not liking to alarm her, inquired of the servant the address of some of her friends. She gave him that of Mr. Everton. He said he would himself telegraph to that gentleman. He prescribed all sorts of remedies, promised to return shortly, and went to the nearest telegraph office.

Neither May nor any of her friends had realised her father's constitutional as well as nervous debility, and she now reproached herself for inciting him to exertions of which apparently he was not capable. She stood by his bedside tearful but prayerful. She watched him, and administered the remedies and food prescribed until he fell asleep; and then she watched on, dreading from his evident exhaustion that he might pass away before her eyes. She was holding his hand, and dared not move for fear of startling or disturbing him.

She knew not how long she remained standing by his bedside, her hand in his; but she was herself startled by the quiet entrance of Mrs. Everton. She laid her finger on her lip, but he did not awake.

"Ask Mr. Everton to see to the sending of the picture," she whispered, and her friend Edith again disappeared.

Mr. Everton was waiting downstairs, and men had arrived who had been already hired for the transport of the picture; so he superintended its packing and placing in the van waiting at the door. This was fortunate, for Goldworthy's first words on awaking were—

"Finished, my darling. Is it in time?"

"It is sent, dear papa," replied May, cheerfully. "Now you must take nourishment to strengthen you after so much labour. For my sake."

"Anything for your sake, my Madeline," he returned, forcing himself to swallow what she presented.

The doctor came again and Minister returned, so there was a consultation of friends below stairs. It appeared that he had simply needed rest and quiet when, urged by his own excitability and Minister's friendly anxiety, he had travelled, painted, and frequented society. Thus do we often misunderstand not only ourselves, but our friends. He was now prostrated, mind and body, and the doctor said that his recovery was doubtful. It must depend, under all circumstances, on good nursing, freedom from anxiety, and rest. May knew that the money received for the first great picture was nearly gone; still, she felt that she must put off her lessons in order to be with him always. Minister, though generous, was not rich, and May's independent nature would fain hinder her from being burdensome to him. However, her faith failed not, and in her simplicity she trusted, not only in God, but in her friends. In a hurried letter to Meredith she told him of her father's illness, but did not allude to their circumstances.

For two or three days the invalid continued in a weak, drowsy, half-conscious state. The doctor shook his head, Minister groaned in spirit, the Evertons came and went, and May watched and prayed. On the evening of the third day she was swallowing a hasty cup of tea in the pretty drawing-room while Minister was with her father, when she was startled by the opening of the door, and the ejaculation of her name in a dear, familiar voice. It was Meredith. Her joy and her tears may be imagined. He had come to her as soon as he received her letter.

"I will tell dear papa you are here. I must go to him," she said, almost as soon as their salutations ceased.

She found her father awake, and watching for her return. The news of Meredith's arrival roused him.

"Let him come," he said, feebly, and they were the first words he had spoken all that day.

May fetched her cousin, who was soon holding her father's hand, while she stood by his side. The patient looked anxiously from one to the other.

"Is all well between you?" he asked, feebly.

"All is well, dear sir," replied Meredith.

"Then—if I die—you will take her back—to—Derwen, and if I live—I shall—be happiest and best—with you."

At these words May's hand joined those of her father and Meredith, and that compact was sealed.

(*To be concluded.*)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Danse des Fées. By Paul de Czerny.—A very good little gavotte, sparkling and easy. By an oversight, an alteration of key has been omitted on page 5, where the key changes from four to three flats after the first line, returning again to the original key at page 6.

Evening. A sketch for piano. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—Written in common time in the upper part, and in triplets for the left hand; a style requiring care in execution, and of great use in bringing the hands into independent power. The air is smooth, flowing, and expressive. We recommend this "sketch" to our young friends, both as a pleasure and recreation.

Three Dances. Dedicated to his mother by Herbert F. Sharpe.—No. 1, "Pavan," is an easy arrangement, suitable for the advanced beginner, who, by attending to the carefully-marked use of the pedal, *legato*, and *staccato* passages, will be able to perform this pleasing little piece aright, and benefit by the study.

Three Rondos. By G. Merkel.—No. 1, Allegretto in E flat, is an easy, bright little piece, soon committed to memory, and pleasing. The style is good, and doubtless Nos. 2 and 3 are equally worthy of practice.

Excerpts from the pianoforte works of the great masters.—Walter Macfarren has aided pianoforte students by selecting, editing, and fingering some of the best works of our great masters, so training the ear, taste, and style to understand and execute really good music. No. 1, Tempo Minuetto from sonata in B flat, by Haydn, is a good exponent of the care taken by our well-known master in music, Walter Macfarren, who is helping the pupils, in the absence of their teachers, from falling into bad habits.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Ballade in A. Pianoforte piece composed by Bennett Gilbert.—A short and moderately difficult composition. The theme and accompaniment are taken up alternately by both hands; the former should be well marked, as it will add greatly to the effect, and give what is intended by the composer—"a song without words."

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Berceuse. For the pianoforte. By Annie Tait.—A pretty drawing-room piece, well-written and expressive, requiring careful study.

B. WILLIAMS.

Installation. March for the organ or piano. By John B. H. Ring.—A stirring and brilliant march in B flat. A clear and distinct touch, with well-marked time, will make this composition a favourite with many of our readers.

GODDARD AND CO.

Pense à Moi. Composed by Edward Crosse.—A very pleasing valse with good introduction. The sustained notes in the first part are most effective. It is written in the key of D, and ends with a brilliant coda. It is not particularly difficult, and adapted to display the taste and execution of the performer.

VOCAL MUSIC.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

The Vision of Years. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—We have just received another of this well-known composer's songs, sung by our talented contralto, Madame Patey. It is grandly set, and fully interprets the sentiment of the poet. The moral of the song teaches us that we should rest happy and contented with our lot in this life:—

"The years when the spirit struggles,
Tho' baffled, beaten, distress'd,
Are climbing up towards the heavens,
The clearest, the brightest, the best."

The Fox and the Grapes. A modern fable. Written and composed by Michael Watson.—A light and lively song; requires to be sung with much archness. It is simple and not difficult. The second part changes to waltz time.

The Snow-white Rose. Words by Michael Watson. Music by Jacques Blumenthal.—A pathetic little incident nicely told and gracefully set to music, written in the key of three flats. The accompaniment is easy but very expressive, and the song altogether worthy to be placed amongst those "sure to please."

When Shadows Lengthen. Words by E. Leonard. Music by Alphonse Cary.—Within the compass of a modest singer with an alto voice. An easily learnt and rendered song in the key of D.

Grannie's Young Days. Written and composed by Michael Watson. Sung by Madame Patey.—One of Michael Watson's pleasant home pictures, where we are brought into the very presence of the dear old lady surrounded by loving, listening children. The tone is wholesome, without the exaggeration or sentimentality too often found in our drawing-room songs. The music is unpretentious, and in keeping with the words.

Voices of the Wood. Written and adapted by Michael Watson to a melody by Rubinstein.—A smooth melody, to words of joyful awakening to the beauties of spring, with its many voices of "happy birds," "sweet, balmy breezes," "lovely flow'rets," and "sunshine," to gladden the heart. An easy song both for voice and instrument.

A Winter Story. Written and composed by Michael Watson. With harmonium or organ accompaniment. Sung by Madame Patey.—The song is written in three keys: No. 1 in F, No. 2 in G, No. 3 in E flat.—Another of the sad rehearsals of the oft-told tale of poverty and loneliness within hearing of "voices raised in hymns of praise, sounding sweetly within the abbey walls."

DUNCAN, DAVIDSON, AND CO.

When Spring Returns. Words and music by T. J. Prout.—A joyous, light-hearted song of one whose delight is in the beauties of Nature's newly renewed life, more than in the also to be prized pleasures—possession of friends and home. Both music and words are flowing and agreeable.

If Gipsies Live a Happy Life. Cavatina by T. J. Prout.—The song is dedicated to, and sung by, Miss Ada Patterson, R.A.M., and is well adapted to show off a flexible voice and taste of an appreciative singer; yet with no difficulties either in the vocal or instrumental parts that may not be fairly undertaken by a moderately advanced performer.

A Mother's Dream. Words and music by T. J. Prout.—Another of Mr. Prout's graphic ballads, written in the key of E flat, requiring only a voice of moderate compass and simple expressive singing.

WEEKES AND CO.

Take these Sweet Flow'rets. Duet. For mezzo-soprano and tenor. By T. J. Prout.—A light, graceful little duet; sure to give satisfaction.

Help Thou Mine Unbelief. Sacred Song. By T. J. Prout.—A beautiful expression of the heart's cry of many an earnest one, who desire greater faith whilst struggling with the mists that surround the light. The song must come as from the heart to do good, or to be at all effective.

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

By SYDNEY GREY.

I COME from the land of the trailing vine,
  Where the olive spreads and the myrtle blows,
Where flaming forth from a leafy shrine
  The golden fruit of the orange glows.
I come from a land which the ling'ring sun
  Is loth to leave for a colder clime,
Until the beauty of earth be won
  To show the wraith of her sinless prime.

For fair as the flowers that Eden knew
  When it freshly smiled from the Master's hand,
Are those which still at my voice renew
  Their olden charm in the southern land.

They are strangers here in your sea-girt home,
  Where the ruder breezes rise and swell,
I dare not bring o'er the dancing foam
  One half the treasure I love so well.

But yet when the swallow he northward soars,
  And the bee awakes with a drowsy hum,
A loyal guest to your bleaker shores,
  On the wings of the warm south wind I come.
Then joyfully hail me! Benison sweet
  Shall follow my advent many a day,
But roses wither, and time is fleet,
  And soon—too soon—must I pass away.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XXXIX—*Continued.*

AND now, before her, adown the green glade, Damaris sees what makes her think of Shakespeare and his dream on that midsummer night; this might be a veritable scene from that fairy fantasy.

Along the beaten woodland path a little, slender lad is advancing, a pipe made from a reed at his lips, his tiny fingers deftly fingering the notes.

What sprite can it be? Not Puck, not that tricksical elf who made such havoc in the midsummer woods! Ariel, rather, with the sadness of his servitude in his eyes, with the sadness of his longings after freedom in their shadowy depths. The sunlight dapples his pale golden locks, which are tossed loosely about his fair brow. About the child altogether is so much delicacy and fragility that Damaris may well be cheated into the belief that he has been cast in no mortal mould.

There is no spring in his step, his forward movement is measured and slow, and his large, bright eyes seem to be gazing into vacancy. The song, as it had fallen from Damaris's lips, had been merry as well as sweet. Breathed through the reed, it has in it a plaintive longing both weird and pathetic.

Damaris holds her breath, fearing to break the spell that is upon him. Her shadow falls forwards on the path; he sees it, and looks up. The pipe drops from his lips, a smile breaks over his face, a smile of delight; he has found what he was seeking—where the music comes from.

"You dear little angel-child!" cries Damaris, "tell me, how did you come here?"

He looks at her with a strange dumb yearning in his eyes, but shakes his head. She has spoken in the patois of the district, and supposing he does not understand her, she repeats her question in purer French, but with no better result. She tries English, then German, it is all the same. A smile breaks over her face.

"You dear little cherub! I might have known you could understand nothing but the language of the spheres, and that is unknown to me at present. Will you come with me?"

He comprehends the meaning of the outstretched hand, puts his own little

slender palm within it, and turns his steps in the direction of hers. But to walk hand in hand with her silently out of the wood does not please him. He has found his music, but it is dumb. He draws away his hand, glides forwards in front of her, and arrests her steps with mysterious signs.

"Tell me," she says, and stops. It is evident he understands so much, for his signals become almost frantically energetic as he puts his reed to his own lips, then points it towards hers.

"You want me to play your pipe?" No, no; his gesticulations are almost fierce.

"What then?"

A bright idea strikes her; she begins to sing. She sees instantly that this is what he has been trying to induce her to do. A soft languor steals over him, his arms fall to his sides, his head droops, he seems to be listening, with his whole being absorbed in the sound of her voice. As she pours forth the notes one after the other into the summer stillness of the woods, Damaris says to herself—

"I have found the language of the spheres, and it is music."

Her fear that he will leave her as suddenly as he came, vanishes, for she finds that she can hold him to her indefinitely by the spell of her singing.

After this strange intercourse has been continued for some time, Damaris remembers that she has yet a mission to accomplish, and to traverse again the long distance she has come.

"This will not do," she says, with gentle resolution; "we must go now, and another day I will sing for you again."

To her surprise he acquiesces at once, seeming to recognise it as obligatory to be moving. So they leave the wood together, and, a few hundred paces beyond, come upon the little village of Espalie, to which she is bound. The cluster of cottages nestle about an isolated rock crowned by the ruins of an old citadel. A little below the ruins is an old house occupied as a Jesuit college, and called Paradise. Round the base of the rock runs a stream clear as crystal. In its water a lean brown woman is washing and beating some linen.

Damaris asks to be directed to the house of *la mère* Pelotin.

The woman lifts herself to an upright position, grins into Damaris's face, thereby showing her toothless gums, then points with her skinny forefinger to the child.

"C'est son enfant."

"The child of *la mère* Pelotin! Impossible!" thinks Damaris. "There must be some mistake."

La mère Pelotin, she understands, is a poor woman to whom she is bringing a commission for some lace.

The woman stoops to address the child—

"Charlot, the demoiselle seeks thy mother; take her home."

DAMARIS.

She bends again over the stream, dabbling the linen.

Over the child's face has broken a gleam of intelligence; it is evident he has understood what she said to him.

"Charlot, thou art called Charlot?" asks Damaris.

He nods his head and endeavours to drag her forwards up the hill, pointing with his finger to its summit.

Damaris is conscious of a thrill of disappointment. This child, with his angel face and extraordinary grace of manner, to be the offspring of a *paysanne*, nurtured upon a rude hillside of Le Velay, seems impossible. But as they climb upwards, she notices that he is dressed in the ordinary blue blouse worn by all the children of these villages; and, though exquisitely clean and neat, he differs in no way from them outwardly. It is his spiritual and startling beauty which seems to idealise even this common garb.

Charlot climbs like a young chamois, up above the cottages, beyond Paradise. The house of *la mère* Pelotin nestles under the shelter of the ruins themselves, into and out of which it seems to be built, forming an absolute and habitable portion of them.

Damaris is gratified to find that it is superior in appearance to all the other village residences, having a garden before its doorway gay with cultivated flowers. Charlot disappears like a flash when they reach the gate, leaving Damaris to obtain admittance in the orthodox way.

La mère Pelotin is as lean and dark as the *blanchisseuse* down by the stream. She has a very reliable countenance, but otherwise differs in no respect from the *paysannes* generally. Damaris has learnt from Justine that she is a widow woman with children, not as needy as the generality of the village women, but a delicate worker to whom any especial commission of lace might safely be trusted.

On the floor of the house a rosy-cheeked, chubby-looking urchin, of possibly the same age as Charlot, is tumbling.

"Didier, *mon enfant*," says *la mère* Pelotin, addressing him, "get up out of the way of the demoiselle."

Didier, with a laugh, rolls himself aside; he seems to prefer this mode of progression to any other.

Damaris makes an essay at conversation with the woman. She praises the situation of the house, the magnificent view from the small platform on which it stands, the garden, the ruins, the picturesqueness of the village itself, to all of which *la mère* Pelotin responds freely, if not enthusiastically. But the moment she introduces the name of Charlot, the avenues of her understanding seem to close, she becomes obtuse and unresponsive, assenting only to the statements of her visitor, venturing none.

"There is a mystery here," decides Damaris, but she dares not linger to attempt its elucidation. She has a long walk still before her

On her way back the child fills and occupies her thoughts to the exclusion of her own concerns. Arrived at home, as they sit together over their evening meal, she plies Justine and her husband with questions concerning Charlot.

"There is more truth than you think in your words, mademoiselle, when you say that some mystery enshrouds this pretty boy," says Jean. "He is a treasure to *la mère* Pelotin, the fowl that lays the golden eggs. If you had asked her point blank who he is, she would have told you that he is the child of a sister of hers, who lives at Clermont. But it is not true. The little one has been confided to her care by a gentleman whom nobody in these parts knows, and who pays her liberally for her care of him. You would notice that *la mère* Pelotin is better dressed than most women of her class, that her house is better furnished, and she is quite independent of her bobbins, which she only plies when she gets some superior commission, such as that you carried to her to-day."

"Do you not even know this gentleman's name?"

"Oh, yes; he is called Monsieur Bartholet, but where he comes from, or whether he is the father of Charlot, no one can say. Without doubt, he must be rich, he pays so liberally, as everyone can tell."

"The mother of *le petit* Charlot must be dead," puts in Justine, "for *la mère* Pelotin told me herself that Monsieur Bartholet said so. He comes to see the boy regularly every year, pays the money for his support, and particularly cautions *la mère* Pelotin to let him want for nothing."

"There is something very strange about the child," says Damaris; "he is not one bit like other children."

"No," says the compassionate Justine; "is it possible, my Josephine, that you have not observed that the *pauvre petit est innocent?*"

"Innocent! simple! Oh," cries Damaris, shocked and pained, "it cannot be true, Justine. Why, he appears to me much wiser than any child I ever saw before."

Justine shakes her head solemnly.

"*C'est vraie, mon enfant.* He is also a mute; he cannot speak to you."

The tears rush to the eyes of Damaris as she recalls the pathetic sadness of the boy's sweet face. Justine continues:

"The reason why Monsieur Bartholet brought him to Espalie seems to be that he is not strong. When he first committed him to the care of *la mère* Pelotin, the child was barely a year old, and so weakly that it did not seem possible for him to live. He has thriven wonderfully in our mountain air. Last year Monsieur Bartholet meant to remove him, to take him away to try what could be done for him in the way of education, but Charlot clung to the mother he is fond of, and his little playfellows, and it seemed to grieve his heart so deeply to leave them, that Monsieur Bartholet decided to let him stay yet another year. But, to my thinking, he will never take Charlot away from Espalie. The child is a born angel; there will be no place found for him on earth."

"Nonsense, Justine," says the more practical Jean, "Monsieur Bartholet will carry him away at the end of the year, mark my word."

"Have you ever seen this Monsieur Bartholet?" asked Damaris.

"Oh, yes, several times. I have acted as guide to him when he wished to see the mountains. He knows my little waggon, and Saturne, the mule, almost as well as you do."

Damaris went to the wood again on the following day. As she had supposed, Charlot was there in anticipation of her coming, and came springing towards her directly she began to sing. Their intercourse went on in this way for several days, her interest in him growing deeper and deeper. Enlightened by the information given to her by Justine, she strove in various ways to discover what latent capacities he had of development. But every effort was baffled. There was one, and only one, approach to the child's soul for her, and that was through the medium of song. Marvellous was the intercourse the two held in this way. Once she brought the child in Jean's waggon to La Joyeuse for the day, but this was the utmost *la mère* Pelotin would concede; no persuasions could induce her to give permission for him to remain all night; she was answerable for his well being to Monsieur Bartholet, and she could not rest if he were longer out of her sight.

Damaris was coming slowly back from the wood one evening, musing upon the various problems which this little life suggested to her, when Jean met her with a sealed packet in his hands. He had been into Le Puy that day, and found this waiting for her at the post-office.

"*Pour vous*, Mademoiselle Josephine," he said, and, seeing the sudden whiteness that overspread her face, turned back towards the house.

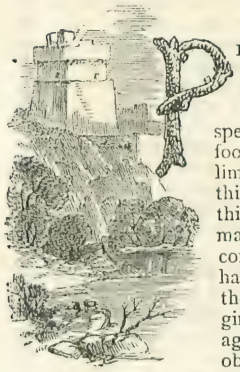
Her past has followed and found her. There is no longer any possibility of closing heart and mind to the events which have stranded her here.

She turns back to the shelter of a little grotto off the roadside, in whose recesses she has often sat to watch the fantastic foam-wreaths which rise from the torrent that dashes through the ravine at her feet.

The letter is from her sister Lilian, to whom she had of course written of her departure from St. Aubin, and of the asylum she had found with Justine, begging her, under no inducement, to reveal the latter fact if appealed to by the old Marquise.

(*To be continued.*)

FOOD FOR PEOPLE WITH LIMITED INCOMES.



PERHAPS it may be considered strange that when addressing girls I should speak about providing food for people with limited incomes. I think, however, that this is quite a legitimate subject for our consideration here. I have no doubt that the majority of the girls of our class have again and again been obliged to put aside all idea of preparing certain dishes which they would otherwise have been glad to try because "mother could not spare the money for them." I feel fully justified, therefore, in attempting to give a few hints to girls who wish to help their mothers to furnish good, wholesome food for the family at a moderate cost.

We hear a great deal of talk nowadays about the desirability of living within one's income, and putting away for a rainy day, &c., &c. With all this I agree entirely. Not only do I think it right to save, but I regard it as absolute folly and madness not to do so. But I do not think that the saving should be effected out of the money which is necessary for purchasing a sufficiency of wholesome food for the family. I am not now advocating the purchase of luxuries in diet. I do not say that there should be so many courses at each meal, and that people should have what they fancy, whether it is in season or out of season, cheap or dear. But I say that if health, strength, and energy are to be maintained, there must be a *sufficiency* of good wholesome food; and that those who endeavour to "withhold more than is meet" from the butcher and the baker are only arranging to pay a little more to the doctor than there is any occasion for.

Of course there are people in the world who can order dinner without needing to think of its price. For everyone so circumstanced, however, there are hundreds and thousands who know what it is to heave a sigh for the cost of every dish they cook, and who spend their lives in the weary endeavour to make sixpence do the work of a shilling. And when, notwithstanding all the efforts made, the sixpence will not prove as elastic as could be desired, how often do these people try to make up any deficiency there may be by doing without necessary food! They brew a cup of tea and try to work on that, or, worse still, they take a good draught of beer and trust to the false strength thus obtained. I wonder how many hard-working women there are in England who have a cup of tea instead of dinner, and how many men and women both there are to whom beer has become a curse, and who never would have cared for it if they could have had a good well-cooked meal set before them every time they felt faint and weary?

But it is not of people who are in danger of thus yielding to temptation that I am now thinking; I purpose rather to address those who prepare meals as a matter of course, yet find the expense thereof a serious difficulty.

Writers on cookery and domestic economy are usually a little hard upon the English cook and housekeeper of the day. They make odious comparisons between her and her French sister, and say that all her failures arise from the fact that she will not give time and trouble to the preparation of her dishes. Now I am gradually arriving at a different opinion from this. I am inclined to think that English women (mothers and mistresses of households) do the best they can, and that when they err it is through want of knowledge, not through idleness. More than this, it is my experience that they are most willing to receive ideas, and they will listen with eager interest to anyone who will show them what to do.

My sympathies flow out freely towards a woman who is trying to manage a house and bring up children on a limited income. The difficulties she has to contend with are so manifold, and the appreciation of her work is so limited. It is an aggravation of her trials that she should continually have held up to her for imitation the traditional French woman who "regales her family with a great variety of dishes made from one small bone with a little mace and lemon-juice," and that she should be told that it is only idleness and ignorance which keep her from following this brilliant example. It may be that all the time the English wife and mother is working early and late; she has an inefficient maid to look after; the great foe, dirt, to keep under; four or five small children to make, mend, and arrange for; and an anxious, careworn husband to cheer and inspire. How can she keep one eye continually on that much-talked-of saucepan, which is to simmer away without ever stopping, to the delight of theorisers and dreamers?

If I could obtain a hearing from the much-enduring one I would say—Take heart, my friend. Let those who do not understand what work like yours is, talk. If only you are doing your duty bravely, you furnish, for those who can understand it, a sublime spectacle. It is only when looked at from a distance that sublimity appears splendid. When we come near, we generally find that it is but a harmonious collection of uninteresting details. Listen to what one of the greatest writers of the century says:—"The common callings of the mass of men are the means by which mankind gets the mastery of the world. Let us do our duty in the kitchen, the market, the street, the home, as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength, and skill. Then the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of humanity!"

You have, at least, one little piece of consolation—your toil will not last for ever. Your daughters are growing up around you, and they appreciate the situation. They are learning to cook and to sew, and are not only willing, but anxious to take a part of the household burden upon their strong young shoulders. Let me talk matters over with them, therefore, and see if I cannot help them by giving them the benefit of my experience, and (returning to the idea with which I started) tell them of a few homely, easily-prepared, yet wholesome dishes, which may be procured at a moderate cost.

The chief difficulty which housekeepers with limited incomes have to contend with is the butcher's bill. Do not imagine that I am about to advocate vegetarianism when I say that we place too high a value on butcher's meat alone. Other foods which cost very much less are quite as valuable. Milk, for example, contains everything which the body requires; flour, oatmeal, ground rice, peas, beans, lentils, haricot beans, furnish food both excellent and nutritious. Mrs. Buckton, in her little book entitled "Health in the House," puts the facts about these foods in a very striking way when she says: "Flour, oatmeal, ground rice, peas—one pound of any of these vegetable flesh-formers will give a man as much strength as three pounds of lean beef, or three pounds of veal, or three pounds of ham boiled, or nine bottles of Bass's pale ale, or six bottles of Guinness's stout—tenpence per bottle."

How many housekeepers have realised what a statement like this means? The substances here mentioned are very cheap and very easily cooked; almost everyone knows how to prepare them, yet though they are so valuable they are comparatively much neglected. Let us bear them in mind, and when we feel inclined to complain of the cost of food, make more use of these materials than we have been accustomed to do.

It is not likely, however, nor to my thinking is it desirable, that our appreciation of lentils and peas should lead to our disregarding beef and mutton. John Bull loves a joint, and long may his children enjoy one in perfection! We all know that to him *the* joint, *par excellence*, is a sirloin of beef. But this superlative dish costs a shilling a pound, and its purchase is not compatible with the resources of a limited income. What substitutes then can we suggest for it?

Almost instinctively, the first dish which is mentioned is beef-steak pudding. This I consider a most profitable and economical dish. It is wholesome, nourishing, and satisfying. A pudding made with a pound and a half of steak and half a pound of bullock's kidney will be sufficient for half a dozen persons, and there will be plenty of gravy, which the children like. The following is an excellent recipe:—

Beefsteak Pudding.—Make some stiff paste with a pound of flour, 6 oz. of finely-chopped suet, a little salt, a small teaspoonful of baking-powder, and water. Take 1½ lb. of bullock or chuck steak and half a pound of kidney. A little beef skirt may also be used with advantage; it helps to make the gravy good. Remove the skin, cut the meat into small pieces, and roll each one in a mixture of a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of pepper. Take one-third of the quantity of pastry for the lid, and roll the rest out to a round shape twice the size of the top of the pudding basin. Grease the inside of the basin with dripping. This can be done most effectually and quickly with the fingers, and when the hands are perfectly clean it is not objectionable.

Line the basin with the paste, put in the pieces of meat, and pour on a *small* teacupful of water or good gravy. Wet the edges of the pastry, roll out the piece that was left for the cover, then lay it on the top and press the edges well together. Dredge flour over the top, wring the cloth out of hot water, dredge it also with flour, tie it on tightly by passing a string round the rim of the basin, turn the corners of the cloth over and tie them together. Put the pudding into a pan of boiling water, being careful that it is covered entirely, and keep it boiling with the lid on for 3½ or 4 hours. If it is necessary to add more water, put it in boiling. When done, let the pudding stand a minute or two, or else dip the bottom of the basin in cold water for a quarter of a minute, to keep the pastry from bursting. Remove the cloth, have ready a hot dish, put it on the top of the pudding, reverse it gently, and lift the basin off carefully. If liked, an onion boiled and minced may be added for the sake of the flavour. Indeed, all sorts of improvements may be introduced. A few oysters or mushrooms, or a grouse or partridge, may be added, or rump steak instead of buttock steak may be employed, but in these cases the pudding will not be so economical as if the above instructions are followed.

If any of this pudding is left, and it is required for the next day, the following is the best way of warming it. Put it into a greased basin and lay a plate on the top. Put it in a pan with boiling water to come half-way up the basin, and let it boil for about an hour, or

till it is hot through. Serve it with gravy in a boat.

Meat puddings and pies are such a valuable resource for housekeepers of limited income that all sorts of variations have been made. Here is an excellent one :—

Potato Pie made with Neck of Mutton.—Take 1½ lb. of the middle of the neck of mutton, the portion which lies between the scrag and the fatty part. Cut this, bones and all, into pieces of about one inch square. Place these in a pie-dish with plenty of thinly-sliced potatoes, putting first a layer of meat, then one of potatoes, then another layer of meat, and plenty of potatoes at the top. Add a seasoning of salt and pepper, and fill the dish with milk. Lay a fairly-thick suet crust over all, and bake for about an hour and a half.

The lady who first gave me this recipe, and who is herself an excellent cook, told me that her servants liked this pie as much as they liked sirloin of beef. I must say that I found difficulty in believing this statement, but, nevertheless, potato pie thus made is a very appetising dish.

Giblet Pie with Apples is an old-fashioned but inexpensive and savoury dish. Giblets may frequently be bought at the poultryman's for two or three pence. To make it, throw the head away and wash the giblets several times in lukewarm water. Take the gall from the liver, skin the gizzard and neck, and divide each into three pieces. There is a sort of pipe leading from one side of the gizzard to the other, and this must be cut from end to end. Put the legs and claws into boiling water to loosen the skin, and draw this off entirely and divide the heart and liver into halves. Put the giblets into a saucepan with cold water to cover them; let the water boil, then throw it away. Pour on fresh cold water, add two onions minced, and a sprinkling of pepper, and stew gently for about an hour and a half till the meat is tender. It is an advantage to stew the gizzard and feet a little longer than the other giblets. Add salt to taste and leave the giblets in the liquor all night. The next day prepare apples as for a pie, and fill a dish with alternate layers of giblets and apples, pouring gravy over all. Cover the pie with pastry in the usual way, and bake slowly for about an hour and a half. This pie may be served hot for dinner or cold for breakfast.

An excellent savoury dinner dish may be made from giblets stewed with vegetables. The following is the recipe :—

Stewed Giblets.—Prepare the giblets as in the last recipe. When thoroughly cleansed, dry them and roll them in flour. Put the gizzards and feet into a stewpan with half a pint of water and six peppercorns. Stew gently for three-quarters of an hour, then add the rest of the giblets, another pint of water, a bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, and the red part of a large carrot scraped to pulp. Stew an hour and a half longer, take out the herbs, and serve the giblets on a hot dish with the gravy poured over them and toasted sippets round.

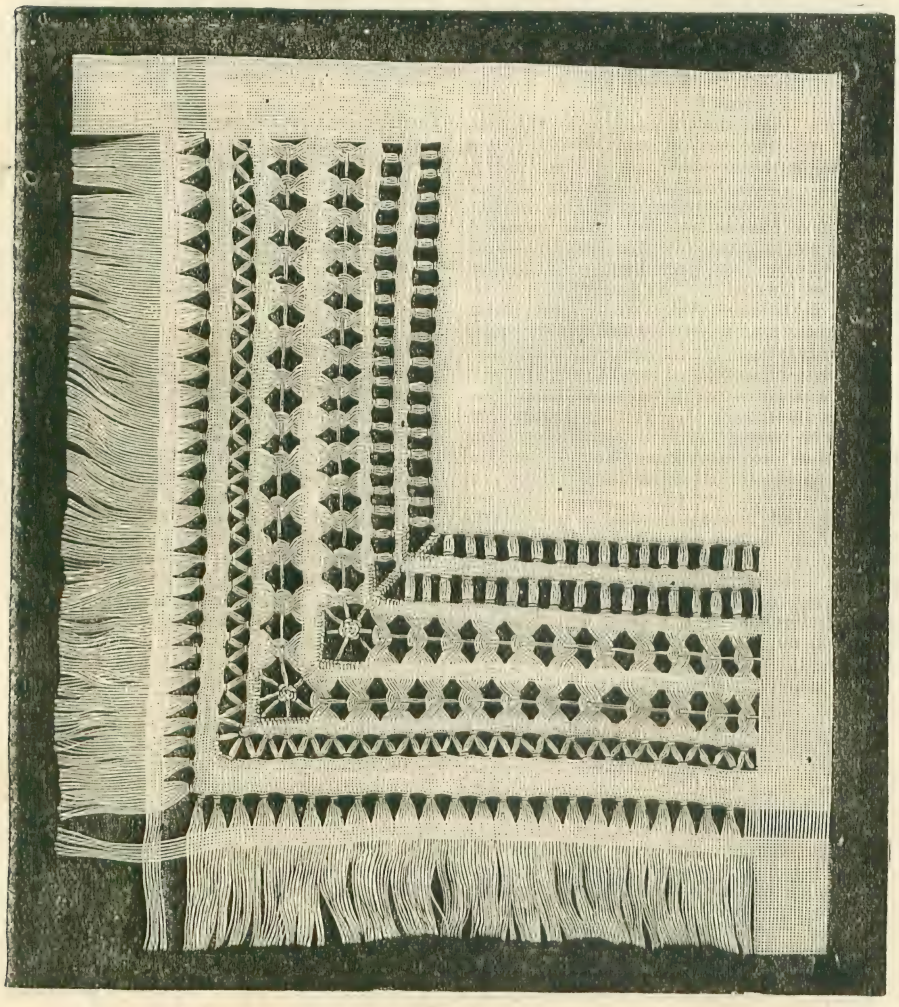


FIG. 1.

Irish Stew is another economical dish. I need not describe how this is made, for I think everyone knows it. It is not everyone who thinks of making the stew of the remains of a joint, that is to say of the bone when nearly all the meat has been taken from it. Cut the meat off in as neat pieces as may be, fat and lean together. Break up the bone and put it with the meat, then put all into a saucepan with plenty of sliced onion, twice as much raw potato peeled and sliced, and cold water or stock to cover. Simmer all gently for two or three hours, season liberally with pepper and salt, and serve in a soup tureen. If necessary, a little flour may be added to thicken the stew, but it is probable that this will not be required.

Liver and bacon are strongly recommended by some as economical food. I cannot say that it is a favourite dish with me; it is so rich and indigestible, though it is certainly savoury and appetising. Far better to my mind is haricot beef or mutton. To prepare this, soak a cupful of haricot beans overnight, then the next day throw into a saucepan of cold water, add a small piece of dripping, and boil gently for a couple of hours or till tender. Procure from the butcher one pound of "pieces" of meat, beef or mutton. These consist of cuttings and scraps from joints. They may be bought for from 6d. to 8d. per pound. Fry them in a little dripping till lightly browned; take them up, and fry very gently an onion cut into rings. Put meat and onion in a clean saucepan with a carrot and turnip cut into pieces, and pour over all a pint of water which has been mixed smoothly with a tablespoonful of flour, pepper, and salt. Stir the stew till it boils, skim it, draw it back, and simmer gently for an hour. Lay the slices of meat in a circle on a hot dish, arrange the vegetables in the centre, and pour the gravy over all. Draw the water from the beans, and serve these separately, or if preferred put them into the stew. This is an exceedingly nourishing dish. If liked, small suet dumplings may be laid round the meat; or lentils may be substituted for the beans, and served in a tureen. Suet dumplings are made with suet, flour, salt, and water, mixed to a stiff paste, formed into small balls, dropped into boiling water, and boiled quickly till done. The water in which the haricot beans are boiled must be saved for soup.

A usual and excellent way of making meat "go" further is to serve pudding with it. Yorkshire pudding and suet pudding are very good eaten with meat and gravy, and their use is decidedly economical.

One very important means of saving expense in the purchase of food is to avoid buying too much of anything. A housekeeper who has to provide day after day for the same people should learn to calculate how much they will require, and then purchase that weight and no more. When small portions are left from a meal they are in danger of being wasted, or they have to be warmed up, and *rechauffés* are never so satisfactory as is meat freshly-cooked.

Above all things, also, the housekeeper who desires to be economical should avoid waste of every kind. This is a large subject, and in English households with English servants brought up as they are, it is very much easier to talk about avoiding waste than to do it. Nevertheless, the girl who will energetically and perseveringly set to work in this direction may very soon save in small things as much as will make all the difference between an ample sufficiency of provision and stint.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

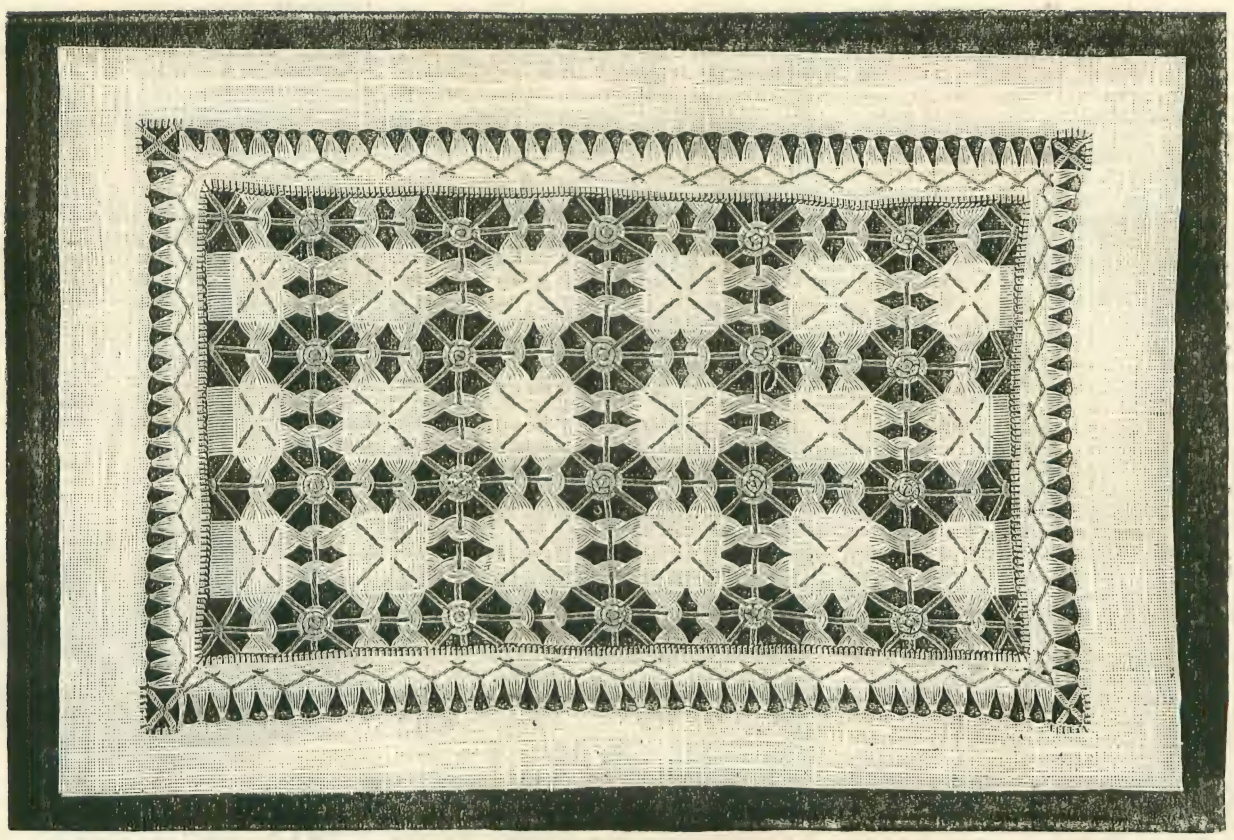


FIG. 2.

DRAWN WORK.

SINCE attention has been directed to ancient embroidery and needlework, the mediæval laces have participated in the general desire to understand or to reproduce the handiworks that served to lighten the many weary hours that the ladies of the Middle Ages, from the state of the country at that time, and the absence of intellectual pursuits, were compelled to endure. The earlier laces produced before the fine needle-points and pillow-laces, and known as the mediæval laces, are the knotted and plaited thread laces formed of detached threads, and the cut works and drawn works made as finer sorts of linen embroidery, the material being woven linen, which was cut and drawn away so as to form a design either with the solid material that was left, or by connecting together the threads that remained in those places where a certain fixed number had been extracted.

Drawn work, which is coeval with cutwork, originally came from the East, but seems to have been introduced into Europe during the twelfth century, and was then known as Punto Tirato. During the earlier centuries it was only made for church purposes by the nuns, who kept the art a secret from the laity, and adorned vestments, grave cloths, and altar cloths with it, making it from finely-woven linen and linen thread mixed with silks; but in Persia, India, Arabia, and other oriental countries it was used for secular purposes, and the coarse linen which formed its groundwork entirely concealed by the bright floss silks that covered it. In the South Kensington Museum there are now some magnificent specimens of Persian drawn work of this description, which are remarkable for their delicacy of execution and judicious arrangement of colour. Up to and during the fifteenth century the patterns of European drawn works were chiefly made by the solid foundation of the linen, and the grounds contrived by threads partly drawn out so as to leave open squares surrounded by the threads retained in the work, these threads being overcast together either with silks or linen

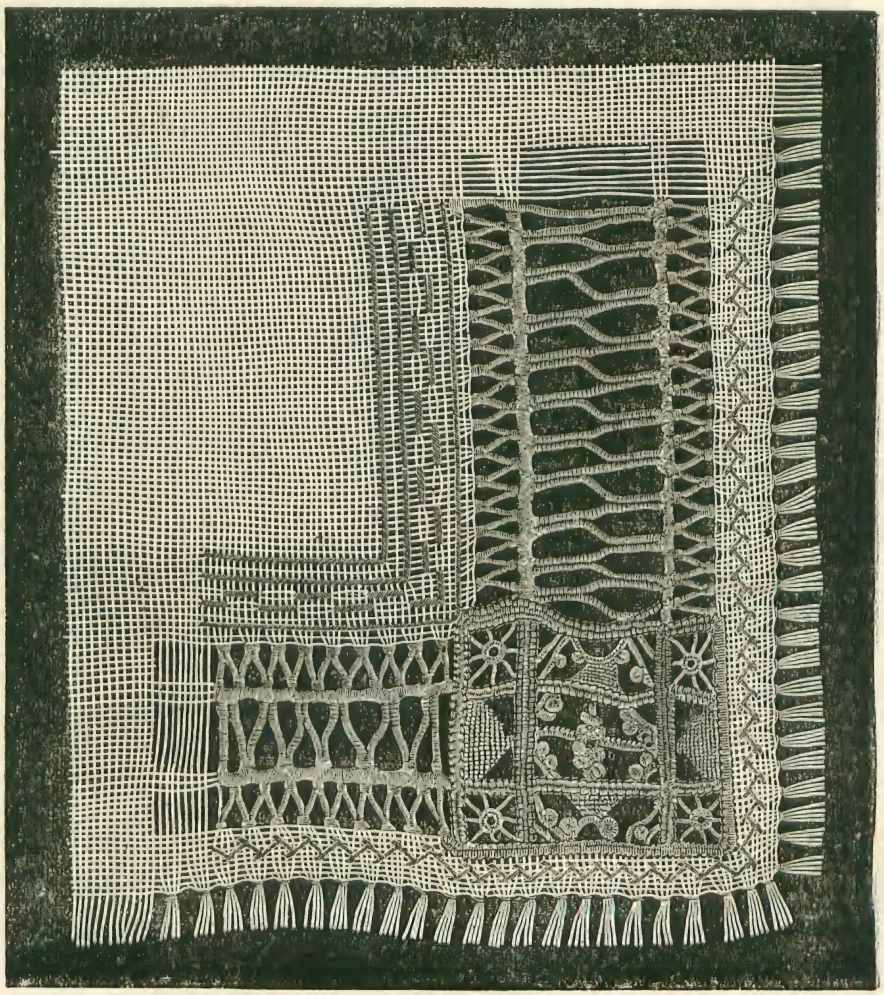


FIG. 3.

thread to make the lines dividing the open spaces. In the sixteenth century the patterns of the work were made, not by a solid foundation being retained, but by the threads left after a set portion had been taken away being overcast and darned together so as to make a device, the ground being left open after the manner of Reticella lace, which this kind of drawn work imitates. In the seventeenth century drawn work attained its greatest beauty, being worked out upon the finest and closest material, a very small portion of which was retained to form a dotted pattern upon a ground made of a series of fine honeycomb lines, the threads left after the others were drawn away being worked over with the needle so as to form that shape. It is this description of drawn work that most nearly approaches the fine needle-made points that are worked with net-patterned grounds.

After the decay of ecclesiastical power in England, drawn work was little practised, the old workers having died out and the laity preferring the needle-made and pillow-laces; but upon the Continent, and especially among the northern nations, the work has flourished, and in Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden it is still used, and is known as Tonder work, Hamburg point, and broderie de Nancy. Real lace patterns are imitated by their grounds being drawn and their thick parts made with the solid linen foundation, and the work is employed to decorate the vast stores of house-linen for which these nations are celebrated.

We are glad that a revival of this work in a modified form has begun in this country, as it is a great addition to all decorative needlework when used in conjunction with it, either for borderings or as squares of alternate drawn work and embroidery. It is simple in execution, but requires care when cutting the threads, so that the proper number are taken and those left secured. It is formed upon any material that is sufficiently coarse to allow of its threads being counted, but it is chiefly made upon linen and canvas materials and used with crewel work, Holbein work, toweling embroidery, and Kreuzstickerei. The stitches used are overcast, buttonhole, and the lace stitches required in *guipure d'art;* they are formed either with fine linen thread, such as is known as lace cotton, or washing or floss silks, according to the destination of the article they ornament.

One illustration (No. 1) represents a border in drawn work used for the decoration of linen and fancy articles. It can be enlarged by being worked upon coarse linen or Java canvas and larger spaces left, and it can be decreased by omitting some of the ornamental lines. The manner of working is as follows:—Commence with the stitch next to the fringe. Draw out threads to the depth of a quarter of an inch, thread a needle with fine lace cotton, and begin at the back of the material. Fasten the thread securely, take up five to six of the threads left upon the needle, and make a buttonhole stitch, drawing the threads tightly together; secure this stitch by a stitch into the solid part of the material, and continue for the whole length of the line. The stitch described above is the one used for the open hems of pocket-handkerchiefs. For the second line, draw out the same depth of threads as for the first line, and work them over with the same stitch upon the lower edging; for the upper, repeat the stitch, but take half the threads buttonholed together from one lower edging stitch and half from another, so as to make the vandyked line shown. For the third and fourth lines, draw out half an inch depth of threads, take some fine crochet cotton, secure it so that it will come in the centre of the drawn threads; still work at the back of the material; count off twelve threads of material, take up the six farthest away first on the needle, and twist them over the six nearest ones; draw up the needle, and repeat until the lines are finished. Fifth and sixth rows: repeat the second row, but make the top and bottom line of buttonholes over the same threads, so that straight and not vandyked lines are formed. The corners will require careful work, as the threads being there quite cut away open spaces are left. Buttonhole over the raw edges of these, and fill them up with wheels such as are made in modern point lace.

To work Fig. 2.—This pattern is intended for a straight border either for the bottom of a crewel-work chair-back, or to adorn the top of a linen sheet. It is worked with coloured silks for the former, and with lace cotton for the latter. Commence by drawing out threads in a horizontal direction to the depth of half an inch, leave an inch space, and draw out another set of threads in the same direction. Again leave an inch of solid material, and draw out threads as before, and repeat until the depth and length required for the work is obtained. Now reverse the drawing out of the threads, taking them from the perpendicular threads instead of the horizontal; measure these so as to leave an inch of perpendicular lines, and draw away half an inch, and continue to the end of the space. Having drawn away the threads, work a line of buttonhole round the outer edge, and upon the right side of the work; make this in gold-coloured washing-silk. Fasten a doubled thread of salmon-coloured silk in the buttonholed edge in the centre of one of the drawn-out spaces, take it right across an open square, and when it comes to any drawn threads divide them into two groups and twist the last half of the first group round the needle before the first half; repeat throughout the line, and repeat in every line of the drawn threads. Run the threads that cross the work over the solid squares, and over the open squares, and secure them into the buttonholed edging. Work over the salmon-coloured threads, filling the open spaces with gold-coloured silk, so as to make wheels, and finish off the edge of the work beyond the buttonhole, first with a line of herringbone, and then with a space drawn out and hemstitched, make buttonhole-bars to fill in the open corners left by the drawn threads.

To work Fig. 3.—This pattern shows the manner of working drawn threads that is still prevalent in the East, and that was worked in the Middle Ages in imitation of Reticella lace. It is made upon toile Colbert, or some open canvas material from which the threads are easily drawn away, while the threads that are retained are completely hidden by being overcast with coloured silks. In this design it is better to draw the threads as required, and not all at once, great care being necessary in drawing them out. For the border draw out half an inch of threads, leave three or four, draw out an inch and a half depth of threads, leave three or four threads, and draw out another half inch. To fill the small spaces, overcast four threads together for a short distance with red silk; then divide them, and overcast only two together, and when these are nearly covered take two new threads, and overcast these with the two already worked over. In returning, overcast the two new ones nearly up to the opposite edge, then add two fresh threads and repeat. For the centre part, take six threads and connect them together with Genoa-stitch, which is made by alternately overcasting the three right-hand and the three left-hand threads. Work a third of the centre space in Genoa-stitch, then divide the threads, and overcast over three of them for the second part, and take in three new threads and work in Genoa-stitch for the third part, and until all the threads are covered with the red silk. Overcast with red silk over the three threads left between the drawn-out spaces last of all, and make the lines they form thick and handsome-looking. For the corner, work all round the square with a double line of buttonhole, and over the three threads not drawn out, and that form the inner square; darn with red silk, so as to make a broad and even line of darning. Work eight armed wheels with buttonholed centres in each corner, rows of buttonhole-stitch, so as to form triangles, in the outer spaces, and bars, worked over with buttonhole and ornamented with loops, to fill in the rest of the space. Make these loops by twisting the silk eight times round the needle after it has been inserted as if to make a buttonhole, then draw up the thread, keeping the left hand upon the needle to steady it while doing so; work the inside border in tent-stitch with green and brown silk, the outside with green silk and in double coral-stitch, and catch the fringe together in the same way as in the other designs.

CATHERINE.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

JOLLY AND HER FRIENDS.

SEVERAL years ago our children were accustomed to bestow pieces of bread on a handsome mare called "*Jolly,*" which came twice a week to the neighbourhood in a farmer's cart. Whilst her owner was delivering the fresh eggs and butter to his customers, the cart and horse were supposed to remain on the common road between the field and the grounds belonging to the several houses. But Jolly, having made acquaintance with our children, invariably made her way down the drive and to the back gates, where she was duly fed and petted. Then, for some reason, another horse, a much less amiable animal, came in Jolly's place, and was always left on the road at a distance from the house.

Seven years passed without a visit from the mare, but a fortnight ago the farmer's wife found it convenient to bring Jolly, whom she left on the road as she had done the other horse. But despite the boy in charge, the mare started off on its own account, selected from all the rest the path which led to our gates, halted there, and began to look about as if in search of something. Jolly's mistress, much amused, began to exclaim, "To think of the old mare remembering! She has not been here for more than seven years, but she has picked out your gate from all the rest, and come to the place where the children used to give her bread when they were quite little ones."

Not one of them remembered this. They had quite forgotten their old pet, but Jolly had not forgotten their hospitality, and came again to claim it, as of old. She is extravagantly fond of bread, and her mistress says, "is sure to whinny after a child in the street if it has a piece in its hand."

It is unnecessary to say that Jolly again received such a liberal supply of her favourite dainty, that she is still less likely to forget the way to our back gate than before.

VARIETIES.

MISSING A STYLE.—Soon after the publication of Miss Burney's tale called "Cecilia," a young lady was found reading it. After the general topics of praise were exhausted, she was asked whether she did not greatly admire the style. Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style? Oh! sir, I am not come to that yet."

HOW TWO FRIENDS PARTED.—The friendship of two young people, though apparently founded on the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the following manner:—"My dear, I do not think your figure well suited for dancing, and, as a sincere friend of yours, I advise you to abstain from it in future." The other, naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied—"I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice. This proof of your friendship demands some return: I would sincerely recommend you to relinquish your singing, as some of your upper notes resemble the melodious squeaking of the feline race." The advice of neither was followed—the one continued to sing and the other to dance—and they never again met but as enemies.

INSCRIPTIONS ON OLD COINS MADE PLAIN.—To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, is become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire; when red hot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but it will disappear as the coin cools.

GETTING AHEAD.—As you cannot overtake Time, the best way is to be always a few minutes before him.

SCOTTISH ECONOMY.—One bonnet had served Maggie for a dozen years, and some ladies, in offering to present her with a new one, asked whether she would prefer a silk or a straw one. "Weel," said Maggie, "I think I'll tak' a strae ane; it will maybe be a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm through wi' it."

SWEET REVENGE.—To avenge a wrong is easy, usual, and natural, and, as the world thinks, savours of nobleness of mind; but religion teaches the contrary, and tells us it is better to neglect than to requite it.

VANITY AT HOME.—Everyone, at the bottom of his heart, cherishes vanity; even the toad thinks himself good-looking—"rather tawny, perhaps, but look at his eye!"—*Wilson*.

AN ENCOURAGING THOUGHT.—I care for nothing. I am of no use in the world. Dear child! knowest thou not that thou canst not move a step on this earth without finding some duty to be done, and that every one is useful to her kind by the very fact of her existence?

IN YOUTH.—Youth is the spring of life, and by this will be determined the glory of summer, the abundance of autumn, the provision of winter. It is the morning of life, and if the Sun of Righteousness does not dispel the moral mists and fogs before noon, the whole day generally remains overspread and gloomy. It is the seed-time, and "what a man soweth that shall he also reap." Everything of importance is affected by religion in this period of life.—*Rev. W. Jay*.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

"I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill which commanded a full prospect of an estate he had just purchased. "I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard, and on that spot I'll have a pinery. Yon farmhouses shall come down," added old Gregory; "they interrupt my view."

"Then what will become of the farmers?" asked the steward who attended him.

"That's their business," answered old Gregory.

"And that mill must not stand upon the stream," said old Gregory.

"Then how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.

"That's not my business," answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—and awoke no more. And the farmers resided on their lands, and the mill stands upon the stream, and the villagers do not regret that Death did business with old Gregory.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ISABELLA F. LANGTRY.—The system of "lip reading" is taught at the Training College, The Elms, Castlebar-hill, Ealing, W. The secretary is at 1, Nottingham-place, Regent's Park, W.

FAG.—The University of St. Andrew's holds a local examination in June. Junior, fee 10s., senior, £1. Professor Birrell, St. Andrew's, also grants "Higher Woman's Certificate," £2 2s., and title of LL.D. Examination in April. Professor Knight, St. Andrew's, N.B.

MEG.—Read "Infant-class Teaching," vol. ii., page 730. Make up your Indian tussore silk with dark brown velveteen.

CONNIE, 19.—Your writing is quite legible and good enough. In reference to clerkships in the telegraph offices, candidates must apply in their own handwriting to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, London, E.C. He will forward printed forms, to be filled up by candidates of between fourteen and eighteen years of age. After passing the test examination, and the medical scrutiny as to sight and hearing, the successful candidate must attend the Post Office Telegraph School, for three months' instruction, for which no fee is charged. The test examination consists of writing from dictation, the four rules of arithmetic—simple and compound—and the geography of the United Kingdom.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ADA.—White wool hearthrugs should be sent to a proper cleaner's, as they are likely to be spoilt at home. You would improve the formation of your letters by writing roundhand copies.

ONE PERPLEXED.—Each of the family should contribute so much a week to the general fund, or if you have any idea of the general expenditure, you may divide it: two of them taking the rent, another the fuel, light, and wages, and so on.

LORELEI.—The article is quite complete, and no second part will be given. Vol. i., 6s., vol. ii., 7s. 6d.

AGNES.—The present Duke of Brunswick is the son of the Duke who fell at Quatre Bras, and the Princess Augusta, his mother, was sister to George III., and was consequently great aunt to Her Majesty the Queen.

MY CHILD.—The salary paid to daily governesses ranges from £40 to £80 per annum, according to what they teach, and the number of days a week they attend. Your salary must be a matter of arrangement, according to circumstances. If the hours be short, and you can undertake other pupils, the terms would, of course, be lower than if you not only taught, but walked with you pupils. In this latter case the governess usually has an early dinner with her pupils.

ART.

TOPSY.—The Royal Academy of Arts is at Burlington House, Piccadilly, London. The instruction is gratuitous, but students must provide their own materials. Applicants must apply to the registrar for a proper printed form, to be filled up before the 28th of June or the 28th of December, and must also have the written request of a member, an artist, or a person of known respectability.

ONE OF TEN, and COUNTRY COUSIN.—You must "help yourself" in this matter. Take some specimens of your work and try everywhere, in all likely shops, until you find someone who will either take it or allow it to remain on sale. Apply at a music-seller's.

DAVID.—You proceed as in ivory painting, using water-colours.

WILD ANEMONE.—Improve yourself in drawing, if you have a taste for it, until you make your work worth something to others.

SENGA.—You may judge of your own work by comparing it with the work which you constantly see in the shops of the same kind—such as *menu* and birthday cards, &c. Your writing is not graceful.

MAUD WATFORD.—The cards which you send us are not good enough for sale. You seem to have a decided talent for the work, and we strongly advise you to attend one of the schools of art, or to take proper lessons.

MUSIC.

WINNIE.—The practising on an organ or harmonium is said to injure the touch in its clearness, crispness, and lightness needful for pianoforte playing. But we do not know that it really matters much if you be a good pianist already. Your writing lacks grace and beauty.

BO.—Both the words and the music are by "Claribel," to be obtained at a secondhand music shop, or of any publisher.

DORMOUSE.—If you be anxious to give music lessons, and say that you do not need the usual remuneration for them, why do you not give lessons to those who have no means of paying for them? Many ladies in London give unpaid lessons at various places—the College for Working Women, and the Brompton Evening College for Women, &c. Many thanks for the recipes.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—Inquire of a music-seller. You would have found all particulars for yourself by looking at the programme at the time.

G.'s TRUE LOVE.—The lines, "For if she will, she will, you may depend on't," are not taken "from the Bard of Avon's celebrated plays," as you call them; but were written by Aaron Hill. In another form they are also found on a pillar in the Dane John field at Canterbury.

WORK.

AN IRISH LASSIE.—If there be no other objection, there is always one very important one, *i.e.*, that the first advances of all kinds should come from the gentleman. Work for the poor of your parish, or for some special mission or charity.

M. B. (Haverstock-hill).—We do not give addresses, but at any of the good fancy workshops in Regent-street or Oxford-street you would find the linen thread for Macramé.

MINNIE DAWSON.—Put the thread before the needle, and knit the stitch in that way.

DORANTE.—Accept our thanks for your suggestion about the work competitions. It would not be suitable, however, to us. We advise you to obtain a book on astronomy, like the "Midnight Sky," price 7s. 6d., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

MEMIE.—We think that every girl should have an allowance for dress, according to the extent of her father's purse. We could not tell the amount your father should give you, for we do not know his circumstances. Allowances range from £10 to £30, and upwards.

G. P. H.—The fumes of a lucifer match will extract fruit stains. Hold the match close to the stain without burning the fabric. We do not know whether this will help you, but you could try it.

FLOWER GARDEN.—You must measure the width and length, and make your larger petticoat accordingly. We think every fourth row might be narrowed, but you must be guided by your measurement, leaving no fulness or very little at the top. Another good pattern on page 80, vol. iii. See also page 496, vol. iii. Baby's boots, see page 597, vol. iii.

A NERVOUS ONE.—See pattern at page 223, vol. ii. Leave out the sleeves. Read "A Word to the Nervous," page 298, vol. ii.

JUMBO'S ALICE.—The white marks may be sometimes taken off with a penknife, or if very bad, with a little turpentine; but great care is needful in all cases.

DEAR MAMMA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.—We think that the cheapest and easiest way will be to purchase the little hassocks ready-made. Read our many hints on the subject of the "Hair."

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.—The tapestry stitch of olden times was probably "cross" or "tent" stitch. Your writing is not very good.

A FRENCH GIRL.—Use transfer and black tracing-paper for the marking of your pattern. Your letter does you credit.

CHINGAGOOK.—Press carefully, changing the blotting-paper frequently, and not using too heavy a weight. To make alum baskets see page 623, vol. i.

COOKERY.

WHITE MOUSE.—We are much obliged by your note and the recipes; neither of them are, however, for "Devonshire pudding."

E. M. E. sends us the following as her recipe for "Devonshire pudding:"—Take two ounces of bread-crumbs, two ounces of butter, half a pint of milk, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar. Mix and put them into a saucepan, and stir until boiling. After boiling a minute or two take it off, and let it cool; then add two eggs well-beaten, grease a pie-dish, and put in the mixture, and bake about twenty minutes. Then

turn it out on a flat dish, and put a layer of good jam on the top, and some whipped cream over all.

MRS. H. T. sends us a recipe for "Devonshire pudding," which has long been in her family:—"Line a pie-dish completely with paste; put in a layer of preserve, then another layer of paste just large enough to cover the preserve, then another layer of preserve, then cover up with another layer of paste. Place in a rather slow oven to bake through well; when done turn upside down on a dish, and sift sugar over. Instead of preserve, fresh red currants or apples may be used. With the latter, a layer of raspberry jam should be used last. Turn out as before."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUCCESS.—We think you had far better keep your copies of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for reference. We think, as she was the only heiress of her father, that your correction was quite unnecessary. Your writing is excellent.

A HAPPY FLOCK.—It is evident from your account that the bottle was not "perfectly air-tight." The odour of some of the aniline dyes is most penetrating. The name "Eunice" is Greek, and means "happy victory."

ESSIE CRAVEN.—Half a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda in water, with a little ginger, half an hour before each meal, may help you; but we strongly advise you to see a doctor.

LONICERA.—"Reredos" is from the French *arrière-dos*. It signifies a screen or partition-wall behind an altar. Fairholt says the word was also applied to the open hearth upon which fires were lighted in the centre of ancient halls. The back of a fireplace is also called a *Reredos*. Get a small secondhand Greek grammar.

LEN.—There are so many openings now for girls in the telegraph and post-offices as book-keepers, &c., that you have plenty to choose from; but there is nothing of the sort to be obtained unless you have some special education. We do not know what you are best fitted for, so we cannot advise.

A WOULD-BE EMIGRANT.—Situations as stewardess are difficult to obtain. For advice about emigration, we think you had better apply to Miss Tipple, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, London, W.

UNE JEUNE MENAGERE.—To polish shells, see page 14, vol. ii.

TOPSEY.—You must re-dye it. Get a pennyworth of logwood from any chemist, and make a decoction for the purpose. There must be a pipe somewhere to conduct the water from the roof.

LOVING EMILY.—We think in the matter of the will you must consult a respectable lawyer, as you cannot, we believe, proceed without one if you have described the case properly. The expense will not, we think, be great.

A SUSSEX GIRL.—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is usually considered excellent. Can you not obtain it through a lending library?

CIGARETTE.—Your writing is all shade, with no light lines to relieve it at all. We do not advise our girls to read any books by that author.

AVESIZE BELNUE.—You must keep the flies out of the room by using a screen of coarse net or tarlatan stretched over the aperture in the window when opened. Kill all the large flies you can find, and keep the room dark.

ANITA.—Have the lace cleaned by a proper cleaner; you would only spoil it by doing it yourself. We should rub the brass with a leather. A safe polishing powder may be usually obtained from a chemist. You must remember that it is lacquer, not brass.

TALL SCOTCHIE, POSEY, and DOUBLE DUTCH.—Use a rosemary wash for your hair, and wash your face with a mild transparent soap, rubbing it well.

LILIAN DAREY DE BURGH.—Use some tripoli powder to your table, which you will obtain from any chemist.

RADISH.—The proper food of the silkworm is the mulberry leaf. Lettuce leaves are sometimes used when the silkworms are young. You should never take your dog with you in paying a visit, as many people object to them strongly in the house.

NOEL.—We should advise you to have the dress cleaned, as it is the first time; by so doing you will ensure yourself from the disappointment which usually follows washing. Your writing is not pretty, and is much spoilt by your method of crossing your "t's."

CURIOSITY.—"The Scouring of the White Horse" is by Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays." The white horse is that at Westbury. "They storms" is a quotation from the book.

HOPEFUL.—If you have consulted a doctor, and have been treated by him, and know what is the matter with your eyes, we only advise you to go on with his treatment. Perhaps he may recommend you how to manage it more economically, if you be quite straightforward, and tell him that your means are small.

RUTH.—Use some of the polish or gloss employed for kid, which you may obtain at any shop where boots and shoes are sold.

EXCELSIOR.—Clean your white feather screen with flour. Some people also recommend plaster of Paris for the purpose. Iron the crewel work on the wrong side, placing a damp cloth between the work and the iron, which should not be too hot.

TOMMY DODD.—The various roses have many distinct significations of their own. The red rose is expressive of "love," in the "Language of Flowers." The yellow (or *Rosa lutea*) of "Infidelity." The Japan rose (or *Camellia japonica*) denotes that "beauty is its sole attraction" (being scentless). The white rose expresses "Ignorance of love." The Barbary, or musk rose *(Rosa moschata)*, means "capricious beauty;" and the eglantine, or single small wild rose of the hedges, which is more or less pink in colour and has a golden centre, denotes "simplicity." But we fancy that all the little books published on this subject are not always to be found in exact agreement, on every point, one with another. We give you the statements of the largest and most important-looking of the class.

HILARY LEGGE.—We believe that your friend's question was answered. "Florence" means "blooming" or "flourishing."

PAPA'S LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—To feed tortoises see page 357, vol. iii. You should add a little onion chopped up finely to the omelet.

DEAR OLD ENGLAND.—You will find a small book called "Familiar Wild Flowers" useful. Consult the catalogue of the Religious Tract Society.

SLIM MAIDEN.—We are much pleased to hear that our advice has been of use to you. Marriage, rightly regarded, is indeed a serious step. Your writing and spelling are both very fair.

ANXIOUS ANNIE.—There is no sequel to the "Wide Wide World." We answered your letter before.

ELFRIDA U.—"Accept many thanks for a pleasant evening" is the usual phrase. Your writing is ugly and unartistic.

SNAEFELL AND SLIEWHALLYN.—We do not give addresses. The first writing is unformed, the second ugly and puzzling to the eye.

PRIMROSE, YOUTH.—Wear a black dress. You need not sit out of your accustomed place. You must be guided by the subscribers to the fund as to your little speech. Write down a few sentences. "I am commissioned by a few friends to present to you this —— as a mark of affectionate respect; with their best wishes for your success and happiness in your new home."

DAUGHTER OF KENT.—The story entitled "A Daughter Named Damaris" commenced on October 1st, 1881, page 9.

FRIEDENSKIND.—Mary Beatrix Eleanora D'Este was the daughter of Alphonso Duke of Modena, and the second wife of James II. of England.

QUEEN MAB.—Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., married Philip Duke of Orleans. Her daughter, Anna Maria, married Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy and King of Sardinia. By this marriage the present King of Italy, the ex-Duke of Modena, the Duchess of Parma, the ex-King of Naples, &c., became not claimants to the English throne, but they are "heirs of line;" which means that they would come in, if the elder children's descendants failed at any time.

PERPLEXED MARY.—We think the friends who recommended the Building Society were very wise; and if your father's health and strength lasted, we think that with his trade, and very careful living, he might manage to pay off the debt in time. But if you fear they will fail him, the best thing to do is to obtain the consent of his brothers and sisters to sacrifice a portion of the property, and pay off the whole mortgage entirely. To avoid losing the whole, they would probably consent to help. Of course, your father would give up his future interest in the property, and leave only a life interest.

TORQUAY.—Send the sealskin to a furrier. Many people have table-napkins at every meal, and we have seen them at five o'clock tea. Your friend was quite right, and it is only well-bred to conform to all the customs of the house in which you are a guest.

E. S.—We should advise you to trust to your own exertions in the matter; all work of the kind stands on its own merits. Go direct to the offices.

MADGE.—We fear we cannot undertake to read and criticise our readers' MS.

A MARQUERITE.—Nearly all creatures require water. We are sorry to find that the idea that they do not has gained such credence, as in many cases it implies positive cruelty to keep them without it.

SILVER SAILS.—A little gin and water is said to remove the shiny look, and to renovate the black of cashmere. We do not give addresses. Inquire of any good artists' colourman.

BIRDIE SINCLAIR.—We suppose you mean "*Pot-Pourri*." To make this, collect rose leaves and lavender, as they bloom; and place them in a jar with layers of common salt. Turn them each day till dry, then add powdered orris-root, cloves, cinnamon, cassia buds, patchouli, and any other odorous ingredients.

ANNIE.—We think at the railway station at each place you will probably find small guides to the principal objects of interest. Your father will also know them.

WEE IRISH LASSIE.—Many thanks for your letter, and its interesting description of your home. We are indeed glad to hear that our paper has helped you to "better things."

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your letter has given us great pleasure and happiness.

CRANKY.—Your writing is fairly good. We think they would do best in the open garden.

BERTHA BATE.—We thank you for the kind thought and the pretty flowers. The quotation is from the German of Von Logan, translated by Longfellow, under the name of "Retribution."

L. M. W.—It seems to us that your fowls want gravel, and we should try the effect of a few bones on them. A box full of sand, ashes, and dust should be always placed within their reach in which they may roll themselves.

SISSIE.—The meaning of "Ubique" is "everywhere."

THREE LEARNED JACKASSES.—Premature greyness of the hair would show a failure of health and of nutrition in some way. Try cold or tepid bathing, tonics, and exercise, and if you know a sensible hairdresser, take his advice as to a good hairwash and tonic. Petroleum is much recommended.

MAYBLOOM, DORA BELL, OXON, &C.—The answer to the riddle by the late Bishop Wilberforce, commencing, "Man cannot live without my first," is—*Ignis Fatuus*.

> "*Ignis*, or fire, all men will own
> Essential to the life of man.
> *Fatuus*, a fool, has been, 'tis known,
> Cursed and abused since time began.
> Some *Ignis Fatuus*, 'Will-o'-wisp,'
> Not seen by day nor used by night;
> Men love, and for that phantom lisp,
> Where'er unseen, but hate its sight.'

MIDDLESEX.—We are much obliged by your kind letter.

A WATER DRINKER, GWENDOLEN G. LATHOM.—Read the article, "On the Benefits of Pure Water," page 454, vol. iii.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—You should have offered to pay your share of the boat. Wear the ring on any finger you please; it does not much matter. Your letter is very badly written and spelt, and you seem to have written it when you were rather cross.

UNE LYONNAISE.—Many thanks for your kind and well-expressed letter, which does you much credit in every way. We will endeavour to comply with your wishes.

ALEXINORPHYGASTICON.—(What a long name!) We think your friends are quite right, and we advise you to consult a doctor. Sponge on the wrong side with a little spirit.

READER.—We think you entitled to the fees, but it is sometimes a point of worldly wisdom to be careful how we claim all our rights. You might write a polite note and inquire about the arrangements for next quarter, stating simply that, thinking you had had no vacancy as no notice had been given, you had refused several new applications, which you did not wish to do again.

A YOUNG SCOTTISH LASSIE.—We fear we cannot help you further, except by advising you to obtain an audiphone, which will much aid you in hearing.

HINDOSTAN.—There is a small book on Indian Outfits, Housekeeping, &c., published at the *Bazaar* Office, 170, Strand, W.C., which would tell you all you want to know on the subject.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—"Go, or depart in peace." Your writing is not bad, but you must beware of flourishes.

H. H. W. H.—If the velveteen be a good one, it is worth re-dyeing. Take it to a cleaner's and inquire. We do not know the size and shape of your ulster, but unless of very superior material, we should advise you not to meddle with it. Have new looking-glasses put into the frames.

A. A. A.—"Benzine Colas" would probably remove the stain. Of course, you must return the money which you borrowed, especially as it was intended to be given to a charity.

A QUEER BODY.—Why not continue to use the cold cream, and be thankful you have found anything so simple and healing? In this changeable climate many people with delicate skins are always obliged to use either glycerine or some other emollient application to avoid chapped faces and hands. Apply always after washing.

JO.—We do not advise any English girls to go abroad without writing to get advice on the subject, and that is why we gave the address.

A FRESH QUESTIONER.—We could not give such an address, and we wonder at your asking for it. We should advise you to go to one of the large metropolitan hospitals.

A. M. K.—Many thanks for the acrostic, of which, however, we can make no use.

ENID.—We are much obliged by your letter and the poem, but the subject is not interesting just at present.

LECKY.—Consult a London Directory. The name "Margaret" means "a pearl."

A. P. G.—The bound volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The prices of them are vol. i., 6s., vol. ii., 7s. 6d.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—Llandudno is a very pleasant place; crowded and fashionable in the season, and also expensive. Your writing is not very good, and needs forming with care.

LAURA S.—"Laura" means "a laurel," and "Wilhelmina" is old German, and is the feminine of "William," "A protector." Your writing is very neat indeed.

HYPATIA.—We should consider you worth from £40 to £60 per annum as a governess, and perhaps more if you speak French and German.

M. CAREW.—Many thanks for your kind and beautifully-written letter and the recipe.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—Dip the veil in a little strong black tea, and press it dry under a weight.

VOL. III.—No. 134. JULY 22, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

A BACKWARD STEP.

IT was not long before Faith remembered that her brother must not find her with traces of distress on her face. To make any inquiry tearfully would be to change a question into an accusation. So she went to her own room, to smoothe her hair and bathe her eyes, and remove every mark of disorder. While she was so doing, she heard Denzil come in.

She hastened downstairs as soon as she could, and fancied that she had commanded her face into utter calmness, though her heart was beating so fast that she could not wonder that something in her appearance made Denzil ask—

"Why, what is the matter with you?"

She attempted no direct answer, but said, simply—

"Miss Kitty Scott has been here."

"Oh—she has, has she?" answered Denzil, with a peculiar change of tone. "And what has she been gossipping about, I wonder?"

"Only that you must have a mysterious double in the town," said Faith, with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "for Miss Kitty is possessed with the idea that she saw

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"SHE COULD NOT BLAME HERSELF ALTOGETHER."

you and danced with you at the college ball."

"I wish that girl would keep her chatter to herself," observed Denzil, angrily.

Faith found herself still without reassurance. Was Denzil determined to withhold it, unless she asked the direct question it would so hurt her to put?

"I said it must be some of the other 'Allans' who are at college," Faith went on, desperately, "and then she attempted a description of the individual. Is there one of them who might be mistaken for you, Denzil?"

"Yes—no—I don't think so—certainly not," answered Denzil, "and I think you would have shown your taste by not entering upon the subject with her."

"Oh, Denzil!" said Faith, laying her hand on his shoulder. "If you were not there, what bad taste was there in my saying so? Denzil, dear brother, you make me begin to be afraid——"

He shook off her hand. "You might have remembered I was out on that evening," he said, "and you might have guessed something, and passed off the whole thing decently, and not given Kitty Scott a nine days' wonder to amuse the town with."

Faith stepped from his side, and stood motionless a few paces off.

"And so you were really there, Denzil?" she said in a low voice.

There was something in her tone which he liked less than any outburst of fiery indignation. He instantly began to excuse himself.

"You see, I got the chance of going just after you had been lecturing me on having got through my money so soon; and I thought you wouldn't think it the right thing for me to do the first winter after father's death, and——"

Faith writhed. "The right thing!" Had Denzil's own sense of loss, and his estimate of her basis of judgment, come to this!

"I don't think we are called upon to seem to mourn if we do not," she said, with a coldness very strange to her.

"Men are so different from women," Denzil went on, eagerly. "A woman cannot go to such places covered with crape, but it makes no difference to a man's dress suit."

"I never wore much crape," said Faith again, with the same chill quietness. "I thought sorrow was a matter of the heart, and that men and women felt it alike."

"But there!" cried Denzil, "you are so cross that you have put out of my head the very thing I wanted chiefly to say. I should never have thought of going this winter, only I got a chance of going for nothing—a chance not likely to occur again while I am at college. And I really did want to go to one of these balls, and I thought I had better not lose this chance, since it seems we are to be so terribly short of money!"

He wound up in a fretful tone, as if this was a matter of reproach to Faith herself.

"If you thought it was right," said Faith, "I cannot think why you did not tell me. Nay, if you had made up your mind to do it, why did you not tell me? I could not have hindered you. You are quite free, Denzil."

She said those last words in a tone of utter sadness.

"I know that, of course," answered Denzil. "Well, I am sure, I only hid anything out of kindness. I knew how you would feel—and I didn't want to pain you. And you would have objected to my spending the money for the ticket."

"But you say you spent none," said Faith, drearily.

"I did not; but the circumstances under which I got my ticket without doing so were a sort of secret at the time—another's secret, not my own—and I had no right to tell you that. If I had told you I was going, I should at that time have had to allow you to believe I paid for my ticket.

"That is the way things come about," Denzil went on, as Faith kept silence, and he hoped he was somewhat justifying himself in her eyes. "One does not wilfully set oneself to deceive, though, after all is done, it looks as if one did."

Faith was thinking. She could remember one or two innocent remarks which had been made by the Murrays and by Miss Gordon, which she, in her ignorance, had not understood, and, in her simplicity, had passed over, but whose significance she now saw. And then rose up again the bitterest pang of all — the thought of Denzil's day of humiliation, and of all his confessions and professions, which, while made over the sin in which he had been openly detected, had evidently never reached down to the falsehoods and deceptions which he had hoped he might still keep to himself! Faith cried out in her agony—

"Oh, Denzil, why did you not tell me this on New Year's morning? Why did you profess to turn over the new leaf without taking care there was no stain on the last one, which must come through sooner or later?"

"I didn't think of it," said Denzil, rather sullenly. "I told you in a general way that I had not been doing quite right, nor working as hard as I should. It did not occur to me that I ought to tell you this. There was so sin in going to the ball. Your friends, the Murrays, were there."

"There may be no sin in going," wailed Faith, "but there was a sin in saying you were going to Mr. Drummond's for a long evening's work!"

Then another recollection seized her.

"Was Mr. Drummond at the ball?" she asked.

"No," answered Denzil, shortly.

"Does he know you went?"

"Yes, of course," he replied again.

"Did he know you were going long before the date?" she asked, made to feel herself terribly inquisitorial by the impossibility of eliciting from Denzil anything except the briefest answers.

"He knew I was going as soon as I knew it myself," Denzil answered, goaded into a little frankness by seeing that evasions were not to serve him this time. Besides, he knew that his sister had been attracted to Marcus Drummond, and he did not feel altogether unwilling that Marcus should share the condemnation he himself felt so unwelcome.

"In fact," he went on, "as it is all an old story now, and not likely to come up in any way, I may tell you that I went with the ticket Marcus Drummond had bought for himself. Students have a right to introduce one or two friends to the committee for invitations, as I daresay you've heard. And the names Marcus Drummond wrote were blackballed, as anybody accustomed to English society could have known they would be," Denzil added, with the little superfine air which had often astonished Faith lately.

"But he was not blackballed himself?" asked Faith, vividly recalling the young West Indian's words and manner when speaking of the subject to her at the Murrays' party.

"No, but he got very indignant, and would not go. He almost quarrelled with Edgar Cheney, who was on the committee, and who, he thought, might have made matters go right. But nobody can quarrel with Cheney; he is such a cool fellow. And all the notice he took of Drummond's vituperation was to get permission that his ticket might be transferred—a great favour, for it is not generally allowed. 'There is no need to throw away your guinea's worth, my boy,' he said to Drummond. 'If you won't enjoy it yourself, give it to somebody else. We won't even ask a question as to whether you sell it again—a great bargain, cheap, second-hand, you know.' But Drummond mounted his high horse, and simply had his name erased from the committee's list, and mine written in, and would not take a penny from me—saying that he did not care for the paltry money!"

"It was only his father's, I suppose," said Faith, with a dash of bitterness. Then she said again. "Your name was not on the list of guests which was printed in the papers, next day."

"These things are easily managed," Denzil answered, in some confusion, "and a great many students are always quite accidentally omitted—really and truly. There was a little English fellow, one Wigton, who was in a regular rage because his name was not in, as he had wished to send home the paper, and so glorify himself in his native land."

"But did you take any precaution that your name should not appear?" persisted Faith. She wanted to know the worst now. With her dead hopes lying about her, she felt as if any new hope must be rooted and grounded in despair.

"Well—you know—of course," Denzil replied, in some confusion; "the circumstances were a little peculiar, and I thought it best to make sure."

Faith's eyes were fixed steadily on her brother's face, and he first quailed before them, and then turned restive.

"You make such a fuss about things," he cried, "that you make a fellow feel

as if he were quite a sinner, while I'm not one whit worse than anybody else. Why, there is young Murray himself—whom I daresay you think a saint. After he was plucked at the last exam., his father said he was to have no engagements except his studies, but do you think he was going to give up his dramatic club? Not he; he takes his accustomed place, only he uses an assumed name, and when a performance is reported, that name is used. And as for your stiff Miss Gordon's brother, whom she doubtless thinks such a model, and whom we call 'Starched George,' they say that at the students' suppers he is sometimes limp enough—extraordinarily limp!"

Faith raised her hands to her head and gave one low, bitter, inarticulate cry. Was there such a thing as truth left in the world?—the world where her father had lived—the world where Robert Finlay still lived—aye, at that thought the wail of despair faded on her lips. The light of God's countenance was not altogether darkened while there was one honest life in her sight through which it could shine! O ye who stand so fast at obscure posts of duty, and are never so inclined to murmur as at the thought of how little you are doing for the cause of your Captain, Christ—you cannot reckon on the faith you keep alive, and the hopes you revive, and the courage you reanimate, by simply being what you are! It is not talk of any kind which we greatly want in the world to-day; there is plenty of good talk, but the world wants living men and women to show it that the talk means something, and is true and has the sanction of God.

"The fact is, that you overstrain things, Faith," her brother went on. "Now, there is that pledge which you got me to take——"

"You said you did so of your own free and full will," said Faith, quietly.

"Well, and so I did," answered Denzil. "I knew I had not been doing right, and was in a mess, and was glad to see any way out of it. Not that I am sorry I took it. I suppose you will choose to imagine that now?" he asked, with an air of indignation, as if Faith's imagination was in the habit of doing him great injustice.

"I hope you are not sorry," Faith said again.

"And I'm sure I'm quite ready to keep it," he went on, in a tone of injured innocence, "and yet I don't suppose I'll satisfy you, for I intend to keep it in the spirit, not in the letter."

"Oh, Denzil," cried Faith, "the keeping of it in the strictest letter is the only safety for you!"

"It is ridiculous!" was his reply. "Why, many who advocate the temperance cause on the public platform do not keep their pledge to its letter! There is one who finds that the medical dispensation allows him to take wine—three glasses, I think—every day to dinner, and another who does not allow wine to stand on his table, yet has it handed round to his guests, that no habitual toper may be inconvenienced by its absence. I shall take my pledge to mean that I will not drink to excess—will not be intoxicated. After all, that is what is really required. I cannot make myself absurd by refusing to take a glass of wine in a pleasant, social way."

Faith felt like one stunned. "A single glass either does you harm or good," she said. "Which is it? And when anybody goes wrong altogether, does he not begin with 'a single glass'? And after the single glass, is not one the more inclined to take a second, and a third, and so on?"

Denzil did not reply to her questions, but observed, "Why, even St. Paul the Apostle exhorted Timothy to take a little wine for the sake of his health."

"Ah," said Faith, "but we know very little of the condition or circumstances of Timothy. When you have taken wine, Denzil dear, you have not taken it for the sake of health, now have you? St. Paul does not bid Timothy take a little wine for the sake of making himself agreeable, and doing as others do. Nay, lest we should offend a weak brother, he bids us to restrain ourselves, not to indulge ourselves, and exhorts us to keep far within limits which we believe to be lawful rather than to hang our heads over them."

"There are many open questions on the whole matter," said Denzil, sulkily.

"There are many questions about the various kinds of wine, and of its possible value in sickness, or weakness, or old age, which are yet undecided and are very interesting and important," rejoined Faith, "when they are dwelt upon by those whom they concern, and who can bring experience to bear on them. But they don't concern us. St. Paul's very words prove that they were not spoken to vigorous young people. I remember reading somewhere that whatever may be the true function and place of stimulants, certainly they are to healthy youth but as vitriol would be to roses. I never forgot that phrase."

"Well, all you say is quite true," admitted Denzil, "even truer than you know, I daresay. But we have got to live in the world, and must take it as we find it. It is very well for women shut in their own rooms to set up high ideals. I shall never make a fool of myself again—don't you be afraid—I had a sharp warning on that last night of the year. But I must be trusted to take care of myself in my own way."

There is a wonderful store of obstinacy in all weak characters. They are like bogs—very soft, very yielding, but very deep: one cannot get to any solid bottom whereon to lay a foundation stone, to build from, sure and strong.

Faith sat silent.

Denzil resumed—

"I can see you are hurt at discovering that I have not told you everything about my doings."

"You told me what was not true," put in Faith.

"It was not a lie," persisted Denzil. "I did go to Drummond's on that night, for I dressed there."

Faith said nothing. She caught in her breath. She was praying to God for patience and strength—strength of mind and strength of heart to see and separate right from wrong and recognise the wrong for what it is, even though it might be the choice of the brother for whose welfare she would have gladly died.

"It amounts to this," Denzil went on. "I must take my own course and learn to guide it after my own fashion. Therefore you must either be prepared to hear sometimes that I do what may not fall in with your straitlaced notions, or else I must keep a few secrets from you. Now I give you the choice—which shall it be?"

"The truth," answered Faith, bravely, rising and standing in front of him, with a hand on each of his shoulders, "the truth always—the plain truth."

"Very well," he said, putting her hands gently away. "Then the truth now is that I am going out this evening, and I am not going to work, either with Drummond or anybody else. For this is the day when the fellows get their bursaries, and they nearly all spend the evening in visiting each other and so forth. One can't be always grinding. 'All work and no play,'—you know the old saying."

"Only Denzil, dear brother, do take care!—remember——!" said Faith, in a frightened whisper.

"Of course I shall," he said, lightly. "You may sit up for me if you like, but it is quite unnecessary. I'll come in early, and as sober as a judge. It won't be me who will get into trouble this time; it is the unexpected which always happens, you know!"

And he was off. And Faith felt forlorn and desolate indeed, and, what was worse, haunted by vague fears that she was to blame for everything. It must have been some harshness or want of tact in her which had driven Denzil into these devious ways of secrecy, which now seemed to have ended in a reaction to his old license. She blamed herself, and became conscious of a thousand points at which she had been wrong. But the bitterest part was, that she could not blame herself altogether—that with each searching self-accusation, a voice within her seemed to answer—"Yet you must have tried to do your best, for you do love Denzil."

And her heart cried out, as wrung hearts in all ages have cried out, in the large petition of the ancient saint—

"Lord, take my brother, for I cannot bring him to Thee. Lord, keep my brother, for I cannot keep him for Thee."

(*To be continued.*)

THE NIGHTINGALES' SONG.

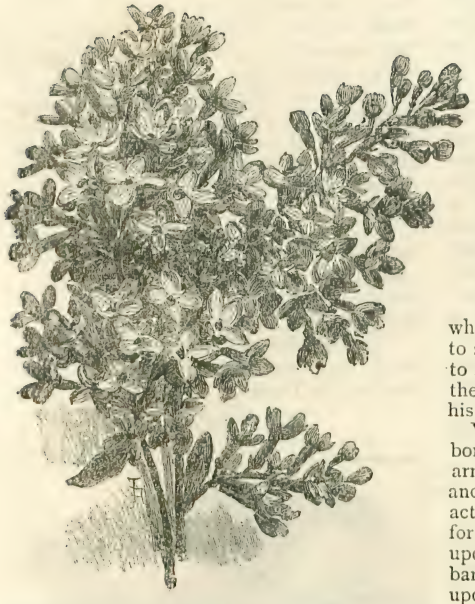
By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

I KNOW not why, but I could not sleep,
  And I watched for the dawn to break,
And I saw the sunlight slowly creep,
  And I heard the cuckoo awake;
And the nightingale sang me a wondrous song,
  That never was born below,
The one sweet song that is never too long,
  And only the nightingales know.

Oh! sleep is well for the troubled heart,
  And rest for the wearied brain,
And 'tis well for awhile from our lives to part,
  Ere we take up the burden again.
But 'tis sometimes well to wait through a night
  For the joy that a morning can bring;
It is sometimes well to watch for the light,
  And to hear what the nightingales sing.

OLD COURT CUSTOMS.

By the Hon. Mrs. ARMYTAGE.



IN connection with royal ceremonials, the few which still exist at any baptism of the royal family must now be mentioned, though my researches have not brought to light much fresh information on the matter.

The birth of any member of the royal family is always attested by the great officers of state, who are summoned to attend at the palace, and who sign the necessary legal registry of the event.

One curious custom, which was still carried out at the birth of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Princess Royal, is the distribution of caudle at the palace.

For some days after their birth the lady in waiting on Her Majesty received a succession of distinguished visitors at Buckingham Palace, and the *Court Newsman* stated that they partook of caudle in the royal apartments. It is recorded that at the birth of George IV. cake and caudle were so lavishly dispensed that the daily cost was £40, and on this occasion those who were admitted to the palace were desired to step with caution, and being also permitted to see the royal babe were forbidden to touch the infant, but might place their hands upon his clothes.

When the present Prince of Wales was born the Lord Mayor and the City authorities arrived in state, and both partook of caudle and gazed on the heir-apparent, who was actually born on Lord Mayor's day. And the fortunate alderman, who had barely entered upon the office, received the honour of a baronetage, which it is customary to confer upon the reigning Lord Mayor when an heir to the throne is born. By the way, very many people think that the King or Queen's eldest son is *born Prince of Wales*, which is not the case; he is by birth Duke of Cornwall, but is immediately afterwards *created* Prince of Wales.

The actual ceremonies at the baptism of any of the royal family are now but few. The service is generally performed in the private chapel of the palace, and it is many years since any baptism was celebrated with special pomp and ceremony. The long list of Christian names given to a royal infant creates surprise, as well as the many royal sponsors on the occasion; but the compliment of being asked to undertake the office is a recognised custom in Court etiquette. The last royal baptism, when the royal mother sat on a bed of state, seems to have been when George III. was born, and his baptism took place in Norfolk House, St. James's-square, then the residence of the Prince and Princess.

A royal marriage, even nowadays, is attended with all possible pomp and Court etiquette; but before speaking of those which have been solemnised during the present reign, we may recall some of those stirring accounts which are to be found in history. Romance adds its interest to many a tale of the wooing and winning of royal brides by princes of our own country. The unfortunate Catherine of Arragon, when brought over from Spain, to wed her first husband, Prince Arthur, is the heroine of many pretty tales. The etiquette of the Court of Spain was so severe that many amusing details have been recorded of the stately duennas who were in attendance on the Spanish Infanta, and their horror at what they deemed the impertinent familiarity of Englishmen. The full account of this marriage in St. Paul's Cathedral is well worth reading, concluding as it does with a report of the sumptuous wedding feast given at the Episcopal Palace within the precincts of the City. The bride's dress, as well as that of the bridegroom, may be read of, and in addition to the primate, twenty bishops and abbots are

numbered as assisting in the religious ceremony.

We all know at what very early ages marriages were contracted in the days of the Plantagenet dynasty, a babe of France at the age of three years being given in marriage to Henry II.'s son, and after their marriage we read of their education being entrusted to Thomas à Becket, then Archbishop of Canterbury.

One royal marriage about this period is chronicled as having taken place at Windsor in the very chapel where the last and youngest of Queen Victoria's sons has just been united to Princess Helen of Waldeck and Pyrmont. It was that of Edward, the Black Prince, with Joan, Countess of Kent. Great rejoicings took place, which lasted many days, but the King, Richard III., showed his disapproval of the match by refusing to attend.

The marriage of the eldest son of George I. with his German bride is doubly interesting, as it was the first union between the reigning house of Hanover and that of Saxe-Gotha and Coburg. The Princess landed at Greenwich on Sunday, April 25th, 1736, and was conveyed to the Queen's house in the Park, where the Prince of Wales came to visit his bride, the King and Queen sending complimentary messages. The following day the Prince and Princess dined together, while the windows of the room were thrown open so that the public could see them; a royal progress on the river took place during the afternoon, followed by a supper in public. On the following day the bride was brought by road to Lambeth, there crossed the river to Whitehall, and from thence to the garden-door of St. James's Palace, where the Prince of Wales received her and led her to the King and Queen, to whom she was then formally presented, as well as to the rest of her future relations. A dinner followed, and at eight o'clock in the evening the marriage was solemnised in the chapel of the palace, the same chapel where Queen Victoria was united a hundred and four years after to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The bride wore the crown of Princess of Wales and the crimson velvet robes of state with rows of ermine, four peers' daughters carrying the train; and it is curious that upon this occasion Lady Caroline Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, is named as the first of these train-bearers, while at the Queen's marriage in 1840 we again find another Lady Caroline Lennox officiating in the same manner. Their dresses, too, were of white and silver, which was the material worn at the later date.

We read of the supper after the marriage, and of the curious old customs of the royal parents assisting at the undressing of the bride and bridegroom, it not then being the custom for the newly-married couple to leave directly after the marriage.

When George IV., then Prince of Wales, was married, the arrangements were altered; the whole royal family dined together at the Queen's Palace, which was the old name of Buckingham Palace, and then proceeded to St. James's to dress for the marriage ceremony, which took place in the chapel there. This was followed by a Court reception or drawing-room, and at a late hour the King and Queen, with the newly-wedded couple and other members of the family, returned to the Queen's Palace for supper, and at its conclusion the Prince and Princess of Wales retired to Carlton House, leaving it the next morning for Windsor Castle to stay with their royal parents.

Thus the royal marriages were solemnised during this and the following reigns, and it seemed reserved to our own times to see a revival of great and stately ceremonial, for certainly the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Alexandra of Denmark was solemnised with the greatest possible grandeur in the Chapel of St. George's, Windsor. On this occasion all the Knights of the Garter appeared in the full robes of the Order, the bridegroom himself wearing the deep blue velvet mantle with the white favours on the shoulder, the collar of the Order, and the Garter on the knee.

It is impossible to imagine a more imposing scene than that witnessed then. In the succeeding marriages of Queen Victoria's children the ceremonials have been much the same when they have taken place in St. George's Chapel, though upon no other occasion have the knights worn their full robes, but only their collars.

Of royal funerals it may be interesting to mention the following:—

The service, usually performed at night, is rendered very impressive by the body of troops who line the route carrying flambeaux.

It is also customary for the ladies in attendance at the funeral of a royal mistress to be completely veiled in crape. Up to the death of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV., this was continued, and at the funeral of the Duchess of Kent.

The great officers of the household of a deceased monarch approach the grave at the conclusion of the burial and break their rods of office, which they place upon the coffin, their tenure being ended. The style of the deceased personage is proclaimed by Garter King-at-Arms by the side of the open grave, and it is to be remarked that at the decease of the lamented Prince Consort the final words of the proclamation ending with a prayer for Queen Victoria's preservation in health and happiness were omitted, "long life and honour" being the words used, as if it were impossible to speak of health and happiness by the grave of him with whose loss the true happiness of her life had departed.

In past years of history there have been royal funerals rife with tragic interest of which a volume might be written.

One stirring scene shall alone be recalled. When the unfortunate King Edward II. had been so cruelly murdered in Berkeley Castle, his body lay unburied, a craven fear preventing any of his attendants carrying it for decent burial with the respect due to the Lord's anointed.

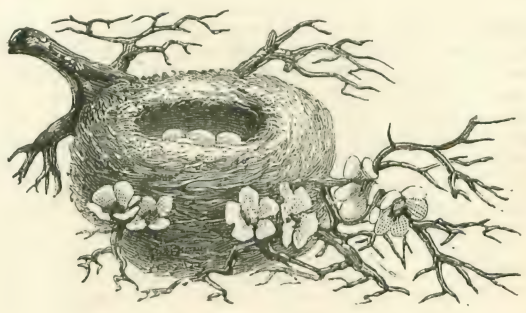
Some sixteen miles from the old castle lay the grand Abbey of Gloucester, whose abbot, a man of loyal honour and of undaunted courage, heard tidings of the King's assassination, and that his keepers refused to allow anyone to remove the remains.

Starting forth with a number of his brother monks, the abbot finally reached the castle gate, where admittance was not refused. Across the great courtyard the little band reached the entrance of the baronial hall, at the further end of which lay the neglected body of the sovereign.

With cross uplifted, the abbot entered, and by the sacred sign he bade the monks raise the unfortunate King on to the litter they carried, and at their peril bade anyone interfere, and then slowly retracing the many miles they had traversed, laid the King's body within the precincts of their own cathedral.

No doubt my readers have sometimes noticed the *Gazette* giving out orders for Court mourning, and have wondered at the terms in which they are worded with the quaint names of fashions now out of date. A Court mourning applies only to those who have any position in royal households, or who hold government offices; but when the Court is in mourning it is etiquette for everyone to wear it upon any occasion when members of the royal family are present. Court mourning is worn for foreign princes related to our royal family, and for any crowned heads. A general mourning is only occasionally commanded for some one of the English royal family, and at those times the officers of the army and navy wear mourning-bands upon their arm.

The old custom of lying in state is disused, though one national lying in state is well remembered by many when the great Duke of Wellington passed away, and previous to his funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral. The hall at Chelsea Hospital was converted into a temporary chapel, and there lay the great conqueror and hero of a hundred fights under the shadow of many military trophies, surrounded by representatives of every regiment in the service, and mourned over as he lay in the last long sleep by many of the veterans who had served under his command.



A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XL.

"CHARLOT IS SICK."

THE letter was a long one. It commenced with the reproaches which Damaris had feared her conduct would excite in Lilian's mind. She had hoped, but not dared to expect, that she would in some degree enter into the motives which had dictated her flight. Lilian only saw in it a foolish impulse, which had prevented the consummation of such a piece of good fortune as her sister must never hope to have placed within her reach again. The means of securing for herself a dazzling position had been offered to her, and she had scorned and slighted them. So much for her own injudicious management of affairs! Before taking any irretrievable step, why had she not written and consulted her, Lilian, who out of her own experience could have taught her how to bring things to a much more successful issue? And now, how did she expect even to obtain another situation without the recommendation of La Marquise? Did she mean to spend the rest of her life in the obscurity of Justine's home? or, when a few months had elapsed, would she return to England and condescend now to accept what she had hitherto refused—a share of her own means and duties?

So far Damaris read, then the letter fell into her lap. Over neck and cheeks and brow crept a crimson tide of shame and disappointment. She thought she had known Lilian, and understood her sufficiently not to look for too scrupulous notions of honour; but some measure of sisterly sympathy in the trouble that had come upon her she had expected. Even this was denied her. Justine felt more for her than Lilian could do.

She half rose with the impulse to seek pen and ink to assure her sister at once that she was not yet driven to accept as an asylum what she had, a year ago, refused upon principle; but the unread sheets of the letter caught her eye and detained her. It would be better first to read all that Lilian had written.

"I had got so far," continued Lilian, "when Anne came to say that a gentleman had called, and was waiting to see me. She had been obliged to ask him into the little breakfast-room, because both parlours are let. Supposing it was someone to ask about apartments, I finished my sentence and descended leisurely. I found the stranger standing with folded arms before the picture of Grande Dame, gazing intently into her face. It was Monsieur St. Just. It was evident that he had at once detected the likeness which strikes everybody. He was looking so ill that my anxiety kept my curiosity in subordination until I had made him rest and take some refreshment. He said he had started on the journey before he was really fit to do so, in his haste to undo, as far as he could, the wrong which had driven you from St. Aubin. Then he told me, simply and directly, of the events which had led to your flight, and I must say that the whole story assumes a different character from his point of view than from yours. That fierce and terrible pride of yours has led you to misinterpret everything; you are madly throwing away your own happiness and his. Your Monsieur Etienne loves you, Damaris, and would make you his wife. What more than this can your proud spirit require?"

Here Damaris paused again and over her face crept a wonderful softness. Her arms fell forwards on her knees, her head drooped. The light which those words kindled seemed to dazzle her with its brightness. "*Your Monsieur Etienne loves you.*" She heard them in the voice of the torrent as it threw up its silver spray; in the rustle of the leaves, in the twitter of the birds about her sheltered retreat. Once before she had thought they might be true, and the dream had faded. It was fading now. It had been as evanescent in its beauty as the rose-flush which heralds the dawn. So truthful in all her own words and dealings, although she knew by experience something of the wilful perversions of the old Marquise, she could not think that on that last terrible night at the *château* she had so warped and distorted the original facts as to give to her an impression altogether contrary to the reality. She reverted to her own original idea, that Monsieur St. Just looked upon her as a foolish child who had compromised herself by obeying a rash but generous impulse, and he was chivalrous enough to wish to shield her from its consequences, even to consider that duty required him to do so. She no longer reproached him in her own mind nor felt the bitterness of a wrong; she had no harsher word now to apply to his conduct as the Marquise had represented it, than that it was mistaken. If she could have been certain of herself, she even thought now that she might have remained at the *château* and proudly rebutted every imputation, but that treacherous weakness in her own breast might at any moment have betrayed her. It was best that she had come away, and here she must remain, where there was nothing to remind her of him, until she had conquered her foolish liking.

Oh, wise Damaris!

When the trees, and the hills, and the rocks, torrents, ravines, and every fantastic height were all mute witnesses for him, for had she not first been made familiar with them through him? The book upon which he was engaged, the sheets of MS. at which they had toiled together, had contained innumerable allusions to the characteristic features of this district. Her favourite occupation in all her solitary walks had been tracing them out and recognising them. The secret of her attraction to little Charlot lay in the fact that over and over again she had been struck by the familiarity of an expression in the boy's face which, extravagant though the idea seemed to be, did in very truth resemble what she had seen in the face of Monsieur St. Just.

She returned to Lilian's letter and read to the conclusion, from which she learnt that her sister had been faithful to her in not betraying her whereabouts; but she had promised Monsieur St. Just that she would appeal to her for permission to do so, assuring him that for her part she saw no reason whatever why it should not be known. She ended her lengthy epistle with what she called a common sense lecture, beseeching Damaris to come home to her at once that she might be suitably married from her home, with Lily for bridesmaid.

The darkness was falling rapidly, as it does in those hilly regions when the sun is once gone beyond the mountain wall. Damaris restored her sheets to the envelope, left her retreat, and walked quickly home. Justine and her husband were waiting supper for her. She excused her delay by telling them she had had a long letter from her sister Lilian. To that they attributed her pallor and abstraction, and refrained from questioning her.

All through the night Damaris tossed upon her little bed sleepless, and the darkness gave to her thoughts a vividness and persistency they had not had in the daylight. She rose early that she might disburden her mind of all she contemplated writing to Lilian.

The day was dull and grey, with eerie winds creeping through the mountain passes, and when they sat down to breakfast the rain was dashing furiously upon the windows. There was no chance of seeing Charlot that day, and having done what she could in helping Justine with her household tasks as usual, she betook herself to her room and the conclusion of her letter.

"You have seen him, Lilian; you say he looks ill, and you attribute this to his grief and anxiety on my account. You are mistaken. He had had an illness, a sudden and strange seizure only two days before I left the *château*. Possibly the annoyance he may, he must have felt has retarded his recovery.

"But you do not know him. He has such strength of character, he is so sufficient to himself that he has no need of any outside influences. They might add to, they never could comprise his happiness. I beg of you, keep my retreat a secret still from him and the old Marquise. Any communication they desire to hold with me can come through you. If, in spite of my entreaties, you follow the dictates of your own judgment and betray my whereabouts, let me assure you that it will have quite the contrary effect from what you desire. With the concurrence of my good friends here, who are faithfulness itself, I will hide myself so effectually that even you shall not know whither I have fled."

"*Ma* Josephine!" shouts Justine up the staircase. "Is the letter finished? Jean awaits it. He is ready to start for Le Puy."

Hastily she closes and addresses it, and runs down to confide it to her careful postman.

She and Justine are alone that evening. Jean does not return from Le Puy until the following day. Justine spins, and she knits, and now and then they talk, but all the while, in an undercurrent of thought, Damaris is assuring herself that she has done well, that she is not so successfully hidden but that Monsieur St. Just can find her if he really has the will to do so.

"If he loves me with the strength with which he is capable of loving, as I must be loved in order to be won, he will be gifted with second sight in all that concerns me."

She recalls certain phrases which struck her while transcribing his pages of MS. as revealing certain traits of his character—a strength of will, a keen penetration, and an indomitable perseverance. Was it possible for a man who possessed such qualities to renounce any resolution once taken and justified to himself as right? She believed not.

What had he said to Lilian to cause her to write—"your Monsieur Etienne loves you"? Surely this was not a conclusion of Lilian's own! She must have had some reason for such an inference. Suppose it is true, really, absolutely, unalterably true! Her pulses leap wildly, a sudden radiance shines in the little homely room.

"Did you speak, Justine? I did not hear what you said."

"I said, I hope Jean has got to Le Puy by this time. Do you hear the storm, *ma* Josephine?"

It is beating at the door and rattling the casements, and roaring round the substantial little dwelling as though it will tear off its roof and batter down its walls. The whirr of Justine's wheel is lost almost in the strife of the elements. Damaris's needles fall from her agitated fingers, but Justine placidly continues her toil.

"Do you often have storms like this, Justine?"

To the accompaniment of her wheel Justine begins to tell her something of what the dwellers amongst these mountains have to endure, and of the hardships and losses of property and life, which come upon them through floods, and storms, and mountain mists every winter. In listening to the recital of the sorrows of others, Damaris for awhile forgets her own.

There was no improvement in the weather the next day. Jean came home about noon with a pitiable account of swollen torrents and impassable roads, hoping not to be called out again until the storm had abated.

Denied her greatest resource, out-of-door exercise, Damaris found the time hang heavily upon her hands. She betook herself in despair to Justine's library, the seven or eight mouldy volumes of old French pietists, and the great Protestant Bible with the name of Jean La Marque on the fly-leaf. She read indefatigably, but was haunted by the idea that the wild notes of Charlot's pipe were wandering through the wood of Espalie seeking the companion harmony of her voice. Of course she knew that it was impossible for the child to be abroad in wind and rain such as this. Probably he was longing for her presence as she was for his, and the yearning of his poor afflicted little heart was conveyed to her by some more subtle medium than the atmosphere.

The fourth morning dawned sunny and clear. The wind still rushed through the passes, and tore, and twisted, and snapped the branches of all solitary trees, but the cloud caverns were exhausted, and the heavens were clear, save for the torn shreds of silvery vapour which sailed across their blue depths.

At breakfast Damaris talked eagerly of going to Espalie, but Jean said she must not venture to walk. He had been sent for to a village beyond; she could drive with him in the carriole; he would leave her at Espalie and call for her on his return. She was obliged to borrow Justine's felt cloak, for the storm had not only cleared, but freshened the atmosphere, and she had no warm wrap of her own.

As she took her seat by Jean's side in the little waggon, Damaris laughed to herself, wondering what Lilian would say if she could see her in her peasant's dress with felt hat and cloak, seated side by side with *le maréchal ferrant* on his way to administer boluses to some sick horse, drawn by a shaggy little mule in a vehicle that was certainly not so respectable in appearance as those in which the laundresses carried home their linen in Hilgay-by-the-Sea.

"You have much affection for this little lad, *le petit* Charlot; is it not so, mademoiselle?" said Jean as they drove away, leaving Justine looking after them from the doorway.

Damaris with enthusiasm assured him that he guessed rightly.

"*Tenez*, mademoiselle! I have an idea. If it happens that you continue to live with Justine and me, as we hope, why should you not have some little child to board with us also, whom you could educate?"

"It is a good idea," she said, "and worthy of you and Justine. But even if I stay, how should I be able to find just such another child?"

"But why another child, mademoiselle? Why not *le petit* Charlot himself?"

"Oh," cried Damaris, and said no more; the delight of the thought took away her breath.

"You see," continued Jean, "this Monsieur Bartholet was to come at the end of a year, which will be in another month's time, to take the child to put him to school. But it is only because there is no means of education here for such as he. I think he would gladly leave him here, where he is tolerably healthy and strong, if there were anybody capable of teaching him. If you give me permission, I will look out for him when he comes, and speak to him on the subject for you."

"In a month's time he will be here, you say?"

"Thereabouts: I am not quite sure, but *la mère* Pelotin will know precisely when he is expected."

"I will think about it and let you know. In the meantime I thank you very much for the suggestion."

Jean deposited her at the foot of the height on which Espalie is situated, and drove on his way.

The air seemed to be full of the noise of waters. All the mountain streams were full, and the roads had been so washed by the rains that the under surface of hard rock was plentifully exposed. Damaris climbed upwards, eagerly scanning every little blue-bloused lad she saw, half expecting to be greeted by the seraphic face of Charlot. But she reached the garden gate of *la mère* Pelotin without having encountered him. Hanging upon the gate she found chubby-cheeked Didier with, for him, a most disconsolate face.

Damaris patted his curly head and asked for Charlot.

"Charlot is sick, and I have no one to play with."

"Charlot sick? What is the matter?"

"He has the fever. Mademoiselle can go in, there is no one to come to the door."

(*To be continued.*)

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is sometimes a comfort to be able to say, as we can this month, on the subject of millinery, "there is no fashion," and everyone wears that which seems right in their own eyes. All sizes, all materials, and apparently all shapes are worn. The hats, perhaps, are a little exaggerated in size, but the Wheeler and Langtry shapes, which are worn as hats, while looking like bonnets, are as small and close as the smallest Princess. No strings are worn with either—a wreath of small flowers is placed under the brim, or a soft lace *ruche*, with a tiny cluster of blossoms, which are placed on the left hand, upon the outside. The front is without trimming, and the back has large loops of wide soft ribbon, which are put on pointing toward the front. On hats and bonnets no trimming appears to be carried continuously round the crowns, but part of the back or of the front must remain exposed to sight. Very pretty and simple little bonnets of white straw, trimmed with folds of black velvet, fastened with tiny gold pins, and having small, short black velvet strings, are worn by young ladies with sateen or cotton dresses, a small feather *aigrette* of the colour of the dress being placed at one side. Sailors' hats for young ladies are again seen this summer; they are made of mixed straw, black and white, or red and white, in alternate rows. The band round the crown is frequently of crimson ribbon, with two or three crimson roses to match placed in front. Other sailor hats have a bright Indian silk kerchief tied round the crown, or an Indian scarf with bright ends, and a kerchief to match tied loosely round the throat.

Dresses are worn longer than they were last summer, and now escape the ground by a very little space indeed; their width is greater also, though they fit as closely as ever to the front and sides. The new style of plain skirts and paniers is one very suitable to the home dressmaker, and the cost of dresses is much less since it was introduced, because much less material is used, though richer stuffs are required. This plain skirt, with its thick *ruches* at the edge, is the prevailing style for all best dresses, but with regard to ordinary morning costume we may wear flounced skirts or puffed ones, and any kind of bodice or tunic we choose. With the flounced skirts short open polonaises are worn very much draped, or else full bodices, with belts, and a top flounce which meets the latter.

These plain skirts with *ruches* are now beginning to be made up in cotton materials, the large flowered chintzes and sateens being selected; the *ruche* is lined with a plain sateen, and the panier and draperies relieved with it. With these skirts the bodice is generally pointed at the back and front, the sleeves are plain and slightly fulled-in at the top of the shoulder to make them stand up. This slight fulness gives the effect of height to the figure and narrows the shoulders. It may be well to mention here that the bodices of dresses are rarely now seen with five or six seams in the back; the number seems to have been brought down to three only. The side-pieces begin very low down in the armholes in some dresses, but in others it exactly meets the base of the shoulder-seam where it joins the sleeve. Nearly all dresses have a small piece under the arm, as well as the back side-piece, as this allows the front seam to be placed more forward, and there is less fear of creases and so-called rucks at the waist-line.

Except for evening and full-dress wear, silk seems to have gone out of fashion for walking-dresses, and light woollens, alpacas, cashmeres, serges, and other wool stuffs have taken its place both for old and young.

In the summer shoes are more worn than boots, and I have been much surprised by the cheapness of some of the former, which are apparently of French manufacture. There has been some attempt to introduce white stockings again into notice, but I am very glad to say that the tasteless and ill-advised effort has failed signally, and coloured stockings to match the hue of the dress, and black ones with a black costume, are worn by those whose taste may be depended upon. But fine white open-worked Lisle-thread stockings, with coloured floral designs embroidered between the rows of openwork, have been brought out this summer for use with white, cream, and other costumes of delicate hues at garden parties, and on other full-dress occasions.

A novelty in the way of gloves has been just introduced, which seems to be a very useful and ingenious one. It is a glove with a pocket in the palm just large enough to hold a silver coin or a half railway-ticket. For churchgoers this glove will obviate the need of that ugly scramble for the purse which always marks the near approach of "collection," and for timid travellers, who are, as a rule, always mislaying, if they do not lose their tickets altogether.

The revival of the polonaise as an article of general use this summer, and the renewed possibility of wearing it with a skirt of a different material, will be gladly hailed by many who are obliged to consider economy. The *corsage à panier* is a pointed bodice, with overskirt made short, and with full paniers—another variation of the polonaise, and a very valuable one, too, as it can also be worn with different skirts. It may be of moire, surah, *merveilleux*, Pékin, or of that pretty thin material known as *mousseline de soie;* and when of transparent fabrics, it is worn over a bodice of the same colour as that of the skirt; and the bodice is slightly gathered at the shoulder and the waist. The paniers are a little fuller, and a waistband is worn by those who consider them becoming. When this *corsage à panier* is of moire it is tight-fitting, and may be cut in a square shape in front with elbow-sleeves, and the paniers trimmed round with lace. For the carriage or for day wear this may be made suitable by adding a plastron to the front, and short sleeves to the elbows; while for dinner or evening dress these may be removed. A handsome brocade over-dress of this kind is very elegant over a skirt of the same colour. I have given this description at length, as I consider this *corsage à panier* a most useful article. Its general style may be gathered from the figure at page 613, vol. iii., without the addition of the small cape. At present anyone with taste can combine two dresses of different materials into one toilette, and perhaps make up a useful and elegant dress out of materials that another would have declared useless. The colours and materials which will bear combination must be studied by those of our girls who desire to be their own dressmakers in this way, or the results may not be happy; for common sense teaches us that some things and styles will not lend themselves to combining in any way. I think that a little time is well spent by the intending dressmaker in a study of the shop-windows, for she will obtain many a hint from them which will be useful to her in one way or another.

To those who have old or half-worn coloured silk dresses, the fact that black lace is again worn over silk is very good news. Many new dresses have silk flounces covered with lace ones, and there is such a variety of good imitations in both black and white lace, that this form of trimming is not of necessity expensive, and it is a peculiarly suitable one to the middle-aged and elderly.

The other day I was shown a very tasteful and simple little article for evening wear, which would change a plain dress into a pretty evening toilette at little trouble or expense. This was a tiny apron with a bib of pale blue silk, covered with spotted cream-coloured net, and a flounce of the same at the bottom. The net cover was loose, and one corner was turned up to the side, down which ran a little garland of daisies, such as a little child might have woven as a pastime. The idea might be carried out in any colour, and the effect would always be simple and girlish, with pretty frills at the neck and wrists.

The following little paragraph from the *Medical Press* will give the opinion of the doctors on the "crinolette":—

"The crinolette cannot with propriety be called the thin edge of the wedge of crinoline, but it may, perhaps, be correctly described as the first elevation on the ascent of that mountain of absurdity which was such a nuisance twelve or fifteen years ago. The crinolette is simply a ludicrous excrescence which gives an Englishwoman the outlines of a Hottentot, and must be highly inconvenient, being something in the nature of a birdcage stuffed under the dress and fixed in the region of the archaic bustle, but it does not in any way interfere with functional activity nor endanger health. With crinoline, however, the case is far different. That was not only a social vexation of the first magnitude, tending to the dissemination of nervous irritation by universal ruffling of temper and creation of embarrassment, but it was a cause of disease and a danger to life. By exposing the lower half of the body to currents of cold air and chilling, it helped to set up various disorders, and to induce general debility, and by spreading out the inflammable materials of clothing in such a way that they were beyond control, and almost beyond cognizance, it kept up a constant risk of conflagration whenever an open fireplace was approached. Many lives were sacrificed owing to crinoline-inflated skirts catching fire. It behoves all sensible women firmly to set their faces against any attempt at the re-introduction of this pernicious fashion. Our modern culture is not good for much if it is not strong enough to put its foot down (to speak metaphorically, and in mixed metaphor too) and to burst once for all this big silly bubble of crinoline. Let the crinolette change its name, and be popularly spoken of as the 'Hottentot,' and we predict that it will speedily cease to offend the eyes of those who, without any Grosvenor Gallery proclivities to the love of leanness, still admire the human form

(*Continued on page* 682.)

THE NEW DRESSES.

(*Continued from page* 680.)

divine when unmillinered, and detest unsightly protuberances."

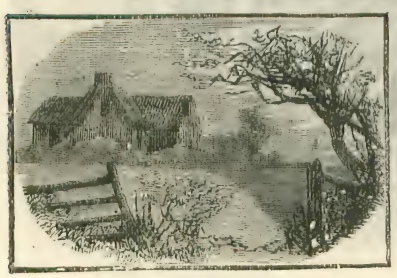
In our monthly illustration the reading figure gives a fair idea of the method of making-up thin fabrics—grenadine, muslin, or even sateen—in vogue at present. The bodice is gathered and pointed, the skirt flounced, and the paniers looped, curtain-like, over the front. The figure on the ladder has adopted an æsthetic costume, which is pretty and graceful enough to please anyone, and neither extravagant nor *outré*. It may be carried out in any material, light alpaca or cashmere being very suitable. The bordering used may be embroidered in silk or crewels, and the small *aumonière* bag may be also the work of industrious fingers. The chemisette is made of mull-muslin.

The standing figure wears one of the new plain skirts with a frill at the edge, a deep ordinary *basque* bodice, and a striped scarf arranged over it. Long "mousquetaire" gloves are worn with it, and hat with the new pointed crown. The sweet twelve-year-old who sits at her ease on the flowery grass is sensibly attired in a Jersey over a serge skirt. She is ready for any event, from boating to lawn tennis.

But a much more serious topic awaits me, to which I must hasten on, and that is the subject of the illustration of the "Sweet Girl Graduates," which portrays three out of the eleven ladies upon whom degrees were conferred at the London University on May 10th, 1882, nine of them being graduates in arts and two in science. The subject of the hood and gown has been discussed in intellectual circles for some time past, but so slow has been the action in our midst that New Zealand took the precedence of us, and more than a year ago not only accepted the position claimed by the ladies, but at Christ Church the Chancellor of the University himself invested the candidates with their hoods in public, with the warmest compliments on their diligence and conduct.

The young ladies entered the Senate House at Burlington House last May in a body, with heads uncovered and gloved hands carrying the square college cap, robed in the flowing black silk gown yclept "the appropriate Academical costume," which they wore over black short walking dresses of simple make and style.

The London hood for a graduate in arts is of black silk lined with russet brown, and that for science is of the same material and form, with a lining of golden yellow of a bright hue. Those of our readers who desire a full description will find it in an article called "University Hoods and How to Make Them," at page 554, vol. i. I hear that the hoods worn on the occasion of which I write were all made by their fair wearers, who were determined to show themselves at home in the employment of those implements long supposed to be peculiarly dedicated to the use of women, but with which, it seems, the other sex is now to be armed as well.



THE BAZAAR FOR THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

One of the last graceful acts of the Princess Louise before she left England for Canada was to obtain the kind permission of the Duke of Wellington to use his Grace's riding school for our bazaar. It is an immense place, and difficult to fill, but warm hearts and ready hands accomplish wonders, and it was soon surrounded by pretty stalls draped in pink and white, overhung with many flags, and furnished down its centre with a gipsy tent, a flower stand, a platform for the band, a huge "shoe," and a refreshment stall. And the upholsterers of the Princess Louise, all for "love of her sweet self," worked at this gratuitously.

It took us a day and a half to arrange the stalls, which were barely completed when the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress arrived. His lordship made a kind and appreciative speech, and her ladyship declared the bazaar opened, after which the latter and her friends went from stall to stall and made many purchases. We were proud to sell her from our own particular "Girl's Own Paper" stall a cup of German ware, inscribed with the suitable word "*Willkommen*," and containing a "red, red rose."

Several stalls were appropriated to the innumerable contributions sent by the readers of The Girl's Own Paper, and they were very attractive. It would be impossible to describe them minutely, as they held every sort of work, from costly embroidery to the humble "pin-cushion" mentioned in our first appeal. But the grateful thanks of the inmates of the Home floated about them, and all the visitors were interested to see what "our girls" at home and abroad had wrought for their poorer sisters. These stalls were surmounted by the words, "Girl's Own Paper," and were presided over by ladies interested in that periodical, or contributing to it. Its Editor was also present, looking after the work of his "girls," and even aiding in its sale. Amongst these stalls was one filled with books and drawings. The former were mainly contributed by their kind authors and by our Editor, and those which contained the autographs of the writers—such as "Mrs. Henry Wood," or "Lady Brassey"—highly delighted their purchasers.

Opposite these receptacles for our especial work were the "Flower," the "Home," and the "Charity" stalls. The first of these was well supplied with floral merchandise and energetic juvenile saleswomen. Even at the last moment, just as the bazaar was declared open, arrived a hamper filled with bouquets of exquisite field flowers, sent by readers of The Girl's Own Paper; the ladies of the "Flower Mission" of Newport, Isle of Wight.

And surely no one could pass by, without a throb of pleasure, "The Princess Louise Home" stall, the contents of which were wholly made by the girls and their teachers; and where stood to sell Mrs. Talbot, the matron, and widow of him who founded the Home between forty and fifty years ago. It was wonderful to think that those eighty busy pairs of hands had manufactured those multitudinous garments. And not less touching was the Charity stall, also filled by "our readers," with garments suitable for the poor.

We have thus far been working upwards, and in so doing have entered last upon what may be considered the costliest portion of the bazaar. Here the ladies kindly furnished their own stalls. Their names have already appeared in this magazine, therefore we need not repeat them.

We must, however, note the fact that our far-away Princess Louise was represented at the topmost stall by Lady Frances Balfour and Lady Constance Campbell. "Rich and rare" were the contents of this, as well as of the neighbouring and opposite stalls, but perhaps such of our young readers as were not present would be most interested in the Indian stall, because seated near it was a genuine Ayah, with jewelled nose and ears, and flowing oriental garments; and presiding at it was a lady picturesquely dressed, whose little girl, in mob cap and antique costume, was "The old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do." This charming child sat in the big shoe, round which were hung dozens of dolls, and she got rid of her children as fast as any one would buy them. We may add that many of these inanimate infants were presented by readers of The Girl's Own Paper. The refreshment stall, with the Countess of Galloway as its presiding genius, had also, we fancy, a contingent of helpers from our particular staff.

We need scarcely say that the said "helpers," old and young, male and female, did their very best, and hawked their wares or sang their praises persistently for two whole days, while the band played, or, in the evening, musical friends performed, both vocally and instrumentally. Further to enliven the scene, a lady, dressed as a gipsy in embroidered garments and golden ornaments, paraded the bazaar or sat beneath her tent, telling the fortunes of the inquisitive; and youths and maidens sold bouquets and buttonholes with untiring zeal. Mr. Gillham, the Secretary, and our friend Miss Grace Tidd were here, there, and everywhere, bearing bravely "the burden and heat of the day," as they had borne the same for several previous months. Indeed, everyone worked with a will, and spared neither time nor strength *pour faire valoir son marchandise*, and we all enjoyed ourselves.

We cannot, at this moment, give the actual money result of the bazaar; but we were informed that all expenses connected with it were cleared the first day, and that numbers of people were, by its agency, made acquainted with the existence of "The National Society for the Protection of Young Girls," of which they had previously known nothing. We do not expect to clear a large sum, because bazaars have been "legion," and more than one of importance was actually held the same day as ours, while that for the distressed Irish ladies preceded it by a few days. But "Live and let live" is our motto, and we rejoice in the success of all. But a considerable amount of what the Secretary calls "property" remains unsold. Thus "our girls" are likely to hear of us again, since we shall not rest until all their kind and valuable contributions are turned into money. Already one good lady has offered her house in the country for a sale of a portion of the surplus work, and promised to invite all her friends to buy. Doubtless others will do likewise. We hear of boxes and parcels ready but still unsent which we think we can promise to utilise to the satisfaction of the generous donors and the further benefit of the Home.

As we write, the accounts of last month are brought in. We subjoin, as usual, the list of money donations. The box of letters alarms us. We begin by counting the documents,

and find that they number nearly 600! Many of these arrived while the bazaar was in progress, but we understand that Miss Tidd has answered them all. She deserves a vote of thanks as well as the kind writers of the letters and the donors of the contributions they announce. We read, or at least glance through them all, and are amazed to find that they come from readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER living, apparently, in all parts of the habitable globe. We have communications from Canada, South Africa, Barbadoes, Lisbon, Jamaica, Constantinople, Hungary (this written by a native), Jersey, Isle of Man, and Rome. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America are thus represented. Great Britain and Ireland naturally contribute the maximum. Every English county appears to send its quota. "Charity never faileth." Again we are asked how the girls can benefit the Home when the bazaar is over, and this will be a matter for consideration. Again, also, we have to acknowledge touching gifts from several servants, and cannot resist chronicling that "A Footman" has not been above making an antimacassar. Many children have sent their mites; invalids have worked for us on their couches; ladies from eighty to ninety years of age have not been idle; heads of schools and their pupils have contributed largely. Here are two "In Memoriams," one "Thankoffering," and a "Thanksgiving for a prayer answered." Here is the announcement that a poor, bed-ridden woman sends two mats. Another communication informs us that a lady's Sunday-school class have all liberally responded to the appeal, and she forwards a box containing their work. In short, what is there not in these 565 missives? If, in the hurry and excitement of the past week, any letter should have been unanswered or gift unacknowledged, will the kind writer or donor pardon the omission? This account is made up to the 28th of June.

It now only remains to us to offer our warm and grateful thanks to all, "individually and collectively," who have so liberally and unselfishly answered our "humble appeal," and to add that we feel assured that the prayers and good wishes which accompanied so many of the gifts are registered above, as well as in the hearts of everyone connected with the Princess Louise Home.

Helen, 1s.; M. C., 5s.; Fred's Lucy, 1s.; Wild Rose, 2s. 6d.; "Two Kyms," 1s. 6d.; L. E. H., 2s. 6d.; An Interested Reader, 2s. 6d.; Constantia, 1s.; Agnes Rowe, 3s.; Grace Pickering, 2s. 6d.; H. J. H., 1s. 6d.; Amy Holt, 2s.; Flo Stacey, 1s.; A Mother and Two Sisters, 2s.; Daisy Wreath, 1s.; Blackbird, 2s.; Mousie, 2s. 6d.; Rosa Shoobridge, £1 8s. 6d.; Elizabeth Symes, 3s.; Margery, 2s. 6d.; Ethel Gambling, 2s. 6d.; T. C., M. A. C., and H. G. C., 2s. 6d.; Two Gloucestershire Doves, 1s. 6d.; Anon (with work), 6d.; Alice and Nelly, 1s.; S. J. A., 4s.; Thankoffering, £1; Winifred W., 2s. 6d.; G. and M. Heron, 2s.; Pattie, 1s.; A Working Girl, 3s.; Nellie Fraser, 1s.; A Well-wisher, 1s.; E. A. C., 1s.; First-class girls of Spring Church Sunday School, per Jane Genny, teacher, £1 0s. 6d.; M. E. P., 1s.; A Friend, 3s. 6d.; Miss Johns, £1; Miss Frances, 1s.; Rosabella, 1s. 6d.; R. J. E. H. F. K. C. L., 3s.; E. Standen, 2s.; Miss Hicks, 6d.; C. E. T., 1s.; M. E. P., 5s.; "Ever Onward," 3s.; Mabel Evans, 1s.; An Elder Sister, 5s.; M. A. H., 2s. 6d.; Anon, 2s.; Miss Matthewman, 3s.; Mary Hayward, 1s.; Miss Standen, 2s.; Mary Webb, 5s.; Miss Thornely, 1s. 6d.; Annie Morris, 2s. 6d.; E. and A. Armitstead, 3s.; Henrietta Tinker, 5s.; M. R., 1s.; White Violet, 6d.; A Wesleyan, 2s. 6d.; Ivy, 2s. 6d.; Will's Darling, 1s.; Miss Somes, 2s. 6d.; A General Servant, 6d.; Lizzie, 2s. 6d.; D. A. C., 2s. 6d.; Beatrice Howe, 2s.; A. S., 1s.; S. A. B., 4s. 6d.; Maud Mannsell, £1; E. and K., 5s.; M. E. T., 3d.; Sincere Well-wisher, 4d.; Emmeline Dennis, 10s.; A. W., 7s. 6d.; Annie Barker, 4s.; Nina, 3s.; H. G., 1s.; Dot, 6d.; Miss Neville, 2s. 6d.; N. and E. Barling, 2s.; Miss Sugden, Pennies collected in a Work-room, 1s. 8d.; Miss Huntley, collected, £1 10s.; Jucus, 2s. 6d.; "Ever Onward," 4s.; Aram, 1s.; A Friend and Well-wisher, 2s.; Miss Neal, Miss Scorey, and Mrs. Edwards, 3s.; Louisa, 2s.; An Interested One, 1s.; An Orphan, 1s., Rugby, 1s. 6d.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Girl's Own Paper," 2s. 6d.; E. S., 3d.; A Little Friend, 1d.; Buttercup, 6d.; L. C., 6d.; S. J. S., 6d.; Jumbo, 2d.; Ernestine Cambier, 1s.; F. S., 1s.; Ellen Nominton, 2s.; Miss Jago, 2s.; E. L. T., 6s.; F. M. B., 1s.; Emma Culver, 1s.; Beryl and Coral, 1s.; N. E. B., 1s.; Sabina Thurbly, 4s.; A. S., 6d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; A Band of Busy Bees, 10s.; E. W. A., 5s.; K. C., 3s.; E. C., 3s.; "G. O. P." Girl, 1s.; E. Morris, 3s.; Daisy, 1s.; Grace and Edith Bradshaw, 5s.; A. M., 9½d.; M. A. P., a Mother, 1s. 6d.; Annie Cole, 1s. 9d.; M. F. R. and E. G. R., 2s.; S. J. S., 5s.; A Little Reader "G. O. P.," 6d.; Sarah Hall, 6s.; A. S., 5s.; Flo McConnell, 5s.; F. M. Townsend, 6d.; L. O., 5s.; Miss Haydon, 6s. 6d.; Anon, 1s. 6d.; An Irish Girl, 10s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 2s. 6d.; Agnes A. Steer, 10s.; Lilly, 2s.; A. Fothergill, 1s.; L. and Gwennie, 1s.; Grace Maxted, 6s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; A Well-wisher, 1s.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Sing Again. Serenade. (Berceuse.) With the original French words by Victor Hugo, also with English words, written by Olive Meredith. Music by Charles Gounod.—Those of our young friends who are not French scholars will be glad to find they can enjoy Gounod's charming and beautiful serenade with English words. The writer has been most happy in the adaptation of her poetry to this lovely melody, music and words fitting admirably together. It is far superior to any translation we have seen. It is also of easy compass—from C to G.

Only in Play. Words by Lewis Macdonald. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A very pretty and melodious song; music and words well adapted. The childish love between "the little shy maiden" and the "fair-haired boy" becomes matured by years, and when asked by her lover "to go with him over the sea," laments that her coy refusal is construed literally—

"Oh, 'twas only in play that I whispered
Those words which brought sorrow to me."

Love Lingers Yet. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by F. W. Bamfylde.—This song requires much pathos and feeling. The accompaniment is above the average, at the same time not difficult. It is written in the key of G.

The Proud Ladye! Words by Hugh Conway. Music by F. W. Bampfylde.—The style and character good, suggesting a wholesome lesson. The music and words are well matched.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

As Long as Life Shall Last. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Eugénie Mackay.—The words and music are smooth and flowing. The accompaniment light and easy, and the compass moderate. A song that is easily learnt—unpretentious and pleasing.

S. SPRAGUE.

A Last Good-Night. Composed by Walter Wesché. Words by Emily Leith.—The style is uncommon and exceedingly pleasing. Both words and music speak the sentiment of the song, which is one the more it is heard the more will it be liked. The accompaniment is very sweet, and the ending soothing and good. It is dedicated to and sung by Mrs. Osgood, whose rendering would not only do justice to the composition, but prove its merit.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

C. JEFFREYS.

Gavotte in C sharp minor. By Annie Florence Judd.—A bright, crisp gavotte, nicely marked in style and time, adapted for a brilliant and clear touch, but not difficult. A mistake has been left in printing in the second bar after the change of key into three sharps. The F in the last chord should be returned to its original place after the accidental on the preceding chord. We can recommend this pleasing short piece by Annie Florence Judd to the special notice of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE AFFECTION OF COWS.

MANY young ladies are terribly afraid of cows, and should they see them coming in the distance will run out of their way to a place of security, as if they were so many wild beasts. Now if they knew what gentle and affectionate animals cows generally are, they would not be afraid to pass them anywhere.

There are at the present time, not forty miles from London, some cows which feed in a meadow with some young cattle. The meadow, which is triangular, is skirted on two sides by roads; the gate being at the angle where the roads meet. Twice a day the cows are fetched away from the other cattle, to be milked. When they leave the field and pass along the road, the young cattle (which are not little calves, but almost full grown cows and bullocks) place themselves along the hedge, on the inside, at intervals where there are gaps, and every cow as she walks along the road outside goes up to them, one by one, presses her lips to theirs very like a kiss, and appears to whisper in their ears an affectionate farewell; as if she said, "Good-bye, dears; be good boys and girls until we return." The cows do not loiter, but pass along the road, and their kind drover does not attempt to interrupt them in this very pleasing habit. It is an attractive and pretty picture to any thoughtful spectator who may chance to be passing.

TAME RATS.

AT a short distance from the cows lives an old man who follows the profession of a rat-catcher. He is never so proud as when showing the rats he has tamed, and which he declares to be "one of the wonders of the world." His faithful dog accompanies him. This animal is, or has doubtless been in his younger days, a veritable ratcatcher and a terror to all the rat tribe when set upon them; but he treats his master's tame rats as tenderly as if they were babies, three of whom may often be seen riding on his back. The dog is perfectly quiet and most careful not to let them fall off. But the most extraordinary circumstance of all is the affection between the rats and the old ratcatcher—who, stooping down towards the dog, opens the bosom of his shirt, when the three rats, in turn, crawl off the dog's back on to the old man's bare breast. He then buttons his shirt over them and so carries them home.

MUSICAL GRACES BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

THE Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in presenting his readers with a few simple "Musical Graces," hopes they may be made useful in schools, families, business houses, and other institutions where females especially assemble at meal-times; and that instead of grace being *said* by one individual, as is commonly done, that all round the table may learn to join in praising God by lifting up their voices together in thanksgiving for the daily mercies which the bountiful Giver of all good provides for the creatures of His Providence. And in urging this duty upon the heads of families, schools, institutions, and business houses, he need only quote St. Paul's exhortation, that, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31). Ps. l. 23, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

A round, or canon, is a musical composition, so termed because the parts succeed each other in a perpetual continuation and repetition.

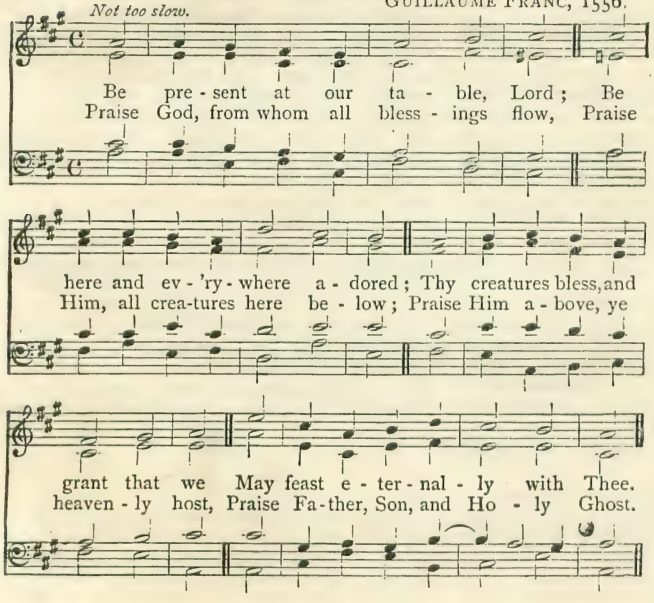
The most usual mode of performing a round is by each voice singing in succession the several parts as many times over as the parts consist of, all the voices agreeing as to when they shall stop.

The figures at the beginning and end of each part signify that after the first voice has sung the music of the first line (marked 1), it must go on immediately to the second line (marked 2), thence to the third line (marked 3), and fourth line (marked 4). And after the first voice has sung the first part, a second voice begins the first and goes on to the second, when a third voice takes up the first part and goes on to the second, &c., until all the voices are repeating the same round, through the whole of the parts, which, when nicely done, has a good effect. Any number of voices may join in rounds; but they should be all treble voices, or all men's voices. To mix the two is neither so agreeable or harmonious. Rounds are not at all difficult to acquire the proper singing of, but they need to be well practised. They are excellent things to learn to read from and to keep time with.

GRACE AND DOXOLOGY.

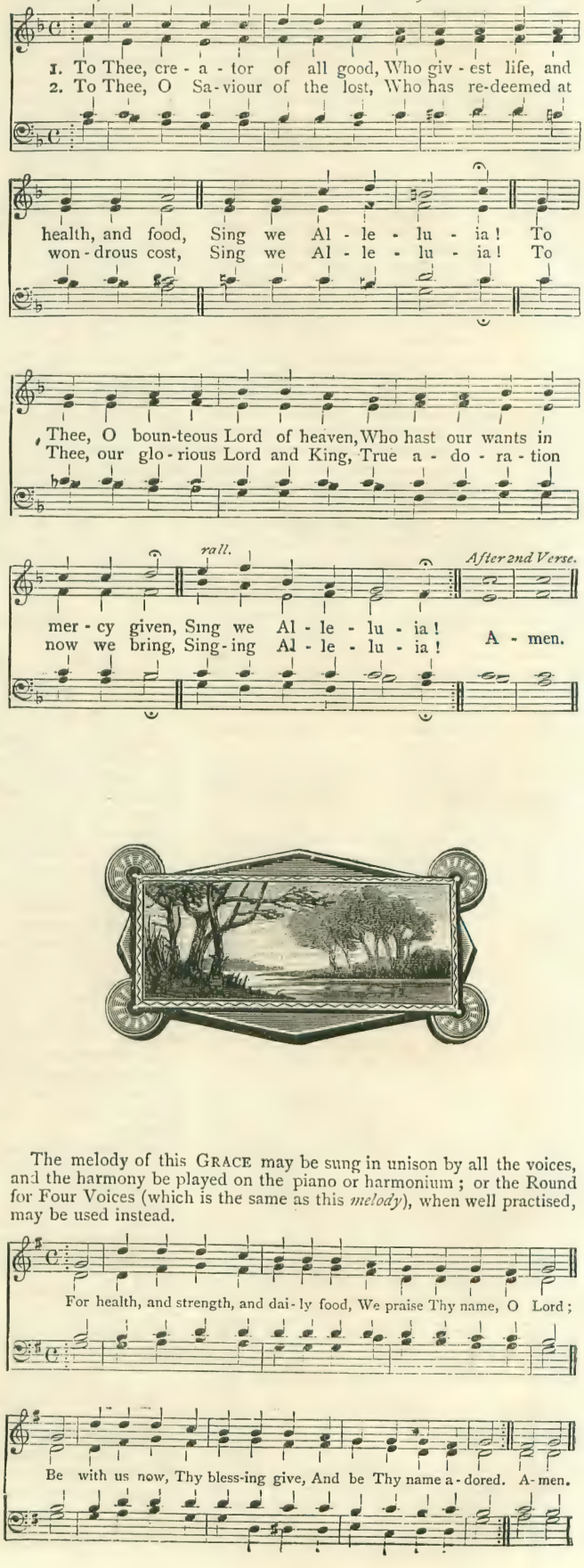
(*The Old 100th, original form.*)

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1556.



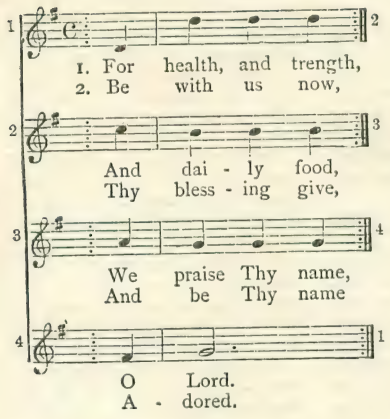
ALLELUIA.

Words by CECILIA HAVERGAL. *Music by* C. H. PURDAY.

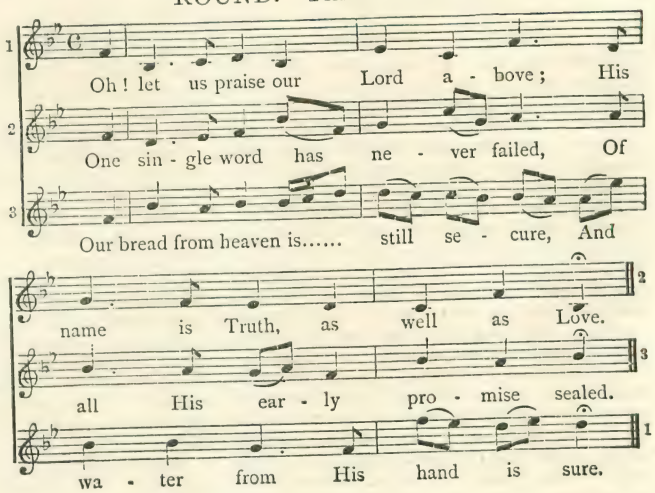


The melody of this GRACE may be sung in unison by all the voices, and the harmony be played on the piano or harmonium; or the Round for Four Voices (which is the same as this *melody*), when well practised, may be used instead.

ROUND. Four Voices.

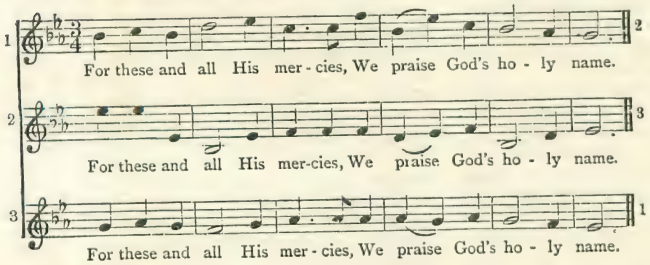


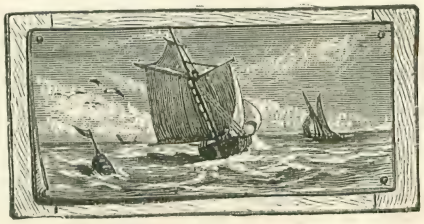
ROUND. Three Voices.



CANON. Three Voices.

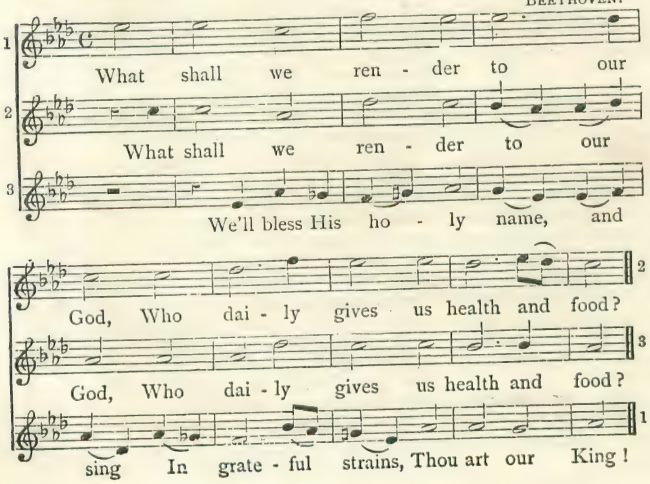
Cherubini.





GRACE. Round for Three Voices.

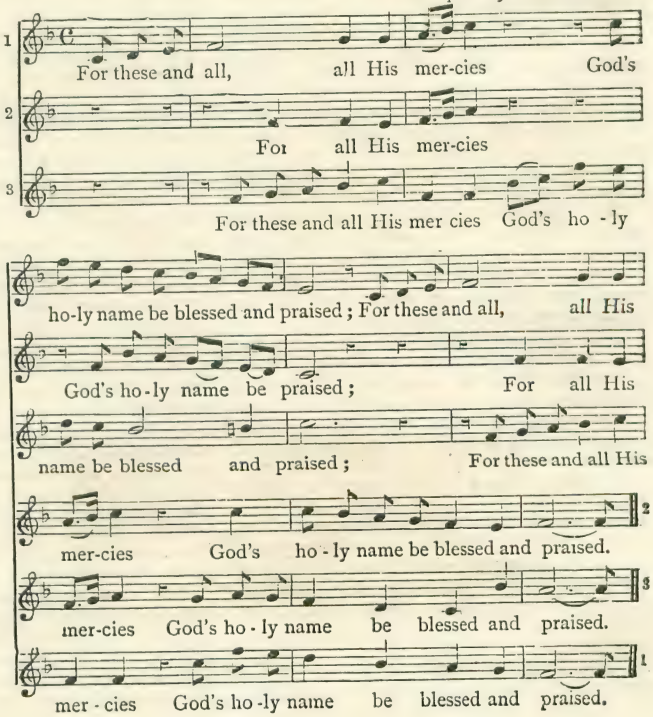
Berthoven.



GRACE BEFORE OR AFTER MEAT.

Round for Three Voices.

Composed by Dr. Carnaby.



HOW I TAUGHT MYSELF PAINTING.

By Crona Temple.

Let me say, the very first thing, that this paper of mine is not for those who are living in towns where lessons of all kinds are easily obtained; nor for those whose parents and guardians are wealthy enough, and kind enough, to procure them good instruction and expensive books and materials.

I write for those who, from various circumstances, find it impossible to get lessons in painting of any kind, and who yet have all the wish and will to cultivate what talent they may be possessed of. I know how eager I was to obtain any hints, even the slightest and crudest; and I am sure there are many who will not despise these which I now offer.

My home was in Donegal, the most north-westerly corner of Ireland; shut out by a savage mountain-range from all the rest of the world—fifty-six long Irish miles from a market-town, and thirty-six miles from a railway! I was fourteen years old before I ever set eyes on a railway, and I can remember now the feeling of shame that overwhelmed me when I was laughed at for a mistake I made about our "iron roads." I had seen pictures of them, of course, and the rails were always drawn as long black lines; these I took for grooves, and very naturally concluded that the carriage-wheels ran along within them When I noticed that the rails were *raised*, that they stood up some inches from the ground, my astonishment was great. "How could the wheels be guided on those things?" I asked: and the innocent question drew down a storm of laughter that I have not forgotten to this day. I examined rails and wheels, and solved the mystery for myself at the first place that we changed at; but the sore feeling remained in my heart for a long time.

It is easy to see that in such desolate regions as these Donegal wilds the advantages of "masters" could scarcely be procured. My kind little rosy-cheeked governess taught me "English," and my dear father gave me lessons in many things which girls are not generally supposed to study, but neither my governess nor my father had the scantiest notion of drawing.

I used to amuse myself in trying to make sketches of the scenery, but those wild moors and great bare hills made very bad subjects for a beginner's pencil. There were no old bridges and moss-grown bits of tree-trunk, no cottages with pointed roofs and rose-wreathed doors; only the wide mountains flecked with cloud-shadows, and the wider Atlantic tumbling beneath its wall of cliff.

My "pictures" ended in vexation and sorrow. My eyes were more educated than my fingers; I could see my grievous failure, but how to make my hills look soft and far away, how to make my skies pure, and my water *like* water I did not know.

I was in despair. Painting, pencil-drawing even, was beyond my powers evidently.

But one day I was arranging a handful of bog-flowers in a glass saucer with some moss—butterworts they were, those lovely purple things that are worthy of a prettier name (I did not know their proper name then, and always called them "heath-stars"). Their bright, golden-green leaves shone like stars among the reds and browns of the moss, and their graceful, slender flower-stems sprang from the centre in curves, which seemed but just strong enough to uphold the bit of brilliant colouring which the flower-petals gave.

I could not help trying to paint them, there and then.

I have that little drawing now. It is merely a childish scrawl; there is hardness in the hue of the blossoms, and a certain muddiness in the colouring of the leaves, but, in spite of all its faults, it has a truthfulness about it which is very pleasant to see.

From that day I attempted no more "pictures." I left the subtle beauties of sky and sea alone, and tried to imitate the simpler beauty of the flowers, or the glossy wreaths of some ivy spray. If I failed in the *colouring*, the outline could at least be correct, and many a lesson of patience I learned over some tuft of thorny furze, or some long wand-like group of yellow iris.

The big flowers pleased me best. Those very iris blossoms, how beautiful and stately they were! "Sagans" we call them in Donegal, and "sagans" they are to me still. I remember painting three or four blossoms and a sheaf of the sword-shaped leaves upon a piece of coarse grey paper, and then putting upon the vacant space to the right my father's favourite motto, "God's work hath sure wages." That grey paper, roughly framed by my father's own hands, hangs in his study now.

And so the time went on until I was about eighteen. My painting was not very grand, certainly, but it gave a great deal of pleasure to those whom I loved, and, if on that plea alone, it was not to be despised.

Even in that bleak land there were wonderful bits of beauty to educate my eyes and open my heart. The evening flush on the pearly hills baffled my ignorant fingers to copy, but I looked at it until its loveliness seemed *to sink into me*, and make me better and stronger. Some people learn *all* their lessons out of bound books; I wonder if they have an idea that lessons learned out of doors are just as valuable, and a vast deal pleasanter! Let them love their books as much as they choose, but I would say to them, "Glance into God's book of Nature—study the flowers and the birds, and the way the great trees grow, and see if you are not astonished and made better by what you learn there."

When I was eighteen I went to stay with a cousin of mine in England. She had lately married, and her home was full of pretty things—china, "art furniture," pictures, carvings. She painted, and one or two of her own performances hung upon the walls. She had been carefully taught, and she had honestly tried to copy the drawings her masters had placed before her. But the mischief was that she had drawn *only* from copies! Those long-legged primroses, with their cheeks reposing edgeways on their blue-green leaves, were as unlike a tuft of the real woodland flowers as they well could be, and that bird's nest—I looked at it in wonder, for it was made of withered leaves, like the nest of a wren or a titmouse; it was lined with what appeared to be clay, just as blackbirds line theirs, and it had within it the bright blue eggs of the hedge-sparrow! A bird's nest: aye, but what sort of bird's nest? None that ever had been built in these three kingdoms, I will venture to affirm.

And yet my little cousin knew, technically, much more than I did: she could talk of aërial tones, of relief, harmony, and breadth, while to me these terms were merely so many words. And she was very ambitious. She had a tiny morning-room which she was fitting up in a style of her own; she had done bits of needle-work for the chairs, embroidered the edges of the curtains, hung the mantelshelf with exquisite lace of her own manufacture, and now the idea occurred to her of painting the woodwork of the room, the doors, and window-shutters.

But inventive genius she did not possess, and she had no "patterns" for decorative painting: so she asked my help.

Now I had never seen so much as a tube of oil-colour, and I told her so. "Oh, just use oils as you do water-colours," said she; "it will be sure to come right."

I doubted the fact, but the oil paints were sent for, a selection of colours named at haphazard, and in the courage of my ignorance I set to work. It was easy enough to dash in the forms of the apple-boughs which we chose as suitable for the door panels, but I found that the handling of oil and water-colour differed as widely as do those liquids themselves.

But I persevered. And as the work grew under my hands, I began to rejoice in the power I had found. Those soft rich masses of colour, so pleasant to work with, so free and firm, were delightful. I missed the delicacy and transparency of my old paints, for I was too raw a beginner to know how to give either delicacy or transparency with oils, but still I was charmed at the effect of the first day's work upon that door.

I captured a big humble-bee and painted him as he walked to and fro beneath the glass that imprisoned him. He threw up the tints of my apple-blossom finely!

The next day my work was too wet to touch, for I had not known the use of a "dryer," and had used oil as my only medium, and that caused the colour to remain soft and sticky for a very long time. But as soon as I could I put in the lovely grey lichens that covered my bits of apple-bough, bringing morsels fresh from the orchard, so that their exquisite hues might be in perfection. I found that with the help of flake-white I could lay any tint I chose over the first "dead colouring," and this fact seemed to me in itself an immense advantage over water-colour painting.

Years have gone by since then, almost a decade of them, and I have found much to modify my first enthusiastic idea. I have ceased to compare the two modes of imitating Nature. The fact is, they are not comparable. Oils are cumbersome to carry about, they require time to dry, and while wet they are injured by dust, or by careless fingers; but water-colours are easy to apply, quick and handy, they are ready for packing up in a few minutes, and can be placed in a portfolio anywhere out of the way.

Therefore, for sketching out of doors, for young beginners, or for those who have not the time or space to set about painting in oils, *water-colours* are far and away the best. And yet oils can be used in so many places where the other style would be impossible; they are so rich, so lasting, that to anybody who has a taste for painting, and courage to try their hand on some old cupboard or wardrobe-door, I say, "Go to the nearest artists' shop and lay out a few shillings in colours and brushes and begin to-morrow!"

I keep my tubes in an old cigar-box, and add to their number whenever I can spare a shilling or two on my own "extravagances." My palette cost 2s., and is an oval sheet of thin mahogany; palette-knife cost 9d. I began with four brushes, two of sable, costing 6d. each, and two of badger's hair, which were a good deal dearer, twice the price, I think. A small bottle of poppy oil, 6d., and a bottle of spirits of turpentine, which I claimed from the housemaid's closet.

The most indispensable colours are:—Flake white, yellow ochre, Naples yellow, raw sienna, burnt sienna, vermilion, Prussian blue, cobalt, crimson lake, ivory black, Vandyke brown, brown pink. These are all inexpensive, and can be had in small tubes for a few pence each. There are, of course, dozens of others, beautiful and useful, and these can be added as the learner finds need for them. Some are costly, such as cadmium yellow, a rich, warm tint much used for sunset skies—this is 3s. 6d. a tube—and purple madder, which is more expensive still.

Elegant boxes, ready fitted with tubes, brushes, palettes, and all things necessary (and many things unnecessary), can be pur-

chased from one guinea up to five or six guineas in price; but I found my old cigar-box and its humbler contents do very well for a person who was trying to *teach herself*.

Select some door—if in an out-of-the-way, inconspicuous place so much the better for a first trial—a door painted white, or brown, or stone-colour, honestly painted, not in that dreadful fashion of "graining," to imitate oak or maple, which is as unlike natural wood as it well can be. Wash the surface perfectly clean and rub it dry; then with a bit of chalk or charcoal sketch your design upon the panels.

Doors are generally made with four panels slightly sunk back from the outer case; these will be found quite enough to ornament. The design must vary according to the style of the room or the taste of the artist. My first door, that in my little cousin's morning-room, was black, polished until it shone like Japan lacquer-work. Across the upper panels I drew sprays of creamy apple-bloom, tinted with pink; and on the lower ones tufts of grasses and big dog-daisies sprang from the door-case, with here and there a shell-like pink petal, which I intended to appear as if fallen from the boughs above.

My own door, in the room in which I am writing now, has great spreading leaves of begonia-rex, with a spray or two of green and grey caladiums, and tiny humming-birds darting to and fro amongst the foliage. My leaves I got from the hothouses of a friend, who allows me to have what I wish from his "artificial tropics;" my humming-birds I painted partly from some which we have—stuffed, alas!—and partly, let me confess it, from some gaudily-coloured cards, published by Messrs. Marcus Ward. I fear that people accustomed to see these living jewels in their native haunts would be amused and puzzled at my style of presenting them. But then I have never been in America, and have never actually seen the marvel of their flashing beauty. Again, "alas!"

When once the design is sketched on the door, proceed to "dress your palette." Squeeze only a very small quantity of the colours on to the palette, for it is easy to get more, if more is needed, and it is exceedingly difficult to preserve unused paint in a fresh and pleasant state.

Lay on the darker tints first, firmly and carefully: not following detail much, nor trying to make the leaf, or object painted, look "as it should look" all at once, but yet preserving the outline, and taking care to keep the *working* of the brush going in the right direction. I have sometimes found that a patch of colour carelessly laid on at first has worried me all through the painting, and that no subsequent work has been able to do away entirely with its ugliness.

Use Mcguilp to render the colours on your palette soft, and spirits of turpentine to make them more fluid still. Turpentine must be relied on to cleanse your brushes, and if you have a little tin dipper to hold it, so much the better. Always wash your brushes in the turpentine before putting them away, and lay the hairs smoothly to a point; letting paint dry in them will ruin them very fast.

My chief success had been in decorating small tables, cupboards, and cabinets. After a little practice one knows by instinct what will look well upon these. I am doing a table now with the golden leaves of beach boughs, and a pair of those saucy blue titmice turning somersaults over and under the twigs. I shall get five pounds for that table; the wood-work cost me fifteen shillings, and it will have cost me four mornings of pleasant toil. I can sell the pretty things as fast as I choose; and besides, I find my friends greatly appreciate them as presents!

Should the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER wish to hear a little more about this pleasant and profitable way of employing their leisure time, I shall be delighted to tell them anything I know. At any rate, I hope I have persuaded somebody to try to "teach herself painting." Believe me, it is not so difficult as idleness and want of courage may whisper to us. Many and many a girl can paint, *and paint well*, although she does not know it!

Educate your eyes; open them to observe the beauty around you, and then take courage and try to imitate it. If you fail you have lost nothing, and if you succeed you will be surprised at the fields of pleasure that are opened before you!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

LOVER OF ART.—You can procure artists' black varnishes at an artists' colourman's. First paint the foundation or background, and then the flower design upon it. Oils would be preferable to water-colours on a table, as they would not be obliterated by wetting, and if soiled it could be washed without injury.

CHANG.—Inquire at an artists' colourman's for the proper varnish required for putting on the face of the pictures to be affixed to glass.

JONGLEUR.—1. Read "China Painting," pages 74 and 340, vol. i.; "Painting in Terra Cotta," page 225, vol. ii., and "Tile Painting," page 728, vol. ii. 2. Inquire at a music-seller's.

F. M. A. P.—We wish all success to your efforts in reference to the competition in the water-colour painting department, and we are gratified by all the kind things you say in praise of our magazine.

EVANGELINE.—We should advise you to attend a school of art. You probably have one near to you. You must be a fairly good artist before your productions are worth money.

ANGHARAD.—We could not possibly give any advice unless we knew more of your friend's capabilities, but few people can earn money without some previous training.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BLACKBERRY.—You did not cover the jam in a secure and suitable way. Break an egg and pour the white into a saucer, and with a stiff feather paint the whole of the outside paper covering, which will contract over the pot and fit tightly to it. Inside this place a circular piece of white paper—snipped all round at intervals to make it fit to the exact size required—previously dipped in spirits, to prevent mildew under the outer cover. We fancy that the small insects of which you complain are ants. Wash the shelves of the cupboard with strong alum-water; and in addition to this, dip a sponge in sugar and water and leave it near the jam, and the ants will all be attracted to it. When full, plunge it in boiling water. When the fruit has formed you can do nothing to cure any such mildew spots as you describe.

POULTRY-KEEPER.—Exclude the air from the eggs to be preserved. This may be done by covering them entirely in dry sand, having first well buttered them. See also recipes given at pages 271 and 668, vol. ii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EIGDA, SAPPHO, VIVA.—"Eigda's" writing is pretty and ladylike. "Sappho" must send her looking-glasses to be resilvered, as nothing takes out spots of the kind she describes. Her writing is careless. "Viva's" writing is dreadfully ugly. Why should all the heavy strokes run along the lower line? Wear cream-coloured dresses if you like; the outward apparel is of little matter if the heart be full of a desire to please and serve God. Life is real and earnest, and even in our enjoyments we may cultivate those beauties of character which will make us beloved and respected by our companions. "Ye do serve the Lord Christ."

NARCISSUS.—To clean gloves see page 47, vol. iii. Your writing needs more regularity and neatness.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—The name "Amelia" is old German, and means "busy" or "energetic." Your writing is irregular and ugly, and your composition lacks elegance.

CHICK A CHICK.—White or cream-coloured cashmere would answer very well. As to the other question, you must be guided by the customs of the parish where you reside. We consider that all girls should know something of both cooking and housekeeping.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING and BERICE ERROL must learn patience. Where there are many claims, someone must wait.

HERMINIE.—Leave your namesake in the garden, and it will feast on snails and slugs and sundry kinds of beetles, together with similar dainties which such profitable and pleasant hunting-grounds supply. How penetrating your sight must be, and what an unusual instinct you must possess for looking into the minds of others, even when you have never set eyes on them, if "very fond of reading the correspondents." We should gratefully receive a lesson, could we obtain one.

EDITH HOWARD.—On no account paint your face with iodine, but simply leave off touching it with your nails, which is not only destructive to the skin, but is a very disgusting habit. A wash of almond emulsion might soothe and heal the injuries inflicted.

CANZONETTE.—1. Your course of reading should be directed by your mother. Consult her as to the works of fiction, or other literature, which may be suitable for a girl of your age. 2. Sierra Leone is called "the white man's grave," owing to the character of the climate. We advise you to read an account of it in a work on physical geography.

JURIS AMATOR.—We fear we must say that we think your letter was an unnecessary interference with other people's business.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—The correct quotation is—

> "A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

The author was Lord Byron.

HOPEFUL MAY.—The battle of Northampton took place July 10, 1460, between the Duke of York and Henry VI. of England, the king being defeated and made a prisoner for the second time. By a treaty made afterwards the Duke was declared heir to the throne. Be in bed by 9.30 and up by 6.30.

N. and E.—If really of white enamel, a little soap and water carefully applied should clean it, and that of a little oil afterwards would restore the polish.

PISA.—June 20, 1865, was a Tuesday. Exercise in the fresh air and plenty of cold water will give a colour. Porter and beer are both bad for the complexion of some people.

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."—Your idea of making a quilt is a very pretty one, save that we should put the Turkey twill round as an appliquéd border, cutting the edges in a pattern of some kind. This is probably the way about which you inquire.

ANOTHER ONE.—Your digestive organs probably need attention. Consult a doctor, and tell him your mode of life, the hours you keep, your occupations and diet, and all personal symptoms, besides the "red nose." Of course, your hair will grow darker as you grow older. You cannot oppose Nature.

MISS SMITH must procure a London Directory if she requires any information respecting addresses, it being contrary to our rules to give them. A direct application to the company is essential.

FIDDLE STICKS.—Accept our best thanks for your very kind letter. If you add a little bran to the water in which you wash, it would be preferable to the use of ammonia. Your writing is not sufficiently flowing and graceful; it is too upright and stiff-looking; slope it a little more.

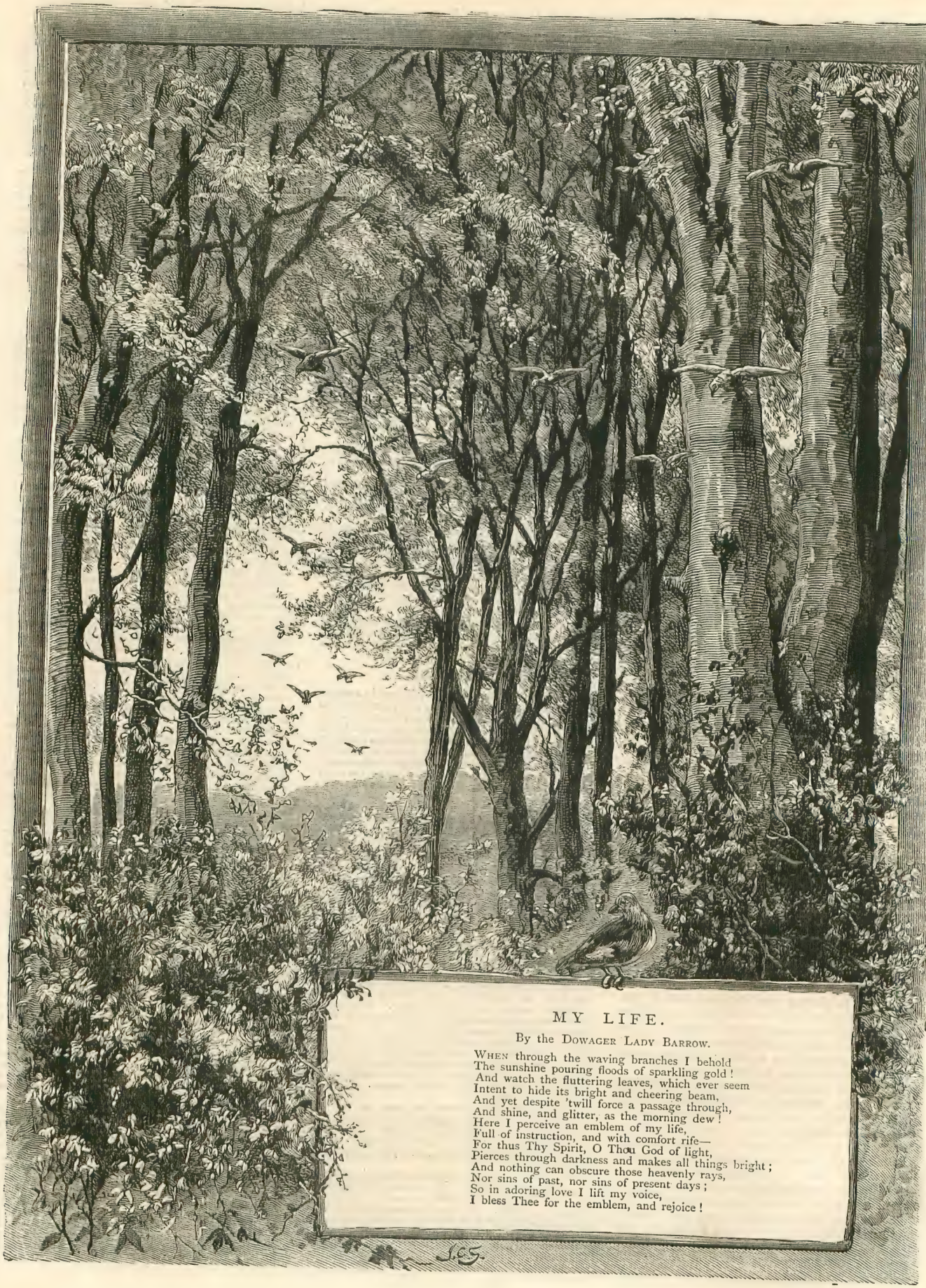
SENTRY BOX.—We have just sent in to the press an answer on the subject of the sale of stamps to a papier maché company to another of our correspondents. We regret that our rules do not permit of our giving tradesmen's nor ordinary addresses, as this would place us in the position of advertising agents.

PAULINE D.—In such a case as yours perfect openness with your cousin is essential to your own and your husband's happiness. If these continual visits to your house worry the latter, they should be discontinued; at least, they should be only occasionally made, and you should take care never to be alone with your cousin henceforth, till your husband's mind has been completely disabused of the fancy which now troubles him.

IPECACUANHA PERTH.—The word "recipe" should be pronounced in three syllables; but it is, by a sort of general consent, pronounced as if written as the word "receipt," and pronounced "receet." "Receipt"—we have taken the pains to explain in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER—means an acknowledgment given for money received; and "recipe," a description of the method of making or compounding anything. When this word is employed in reference to drugs and doctors' prescriptions, it must invariably be pronounced correctly, as "re-ci-pe." Your friend made a mistake.

SUNSHINE.—We should always prefer a little present that belonged to the class of useful ones; thus, the worked book-marker would be preferable to the painted card. Your writing gives good promise. We are gratified by your telling us that our paper is doing so good a work.

IPECACUANHA.—1. It does not come within the scope of our magazine to enter on such a class of religious questions as involve anything like controversy. We advise you, as we have always hitherto done, to remain within the pale of that Christian communion in which you were born, accompanying your parents, and being guided by them in these days of your youth. Leave such questions alone until you reach mature age, studying to serve and please God, according to the light vouchsafed to you. 2. The general condition of a considerable portion of Africa may be ascertained from works by Speke and Grant, Livingstone, Stanley, and others, and the political news of the Southern States from the daily papers.



MY LIFE.

By the Dowager Lady Barrow.

When through the waving branches I behold
The sunshine pouring floods of sparkling gold!
And watch the fluttering leaves, which ever seem
Intent to hide its bright and cheering beam,
And yet despite 'twill force a passage through,
And shine, and glitter, as the morning dew!
Here I perceive an emblem of my life,
Full of instruction, and with comfort rife—
For thus Thy Spirit, O Thou God of light,
Pierces through darkness and makes all things bright;
And nothing can obscure those heavenly rays,
Nor sins of past, nor sins of present days;
So in adoring love I lift my voice,
I bless Thee for the emblem, and rejoice!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 135.] JULY 29, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MAY GOLDWORTHY;

A SEQUEL TO

"THE QUEEN O' THE MAY."

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IV.

WELCOME HOME.

THERE was a great stir in and round the Derwen collieries. One after another the men came up from the pit grimy and besooted, went to their homes up the ravine or elsewhere, and emerged from them clean and spruce as soap and water and best clothes could make them. The women and children were also in holiday attire, and it was apparent that some unusual event was to take place.

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"MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING MARCH."

The collier lads were actually wreathing the old black crane with evergreens, and the young men of the institute were erecting some sort of triumphal arch across the road that led from it to Derwen Fawr, Mr. Richards's old place. It was autumn, and the fields were ripe for the harvest. The great oaks round about the institute were beginning to change their brilliant green garments for gorgeous red and yellow; the heather and fern-clad mountains were also adorning themselves in purple and crimson; and, to complete the garish picture, scarlet poppies flaunted among the corn by the wayside and in the festal wreathings. These latter were completed as evening approached, and many women and children stood about the grassy road in front of the institute, and on the hillock beneath the wreathed crane at the mouth of the pit. The sun had nearly reached the mountains, and was scattering his golden arrows down upon our world, and kindling into light and warmth the trees, meadows, and brooks of favoured Derwen, as well as the animated, expectant faces of its inhabitants.

"The train is due at six; they will surely be here before seven," remarked one of the colliers to Dr. George, who was superintending.

"It will be a good time for us, let them come late or early," said another. "It isn't like the same place since Richards, Derwen Fawr, and his family went north. Nobody to see to the schools, or the institute, or anything, for the vicar can't be everywhere."

"Here they are! here they are!" shouted an advanced picket of young boys, who began to cheer and halloo vigorously as a waggonette was seen coming along the by-road towards the institute.

The cheers were taken up by the colliers, and their wives waved their handkerchiefs and shouted also. The horses seemed inspired by the hurrahs, and drew the carriage so briskly that it was at the institute in no time, and suddenly pulled up underneath the floral arch that spanned the road.

"Let us get down, if you please, Uncle Laban," said a cheerful voice, and in another minute May and Meredith stood amongst the old friends who had assembled to welcome them.

There was a great shaking of hands and much congratulation, Dr. George being first.

"I am wishing you joy, yes seure, May *fach*—I ask your pardon, Mrs. Morrison," said an old woman who hobbled towards May. "When was you married?"

"Just three weeks ago, Shanno," replied May, blushing beneath her pretty hat. "And oh, we are so glad to come home. Yes, Derwen is home, Davy," she added, as a collier thrust out his hand. "What a lovely arch! Look, Meredith. They have put a wreath round the old crane. Do you remember that it was just here where you came to meet me and great-grandfather when first I came to Derwen?"

"I remember, May. And yours was the first sixpence given towards our institute," returned happy Meredith.

"And it is buried under the foundation-stone," broke in a bystander. "Three cheers for Morrison, Derwen Fawr, and his wife."

Again the oaks and hills re-echoed to the hurrahs.

"How kind you all are—how very, very kind!" said May, tears filling her eyes. "How delightful is Wales! How dear the oaks and hills of Derwen!"

"If you will drive on, father, we will follow on foot," said Meredith to Uncle Laban, who was charioteer, and who had some difficulty in restraining the horses, as well as the fears of 'Lizbeth, his wife, who was located in the waggonette.

They drove on accordingly.

"Where was you married, my dear?" asked old Shanno, with persistent curiosity.

"In London, Shanno," blushed May, while a score of women pressed round to listen.

"And who was marrying you?" asked one of them.

"Mr. Everton, who married Miss Edith. You remember him. It was he who sent me to great-grandfather when I was a little girl," said May. "They have been very good to us."

"Yes seure. All Richards, Derwen Fawr's family are good Christians. So are all the Morrisons, the Lord be praised," said a man who was holding Meredith's hand.

"Thank you, every one, for the beautiful Bible you gave us," spoke Meredith, at the top of his voice. "We hope to do our best to follow its precepts."

"Now let us go on, Meredith," whispered May.

Arm-in-arm went the happy couple, surrounded by the crowd of friends, shouting and hurrahing beneath the rosy hues of approaching sunset. They found another floral arch over the modest gate that protected the drive to Derwen Fawr, and above it, in Welsh, the motto, "Welcome Home." It seemed very strange to both that this was to be, henceforth, their home. Still Meredith led his beloved bride proudly up the drive, surrounded by their old friends.

"Dear great-grandfather!" exclaimed May, breaking away from him at sight of a little group that stood outside the house awaiting their arrival.

Foremost of this group was old Evan, leaning on his staff, with Peggy on one side and Dai Bach on the other. May's arms were round Evan in a moment, and the first words she heard on the threshold of her new home were, "God bless you, my children! Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," from Evan's voice, in her beloved Welsh.

"Bless us, there's pretty you do look, May *fach!*" was Peggy's greeting, as they embraced each other.

"It is my turn now, *my* darling," came from the porch, and May was in her father's arms.

"And mine next, for I have made your house mine inn," sounded from her friend Mr. Minister's cheery voice.

"I am nowhere," broke out Meredith, grasping hand after hand, as the happy family party went into the house, amid the cheers of the friends outside.

"We have a tea and meeting at the institute. You must look in by-and-by, Meredith," said Uncle Laban, and he departed accompanied by Dai Bach.

"Dear papa! dear cousin! I mean——" said May, who was for ever calling her husband "Cousin Meredith."

"You mean *mio sposo carissimo*," supplied the father, laughing. "What was my darling about to say?"

"That it is so beautiful that I think it must be fairyland, and Meredith is still the fairy prince," she replied, looking round at her pretty drawing-room, in which loving hearts and hands had placed all that was attractive and artistic.

"'Tis mighty fine," cried old Peggy. "And only to think of Mr. Richards putting Meredith in his place, and making him manager of everything—above his own father and grandfather. And you, May *fach*, to be a grand lady, who came here with nothing but that doll, Terp, and an old wreath."

"Ah!" sighed Evan, "I don't forget how I threw them into the fire. But the Lord's ways are not ours. Praise His holy name."

"Dear great-grandfather, how good you were to me!" said May, her arm round his neck.

"Come you and take off your things," said 'Lizbeth. "There's Leah and little Gwen in the kitchen helping to get supper, and it will be ready *directly*."

While May first pays her cousins a visit in the kitchen, then runs from room to room admiring her house, and finally takes off her travelling dress in a charming room overlooking the brook and distant hills, we must give a brief sketch of what happened after Mr. Goldworthy's serious illness.

That he recovered, his presence at Derwen proclaimed; but his recovery was slow, and he continued very weak after he was pronounced convalescent. His one great desire seemed to be to witness the accomplishment of what he had begun on his sick bed, and to see his child married. Circumstances favoured this desire. His picture sold for even a larger sum than its predecessor, and enabled him to defray all the expenses of his illness and his other liabilities, and to give May a handsome sum for her outfit and start in married life. Mr. Richards had for some time wished Meredith to take possession of Derwen Fawr; but, as a bachelor, he had been averse to so doing. But when he became engaged to May, he spoke to Mr. Richards about it, and it was settled to the general satisfaction that he should at once inhabit the house and prepare it for the reception of his bride. He found the interval between April and the end of September sufficient for this. A portion of Mr. Richards's furniture remained in the house, and to this was added all that love could imagine and his means allow. But package after package arrived from London, sent by Messrs. Goldworthy and Minister, so that what his hardly-earned savings were insufficient to purchase, their love supplied.

It was arranged, by general entreaty and consent, that Goldworthy should live with his children, having the privilege of joining his friend Minister at Brompton when he liked. In return for this, Minister was to find a country home at Derwen both "in season and out of season," if so be true hospitality is ever to be found "out of season." To inaugurate this mutual benefit, the two friends came to Derwen together a few days after the wedding. The said wedding took place from Mr. Minister's house, and was quiet but pretty. Our May Queen had hawthorn mixed with her bridal wreath by her father's wish. Her bridesmaid was Mrs. Everton's wee daughter, a little maiden of five, and she, her mother and father, were the only guests at the modest wedding-breakfast, save Cousin George, who was Meredith's best man. The bride and bridegroom spent their honeymoon abroad, and positively affirmed, when questioned by Mr. Minister, that no cloud had darkened that happy period. Thus, having filled up the time while May disrobed, we will follow her fortunes a little longer.

Everyone insisted that May should take the place of honour at supper, so she sat, all blushes and smiles, between her father and grandfather, the latter having a special chair provided for him. He was hale still, though he had passed his fourscore years. Meredith had his mother and grandmother on either side of him; and here we may state, once for all, that neither he nor May was ever loth to own as those best and nearest, the less educated, but worthy, relatives by whom they were immediately surrounded.

"Thank God that we have thee and Meredith amongst us for aye," said old Evan. "She has been a good child to us all, sir; she will be a good wife," he added to Goldworthy.

"What she has been to me, and how she nursed me, sir, no tongue shall say," returned Goldworthy.

"Oh, don't, if you please!" ejaculated May.

It was a sociable and joyous meal, and

after it was over, Meredith whispered to May that he must leave her for a short space to go to the institute.

"May I not go too?" she exclaimed. "Cannot we all go?"

The word passed round, and it was settled that the party should adjourn to the institute. Evan declared that he felt quite young again, and could walk as many miles as the distance was yards. They went accordingly, and were received with cheers. The tea, which had been given by the Morrisons, father and children, was over, and the concert had begun.

"Give up your seat, Dai Bach; we must have May. She will play and sing for us," circled around.

And May went, quite naturally, to the harmonium and took the place vacated by Dai Bach. Meredith and the rest followed. All were soon absorbed in that absorbing art, music, and bride and bridegroom were soon leading the choirs as of old, while Laban swayed to and fro as leader, old Evan beat time, and Peggy quavered whenever she could.

"Play Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' dear May," whispered Meredith. "You played it when Mr. and Mrs. Everton were married. It was a good beginning. Play it for us."

"Do," pleaded Goldworthy, who overheard.

"Is it not vain, dear Meredith—dear papa?" she asked. "It is so exultant."

But the suggestion somehow got wind, and everyone asked for the Wedding March. Obedient May began it, trembling slightly. But Meredith's hand was on her shoulder, and her soul rose to the triumphant strain. She played her own epithalamium gloriously, but there was moisture in her eyes as she did so. The cheers that succeeded dried them.

The music was followed by speeches from the colliers, all congratulatory, to which Meredith replied from an overflowing heart. The substance of what he said was, that he and his wife would strive to do their duty, God helping them.

Then old Evan rose, and, spreading out his hands, prayed for a blessing on his grandchildren and their assembled friends.

And thus ended the "welcome home."

THE END.

VARIETIES.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.—The morning of life, like the dawn of day, has most of purity, of imagery, and harmony.—*Chateaubriand.*

A USE FOR SHADOWS.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures its length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person who wishes to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow."—*Roberts.*

WISE AND GOOD.—Read not much at a time, but meditate as much as your time and capacity and disposition will give you leave, ever remembering that little reading and much thinking, little speaking and much hearing, frequent and short prayers and great devotion is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.—*Taylor.*

THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH.—There is small chance of truth at the goal where there is not a childlike humility at the starting-post.—*Coleridge.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—We may be pretty certain that persons whom the world treats ill deserve entirely the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to everyone the reflection of her own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a merry, kind companion; and so let all young people take their choice.—*Thackeray.*

PRUDENT FORESIGHT.—When a misfortune happens to a friend, look forward and endeavour to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.

REAL BEAUTIES.—Speaking of beautiful pictures, Petrarch says, "If these things that are counterfeited and shadowed with fading colours do so much delight thee, cast thine eyes up to Him that hath made the originals; who adorned man with senses, his mind with understanding, the heaven with stars, and the earth with flowers; and so compare real with visionary beauties."

PROVERBS ON THE WEATHER.

If red the sun begins his race,
Expect that rain will fall apace.

The evening red, the morning gray,
Are certain signs of a fair day.

If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer's day.

In the waning of the moon,
A cloudy morn—fair afternoon.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 627):—

PANSIES (*Pensez à moi*).
RAINBOW
ELAINE
TIME
TRENT*
YOUTH
GRATITUDE
IDA
RECULVER
LLANTRISSANT†
SEVERUS

retty Girls. Sweethearts.

A TALE OF A STORM.

ARDOCH CASTLE, the scene of the following romantic story, is built on a tall rock overlooking the sea on the coast of Aberdeenshire.

One evening, about the middle of last century, Mr. Adam Gordon, the proprietor of Ardoch, was alarmed by the firing of a gun, evidently from a ship in distress. It was a wild night, and there was small hope of safety for any vessel approaching too near that iron-bound coast.

He hurried to the beach with lights and ropes, but it was too late to render any assistance. The vessel had gone to pieces, nothing remaining of it but a confused mass of floating planks and spars.

Mr. Gordon and his servants looked about to see if there were any human beings who had contrived to save themselves from the jaws of death, but could discover no one. At last they found a sort of crib which the sea had tossed ashore, containing a little child, strange to say still alive.

The infant, whose fate it had been to survive where so many strong people had perished, was carefully taken to the house and nursed. It was a girl, and evidently from its wrappings the daughter of people of wealth and station, but there was nothing about it that afforded the least clue to who these were.

Mr. Gordon did his best to discover the relatives of the foundling, but was quite unsuccessful. Hoping that she might be claimed in time, he caused her to be brought up with his own daughters, and treated her in every way as if she were one of his family. And indeed her personal graces and amiable character made him feel towards her in time as if she actually stood in that relation to him.

When the child had grown to womanhood a storm occurred similar to that already spoken of. The sound of an alarm-gun was heard, and Mr. Gordon again hastened to the shore. This time, however, both crew and passengers were saved, and the shipwrecked party were conducted to Ardoch Castle and treated by Mr. Gordon with great kindness and hospitality.

Amongst the passengers was a gentleman whom Mr. Gordon entertained at supper. After a comfortable night spent in the castle the stranger was surprised at breakfast by the entrance of a troop of blooming young ladies, the daughters of his host, as he understood. One of them, however, attracted his notice in a special manner.

"Is this young lady your daughter, too?" he asked of Mr. Gordon.

"No, but she is as dear to me as if she were." And Mr. Gordon then related her history.

The stranger listened with increasing interest and emotion, and at last said that he had every reason to believe that the young lady was his own niece. He then related the circumstances of a sister's return from India, corresponding to the time of the shipwreck, and explained how it might happen that Mr. Gordon's inquiries for her relatives had failed.

"She is now," said he, "an orphan, and if I am not mistaken in my supposition, she is entitled to a handsome fortune which her father bequeathed to her in the hope of her yet being found."

Before long sufficient evidence was afforded to make it certain that the gentleman had really in this very strange way discovered his long missing niece.

It now, of course, became necessary that the young lady should leave Ardoch and pass under her uncle's care—a bitter necessity to her, for she had become much attached to all Mr. Gordon's family. To lessen the anguish of parting from friends so dear, it was arranged that one of her so-called sisters, the Misses Gordon, should accompany her. Their destination was Gottenburg, where the uncle had long been established as a merchant.

Here ends all that was romantic in the history of the foundling, but there was to be a romantic sequel in favour of Mr. Gordon's children. At Gottenburg Miss Gordon fell in with the gentleman whom she afterwards married, a Mr. Thomas Erskine, and a few years later Joanna Gordon, her sister, married Mr. Methven Erskine, a brother of this same gentleman. The two brothers lived to become in succession Earls of Kellie, so "these two daughters of Mr. Gordon of Ardoch," says Mr. Robert Chambers, from whose *Book of Days* we have drawn the above particulars, "became in succession Countesses of Kellie in consequence of the incident of the shipwrecked foundling whom their father's humanity had rescued from the waves, and for whom an owner had so unexpectedly been found."

* *Henry IV.*, act iii. scene 1.

† The situation of Llantrissant (the Church of Three Saints), in Glamorgan, has been compared to that of Jerusalem. It is built on the brow of a hill, and is surrounded by three mountains, with pointed summits.

ROSE.

By ELLIS REID.

LEAFY June grows chill December—
Earth's dull cycle changeth not:
O my love, dost thou remember?
Can it be thou hast forgot?
All the roses seemed to waken:
* * *
Now the garden is forsaken,
And the cold wind changeth not.

All the roses woke about us
As we wandered hand in hand;
Sweetest breezes seemed to flout us—
It was June through all the land.
All the flowers so quick to waken
Now are fallen and forsaken,
Save one rosebud in my hand.

Thou didst give me that, and bid me
Keep it close against my heart;
And thy fond endearments chid me
When I knew that we must part.
Thou didst cry, "While roses waken
Hath the rose thy cheek forsaken?
Rose, forget me not, sweetheart!"

I forget thee? I forget thee?
Can the heart forget to live?
Since the day when first I met thee
I remember and forgive.
Love—the love that thou didst waken—
Fadeth not, although forsaken:
While life lasteth love shall live.

WANDERINGS AMONG OUR WILD FLOWERS.

By COTSFORD DICK.

HIS is now the season when every garden, be it ever so humble, is looking its gayest. Whether it be with the last new form of ribbon border and bedding out, or with our old-fashioned friends the hollyhocks, penstemons, and Canterbury bells, every cultivated plot of ground, from the manor house to the cottage, is now bright with colour. But kindly Nature has given to those who are not the fortunate possessors of beds and borders a large and beautiful garden, open to all, from which none are shut out, and which spreads itself throughout the shady lanes and open hillsides of every county in England. The flowers that grow in this universal garden are called "wild," and wild, indeed, is their habit, for you come upon them in the most unexpected places, and no crag is apparently too barren for the dwelling-place of some of the more eccentric members of this enormous family. Some of our very earliest associations are intimately connected with these "wild" flowers, the sight of which in after years will often call back a tender memory to our minds. Many young people are frightened away from the study of botany by the long catalogue of scientific names which greets them at the outset. This is but an imaginary terror, and one which a little knowledge and experience will soon conquer. The fact is that there are some eighty or ninety thousand different kinds or species of flowers, cultivated and wild, and botanists have had to find names for them—names which shall not merely be understood in a certain limited locality, but which shall be comprehended by all men in every civilised country. Hence plants and flowers, even the most familiar, must all have their botanical names, for which purpose the Latin language is the most convenient medium of expression. But these long names, apparently so formidable, are by no means necessary to the lover of wild flowers, and you may wander up hill and down dale, with the keenest botanical enjoyment, without troubling your head about any of them. Still, when you get interested in your subject, you will find these names so convenient that you will think it no trouble to learn them, and, once in your head, they will not easily escape. Daisies and buttercups are so common in every meadow that they may hardly be deemed worth thinking of, yet many a poet has sang the praises of the daisy, beginning with Chaucer, who calls it "day's eye," because its flowers are shut at night. In the North it is called bairnwort, because it is loved by children, so do not despise it. And what would the month of May be without those thousands of yellow buttercups (*Ranunculus bulbosus*—there's a name for you to begin with!) scattered over the grassy meadows, and which children place under their chins to see if they have an abnormal predilection for butter? Then there is the little ragged robin, which grows so abundantly in many moist meadows, and rises conspicuously above the grass. It is also sometimes called the cuckoo-flower, and here is the reason:—"Our forefathers watched the various connections between natural objects with more attention than do men of modern times. The fields and lanes were the pages of their almanac. They had their cuckoo-flowers and swallow-worts, and wake-robins, and they never forgot that the flowers and the birds came together to bless the green earth, and to fill the air with life and song. They had their old rustic proverbs, which told them that the blossoming of the sloe should be the time for the sowing of the barley, and the bursting of the alder-boughs the season when the eel should stir from its winter quarters and might be taken. The loud note of the cuckoo was associated with the wood sorrel, for that was called cuckoo's-meat; and the early orchis, the arum, the wood anemone, and the lady's smock still in country places have the name of cuckoo's flower." The little ragged robin shares this name therefore with several other blossoms of the same season.

The scarlet pimpernel is easily recognised, as it is our only wild flower of that colour, excepting the scarlet poppy. Its botanical name is *Anagallis*, derived from the Greek word meaning *to laugh*, because in the form of medicine it was supposed to cure low spirits and despondency, and its merry little face warrants such a title. It is also called, in England, "the poor man's weather-glass," because if rain be going to fall, or the atmosphere be damp, its blossoms are so sensitive that they remain closed, and do not open again until the sunshine induces them to do so. But after the middle of the day it is useless as a barometer, because its petals remain folded from two o'clock in the afternoon until the next morning; therefore, if you want to study it, you must be up with the lark on a fine sunny morning.

The herb-robert belongs to the geranium tribe, and is a pretty little pale pink flower, growing under the bushes on a sunny bank, and beneath the deep shadow of the trees in a wood. It loves any sheltered position, and may be found there throughout the summer months. In autumn the hairy leaves turn to a rich crimson colour, lingering on the bank long after the blossoms have passed away. The herb-robert is sometimes found with pure white flowers; and there are no less than twelve other wild cranesbills (as this flower is usually called), with blossoms varying between red and purple. They occasionally establish themselves upon old walls, also amongst grass on a cliff.

The well-known little wild forget-me-not rejoices in the botanical name of *Myosotis palustris* (not to be confounded with the *M. sylvatica* and *M. dissitiflora* of our gardens), and various are the traditions throughout Europe which give its popular name to this charming flower. Miss Strickland says that "Henry of Lancaster, when in exile, gave it to the Duchess of Bretagne, and by placing it on his collar with the initial letter of his *mot* or watchword—*souveigne vous de moy*—rendered it the symbol of remembrance." Bishop Mant has smoothly versified a much more romantic incident, though one, perhaps, less entitled to belief. A lady and a knight were sitting by the side of a river, when the former suddenly expressed a wish to braid her nut-brown hair with the blue blossoms of a flower that grew upon a little islet in the midst of the stream. The knight, eager to gratify her wish, dashed into the water, and succeeded in gathering the flowers, but, alas! was overborne by the strong current.

AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

"Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw,
Ere he sank in the eddying tide;
And, 'Lady, I'm gone, thine own knight true,
Forget me not,' he cried.

"This farewell pledge the lady caught,
And hence, as legends say,
The flower is a sign to awaken thought
In friends who are far away."

But most likely the flower owes its name to its lovely blue petals and yellow eye! It is very common during the summer months in moisture-loving meadows and on the banks of streams. There are eight native species of the genus, and all have blue blossoms. There is also a brilliant little blue flower, the scorpion grass, which is found in the fields, and often called forget-me-not. But the true forget-me-not lives not in very dry soil, but flourishes best *in* the water, where it assumes a most luxuriant character. Coleridge calls it—

"That blue and bright-eyed flow'ret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem—the fair forget-me-not."

The germander speedwell (*Veronica chamædrys*) is often mistaken for the forget-me-not. The very bright and beautiful blue of the flowers, with the starry white rays marked on the petals, give it a fancied resemblance to an eye, whence its sobriquet—bird's-eye. We have no less than eighteen wild kinds, all of which are blue or flesh-coloured, but the germander is the largest of the common species. It is a very early-blooming flower, becoming abundant in April and May. There is one kind that grows in ditches and brooks, the leaves of which are large, roundish, and smooth, and the stalks thick. It is a veronica, but is known as brook-lime, from its habit of growing in watery places, and it is often gathered with water-cresses in the spring, and eaten as a salad. Its botanical name is *Veronica beccabunga*.

How often is the country walk made sweet by the delicious scent of the purple clover (*Trifolium pratense*)! The Anglo-Saxons gave it the name of *cloeferwort*, on account of its cleft leaves, from which also it bears the name of trefoil.

There are several kinds of trefoil (seventeen in all); some purple, some bright yellow, some white. They belong to the pea and bean tribe, and are most useful plants in agriculture, foremost among them being the common white, or Dutch clover, which is extremely valuable as a herbage plant. The triple leaf is the distinguishing mark of this useful as well as ornamental family. The little bird's-foot trefoil (*Lotus corniculatus*) is related to them, which pretty little flower is called by country children lady's-slipper, or pattens-and-clogs. This plant is also very useful for making pasture for cattle, and the white clover is frequently brightened up by these cheerful yellow blossoms. There are altogether four wild species of the bird's-foot trefoil. The creeping cinquefoil (*Potentilla reptans*)—called cinquefoil from the general number of leaves—creeps along the ground, over meadows and hedge-banks, bearing its soft, yellow flowers and a profusion of leaves from June until August. To the lover of wild flowers it is well known, and its golden tints often rival the brilliant hues of the buttercup family, who have to throw up their heads somewhat proudly in order to enter the lists for popularity with their fair neighbour. It is like a small, bright yellow strawberry blossom, and the leaf somewhat resembles a miniature horse-chesnut leaf. The name, potentilla, was given to it because it was at one time considered to be potential, or powerful in medicine, but this is no longer thought to be the case. There are several native species of cinquefoil, of which the silvery potentilla is the most remarkable, as the undersides of its leaves are covered with soft, white, silvery hairs, giving the plant a singular appearance when these are turned up by the wind.

The common yarrow, or milfoil, so-called from the countless division of its leaves, is met on every wayside with its clusters of pinkish or white flowers. The botanical name of this little plant is *Achillæa millefolia;* its familiar title, old man's pepper—a goodly step from the sublime to the ridiculous!

Who can forget the glowing purple and crimson hues of those long tracts of heather, sometimes extending for miles, which are to be found in Scotland and Wales, and on some of our English hills and moorlands? In the month of August they are in their full flush of beauty, not a little of which is contributed by the common ling (*Calluna vulgaris*). This variety abounds in every part of Europe. The French call it *La Bruyère*. Nor is it valuable only on account of its attractive colour, for the poorer Highlanders in Scotland cover their cabins with heath instead of thatch, and build the walls with alternate layers of heath and a cement made of black earth and straw. They also form beds of it, laying the flowers uppermost; and in the winter it is used as fuel. Many birds, particularly grouse, find shelter among its boughs and food in its seeds; and, intended as it is to afford a large supply to our wild birds, the seed-vessel is so formed and protected that the seed lasts during a whole year. Bees are extremely fond of the flowers, and make good honey from them, though of a dark colour. Sheep and goats will sometimes eat the young and tender shoots, but cattle in general do not appear to care for this shrub. The gathered flowers will long retain their brightness, and when placed in the herbarium look, after a lapse of years, almost as fresh and gay as when they were gathered. But remember that, previous to putting the heaths in the drying press they ought to be plunged for a moment into hot water, otherwise their leaves are extremely apt to fall off when in the herbarium. There are five species of heath, which, with the ling, are included in the name of heather, and their presence always indicates a barren soil. There is the cross-leaved heath, or *Erica tetralix*, which you may know by its rose-coloured bells, much larger and more bell-like than the heather blossoms, and by its hoary appearance; the latter character distinguishing it at once from the fine-leaved heath, or *Erica cinerea*, the blossoms of which are not very dissimilar. We need not here notice the rarer kinds.

The heaths lead us to the banks "whereon the wild thyme blows," and pleasant enough it is to breathe the air which is fragrant with the odour of its purple flowers and aromatic leaves—a perfume which is greatly increased by treading upon the plant. It was long thought that sheep delighted in eating it, but a high authority says that sheep are not fond of aromatic plants, and that they will carefully push aside the thyme to get at the grass growing beneath.

Few wild plants vary in size more than this does. "When growing on dry, exposed downs it is small and close to the ground; but when springing up among the furze, and broom, and ling, and other plants of the heath-land, its stalk is often a foot high, and its cluster of flowers much larger."

The *Thymus serpyllum* is the only British species of the genus. It grows in great luxuriance on the Welsh mountains.

The bright-coloured *Genista tinctoria*, or dyer's green-weed, with its pale yellow, butterfly-shaped flowers, is sure to attract your attention in your more extended wanderings over moist heaths and moory ground. It is a frequent-growing shrub, with stems about a foot high. The *Genista Anglica*, or needle-furze, seems to be the first cousin of our common gorse. Its stems are tough, and studded at intervals with sharp thorns, as its name would lead one to imagine. Perhaps you may remember that the house of Plantagenet derived its name from the *planta genista*, or Spanish broom plant, a sprig of which was generally worn by Geoffrey "Plantagenet," father of our own King Henry II.

It is an abrupt transition to pass from the moorlands to the cornfields, yet let us now consider a few of our best known wild flowers which are to be found when the corn is ripening, and which we ought always to look for. There you may see the brilliant blue heads of the blue-bottle (*Centaurea cyanus*), which is sometimes admitted into the flower border. It grows in certain fields as high as three feet, and both stems and leaves, especially the under surface of the latter, are covered with a thick cottony down. It is also called cornflower, and is the bleuet of the French. The botanical name (*Centaurea*) was given to it from a tradition that the Centaur Chiron (of whom, perhaps, you have never heard) cured a wound in his foot through some one of these flowers. But I do not ask you to believe this! There is a plant of the same genus as the cornflower called the knapweed, the flowers of which are more of a purple hue. It is to be met with anywhere in the fields and lanes.

Then there is the scarlet poppy, with its crumpled petals, of which we have six wild species, and which may be found in other places besides the cornfields, although it is generally more at home there. The large white poppy (*Papaver somniferum*) is cultivated in warm climates for medicinal purposes. The ripe seed-vessels, or "poppy heads," are used in fomentations to allay pain. You will look with more interest at its flowers when you remember their kindly soothing property. Another inhabitant of the cornfield is the corn-marigold (*Chrysanthemum segetum*), which is one of the largest and gayest of the starry golden blossoms of our summer season.

Sometimes, however, it grows so fast and frequent that it proves a very troublesone weed to the farmer, who would be better pleased with its absence than its presence. In Denmark there is (or used to be) a law for its extirpation. Both it and its relative, the great ox-eye daisy, belong to the chrysanthemum family. These ox-eye daisies grow in large clusters, and are very attractive to the eye; their leaves have a slightly aromatic odour. We must not forget the corn-cockle, which has been christened by the botanists with the magnificent name *Agrostemma githago*, signifying the crown of the field! Its rich purple blossoms are very showy, and the five long green points of the calyx standing out round the purple petals give it a singularly handsome appearance.

The orchis flowers are an extremely interesting study, and at first sight considerably puzzle the young botanist, for their forms are very eccentric. You can scarcely fail to recognise an orchis after having attentively examined one or two of the tribe, and you will not pass many of them over in your walks abroad, for they are generally handsome and conspicuous. The purple orchis (*Orchis mascula*) may be found in almost every wood. It has a succulent stem about a foot high, round which are congregated some of the leaves, while the remainder grow at the root, and are covered with dark purple spots. There are ten species of the genus orchis, besides many other orchideous plants. The largest of our orchises is the lady orchis, and the smallest is the dwarf dark-winged orchis. Then we have the bee orchis, which with its brown velvety lip, variegated with yellow, is not unlike the body of a large bee. It is the

handsomest of them all. The petals of the fly orchis are very narrow, of a brownish hue, having a blue spot in the middle. It flowers rather earlier in the season than the bee orchis, and, unlike that plant, which is most frequent in chalky downs, it seems to prefer moist places. You will find it especially in Kent, Surrey, and Hampshire. Then we have the spider, the lizard, and the man orchis; and the white butterfly orchis, which is extremely fragrant. We can here only call your attention to this interesting race of wild plants, and hope that you will not be long in making acquaintance with any that come under your notice.

There are some eighteen species of the wild rose indigenous in Great Britain, some of which are common in our hedges and woods, while others prefer sandy heaths or chalky hills. The pink dog-rose is the most common, and the hips which succeed the flowers form a valuable store of fruit for the birds. There is also a white dog-rose, which has longer flower-stalks, and does not form so thick and bushy a spray as the pink one. Then there is the Scotch, or Barnet rose, the flower of which is of a delicate cream colour, sometimes, yet rarely, tinged with red, and the shrub itself seldom more than three feet high, and crowded with small, dark green leaves and sharp prickles. And who does not love the sweetbriar rose, the real eglantine of the poets, which may at once be known from all the others by its sweetly-scented leaves? Wild roses make us think of the wild honeysuckle, with its fragrant blossoms waving in the bushes, or creeping over some old ruin. There are several names for this charming creeper, such as woodbine and caprifole, or goat-leaf, which was given to it because, like the goat, it climbs over the most inaccessible place, or, as some writers say, because these animals relish the leaves. The French term it *chèvrefeuille*. You will notice that the honeysuckle, like many of our British climbers, follows the course of the sun, and turns from left to right. And here, for the present, our "wanderings" must cease.

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

V.—The Secret of Wisdom.

WHAT is in the wind now? Wisdom, girls; it is wisdom that is in the wind. The subject is one we may all profit by, even Gertrude and Nanette, and a very few more of you who seem long ago to have reached the height of perfection as daughters, sisters, and friends. We have been careless about many good things and never very eager in pursuit of this one. The more is the pity. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom." So Solomon wrote, and so all good people have said and thought ever since the world began. He is referring to that wisdom, of which it is said (Proverbs viii. 35), "Whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord." Without this wisdom, all other is vain; and we take for granted that this is first sought.

How, then, shall we gain wisdom? Seek for it, and, as is said in an aphorism, I have quoted to you before, "To be a seeker is to be of the next best sect after a finder." There is no gaining wisdom in any other way. You are just as likely to grow wise by chance as to succeed to the throne of that famous queen who was guided by the advice of six wizards who obtained their power by each plucking three feathers out of a raven's tail.

A great difference, which has often been pointed out, exists between wisdom and knowledge. To be wise there is no need to be acquainted with all, or indeed any, of the subjects of a liberal education. Enormous reading and laborious study often fail to impart wisdom, and apparently are good for nothing but to enlarge the area of folly. We meet examples of this every day. One can imagine a very wise world without books, and can almost enter into the feelings of the philosopher who held that the greatest misfortune that ever happened to mankind was the invention of printing.

There have been people of great genius who could neither read nor write. My friend Clara, who was married about three years ago, could certainly do that, but she knew very little more. Her husband, however, wrote to me quite recently, and, speaking of his wife, said, "She is the wisest as well as the best woman in the whole world, and in her my soul is exalted, softened, and made better day by day."

Of course, we must not despise knowledge. True wisdom will never do that, so don't fancy that I recommend your excelling in general ignorance of everything. Feel ashamed, girls, of ignorance; it is a sacred shame. But keep always in mind that knowledge takes only the second place, and first of all comes wisdom.

Wisdom has an advantage over knowledge in this that it is a gift, whereas knowledge is an acquirement, and sometimes an acquirement of great difficulty. Wisdom comes to us direct from that unseen world which every moment influences our lives and controls our actions. Sometimes it seems born with us; but whoever heard of anyone coming into the world equipped with knowledge—with, say, a complete mastery of French, or with the multiplication table at her fingers' ends?

Possessed of wisdom we become possessed of spiritual insight and gain a right estimate of things—a right estimate of wealth, of rank, of knowledge, of ourselves. The wise, looking beyond mere appearances, see things exactly as they are. They are not likely, then, to set too great store on this world or to undervalue the glory and happiness of that kingdom towards which I hope we are all travelling.

When anyone grows wise, things she formerly held of importance become dwarfed, for she measures them by a new standard. "Not long ago," says Marion, who, one would think, had nothing to reproach herself with, "I was far from wise, and now how mean my past life looks, what phantoms I have pursued, what unworthy people I have loved, how I have misspent time and neglected opportunities—no one would credit how foolish I have been."

Without wisdom we may see everything and yet understand nothing. He was entirely destitute of it of whom, after he had returned from his travels, it was said that he went a donkey and came back an ass.

The tendency of the mind, my friends, is rather to satisfy itself with littleness than to contemplate our surroundings on a grand and noble scale. Most of us are like those country people who when they go about a town, instead of viewing the place as a whole, take to looking at sixpennyworths in the shop-windows. Wisdom corrects all this, and it is to the wise alone that it is given to take enlarged views of things, and to recognise the beauty and majesty of the universe.

By wisdom all our pursuits should be regulated. "We see one man," says a great writer, "setting himself to make monuments which are to last for all time, whilst another devotes his energies to the manufacture of mud-pies which are swept away in the gutter." He spoke of men, but so far as I have observed girls have never been behind them in the misdirection of industry.

It is not difficult to recognise the wise. None are more self-forgetful than they, none are more cheerful, none are more full of charity. They are the best people we ever meet. Goodness and wisdom are always seen going hand in hand; indeed, it is only to the pure in heart that true wisdom belongs.

You want to be attractive?—that is quite natural. Be wise then. Rosalind knows little French and less German, and neither sings, nor plays, nor draws, but she is one of whose society I am never weary, and with whom, did she not live so retired, I fear all the world would fall in love. Would I have her otherwise? Not I. Could she be better or wiser than she is?

And how is this wisdom to be gained? We asked this before: you said, seek for it: where, then, shall we seek? Now, girls, that brings us to the end of the whole matter. "If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to every man liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

Such is the secret of wisdom. You may think it a mystery, and so it is, but our whole life is mysterious, and the greatest of all mysteries are those connected with the inner world of thought. Let us not then be slow in asking, that we may in our own persons prove how "those who put their trust in the Lord are sure of having a friend that will never forsake them."

"On first waking from my sleep," says a man in one of the sacred books of the East, "I ought to pray that everything may wake to saving wisdom wide as the boundless universe." Such may well be our own prayer, and it will be a good wish to end with—for I have kept you long enough for the present—that we may go on striving to perfect our own being, and doing our best to walk in the light of that wisdom which comes down to us from above.

JAMES MASON.

USEFUL HINTS.

"Toad in a Hole."—A batter as for batter pudding (I use three eggs, two pounds Australian meat, cut up into moderate-sized pieces, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and placed in a greased pie-dish. Pour the batter over the meat, placing small pieces of the fat on the top; bake in a moderate oven. This is nice made with beef sausages instead of the meat for a change. The meat may be curried in the same way as mutton or chicken, and, served with rice, makes a capital supper dish.

Dormers.—Half a pound of rice boiled till soft. When cold, chop quite fine with a little thyme, salt, and pepper. Mince two pounds of meat. Mix all together, and shape into rolls or egg-shapes with a beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry, and serve with a gravy made of jelly from meat, thickened with a little flour or corn-flour mixed with a little sauce-and-water, and browned with burnt sugar or burnt onion.

MISSING

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

"MISSING."

IT was a sad evening for Faith. Robert Finlay was at home in his own room, but her brother's account of the general proceedings of the students on this date was borne out by the fact that even he had two or three visitors—apple-cheeked lads going through their first session. She could hear their fresh voices and their peals of easily provoked laughter. It was, in truth, the working of the new spirit which had entered Robert Finlay's life that he had charged himself with the harmless entertainment of these boys on a night when he knew plenty of temptations would be waiting to assail their giddy inexperience. He had extended his invitation to Denzil, but Denzil had put it lightly aside on the score of other engagements. Little as Faith thought it, there was another beneath Miss Milne's roof who was sharing all her disappointment and anxiety concerning her brother. Indeed, so was Miss Milne herself, for her keen eyes had not been blind to sundry signs of retrogression in Denzil. Yet it must be owned that a part—and a very considerable part too—of Miss Milne's solicitude was for Faith and Robert themselves.

"I can see well enough that the creatures have set their hearts on doing a bit o' God's work," she said, "an' it's ill beginning wi' a failure. It sometimes makes one feel as if God's work was not to be done, or as if one's own hand was not the hand to do it. If we've got something to remember which turned out well, it heartens us up against disappointment after disappointment afterwards. And the more we've seen and known, the less we decide what is a disappointment. If a bird of the air carries away the seed we've sown, it will maybe drop it somewhere else. I'm beginning to see these things now, when it's nearly too late."

So Faith need not have felt as she did, when Miss Milne came in and out of the room, as if she was half false to that good woman in not revealing the new troubles which had befallen her. Miss Milne guessed them. But that sense that there are truths not to be spoken about those near to us is a terrible heart-deadening and soul-weakening influence—one of the sorest evils which those who sin bring upon the innocent about them. It makes the whole world a ghastly unreality — breeding the sickening doubt whether aught is what it seems. More wholesome often—though it is with the searching wholesomeness of a bitter north wind—is the time when the truth will out, when love, though it may cling more passionately than ever, no longer spreads her wings to hide the stains upon her idol, but can frankly stoop down to the miry pit where it has fallen, if haply she may raise it.

Denzil kept his word, and came in early, almost as soon as Miss Milne had set the supper. He seemed silent and vexed, scarcely touched any food, and then went straight off to bed, without telling his sister a single incident or adventure. But Faith was soon thankful enough for his speedy and creditable return, for as she lay wakeful, there came up to her bedroom window, far through the night, many a snatch of half-tipsy song, and many a sound of unseemly brawl and revelry, and she lay pondering whether there was no help for these things, whether all those who profess to be servants of God could be possibly doing their duty in warfare against evil, and wondering whose hopes would go down that night, and whose hearts would be bruised by shame and sorrow on the morrow.

The morrow came, a beautiful warm sunny morning, for the spring was now far advanced, and even in that northern clime, though treacherous winds may rush forth upon the unwary until midsummer is passed, they often lie in ambush for days together. Faith found some primroses and violets in a blue bowl on the breakfast table. They were the first fruits of Miss Milne's bleak garden, and she had gathered them with the reflection—

"I must make all bright and pleasant for the lad this morning, as last night passed off well. That's one trial time over a' right. God forgive me for misdoubting him! We're sometimes disappointed on the right side."

The spring vacation was now close at hand, and at one of the colleges regular work was already somewhat relaxed to make way for the examinations. Robert Finlay was set free from one or two of his classes and was but the busier with study at home. At Denzil's college there was still the full list of lectures, and Denzil therefore went off, as usual, at an early hour.

He had not been gone very long before there was a ringing at the door bell, to which Miss Milne attended, and to which Faith did not pay the least attention; for though ringings at the door bell were not very common, except in the case of visitors to the lodgers, since most of the tradesmen went round to Miss Milne's kitchen door at the back, still a strange errand boy would occasionally make a mistake. Presently, however, Faith heard steps going to and fro, doors opening and closing, and several voices in low, earnest consultation. In her present state of nervous tension, it was quite impossible for Faith to rest assured that what was going forward might not concern her. She opened her parlour door, and looked into the hall. There stood Robert Finlay and Miss Milne with alarmed faces, talking eagerly to two women in walking-dress. A movement in the group showed Faith that the younger of these was Madge Cowie—her face as pale as death. The elder, Faith did not know. Faith heard her say—

"It's a providence for me that Miss Cowie called and left me her address only last week, or I should not have known where to turn."

The little group heard the opening of Faith's door, and looked towards her. Miss Milne and Robert Finlay exchanged a word or two which escaped her hearing, while Madge Cowie observed more audibly—

"I wonder whether Miss Alleyne might give us any piece of information?"

"What is it?" asked Faith, advancing.

"Do you know whether your brother happened to see Hugh Duthie last evening?" Miss Cowie inquired.

"I do not know: he did not mention it," Faith replied, with a beating heart and a sense of approaching evil of some kind.

"For I'm his landlady, and he has never been home last night," put in the stranger, "and I want to find somebody who is likely to know something about him."

"Mr. Drummond and he live in the same house," suggested Faith, scarcely able to collect her thoughts.

"No, they don't," answered the stranger; "I've never had any lodger of that name. That must have been in the house he left when he came to mine. He has only been with me about two months."

"When I inquired for him there after the Christmas holidays, they told me they didn't even know where he was gone," said Madge Cowie. "That was only the servant's answer, of course. She went back to the kitchen to make inquiry of her mistress, but she brought me no more information. This Mr. Drummond may have known, certainly. I only found out that Hugh Duthie was staying in your house quite lately," she added, turning to the stranger, "by one day happening to see him go into your door, as I was walking down the street. I had written a note to him, directed to the college, but he never answered it."

"I don't think he has been worth very much ever since he came to me," said the stranger, who, though a well-dressed and respectable-looking woman, was harsh and coarse in face and manner. "I often thought he had taken more than was good for him, and he was seldom indoors before midnight, and often not till two or three in the morning."

"You should not have tolerated such ways," remarked Miss Milne, with asperity.

The stranger laughed. "It's not my

business, so long as my rent is safe and my furniture taken care of," she said. "I've no right to ask questions. It's my business to believe my lodgers are only out at some of the grand parties given in the town by people who profess religion—for that's the hours even they keep."

"More's the pity," said Miss Milne, severely. "It's a woeful day when profession and practice get apart."

"But when people stay out all night," went on the other, "then it is my business to make a stir. For if anything should happen to have gone wrong, then one would be blamed and looked on coldly over it."

"I can't help hoping that Duthie has had to take refuge with some of the other fellows, and is heartily ashamed of himself this morning," put in Robert Finlay. "Or he may have even felt that it was safest and best for him to go straight home."

Madge Cowie looked eagerly at Robert as he spoke, but she shook her head at the last hope he held out.

"We must consult at once with Drummond and with that Cheney, and with anybody else to whom they refer us," decided Robert.

"And I am sure Denzil will be glad to give any help he can," urged Faith. "He is at college now, but a note can be sent him."

"No need for that just yet," said Robert, "for the others may be at home. We won't do anything to excite notice till we have done all we can quietly."

"Ay," responded Miss Milne, "dinna get the sentence of public condemnation passed till you're sure o' the crime."

"And certainly something fresh has happened in Hugh's life," pleaded Madge Cowie, "and even if it be but the deeper fall—it may—it may—be but the occasion for a rising and a beginning again."

"Ah, that's not likely," said the lost lad's landlady, "and it's not my concern anyway. I've got to take care of the character of my house and keep myself right before the public. As I always say to my lodgers, they may do exactly as they like, so long as they don't hurt me."

Even in all her bewilderment and anxiety, Faith could not help noting that mercy was the fruit of simple and severe ways of thought—that it was beneath the code of strict rule that forgiveness was written, that it was those who would have rebuked and punished, who were now ready to spare and to save. In selfishness, and the easy compliances bred by it, there was no pity, no forbearance. There started upon her memory the old truth that the "tender mercies of the wicked are cruel!"

"Well, madam," said Robert Finlay, fixing his keen eyes sternly on the last speaker, "I think you have exonerated yourself by having put the matter into the hands of Miss Cowie, Duthie's family friend. We can all bear witness that you have done that at the earliest possible opportunity. Having thus discharged your duty, Miss Cowie now only asks you to do no more till we have done our best to ascertain what the mystery means. If we hear anything more, we will apprise you of it at once, and we hope you will do the same with us. I don't think we need detain you at present, madam."

"Indeed, it's time I was at home attending to my household duties," she answered. "And I'm very thankful to you for taking the matter off my hands," she added. The pungency of Robert's tone had penetrated even her thick sensibilities. In this world there are times and places where sharp and bitter things are seasonable, only they have such an awkward facility for springing up elsewhere!

When the stranger was gone, Faith suggested that they should retire to her parlour to consider what was first to be done. But Robert Finlay was already taking down his hat.

"I must be off at once," he said. "I can go quickly about and make inquiries without exciting much notice."

"But have na ye still one class, for which it is almost time now?" asked Miss Milne.

"Yes, yes," he answered, hastily; "but what does that signify compared with this?"

"An' yet he didn't spare himself one day after his mother's funeral," said Miss Milne, as he hurried off. "I'm thinking he is to be one of those that know the difference there is between burying the dearest clay and following the Master to save living souls."

"I wish I could have gone with him," sighed Madge Cowie; "it is so hard to wait still while there is something being done."

"We've got to think, though," reminded Miss Milne. "There's, whiles, somebody got to keep quiet to do that, and that means not only quiet with their hands and feet, but quiet with their minds too—for wisdom can go well with work, but not one inch with worry. We shan't have long to turn over matters when Mr. Finlay comes back, so what do you think we ought to do next if he should bring no word of young Duthie?"

Madge Cowie pondered.

"Somebody must go out to his mother," she decided. "Then we could get sure word whether or not he was there, and if not, then there would be somebody to be with the poor soul when—if—something has to be broken to her."

"It will be ill telling anything till we know what there is to tell," said Miss Milne. "Ye can't fight with anything unless ye can see it, and wee, wee things look big in a mist. But the question is who can go to the poor body? You would be the right one, Miss Madge—but then you're the right one here, too, and the right one is easier wanted than spared."

"Mother might go," mused Madge. "Mrs. Duthie used to like mother, and mother has got what she herself calls 'comfortable ways for miserable days.' And she has been through so much herself, and knows where troubles hurt. Mother will go."

"But Mrs. Duthie has not been over civil to her lately," remarked Miss Milne.

"If Mrs. Duthie does not think of that herself, I'm sure mother won't," answered Madge, abstractedly, for she was reckoning ways and means. The Cowie weekly exchequer would not bear days of enforced idleness and the burden of sundry railway fares. But then there was a little money in the savings bank—hoarded there by many a stern self-denial "against doctor's bills and buryings," Mrs. Cowie had said, all the unexpected expenses of her life having taken these forms. "To serve a neighbour and perhaps save a life," said brave Madge to herself, now.

Miss Milne had to go off to her kitchen to answer the baker's daily summons, and she stayed there, "putting through" her regular morning's work. The discipline of many years had trained her in the wisdom of going steadily on with one's appointed duties whenever one can—even that one may be the more free, hand, head, and heart, when the special call comes for duties elsewhere. Madge and Faith were left together.

"Give me some work, please, Miss Alleyne," said Madge. "A stocking to knit, or a seam to sew. I'd be afraid to take up anything that needed thought—I might sew in sleeves wrong side out. But I once read somewhere that

> 'The moving of the hands
> Is wholesome for the heart.'

And plain needlework—the plainer the better—has often been such a comfort to me!—the only anodyne I have ever taken."

Faith went to her basket and supplied Madge's want, and took out something wherewith to occupy herself.

"And supposing that Mr. Finlay does hear of poor Hugh Duthie," said Faith, as they worked and talked, "and that he is—in disgrace—somewhere, what shall be done then? He cannot go back to his lodgings, and I suppose it would be a day or two before his mother could hear and could come in."

"He could come to us," answered Madge, looking up brightly. "Do you know where we live? I don't suppose you do. Our home is far down the main street, past the college, and it is reached by a little archway that you would scarcely notice unless it were pointed out to you. Down the little passage, between the back gardens of the houses in the thoroughfare, stands our house. It is very, very small—a poor little country cottage somehow stranded in a town." "I always think such cottages are so pretty," put in Faith. "Mother likes it, and so do I," Madge went on. "Its only fault is its smallness—there's so little to look after or care for, but that may be quite as well, since we have our sewing to do. But we have one little room that is never occupied now"—a shade of pathos passed over Madge's sweet face—"a bare little place with a sloping roof, and scarcely bigger than a cupboard. But I could easily make it bright and fit for Hugh for a while. Many a time in bygone days—those days when I was teaching him to read, and he was a dear wee thing scarcely higher than my knee—has he stayed in our old home near his own. He was with us all one autumn when the only brother he ever had sickened and died

of fever. Hugh was little more than a baby: that was when I taught him the Lord's prayer."

Madge's voice was low and tender. Her work had fallen on her knee, and she was gazing out of the little window at the pure spring sky. Thoughts of Hugh had led her back to thoughts of many people and events which had passed through her life since that time. "Such a sorrowful life, poor thing!" said her lady customers when commending her faithful skill and moderate expectations to each other. But Madge's face was not sorrowful as she thought over it all. It was a face, as the poet has it—

"God-satisfied and earth-undone,"

And then she came softly back from those sacred memories and glorified hopes to the lowly duties of the present.

"Yes," she said. "I have stored away the old chintz hangings of the bed on which Hugh slept when he was a little child. I can easily get them out and put them up. He will remember the quaint flowers and bright butterflies in the pattern, for I used to tell him fairy stories about them, sitting beside him till he fell asleep, lest he should feel lonely in a strange house—a big wandering house, too, as our home of those days was."

A hand was on the latch of the outer door. Madge paused, and she and Faith looked eagerly at each other. There was a step in the hall. The two sprang to their feet.

Robert Finlay had returned. And he was alone.

(*To be continued.*)

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By DORA HOPE.

"You do not care for the idea of Normandy, then, Madge?" asked Wilfred one evening. It was a warm day, and they were sitting in the little garden, where Wilfred was engaged in the combination of a mysterious compound as a cool drink suited to the summer. He had a tumbler half full of crushed ice, to which he put a tablespoonful of milk, and another of fruit syrup, of which Margaret always had a little at hand, and while stirring the mixture, before filling the glass with soda-water, he had renewed the conversation, begun during dinner, about their summer holiday. Wilfred had a great fancy for cool, effervescing drinks, and invented endless varieties. The foundation was almost always crushed ice and soda-water, the flavourings varying according to fancy—cherry, lemon-peel, and powdered sugar was one favourite; a tablespoonful each of lemon-juice and raspberry-vinegar, another; but the varieties were quite too numerous to mention.

Their approaching summer holiday was a subject of so much interest, to Wilfred especially, that it was an almost constant topic of conversation.

"Normandy seems such a long way off," demurred Margaret.

"But that is just one of its advantages Surely you are not so wedded to the charms of London during the hot weather as to be anxious to remain near it, and we can reach Normandy so very easily."

"You would not, I suppose, if you like the idea of Normandy, care to go with some friend, and let me stay quietly at home? I would, really, almost as soon, for I do not require a change," very timidly suggested Margaret.

"What an idea, Madge! Why, you know it would be no pleasure to me without you, and you *do* need a change of air very much; why, you are not half the girl you were a year ago, and I believe it is all this London air that has done it, so the further away we go the better."

The fact was that Margaret felt very uneasy at the idea of leaving London and Tom for so long. It was true, she reasoned with herself, that he was behaving very wrongly, but not to see or hear anything of him for five long weeks—why, there was no knowing what desperate thing he might not do.

Wilfred could not but see how different her manner was from the eager delight with which she usually hailed any sort of outing. But was she not very different in so many ways lately? What had come over her he could not imagine—so quiet, so pale, and often such a wistful sad look on her face; her very cheerfulness seemed forced and unnatural. He began to feel considerably pained at the reserve, or distrust, as he sometimes thought, which kept her from telling him what troubled her. Was it possible that she felt she had made a blunder in marrying him, that the affection she thought she had for him had died out? No, the idea was too dreadful to be cherished for a moment, but the thought left its impress, and a faint, indefinable cloud seemed to have arisen between them; for Wilfred, loving her ardently as ever, determined not to tease her with demonstrations of the affection he half suspected she did not fully return, and Margaret, detecting, as she thought, a coolness in her husband's manner, guessed the cause, and fretted and moaned over it in his absence, but still felt bound by her promise to Tom to go on in the miserable course she had begun.

To return to the conversation in the garden. Margaret suddenly thought of a way by which she could accompany her husband with an easy mind. If only Tom had some regular employment, bringing in regular pay, however small, she would feel comparatively happy about him. She determined to get him some such situation, if possible. It would be difficult, very difficult, having to keep the matter so secret, but she was resolved to succeed, and on the strength of this plan agreed quite cheerfully to accompany Wilfred to Normandy or anywhere else, and set about making arrangements at once.

She soon decided that the servant was to have board wages, and she made out for her a list of the work she wished done during their absence. Some of the house-linen and curtains wanted repairing, and there was a good deal of cleaning required, but as she would have so long a time to do it in, Margaret entrusted her with several other pieces of work, too; amongst other things, there were some nasturtium pods in the garden which would probably be ready for pickling before their return; so Margaret told Dorcas to watch them carefully, and gather them when she saw that the seeds were full grown but still soft. She provided her with plenty of the best pickling vinegar, and told her each day, after she had picked all the pods she thought quite ready, to put them into a jar of this vinegar, cold, and without any spice, and tie them down tightly. This was all that was necessary, except to look at the jars frequently to see if the vinegar was getting absorbed by the pods, and to add more when required. Dorcas looked rather alarmed when the subject of pickling was first mentioned, but when she found that it only meant putting pods into a jar of vinegar and tying it down, she thought she could manage it.

Then Margaret told her she must be on the look-out, when shopping, for good bunches of herbs, for drying. Fennel, marjoram, thyme, mint, parsley, and summer and winter savoury are all in their prime, and should be gathered for drying during July and August; and Margaret did not wish to miss the best time for getting them, although she would be away herself. She warned Dorcas not to hang them up to dry in loose bunches, as the frequent custom is, but to spread them out on a sheet of paper and dry them in the oven, afterwards stripping off the leaves, and, after rubbing them fine, to put them away in large-mouthed glass bottles which she gave her, with labels to gum on each when full.

Margaret's next difficulty was to find some clean and honest person to stay in the house with Dorcas, as she thought it both unkind and unsafe to leave a young girl alone for so long. After some little trouble, she heard through one of the City missionaries of a poor needlewoman who would be very glad to keep her company and have a little change of scene and good food for herself; for as soon as Margaret heard she was really poor and in ill-health, she gave Dorcas double board wages, to provide for her companion as well as herself, and arranged to pay the rent of a small garret for her to store her furniture in, as otherwise she would have had to keep on her lodging as usual.

These matters being settled, Margaret was able to give a little more time to teaching Dorcas some of the things in which she still failed, though it must be confessed that there were one or two points on which the maid had enlightened the mistress. As an instance of the latter, one morning at breakfast Dorcas brought in the egg-stand with two boiled eggs, whereupon Margaret asked the reason, as she had not ordered any. Dorcas explained that they had been left unused at breakfast the day before, and so as she knew they were just as good boiled a second time, she had done so; and to Margaret's surprise they were, as Dorcas had said, quite as soft and nice as if it had been their first appearance. But though Dorcas was very clever in some ways, and observant, she was very awkward in others, though willing and anxious to learn.

One point on which she required perpetual instruction was laying the table; for the family in which she had been previously appeared to have lived in a primitive manner in this respect. Margaret was particularly dainty in all her table arrangements, and perhaps a little bit extravagant in insisting upon spotlessly clean linen, for that she considered the *most* important point. She always had pretty, neat mats under the hot dishes, and instead of starched serviettes, glazed to a crackling stiffness, hers were of soft linen fringed at the edge, and a design in the corners, worked in cross-stitch in red and blue ingrain cotton. The water decanters and salt-cellars were a chief bone of contention. If not carefully kept up to her work, Dorcas would bring in the salt-cellars half full of lumpy salt, and very stale water in the decanters, and the mustard-pot with the mustard smeared all up the inside of the glass. At last Margaret had to insist that all the salt-cellars should be emptied every day, and refilled. This had not been necessary with Anne, who always was very careful about those parts of her work which showed much, but with Dorcas it was the only way to ensure their being properly attended to. The decanters too were emptied every night, and filled with filtered water just before luncheon. The cause of the untidy mustard-pots was that Dorcas, with a view to saving trouble, made such a quantity of mustard at a time, that it lasted some weeks; but that was stopped by a strict rule that it was to be emptied and washed every Saturday, and the silver lid cleaned with the rest of the plate, before being re-filled with a small quantity of freshly-made mustard, Another of her careless tricks, which called forth a decided remonstrance from her mistress, was cleaning the perforated lid of the pepper pot without removing it, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that the same holes which allowed the pepper to come out were quite large enough to allow of the whiting going in.

But all these and many similar faults were only the results of carelessness or ignorance, and Margaret was thankful, in making preparations for leaving home, to think that she had an honest, clean, and respectable young woman to leave in the house. The only other precaution they thought it necessary to take was to send their silver to the bank before leaving, and this was more to prevent Dorcas having any anxiety than because they had any doubts of her honesty or carefulness.

Let us take a look at Tom in his new home, for the poor bare room he occupies is the only place he can call by that name.

It is the close of a mild and still day in June; he has returned weary and dejected, for he has found little or no work, and his pockets are empty. He throws himself down upon the only chair the room boasts of, without spirit to reach from the cupboard the very scanty food which is to serve him for supper and breakfast. He takes from his breast-pocket a photograph, wrapped in several folds of paper, and evidently a great treasure. The face he looks upon is that of a girl of seventeen or eighteen, very pale and thin, with lines of suffering upon it, apparently the face of an invalid. But the large grave eyes are calm, and there is a faint sweet smile upon the mouth which tells of content and peace.

"Oh, Laura, Laura, what must you think of me?" he murmurs, half audibly. "I know your heavenly charity will find some excuse to make for me, but in your heart you must condemn me. Oh, if you only knew. If you only knew——"

Footsteps were heard coming slowly up the narrow stairs, and the gruff voice of the landlady was calling—

"Yes, that's his room, miss; third floor back."

Tom had just time to hastily wrap up the photograph and replace it in his pocket, when a rap at the door proclaimed the unprecedented event of a visit for him. Bidding the stranger enter, in the growing dusk he thought his eyes deceived him when he saw his sister Margaret.

"Madge," he cried, in extreme surprise, "you dear girl to come, when you said you never would till I released you from your promise. And how bright you look too! Something good must have happened."

"Wilfred is out to-night," she said, "and I have good news, so that I felt obliged to break through my resolve and come. Tom, I have got you some work, settled work, at ten shillings a week, *and* your tea."

"Madge, you are an angel, you are indeed. How *did* you get it? Is it true? Oh, Madge, how shall I ever repay you for all your goodness to me?"

"Yes, indeed, it is true. I will tell you all about it," she said, laying her hand lovingly in his. "We were dining out a few nights ago, and a Mr. Barron was amongst the guests; he is head of a large firm, and very good and rich. He seems to have taken rather a fancy to Wilfred and me since we first got to know him, a few months ago, and he sat next to me at dinner, and happened to say something about the number of boys they employ. I said, 'I suppose they don't earn much.' 'Yes,' he said, 'they have ten shillings a week and their tea!' I thought of you at once, Tom."

"I am not precisely a boy," put in Tom, with some dignity.

"No, dear, but don't interrupt and I'll tell you. I said I knew the sharpest, cleverest boy in the whole world, who was nearly starving, and I should take it as the greatest possible personal kindness if he could give him anything to do. I said I had known him many years, for he was not quite a boy, being nearly twenty-one. Mr. Barron laughed at that, and asked what the boy had been in the habit of working at; so I said he had been a clerk, and since then he had done anything he could get, for through misfortune he had lost his clerkship and had no friends to recommend him. I said I knew it was imposing on his kindness to ask him to take anyone with no recommendation but mine, but I would positively vouch for his honesty, and would be surety for him. I know he thought me very troublesome, and probably very impertinent too, to press it so, but I did not mind anything if I could only help you, Tom."

"*Madge, you are too good.*"

"Don't say that," she said, quickly. "I am a wicked, deceitful, miserable girl. I despise and hate myself, but, unlike most sinners, I am getting my punishment all the way along, for I have not had one happy hour since I first deceived my noble, generous husband. Oh! Tom, set me free, give me back my word," she entreated him. "You don't know Wilfred; he would be your best and truest friend, and help you in a thousand ways where I am powerless. Dear Tom, let me tell him."

Tom walked to the window, and a struggle was evidently going on in his mind. He soon returned to where Margaret stood with imploring eyes fixed upon them.

"Madge, I wish I had never come near you. I would sooner have starved, as I soon should have done, than have made you miserable. I never thought you would feel it that way. But it is too late now, the mischief is done, and the only thing is for me to go away again, and you must tell Mr. Barron your boy has turned out a disappointment, and run away, and as soon as I am clear away you can confess to Wilfred, and live happy ever after. Don't think I am saying anything against Wilfred, Madge," he added, seeing a pained look on her face, "but he would not believe me as you do; he could not unless I told him everything, and I will never do that. It is not that I do not trust him, but men such as he, who have never had any particular temptations or bad habits, are rather inclined to be hard on fellows who get into scrapes. So I will be off, Madge, and try fresh fields; perhaps people will be more ready to appreciate my talent somewhere else. You shall not be miserable for my sake any longer."

But Margaret would not listen to the idea, and assured him over and over again that the greatest misery she could have would be for him to go away. "I hardly thought you would consent," she said, wearily. "I hope you may never suffer for one false step as much as I am doing. But do not let us talk about it any more; I want to go on telling you about Mr. Barron. Do you know, Tom, he said he had a vacancy for a steady young man now, and you are to go on Monday morning, and they will see what you can do, but, at any rate, you are sure of ten shillings, and when they see how clever you are, no doubt you will get much more. So, dear boy, you will go, won't you; and oh! I do hope it will be the beginning of happier days."

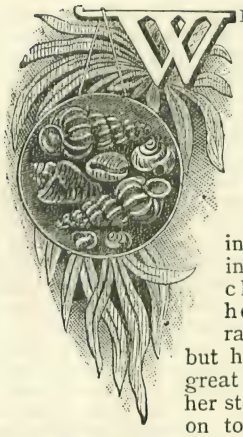
"Bless you, Madge. You are the best sister a fellow ever had. Trust me a *little* longer, Madge, only a little while, and I believe things will all come straight, and then I don't mind who knows where I am. Try and forget your scapegrace brother while you are away, and try and get your colour back. Perhaps, who knows, by the time you come home I may have got my character back too."

And so, after a hurried farewell, for it was getting late, they parted, Tom following his sister home at a little distance, and unknown to her, to see that no harm befell her on the way.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XL.—*Continued.*



WITH hopes rudely dashed, and great sinking of heart, Damaris lifts the latch and enters. The general living room of the family is empty, but there is an inner door opening into a second chamber. She hears a voice raised in prayer, but her anxiety is too great to let her stay her steps; she passes on to the threshold. She sees Charlot sitting up in his little bed, with brilliant cheeks and shining eyes, and *la mère* Pelotin on her knees saying her prayers in a dazed and stupefied way. It is evident that she, too, is sickening for the terrible fever which sometimes desolates these humble households, through the ignorance of the people in polluting the streams from which they drink. Charlot stretches out his little hot arms and clings to her with all his fevered strength, when she approaches.

"*C'est la demoiselle,*" says *la mère* Pelotin, dragging herself to her feet with difficulty, "and thou art happy now, *mon* Charlot."

She can articulate no more, a dizziness comes over her, she has only just sense enough left to draw a chair under her before her head falls heavily upon the foot of Charlot's bed.

Damaris lays the little lad out of her arms, back upon the pillows. She searches for his pipe of reeds and gives it to him, knowing that he will like to speak to her through it.

"Don't be afraid, *mon* Charlot; I will come back to you immediately, and will not leave you again."

Then she goes out to seize and despatch Didier for assistance. A wailing entreaty from the reed follows her. Damaris is back again instantly, soothing and ministering to him.

Friendly neighbours come, *la mère* Pelotin is carried to her bed, but she cannot speak, and does not recognise anyone. Presently the village doctor arrives. He says it is *the* fever, and prescribes the usual remedies. There is no lack of help, for no panic follows the doctor's endorsement of what they already knew, for they are aware that the fever is not infectious, but only to be taken by drinking from the same poisonous source.

Jean, not finding his charge awaiting him at the foot of the hill when he returns, hitches Saturne to a rail and comes up to inquire the reason of her detention. Damaris hails his coming with thankfulness. She can rid herself now of a responsibility that is beginning to weigh heavily. Charlot has no constitution to withstand the attack of such a disease as this, and Damaris has told herself from the first that it will go hardly with him.

La mère Pelotin is still unconscious; they cannot tell whether any communication has been sent to Monsieur Bartholet. Jean must acquaint him with the danger which threatens his child's life.

"It shall be done, mademoiselle. And for yourself?"

"I will stay," she says, hastily. "I cannot leave the boy, I have promised not."

"*Restez*, mademoiselle, by all means," he says, casting his eyes round the room, which contains Charlot's bed and one other. "You will not be uncomfortable, the women are kind, and will get for you all that you need. And in the morning I will bring Justine, and anything you may want."

But before mounting to his carriole and driving away, Jean remembers that Monsieur le Curé d'Espalie had, by Monsieur Bartholet's appointment, been made joint guardian of little Charlot with *la mère* Pelotin. Perhaps he knows if word of the child's illness has been sent to the father. He turns aside to seek him.

Yes; Monsieur le Curé, at the request of *la mère* Pelotin, has written to Monsieur Bartholet the day before. If he comes off directly, as most assuredly he will, he will be in Le Puy to-morrow about mid-day. Monsieur le Curé is seeking someone to meet him and bring him out with as little delay as possible. This Jean volunteers to do. He knows Monsieur Bartholet, who has several times already made use of his waggon in his journeys to and fro. So Jean gets away at last. As he whistles to Saturne, on their homeward way, he thinks—

"*Tout ira bien!* Monsieur Bartholet will see our Mademoiselle Josephine in attendance upon his little son. He will be struck with her manners and appearance, as everyone is. He will see that her gentleness, her tenderness, her skilfulness are better suited to his afflicted child than the care of any schoolmaster. He will transfer him from *la mère* Pelotin to her. He will remunerate her handsomely. There will be no longer need for her to go elsewhere. We shall keep her with us, and Justine will be delighted. Wheugh! Get on, Saturne. One would suppose, from your pace, that your face was set in a contrary direction to your provender."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SEIGNEUR!

SHREWDLY calculating the earliest moment at which Monsieur Bartholet could arrive, Jean found that he must start betimes for Le Puy, the next morning, in order to be in readiness to receive him, and to rest Saturne before returning. So Justine was obliged to walk to Espalie.

The morning was sunny, but by mid-day the heavens were clouded; and, as Jean stamped his feet upon the pavement at La Gare, he regarded the white mists, which were by degrees blotting out the outlines of far away heights, with ominous brows. Monsieur Bartholet did not arrive by the first train; Jean had several hours to wait for the next. As the long line of carriages drew up, he recognised at the window of one of them the pale, clear-cut features that were printed upon his memory. They were paler and thinner than when he saw them last, which fact Jean naturally attributed to the anxiety and fatigue he must have undergone since receiving Monsieur le Curé's letter.

Saturne and the little carriole were in waiting, and without any delay they entered the waggon and drove away. After the first few questions had been eagerly asked and answered, they both relapsed into silence, save and except Jean's cheering adjurations to his mule. The reader will already have guessed that Monsieur Bartholet and Monsieur St. Just are one and the same. In his excursions to and fro on behalf of his little son, Monsieur St. Just, being so morbidly sensitive as he was on the subject of his fatal marriage, had preferred to come and go under the freedom of an incognito. Bartholet was not an entirely assumed name; he had a right to it as his mother's maiden name, and in virtue of having been christened Etienne Bartholet St. Just.

"*Dame!*" cries Jean, as the white mists gather round them, "*que le temps est nuageux!* If the mist thickens, as it seems likely to do, you know, monsieur, that the best driver on the road cannot be certain of passing along this route in safety. Will you that we return to Le Puy, and wait until the mist clears?"

"No, no; push onwards. I am not in a mood to care about danger. And you, my fine fellow, are too much of a montagnard to fear on your own account."

"I have driven alone in the face of a snowstorm, which is worse than a mist," says Jean, and whips up the gallant little mule that they may make the most of the fading daylight.

As they dash forwards up hill and down, the wind for one moment tears a gap in the wide sheet of vapour, and they see, afar off, the fantastic outlines of the distant mountains empurpled by the sun's last rays. The fog closes again so quickly that Jean has not been able to avail himself of that momentary glimpse for the direction of their course. Now that the sun is gone altogether, the mist grows thicker and thicker, falls upon them from the heights, wrap

itself closely about them like a winding-sheet. Saturne's pace is perforce reduced to a walk. At this rate they will hardly reach La Joyeuse before morning. Even at some risk such delay must be avoided. Again the whip curls its lash over Saturne's rough flanks, and Jean's voice gives additional impetus to his speed. The road is covered with loose stones from the late rains, the vehicle jolts and jerks. The thick darkness, with only a pale gleam here and there on the dense masses of vapour, is upon them; the road is no longer visible; Jean has to trust to the instinct of his beast. All at once the little carriole gives a frightful lurch, then a plunge, and comes to a standstill with a shock that nearly precipitates both its occupants into the vapoury abyss.

"*Dame! que nous avons perdu la route!*" cries Jean, and springs out in haste, while Monsieur St. Just's painful revery is suddenly broken. Jean's thick boots sink deeply in the mire, and, on examination, he finds that the wheels of the little waggon are stuck in the spongy grass which has been cut up by the hoofs of the beasts in their pasture. Jean strains his eyes to perceive the point of their deviation from the road, but in vain; he cannot see more than five inches in front of him.

Monsieur St. Just descends also, and both strive to stimulate the mule to drag the thus lightened vehicle out of the bog into which it has fallen. Poor Saturne strains every muscle until the sweat starts all over him and every limb trembles. But all in vain. There is no help for it but for one of them to make the best of their way back to Le Puy for assistance.

But hark!

A welcome sound is borne to their ears, muffled by the vaporous atmosphere. The dull bark of dogs, the tones of human voices; then there is a glimmer of advancing lights, and what seem to be gigantic statures of men, beasts, and vehicles.

God be praised, it is a convoy!

(*To be continued.*)

A FEW WORDS ABOUT COLDS AND COUGHS.

By Medicus.

I WISH this month to have a little quiet chat with my readers upon a very serious subject—namely, that of colds and coughs. It is one of paramount and vital importance to the young as well as to the old, for in youth, from neglect of trifling colds, the seeds of future illnesses of a very dangerous kind are often sown, and even consumption itself may originate from the same cause. Regarding this last disease, many people are apt to labour under one or other of the following errors:—They think that no one can fall a victim to the disorder unless it has been in the family—that is, unless it be hereditary, and that however violent a cough is, or however apparently dangerous and severe a cold, there is no likelihood of its ending in consumption if no parents or grandparents, uncles or aunts have succumbed to the dire disorder. That is one error. The other lies in believing that young, weakly, or delicate people are sure, sooner or later, to be carried off by consumption *if* it be in the family. Now let me, by way of warning to the healthy and robust, who have no consumptive hereditary history, state most emphatically that even *their* colds and coughs, if neglected, may end in the disease in question; and, secondly, by way of comfort to those delicate girls who may possibly be of what medical men term the consumptive diathesis—pardon me for using so big a word—I may say that with ordinary care they may enjoy good health, and that, too, with a reasonable prospect of long life.

Complaints that one has once had are very apt to recur. There are two reasons for this: first, it is naturally the weakest organ of the body which is liable to succumb to illness, whether that be the liver, or lungs, or heart, or brain, or the joints and muscles themselves; and, secondly, even supposing the organ of the body that has been attacked not naturally weak, ten to one it is enfeebled by the illness from which it has suffered, and will be weak ever after.

A girl catches cold, for instance, and it seats itself, as the saying is, in the throat. A severe attack of quinsy is the result, which places the poor wee patient *hors de combat* for many a day. Probably she makes a good recovery, but has another attack in the spring or autumn following. Well, such a girl is said to be subject to sore throat, and it is generally supposed that she is constitutionally weak in the tonsils, and some hereditary tendency may even be hinted at. This may be the case without doubt, but I say that it is far more probable that the first attack of quinsy was a mere accident, and that the subsequent attacks arise from the parts having been left in a weakened and susceptible condition.

I merely cite this ailment quinsy, and its tendency to recur, as an example that must be familiar to many of even my younger readers, and I wish to add that what occurs with regard to quinsy is just as likely to take place with reference to what are usually called "colds and coughs." The susceptibility of catching cold may be, and often is, hereditary, but it is far more often induced by the neglect of a common cold in the first instance, or second, third, or fourth instances, as the case may be, for people sometimes get into a habit of neglecting an ailment so generally termed trifling. *They never do so without suffering from it in after life.* I have put this last sentence in italics. I wish I could make it stand out from our pages in letters of shining fire, for I have no language in which I can sufficiently warn you against the evils of neglected colds or coughs. Alas for those victims of neglected colds! We see them wherever we go; old in body, though still young in years, they seldom begin to seek for relief for their complaints until the golden bowl has been broken at the fountain, until the glad sunshine of health has been eclipsed for ever and aye. These infirm ones crowd our watering-places at home, they may be observed creeping or sauntering around the parades, perhaps in goloshed feet and wearing respirators, or being slowly rolled along in bath chairs, pale faced and shivering even at noon. Those of them that can afford it go farther afield, and you find them dwelling in the towns and cities along the shores of the Levant, or reclining in portable hammocks, being borne about by dusky Portuguese among the tree-clad hills of Madeira, or mayhap a longer voyage still has been recommended to them: the Cape is to cure them, or under the clear azure skies of distant Australia all their troubles will flee away, and they will acquire a new lease of life, and so you see them bidding a sorrowful farewell to friends and relations, sorrowful indeed it well may be, for only too often it is a last farewell.

How people like these dread the coming of winter, how they fear the treachery of spring-tide, and how they tremble at every change of weather, and every puff of cold wind that may blow! For anything, everything seems to bring a return of their general debility and that wearying, harassing cough. Surely death itself were preferable to a life like this. And yet times out of number such a state of body is induced by neglect of so-called simple colds.

As the skin covers the exterior portion of the body, so is the whole interior lined by what medical men call the "mucous membrane." This is really only a thinner kind of skin, with a moist exuding surface. It is easy seen and examined on the inside of the lip. It differs in character in different organs of the body; however, I am not going into a physiological description of this membrane at present. I mention it for another purpose. This membrane, then, is very susceptible, and not only this, but it is also sympathising in its nature; for instance, if one has a cold, however slight, and consequently if the mucous membrane of the nose and neck are slightly inflamed, the mucous membrane of every other part of the body will, to some extent or other, sympathise therewith, not to the length of inflammation, perhaps, but to that of some degree of heat and dryness. This accounts for the chilliness one feels when suffering from a cold, for the headache, and for the general feeling of soreness all over the body. There is more or less of fever, the appetite is not as it ought to be—in a word, one is altogether, for the time being, out of sorts.

Well, as this state of things could hardly be expected to last long without some danger of derangement to other and more vital organs than nose and neck, the sooner, surely, one gets well or throws off that simple cold the better.

The sympathy of one portion of the mucous membrane, or internal lining membrane of the body, with another is the cause of those people who suffer from chronic winter cough feeling so prostrate and peevish when they are suffering from attacks of their malady. Knowing, then, how they must suffer generally, we should be led to treat them with all the kindness in our power, and not as if the cough were all they had to complain about.

This winter cough is a terrible thing when once fairly established, and it becomes chronic gradually from the neglect of colds and coughs, and owing to changes that take place in the mucous membrane itself. Most people think that the only danger of neglected colds is that they may become seated in the substance of the lungs. This is not so; if the actual lung tissue became diseased there would be the end of all things earthly at no distant date, so far as the patient was concerned. But pray listen, for this is what happens. The mucous membrane of the nose, neck, and lungs, after a person has had a cold with discharge several times, is unable to recover itself quite. It is no longer the extremely thin, beautifully soft and moist membrane you see or feel when you examine the inside of your lip or cheek; it gets thickened and consequently weakened, the slightest breath of cold air irritates it, sitting in a draught or exposure to chill of any kind drives the blood to it, and it begins to exude afresh, not healthy moist mucous, but thicker matter, which tickles the throat, and causing cough, makes affairs worse and worse.

But a winter cough once fairly established

can hardly continue for many years without causing far more distressing symptoms than those I have mentioned. One of these is shortness of breath. This is caused by disease of the air cells of the lungs. Those air cells are the cavities where the blood receives its supply of oxygen. Without this oxygen the blood cannot be purified; if it be not purified, disease of liver or kidneys and dropsy must supervene.

I really have no wish to frighten my readers, but were I not to speak plainly, I hardly think I would be doing my duty as your mentor and *medicus*.

I will now close this paper by giving a few hints which may be of use to you throughout the autumn and coming winter. Take a cold in the bud. Do not go on for three days, nor even for two, without some attempt to check it.

There are two mixtures which ought to find a place in the medicine-cupboard of every family, for use during attacks of colds and coughs. One is a white mixture, the other clear. The former is composed of sesquicarbonate of ammonia, five grains; liquor of morphia, five drops, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls (an ounce) of almond milk. This is a dose for a grown-up person, and is to be taken on the first day of a cold every three hours. At night, after the patient is in bed, two or three tablespoonfuls of the clear mixture is to be taken—this is simply the liquor of the acetate of ammonia—and an extra blanket should be put on the bed. The usual avocations may be gone about next day, taking care to wrap up well; and for one day more the white mixture should be taken, and before bedtime one or two colocynth pills. If there be much tenderness about the chest, a mustard poultice may be necessary, or a little turpentine may be poured on a piece of flannel wrung out of very hot water, and the chest well reddened with this. Bathing the feet and legs in hot water before retiring may do much good, especially if a handful of mustard has been added to the foot-bath.

I would not advise young girls to attempt to use medicine *without* the knowledge and sanction of their elders, and I give the above simple treatment of recent colds—which by the way is used in the Royal Hospital for Chest Complaints—in the hope that parents may see and benefit by it. I have given, remember, the dose of the mixture for a grown-up person; a girl of seven would only require one third of the dose, one of fourteen half, and so on in proportion, twenty-one being considered the adult age.

Now, although some people possess a singular immunity from colds and coughs, their number is very limited indeed, and without positively making a hothouse plant of herself, every young girl should not only do the best to get rid of a cold when she gets one, but she ought to take every reasonable precaution against catching such a complaint, as no one knows where a cold may end.

I know of no better prophylactic against colds than the matutinal tub, cold or tepid, just as a girl can stand it, only taken three hundred and sixty-five times every year, and in leap year once oftener. The body, as I have previously remarked, should first be well soaped often with the mildest transparent soap procurable, for strongly alkaline soap cannot be otherwise than injurious if taken constantly.

Those that suffer much from winter's cold should fortify themselves in autumn by taking a two months' course of light brown cod liver oil, and some of the milder preparations of iron.

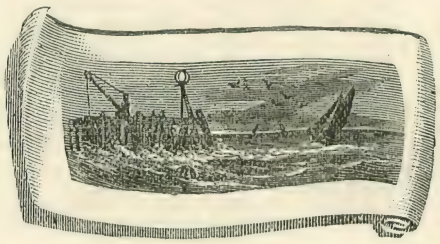
Cold feet and wet feet should be carefully guarded against.

It is dangerous to stand about in a cold place with a light dress. A Shetland shawl has saved many a life. Dressing in a cold room if the body is heated is apt to give one cold; so is going suddenly from a heated room into the night air without being well wrapped up.

Do not wear goloshes, waterproofs, or respirators unless there is urgent necessity. Never sit down in damp clothes, whether damp from rain or perspiration.

Protect neck and chest against cold when driving or walking, but never sweat either of them.

Clothing ought to be warm, but neither by day nor by night should it be heavy.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

DAS RHEINGOLD.—Procure a common Japanese or such like handscreen; cover it with thick muslin, and arrange the peacocks' feathers upon it as they will fit and look the best. Then, having decided on how they are to be placed, sew them on, so as each to overlap the stem of its fellow lying above it. Let the filaments extend beyond the edges of the screen-foundation, so as to form a fringe all round. The feathers being all carefully affixed in their right places, proceed to cover the back of the screen with either silk or coloured paper, so as to conceal the stitches made.

ELSIE.—How to crochet a jersey is described at pages 223 and 318, vol. ii.

HEATHER BELL.—It would be wise on your part to send Honiton lace to a lace cleaner. See page 319, vol. i., for a recipe for washing white lace. To rise at half-past six would be advisable during the summer months, but the hour for the family breakfast must, to some extent, regulate that of rising in the morning, so as not to necessitate a long fast.

NATTY BUY.—Make regular parallel stitchings in a piece of brown holland, so as to form casings for the skeins of crewels; and bind the whole all round with coloured ribbon or braid, adding a pair of strings of the same colour to tie it when rolled up. Do not dye your hair.

PORTIA.—All the rules and regular routine in the art of taking measurements, cutting out, and dress-making, including the distinctive names of the various styles of trimmings, the method of making them, as well as the management of crape, might certainly be learnt within the space of "three months;" the course being methodically arranged, and a week's teaching being devoted to each department, with practical demonstrations and copying of the same. But, unfortunately, this description of teaching is not that generally afforded, and the common plan is to place a girl in the workroom and give her seams to run, and so forth; and she has to learn little by little as best she may. But even were you to receive lessons, as you would from an artist or musician, according to a well-planned method, still a considerable amount of practical experience would be essential to qualify you as a good dressmaker. Ill-made and badly-put-on underclothing and great varieties in the respective figures of your customers necessitate a training which such experience alone could give.

BLACK VELVETEEN.—To clean velveteen see the recipe which we gave in vol. iii., page 623. 2. "Eliza" is only a diminutive of "Elizabeth," which is a Hebrew name, meaning "a worshipper of God," or "consecrated to God." The name "Ann" is Hebrew likewise, and signifies "Grace;" the Latin for it is "Anna," and the French and German "Anne," "Annette," "Nanette," "Ninon," and the Spanish "Ana." The diminutives for this name are "Annie," "Nanny," "Nancy," "Nan," and "Nina."

MUSIC.

DINICUS.—"Le Pileur" is probably the name of the maker of the violin, otherwise of the musical instrument seller. "*Rue*" means "street," and "Saint Nicaise" the name of the latter; "*à* Paris," "at Paris," in the year "1755."

VINAIGRETTE.—1. The grand rule in teaching young children or girls to play the piano is to give them such music to learn as will prove attractive to youthful tastes. It is a sad mistake to give them what they would regard as doleful, and equally so to give them what they cannot accomplish without great trouble, and reprimands for mistakes made in the playing. 2. The Nun of Kent, as Sir Walter Scott calls her, is otherwise known as the "Holy Maid of Kent"—Elizabeth Barton—who claimed to possess the gifts of prophecy and power of working miracles. She announced the speedy demise of Henry VIII., and his coming retribution on account of his unlawful marriage with Anne Boleyn. In consequence of this she was executed.

AMIE.—1. The playing of scales is essential if you desire to excel as a pianist. But be careful not to worry your neighbours with them to any great degree. 2. Do not make all the propositions for weekly interviews yourself. Tell your friend that if she ever desire to pay you a visit she will be most welcome, and that when she would like to see you at her home, she must let you know when it would suit her best. As her position is better than your own, you should be the more scrupulous.

SILVER SAILS.—1. If a child should manifest any great natural taste for music, it may be allowed to learn on the piano—not from a book—as early as it can use its fingers on the notes. But, as a rule, we see no object gained by commencing lessons at an earlier age than nine or ten years. The brain is soft until seven, and reading, and the learning of geographical maps, and oral teaching of Bible stories are amply sufficient studies for so young a child as its first lessons. The tiny dimensions of its hands might prove a guide to the mother on this question. 2. With reference to your question as to what may, or may not, be done on a Sunday, no "hard and fast" rule can be laid down by one Christian for another. Wound no one's feelings, respect their views, whether strict or otherwise, give your dependents an opportunity for going to their respective places of divine worship at least once in the day, and remember that it is a day to be especially devoted to the interests of your own soul, as well as to the glory of God.

JOSEPHINE.—Both the violin and viola are very suitable instruments for a lady to play, and are at present much in vogue in the highest circles of society.

EDELIA.—It is quite possible that you could learn the violin without taking lessons to do so, but you might adopt wrong methods of fingering, and much might have to be unlearned as well as learned at a later period. We think that it would be wise to take a few lessons to commence with, and then, after a period of private practice, you should have some finishing lessons. We should, in any case, accept so good an offer, and see what could be done without a master. You might write a little smaller hand with advantage.

MILLIE.—Certainly; sing our songs anywhere you please. We have no objection whatever to your doing so.

EUDOCHIA.—A fine contralto is a rare and beautiful organ. We could not say which voice is best. It is a matter of individual taste and opinion.

ILDICA.—One hour's practice is quite sufficient at your age, or an hour and a half, divided into two periods of three-quarters of an hour each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MURIEL.—Camphor is said to make the teeth brittle. See tooth-powder, recommended at pages 287 and 592, vol. i.; also at page 64, vol. ii.

F. L. SNUFF-BOX "almost fears" that she will "cease taking in" our paper if we put her letter in the waste-paper basket. She also tells us that she is "59 inches tall," and "very stout without my hat and shoes." We are also admonished to give "prizes for finding texts out of the Bible, instead of for drawing and needlework." Now we, in our turn, recommend our young friend to learn to write and to spell, and to express herself in good English, when next she wishes to send her doubtless kindly-meant admonitions to us.

MINNIE B. H.—A purely official acquaintance of the nature which you describe does not justify the assumption on your part of one private and personal in character. The higher your birth and connections may be, the more carefully you should maintain a dignified reserve, never taking advantage of an acquaintance with one not suitably introduced to you, but merely brought about by your holding a clerkship in a public office. At the same time, we should be careful to avoid any appearance of rudeness, and must therefore be guided by the circumstances of individual cases. Do not look for recognition, but if the gentleman met had frequently conversed with you, and you chanced to see that he wished to give you a polite salutation, bow with equal politeness but with marked reserve of manner.

BONNIBEL.—You write very well for your age, and thank you for your nice letter.

KITTY.—It is quite impossible for us to tell you whether you could obtain a situation in a confectioner's baker's shop, as we do not know whether you or friends have any acquaintances in these trade that an opening could be procured for you. not give up your present situation until you secured another.

OUR JINNY inquires, "What can a girl of sixteen do (still pursuing her studies) in order to earn a little money?" How could we possibly tell her what she can do? Surely she must know that best herself! Her own family or her schoolmistress would be in a position to judge of her abilities and attainments, and of what openings there might be amongst her friends for weekly lessons amongst little folks which "Jinny" might undertake on the Saturday half-holidays. Some girls would only be competent to go out "charing" on these days.

QUASAMADO.—Perhaps smallness of stature renders it a difficult, and even dangerous, thing for you to travel alone, pushed about amongst crowds; and the getting in and out of railway carriages may be an undertaking which demands care and assistance in such a case. Try to imagine good and kind reasons for the little trials which Providence has laid upon you; and at the same time accept our sympathy.

ROUGH AND READY.—1. See "Talks About Gardening," page 409, vol. ii., and "Window Gardening," page 483, vol. ii. 2. Minced or "shred" pies are said to be an imitation of the images of paste and sweetmeats given away at Rome on Christmas Eve.

JUMBO.—1. Use a gloss such as sold at shoe warehouses as so-called "kid-revivers," of which there are several kinds made. This will improve the appearance of your sachel. 2. Yes, milk is fattening, and a very wholesome article of diet.

TWO IN A FIX.—How do you suppose that we could give you advice as to so serious an undertaking as marriage, when we know nothing of you, your circumstances, and suitability for the particular positions you propose to occupy; and just as little of the persons whom you name as having proposed to you? We are not prophets, nor have we the gift of "second sight." We can only advise you to consult your parents or guardians, and be guided by their counsel. Do not "marry, for marrying-sake," as too many thoughtless young people do.

DOUBTFUL ROSAMOND.—1. If you have no silver knife for fish, use a fork only, assisting it with a small crust of bread in the left hand. 2. Use the article "a," rather than "an" in the cases you name.

BEATRICE and BEULAH.—Mere washing with soap in cold water could scarcely be injurious under any circumstances, but holding the feet in cold water is not to be recommended. Bathing in the sea, especially on a fine warm day, is quite another matter; but even then the head should be immersed.

A GRATEFUL READER will find a considerable series of articles under a variety of names that severally indicate the subject under consideration in our paper, and by the writer she names. See, for example, "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," "Dinners in Society," "The Art of Letter-writing," &c., which, with several other articles, deal with the subject of etiquette.

EVADUE writes to inquire whether any of our subscribers be willing to part with numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of dates preceding April, 1882, and at a reduction in price.

ALMA MATER.—How funny it seems that, with the example of "E. Suffolk" before this correspondent—to which she actually refers—she has fallen into the same mistake! Two sheets are devoted to comments on our want of "discrimination" as to the letters of those who want, or do not want, replies; and she concludes by saying, in the postscript, "My question was as to the author of a hymn, which my mother and I could neither of us discover." Dear young lady, by what extraordinary power of intuition do you think that we could "discover" it either, when you omitted to supply us with the first two lines? Had your original letter been before us, possibly we might have found this clue afforded in it. We are glad to find that you have already had an answer, at least, to one of your letters.

M. K. H.—Many thanks for your kind offer, but our staff is already very large.

DAISY SALTBURN.—Two of our correspondents send us information about the fable of the "Chameleon and the Two Travellers." "Kpiton" says it was written by Robert Dadsley, born at Mansfield, Notts, 1713; "C. E. C." and "Crescent" ascribe the authorship to the Rev. James Merrick, and say it may be found in "Enfield's Speaker," page 33.

DAISY.—A leaden comb is used by some people to darken the hair, but we should advise you to be satisfied and contented with your hair as it is.

THOMASINA.—A professional cleaner might do up your sateen satisfactorily, but we doubt your "putting a gloss on it" yourself. Consult "Useful Hints."

I. O. U.—We do not give addresses. Use a mild transparent soap. Many thanks for your kind letter.

WILDFLOWER.—"Orchids" would be correct. We do not understand your last question.

ROSE SATTERNE.—We gave the information as it was sent to us by one of our correspondents. We do not give addresses, which may be found in a directory. The 2nd October, 1865, was a Monday.

MAGGIE LEMOINE.—We regret that we cannot give private addresses. Your writing is legible, but too coarse and large. We thank you for so kind a letter.

OLD MAID.—We have heard the doggrel lines to hich you refer, which were evidently the compoion of some illiterate person, and were, so far as we recall them, somewhat profane in their style, ough not designedly so.

ED SPINE.—There is a convalescent hospital a-bathing infirmary at Southport, to obtain an admission into which an application should be made to the Rev. R. S. Clarke, D.D., Hon. Sec. In Liverpool there is a home for incurables at 96, Parliament-street. We feel much for your affliction, and advise your reading a series of articles entitled "Occupations for Invalids," by Dora de Blaquière. See vol. ii., pages 75, 202, 364, and 715.

CONSTANT READER.—1. The sacred history only informs us respecting the age of Samuel when his mother took him to reside with Eli in the House of the Lord, that he "was young," and that "he ministered to the Lord before Eli," "girded with a linen ephod." Also that he "was weaned" when taken there. 2. You inquire "when, and from whom, the Gentiles first originated." From Adam and Eve, in the family of Noah. And you make the same inquiries respecting the Jews, who descend from the Patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We reply to such inexcusably ignorant correspondents with feelings of surprise and pain. We can only admonish you to read the Bible, and procure the "New Companion to the Bible," to assist you. Published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

KATIE V.—As a substitute for the beer which your brothers have given up, perhaps ginger-beer, lemonade, the sweet "Rose limejuice," which may be added to water, a couple of teaspoonfuls to a tumbler of water. See "Ginger-beer Powders," page 494, vol. ii., and "Summer Drinks," page 547, vol. ii., also "To Make Ginger-beer," at pages 46 and 127, vol. ii.

FOX.—If your parents be Scotch, and have not been legally naturalised in any other country, you are a Scotch girl, although, if born in certain foreign countries, you might be enrolled as a citizen (as in

A PLEASANT HALF-HOLIDAY

France), and could claim the rights of citizenship. Were your father to emigrate, and adopt one of our colonies as his country, it would decide your nationality were you born subsequently. Thus, were your father a Canadian colonist, and you born on the soil, you would be styled a "Canuck," and the children of the next generation Canadians. 2. Speak to your schoolfellow kindly, but firmly, and entreat her to discontinue her dishonest practices. If she resent or deny it, and refuse to amend, then offer her the option of self-reform or exposure to the master of the class. Tell her you would feel pain at her forcing you to take a step which, nevertheless, would devolve, as a duty owed to your companions, upon you.

MILKWORT.—You will find full instructions how to mount and press seaweed at pages 176 and 494, vol. ii.

A CONGREGATIONALIST.—We regret we cannot help you, as we do not give addresses. There was a book of the name you mention written by a Mrs. Carew.

H. E. M.—To make "skeletonised leaves," see page 64, vol. ii.; see also page 368, vol. iii. To take grease out of the leaves of books, see page 480, vol. iii. The last two answers were both given quite recently, and a little care on your part would have saved you the trouble of writing to us.

SWALLOW.—All poems and articles must be left to stand or fall on the basis of their own merits, although the arbitrators of their fate may sometimes be incompetent to judge of them fairly, or may have no space to offer for their reception. Writers have but one course open to them, viz., to send their work to one editor after another, and if a personal introduction can be obtained to any of them, all the better.

TWIDELLMUS.—To remove ink stains, see page 319, vol. iii., also page 410, vol. iii., where you will find the newest and best recipe.

CARRIE SWEETIE.—We think the verse will be found in a poem called "Friends," by James Montgomery.

SCHNEEGLOCKCHEN UNE MAUVAISE FILLE, and NELLY.—There are several methods of cleaning gloves; one is to put on the gloves, and to wash your hands in the ordinary way with spirits of turpentine; then to hang them in a current of air to dry. Another good recipe is given at page 96, vol. i.—for simply washing them in soap and water, which has been well tested, and with perfect success.

OLIVER'S BATTERY.—You write fairly well. We are glad that you think a great deal of our paper.

CLEMENTINE.—1. The fact is authenticated that Vesuvius was in active eruption A.D. 79, and this is the first of which any record has been preserved. On this occasion the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. This occurrence took place on the 24th of August, when upwards of 200,000 persons perished—Pliny, the naturalist, amongst them. There have been some twenty eruptions of importance since then. The name of the volcano is derived from the Greek words signifying to throw from within, or with violence, as to throw a missile. 2. Your hand is not formed.

RUFUS.—1. You are quite right in not permitting impertinent familiarities, such as your name, at picnics. 2. You employ too hard a pen. Try to give all your letters a more uniform character; otherwise, one sloping one way, and another the reverse, one long, and its next short, they look like a set of old tombstones. We do not, however, consider that your writing answers to this description.

MERMAID.—Read "Uses for Shells and Seaweeds," page 99. "A Shell Trinket Box," page 100, both in vol. ii. 2. To make a "Tam o' Shanter" cap, see a full description at page 591, vol. i.

CARACTACUS.—We sympathise much with you, but you are decidedly to blame for interfering with your mother-in-law, although she be but a girl in her teens. To "guide the house" is her duty, one placed in her hands—however inexperienced—by your father, and you ceased to be mistress of the house when he married her. It is not your business to direct or instruct her, and her very youth makes her tenacious of her authority and position in the house. She does not order you about, so be thankful for the liberty you enjoy, and show a good example of forbearance and good temper in your own home till you have one offered to you by a suitable person. We should not try to run away from our lot of little trials, but endeavour to bear them, as divinely ordered for our good.

PANSIE.—From your description of the coin, we should think that it was either a Spanish or a Portuguese one of the last century.

FLORENCE JANE.—Paint the tops of your fingers with aloes, or any harmless bitter wash, to remind you to withdraw your fingers from your mouth when you fall into the disgusting habit of biting your nails. You were quite right to offer to play the violin for the purpose you named.

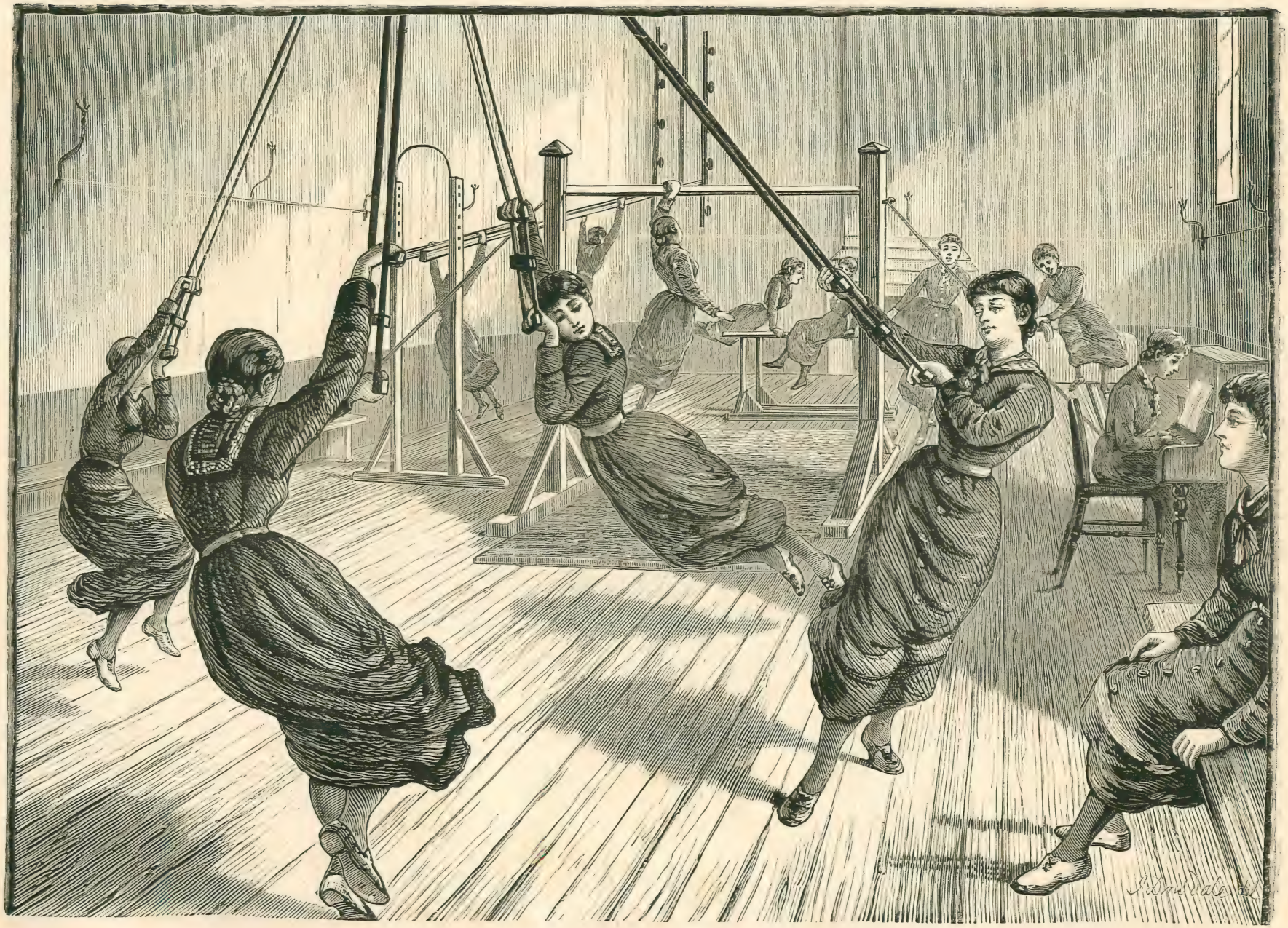
HILDA D'ALTON.—We think that it would be more seemly, under the circumstances, not to leave the society of your friends. A young girl should be very careful of giving her private company to any gentleman friend, unless engaged to marry him.

BLUE RIBBON ARMY.—A decoction of rosemary is very much to be recommended for making the hair grow. Apply it daily to the roots of the hair with a small sponge. We do not advertise washes sold by hairdressers.

SHOTOVER writes:—"A short time ago I purchased a canary, which lived very well for the first three days, but on the fourth day it was subject to shivering fits, &c. When we bought it at nine weeks old it had no *tale*, the man saying it would grow in a fortnight; but it died about a week afterwards. What was the matter with it, and what remedy? Why had it no *tale?*" We can only say, why did our little friend buy a bird *minus* a tail? and what "remedy" could we possibly suggest for a termination like a guinea-pig? or for a bird already dead? Perhaps the man who sold it "could a tale unfold," but we doubt his giving any satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon. You bought too young a bird, and it probably died of a chill. Rabbits like lettuce-leaves, dandelion-leaves, and all vegetables.

COLEEN BAUN.—Yes, white sugar is so purified; but many articles of food and many valuable medicines are composed of things that are by no means attractive to the senses in their natural state. Chemical changes pass over them when combined with other ingredients, and we can only feel thankful that God has made so many things convertible into that which is valuable for our use. Science has done much for us under God's Providence, in utilising much that, in our ignorance, and with our oftentimes silly prejudices we should cast aside as useless, and even loathsome. Would you object to eating a duck for your dinner because that duck had eaten a slug or a frog? Nature can work changes in the substance of things; and so can art, directed by science.

KATHERINE.—Your headaches may be the result of indigestion or poorness of blood, and too little of it; over-fatigue of body or mind, and an insufficient amount of sleep. As we are quite unacquainted with you, and the circumstances of your daily life, we can only advise you to obtain the opinion of a medical man. Sometimes cayenne pepper sprinkled on two slices of bread-and-butter placed together will give some relief.



THE GYMNASIUM OF THE NORTH LONDON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

[See page 494.

(Drawn by R. Catterson Smith.)

"AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING."

[See page 756.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. III.—NO. 136.] AUGUST 5, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO,
Author of
"The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

MADGE COWIE'S PREPARATIONS.

MISS MILNE came hastily from the kitchen, and she and the two girls clustered anxiously about Robert at the parlour door.

His face was grave and stern. He had brought no tidings of the lost one, but he had some sad things to tell.

First, he had seen Mr. Drummond, who at first had seemed

[*All rights reserved.*]

"A FISHER LAD CAME RUNNING TOWARDS THEM."

communicative and agitated, but presently grew reserved and curt. He had little information to give. He had seen Hugh Duthie early in the preceding evening. He had met him in the street, and Hugh had walked with him in the direction where he was going. Hugh had seemed much the same as usual; he had often been dull and abstracted lately. He had not told Marcus Drummond how he intended to spend the rest of the evening. Marcus had had an engagement of his own. But to the question where did he part from Hugh, the West Indian could only be induced to reply that it was in the open street—how could he be expected to remember the exact spot of a casual parting from one whom he usually saw every day?

From this interview with Marcus, Robert Finlay had carried away the impression that Marcus had sundry suspicions which he was not inclined to admit, and also knew something which he was determined to conceal.

From Drummond's rooms he had gone in search of Cheney. Edgar Cheney's address was a handsome and well-appointed house in one of the fashionable streets. Mr. Cheney was out, the servant said—was away at college, as usual.

To the college, therefore, Robert Finlay had straightway repaired, thinking this would be a good opportunity for seeing not only Cheney, but Denzil and any other person who might occur to his mind as likely to have information to give.

On his way there, down the chief street of the town, what was his surprise to find himself accosted by the student who had brought Denzil back to Miss Milne's on that melancholy last night of the year. This man, whose name was Maginn, was a worthless student of wild and unsettled ways of life. Except for the few words which he must have exchanged with Robert when he had put the half-conscious Denzil into his charge, he had never held the slightest communication with him, beyond the mere touch of the hat with which college etiquette demands that all students shall salute each other. At another time Robert would have turned coldly from any advance from such a character, but at this critical moment he felt there might be some meaning in it, and so accepted it, though with scant cordiality.

Maginn had inquired first after Denzil Alleyne, and how he was "getting on" now, putting the question with a significant and cynical smile about his lips. Next, he had communicated some bits of general college gossip of the baser sort, to which Robert had given no response. Then, he had uttered some very plain criticisms on the sayings and doings of Edgar Cheney, in which he probably found Mr. Finlay more interested. Maginn was a coarse man, whose vices had no polish, and he grudged Edgar Cheney's adroitly disguised entrance into circles from which he was utterly excluded. Lastly, with a very well assumed air of indifference (he lit his cigar as he did it), he asked, "when Mr. Finlay had last seen Hugh Duthie." Robert replied that he hardly ever did see him—that they were not in the same set, but that, as it happened, he was looking for him this morning, and wanted particularly to find him. Maginn then asked, still puffing away at his refractory cigar, whether Duthie was not at his rooms, to which Robert briefly answered "No," and they walked on for some paces in silence, till Maginn said, rather abruptly,

"If I were you, I would ask for him at the Arcade billiard-rooms."

"What! Does he go there?" asked Mr. Finlay, without committing himself to accept the advice, and after a few more ordinary remarks, Maginn said "Good-morning" and turned away. Robert had not gone very far, however, before he felt a touch on his shoulder. Maginn had turned back. What he had to say was—and he said it hastily, and without looking Robert full in the face—

"To tell you the truth, Finlay, I saw Duthie myself late last night. He had been in those Arcade rooms, and was very much excited. I think it likely he went back there again. If he did, they will tell you, and they may remember with whom he went away. He is probably staying with whoever that was, if you can find that out. I thought I might as well tell you," and he hurried away again.

Robert had decided to go to the billiard-rooms before going on to the college. And there he learned something which, as he related his story, he told very gently and sorrowfully, for he knew how it would hurt one who was listening breathlessly. Hugh Duthie had spent the best part of the evening there, and among the students who were with him was—Denzil Alleyne.

Faith stepped back from her place in the listening group, and sat down tearless. The withering of a tender, timid hope is even more terrible than the slow, cold growing of a fear. Robert Finlay felt that the agony must be at once probed even to the quick. They must count no more from Denzil's seeming repentance at New-Year-tide. That root of hope was not only dying or dead—it had never truly lived. It would have to be dug out and cast away—out of remembrance, if it might be—even that Faith might find trust and courage to begin again to sow, and water, and watch. A plain question which Robert had put to the attendant at the billiard-rooms had brought out the answer that before Christmas Mr. Alleyne had been there a great deal, but since then he had not visited them often, but had always spent an hour or two there, regularly, every Friday or Saturday evening.

Faith sat with her face buried in her hands, and heard little more. She claimed no sympathy then, and so raised her womanly self to an equality with those wounded heroes who lie silent and patient in their pain, while help and healing are carried to those whose case seems more urgent, either because more hopeful or more deadly.

From the billiard-rooms Robert had gone straight to the college and had spoken with Denzil. He had taken a jaunty defiant tone at first, but this had changed somewhat when he heard of Hugh Duthie's disappearance. He had nothing to tell. It was true he had been with Hugh in the billiard-rooms, but he had come away, leaving him there. Hugh had been playing, and betting, and losing on his bets. But he had produced no money to meet the losses thus incurred; he had allowed his opponent to enter the items against him in his pocket-book. Denzil was quite sure of this, for Hugh had been rather smartly "chaffed" about coming out without his purse on bursary night. He had noticed nothing especial in Hugh's manner. Hugh was often alternately moody and boisterous. Denzil did not think it was likely Edgar Cheney would know anything about the matter; he knew Cheney had been at an amateur concert at one of those fashionable houses in the town on the previous evening—if Robert looked carefully through the local paper he would see a report of it, with a complimentary notice of the song Mr. Cheney had sang. Besides, Cheney had cooled very much towards Duthie lately, and had evidently wanted to shake him off. But Denzil readily gave Robert Finlay the name of the student who had been winning money from Hugh.

To him had Robert Finlay next resorted, but now he found out that the rumour of young Duthie's disappearance had gone before him, and so he found this student in a state of agitation, prepared to asseverate that he himself was not in the habit of frequenting billiard-rooms, that he had gone there only "to meet a friend," that he had casually began a game with Hugh, that his gains had been of the smallest, that he had taken no note of them—"the thing was only a bit of fun, you know." In proof of his words, he forced his note-book on Robert's inspection. Robert could certainly see no items in it, but he could not be equally sure that a few pages had not been torn out.

So Hugh's history for the last evening stood as follows: Drummond had parted from him in the street soon after six o'clock; Denzil Alleyne had seen him enter the billiard-room at eight; the other student had seen him leave it about half-past ten, and Maginn had spoken with him in the street a few moments afterwards. There was no account of him between six and eight, or, what was more to the point, after eleven. And all the evidence was obtained from people who seemed to have reasons of their own for giving it reluctantly, and were certainly not likely to offer more than was asked from them.

Robert Finlay and Madge now took hasty counsel. Robert entirely approved of Madge's plan that her mother should go down to the country and visit Mrs. Duthie, and if she kept silence and did not return, they would understand that the miserable boy had not sought refuge at home. Meanwhile, Robert must prosecute inquiries in town, and was now determined to lay open the story to Professor Murray, whose connection with both colleges, and whose wide family relationships, made his influence and

advice, both as to gaining information or seeking help, very valuable.

Madge Cowie must hasten home to despatch her mother on her journey. And Madge had set her heart on preparing that little upper chamber for the home-bringing of the lost sheep. And as she was tying her bonnet-strings and drawing her shawl about her, Faith rose up, with her white, strained face, and asked—

"What am I to do about Denzil?"

"He must finish out his working-day at college," answered Robert Finlay, his genuine, though silent, sympathy having already run in advance of Faith's question and decided what must be done; "and the moment that is over I want to take him with me wherever we have to go. His having seen poor Duthie so near the last gives weight to his inquiring what has become of him. Miss Milne and you must not expect to see us till about supper time, and by then I trust our quest will be over."

He had thought that it was best Faith should not see her brother until Hugh Duthie's fate was decided, for he saw distinctly that now Faith's truest mercy to Denzil was to be calm and resolute, even searchingly severe. For if the lad was to be saved, he must be taken utterly out of his own hands, and in moments of doubt and uncertainty and mystery, Robert knew it is hard to be strong. Also, by the time Hugh's story was fully known, Robert Finlay did not doubt that Faith's arguments and counsels would be backed up by the irresistible logic of facts.

"Come with me to our house, Miss Alleyne," invited Madge Cowie. "After mother is gone I shall be quite alone, and there will be plenty to do if that room is to be ready before nightfall, and I shall be so glad of your help if you will kindly give it."

Faith accepted the frank invitation. She was in that stunned condition when we are glad of any trustworthy leading. They saw how it was with her, these kind people, and active Miss Milne went off herself for Faith's hat and jacket, and helped her to put them on, and as the girl stood in readiness to depart, the stern old lady laid a hand firmly on each of her shoulders, and looking her straight in the face, said—

"God be with you, child, and give you patience, remembering that with Him one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Faith and Madge Cowie did not exchange a single word as they hurried down the straggling main street, past the quaint old houses and the ancient college tower. And there came upon Faith a memory of the first time she had walked that way, in that moonlight ramble with Denzil, then so full of ambition and of hope for the future. But she could not see the past as it had seemed when it was the present. That is for ever impossible. Looking backwards and looking forwards the view must be different. It seemed to Faith now that even while she was walking in that vanished happiness she must have been aware of the disappointment creeping up to change the joy into dull misery.

Madge first spoke as she crossed the threshold of her home, and then she only said, "Here we are!" and ushered Faith into the little sitting-room.

And what was it that suddenly brought the tears to Faith's dry eyes, and quenched that terrible burning in her brain? It was a memory of Westering, somehow conjured up by this homely apartment. The rooms there had been large, though low, and this was small; but both alike were full of quaint corners, and both alike had for their sole ornament humble things made precious by memory and association. There was the ramshackle old sofa, so like the Westering one, that Faith knew at once that its very "bumps" would accommodate themselves restfully to weary limbs. There were plenty of books, too, though there was no bookcase, only home-made shelves, of all sorts of lengths and widths and divisions suited to the books they held; rows of funny black profiles hung over the mantel-shelf, and one or two curious foreign trophies were fastened against the wall—a pair of Arctic mocassins and a South Sea spear—suggestive of brave goings away, and of loving thoughts passing to and fro, and of prayers going upward. And the place was pervaded by a soft, gracious perfume from the old-fashioned flowers which crowded the window-sill, and were putting forth early bloom in the genial warmth of the little room—thyme, and marjoram, and hyacinth, and jonquil. Nor was the sweet spell broken by the great work-basket from which early-toiling Madge had hastily risen when Hugh Duthie's landlady had summoned her. It might have been a house-mother's labour of love for her family quite as well as a sempstress's bread-winning task. In truth, all Madge's bread-winning was a labour of love, and no mere hireling service, though it brought her bread in return, as all true labour should.

Madge saw the tears start to Faith's eyes, and though she could scarcely guess the chord which was stirred, she would not say a word which might check them. If Mrs. Cowie was to catch the next train leaving for the country, there was no time to be lost. So Madge drew her mother into the bedroom, and told her the plan that was laid for her visit, and while she made swift preparations for her departure, told her all the rest there was to be told. Madge was right in knowing her mother would raise no objection to her journey. Years and trials and trouble manifold had not quenched the youthfulness inherent in Mrs. Cowie's nature. At fifty-five she still had the heart of a girl—fiery, perhaps, but twice as impulsive to forgive as to be angry. Theoretically, she knew the ways of the world, and would utter forecasts of the workings of its selfishness and coldness, whose severe incisiveness often shocked Madge. But nobody was so bitterly hurt as she was when her own prophecies came true. Disappointments seemed to inform her head, but never to close or chill her heart. As Madge used to say, "When something comes to nothing to-day, mother begins something else to-morrow."

As soon as Mrs. Cowie had departed, Madge set about her hospitable preparations. She set wide the windows of the tiny "empty room," so that the sea breezes might rush in—for the upper windows of the little house commanded a wide sea view. And then she laid out bedding in the warm sunshine, and drew forth hangings and linen from ancient presses sweet with vague perfume. And all the while Madge chatted on about the bygone days when Hugh, a little child, had trotted beside her, a grown, light-hearted maiden, among "the bonnie dens," towards which her mother was now speeding in the train. It seemed so strange to Faith to think of it with Madge's sweet worn face before her, and Hugh—where?

Then Madge veiled the little window with a pure white curtain, and carried up a chair from the sitting-room, and set forth toilet-ware on a tiny shelf, and took a dim old mirror from her own chamber and hung it against the wall.

"And, what if he should not come after all?" asked Faith, and then felt herself cruel the moment she had put the question.

Madge Cowie stood still, and looked out upon the sea.

"I think he will come," she said; "and all must be ready. There must be nothing to do after he comes, or he might think himself troublesome."

By the time the task was finished it was afternoon. They had not troubled themselves about dinner, but Madge swiftly prepared a "high tea," with new laid eggs, and home-grown salad, and home-made oat-cakes and jam. After that she grew silent and a little restless—there was no mistake about it, it was hard for Madge Cowie to keep quiet.

"Let us go for a long walk," she proposed. "I will run down to Miss Milne's first, and see if anything has been heard, and leave word with her that the room is waiting here for Hugh, and that if he comes while we are away will Mr. Finlay keep him in charge till we return. But I daresay Hugh will not leave, wherever he is, till nightfall, and we shall be back in the early gloaming," she added, in a low voice.

When they started for their walk they directed their steps through the town as far as the old cathedral, which looked sterner by daylight than it did in the mystic moonbeams. They turned down the road that lay beside it, and bent their way eastwards, leaving richly-wooded river scenery and an historic bridge on their left hand, and making straight for the bold new bridge spanning the river where it broadens to the sea. Crossing it, they took a foot-path over the "links," a desolate track of moor sloping down to the lip of the shore, whose billowy growth of rank and wind-blown grass was well-nigh choked with sand, though here and there a hardy little violet lifted its blue eye to heaven. Faith had never before been up the sea-shore so far as this; perhaps it was not a walk which a lonely stranger would care to take. Madge hastened on, with the singular energy which often dwells in slight frames. She wanted to reach a little knoll which bounded their land

horizon, and at whose sea-washed feet lay a singular rock—nature's sole assertion, on all this long reach of sandy shore, of the fierce, rocky coasts which met it abruptly both on north and south. About this knoll nestled one or two lonely farms; and further inland, sheltered by it from the edge of the east wind, lay a straggling village. But the links and the sands were lonely enough. Madge had told Faith as they came along that in all her wanderings there she had rarely met a soul.

Therefore it was the more surprising that to-day, as they advanced towards the green hill, they saw on the shore, nearer to them than the picturesque rock, a group of people. The group was gathered about something which lay on the sand, and some of the people were stooping low over it. Faith, the native of a sweet English woodland, only vaguely surmised what wonder in the form of shark or salvage had the ocean cast ashore on this calm afternoon.

But Madge Cowie stood still. And why did her face grow white and set?

A fisher lad, in a blue jersey, came running towards them, making his way to one of the farmhouses. The boy's own ruddy face was grave, and he answered the question which he read on theirs.

"It's a body, mem—a young gentleman's—and it has not been in the water long."

"I knew it! It is Hugh Duthie!" cried Madge.

And then Faith shrank back and sank down on a grassy bank.

But Madge went forward.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIDENS' BIBLE.

By Cecilia Havergal.

The readers of The Girl's Own Paper will doubtless be interested in hearing about the presentation made by their sister maidens of the United Kingdom (doubtless many of them were amongst the number!) to H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, and therefore the writer will give a short account of the event.

On the 30th of June last, at 12.30 p.m., a deputation of twenty-one maidens assembled at Buckingham Palace to present H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany with a beautiful Bible, in the name of 26,020 maidens of the United Kingdom. They were ushered into one of the numerous state apartments of the Palace, where stood Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany, attended by their lord and lady-in-waiting, ready to receive them. On the table near which the royal party stood was placed the splendidly carved oak casket in which lay the magnificently bound Bible, being in royal purple morocco, with a centre of deep crimson as a background for the richly-chased coronet and letter "H" in a sunken panel of cream white, with clasps in silver gilt, also tastefully chased. The three opening pages of the Bible were in vellum, and beautifully illuminated with an inscription, coronet, and text. The edges of the Bible were also ornamented with scrolls of illuminated texts. Together with the holy volume were two volumes of "Daily Light," bound to harmonise, and also two volumes, in royal scarlet morocco, containing the subscribers' names.

The Countess of Aberdeen was present to introduce the maidens, which ceremony ended, Miss Nugent read the following address:—

"May it Please Your Royal Highness,

"Madam,—The maidens of the United Kingdom gratefully embrace the permission given to them of offering their heartfelt welcome to your Royal Highness to a home in our country, and to a place in the family of our beloved Queen.

"We have selected the Word of God as the outward sign of that welcome, because we reckon it as our own best Treasure, the Pearl of Great Price, the very voice of God speaking to man, by which the silence between heaven and earth has been for ever broken. And although the sound of axes and hammers has been lately heard in its stately fabric of hallowed words, the most searching criticism and the most complete scholarship have been able to add nothing to, and to alter little of, the words on which the hope and faith of many generations have firmly rested, and they only leave us more satisfied than before with the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.

"We rejoice to be able to recognise in the doubled number of names from all classes a token of increased and deepened loyalty to our Sovereign, and also as a sign of the high esteem in which His Royal Highness has long been held.

"We would ask to be allowed to add our earnest prayer that the Book which lights the way to the Home which no sorrow can enter, and where no partings can pain, may be the Light of your Royal Highness's earthly home, and that along with the Prince, your husband, you may increasingly find the comfort in sorrow and the joy in prosperity of knowing Him 'in Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' and Whom to know is life eternal."

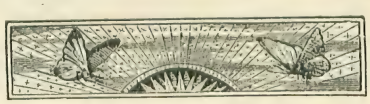
After which Princess Hélène gracefully showed her appreciation of the gift by reading the following reply, which she had previously signed with her own name:—

Princess Hélène's Reply.

"Ladies,—I accept your address with no ordinary feelings of gratitude, and I can assure you that the maidens of the United Kingdom could have selected no more welcome gift than the beautiful copy of the Bible which you have now in their names presented to me. I trust, indeed, that the large number of those who have joined in making me this present testifies to the increasing veneration with which the sacred volume is regarded by all classes in the country; and I am glad also to think that the donors were actuated by a desire to seize this opportunity of displaying their loyalty to the Queen and their regard for my husband. I beg you to accept, on behalf of the 26,020 subscribers, my heartfelt thanks for their most acceptable gift and for the kind words of welcome that accompany it."

The following is a list of the names of the maidens who formed the deputation on this interesting occasion:—

The Lady Edith Bligh, the Lady Kathleen Bernard, the Hon. Edith Brodrick, the Hon. Gertrude Kinnaird, Miss Barrington, Miss A. Leslie Melville, Miss Okeover, Miss Agnew, Miss Eva Bontein, Miss Burton, Miss Campbell Colquhoun, Miss Cecilia Havergal, Miss Inge, Miss Layard, Miss Nugent, Miss A. St. George Nugent, Miss Charlotte Stopford, Miss Symes, and Miss Mary Wellesley.



NEW MUSIC.

Novello, Ewer and Co.

Sabbath Morn. Trio for female voices. Words translated from the German of Hoffmann von Fallersleben by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Franz Lachner.—Simple in character and pleasing, though rather short. In bar 7 the treatment of the leading note is objectionable.

Jack Frost. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A charming trio, bright and sparkling, written in J. L. Hatton's happiest vein.

Upward. Words by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by H. Marschner.—This is a really beautiful trio, requiring great nicety in the vocalisation. In consideration of the difficulties it presents, also the rather exceptionally high register for the first soprano, we would recommend this work to be used for three voices only, and not as a chorus.

The Nymphs of the Rhine. Trio. Words translated from the German of C. O. Sternan by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by H. Marschner.—Written in a musicianly style, though lying somewhat high for ordinary singers.

Parting Beam of Daylight. Trio. Words translated from the German of Julius Altmann by H. W. Dulcken. Music by Franz Abt.—A bright and effective piece of writing. We would call attention particularly to the clever use of the enharmonic change in bar 18.

Gipsy Life. Words by John Oxenford. Music by Robert Schumann; arranged by Arthur O'Leary.—We would strongly recommend this as one of the prettiest and most effective trios we have seen for some time. The obbligato pianoforte accompaniment is especially to be admired, and though we are most unmistakably reminded of the Huntsmen's Chorus in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, this in no way detracts from the merit, but rather adds to the Bohemian character of the composition.

The Voice of Spring. Trio. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by A. H. Behrend.

Fancy. Trio. Words by J. Keats. Music by A. H. Behrend.

Haymakers. Trio. Words by John Ford. Music by A. H. Behrend.

We must take exception to these three trios as being eminently unvocal, and the harmonies of the crudest. It seems a pity that such nice words should be wedded to such extraordinary music.

Might I the Bird Be. Words translated from the German of Julius Schanz by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Richard Hol.—A trio written in rather unusual time, viz., 2-8, but exceedingly interesting, with a light and pretty pianoforte accompaniment.

Eat the Fruit, but Give the Seed. Duet. For female voices. Words translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon in unison, for two voices.

Woe to Him that, when Life doth Close. Duet. Words from the German of F. Rückert by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon by augmentation, for two voices, too short for general use, consisting only of sixteen bars.

A Christmas Carol. Words translated from the German of H. C. Andersen by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon in the second above, for two voices.—A charming composition, full of melody.

Invitation to the Dance. Words translated from the German of Heinrich Carsten by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon in the third below, for two voices, sprightly and admirably in keeping with the words.

A SHADY NOOK OF THE RIVER.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE river kisses with silver lips
The steps that are mossy and grey,
When into that shady nook it slips
As it runs to the sea away.

The golden lilies that lie and dream
On the breast of the limpid tide
Are safe from the swirl of the mighty stream,
Which rushes so swift outside.

(*Drawn by the late Cecil Lawson.*

Beside it rises an ancient hall,
And whenever the spring tide flows,
The water ripples against the wall
With a loving touch as it goes.

And many a fair child comes to look
From the open casement there,
When the fisher maidens, who haunt the nook,
Pull in to the mossy stair.

And many a salmon fair, I ween,
And many a speckled trout,
Flash through the water their silver sheen
When the tide runs strongly out.

Oh, dear to me is that quiet nook
At the foot of the mossy stair,
Where the smiling children come to look
From the open casement there.

Outside are riding the fisher barks,
While the river, broad and free,
Leaps forth to toy with the topaz sparks
On the sunlit breast of the sea.

RANAVALONA II., QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

By Abraham Kingdon

(Late Missionary Printer at Antananarivo).

On the 16th of August, 1861, the dark days of bitter persecution in Madagascar came to an end, for it was on that day Queen Ranavalona I. passed away. This "Bloody Mary of Madagascar" was succeeded by her son, Prince Rokoto, under the designation of Radama II.

As soon as the young Prince had been made King, he at once ordered the captive Christians to be set free; and a proclamation was sent forth declaring liberty of conscience and freedom of worship.

Nor did this edict in favour of liberty affect only those in the capital and the neighbourhood, but messengers hastened to the distant hotbeds of terrible fever, to which many had been banished. Then light flashed upon what had seemed to the weary prisoners to be nothing but "the valley of the shadow of death;" and as they were released from their heavy, murderous chains, many a heart-load of trouble and anxiety must have rolled away. With what delight these long-lost ones sped home! and when the city of their desire was reached they did not forsake the assembling of themselves together for mutual edification and for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of Him in whom they had not trusted in vain.

The young King, whose career opened so auspiciously, soon fell into bad ways, leading a fearfully immoral life; and in the latter part of his star-shoot reign he allowed his better judgment to be perverted by evil companions, idol-keepers, diviners, and French intriguers; the result being that in April, 1863, he was strangled, and his consort (whose name was Rabodo) was made Queen under the name of Rasoherina. But before her election the Prime Minister and other members of the Government drew up a general outline of the policy to be pursued, which she signed.

The document guaranteed the full protection of the Government to all foreigners who obeyed the laws of the country, the maintenance of friendly relations with foreign governments; and, above all, protection and liberty to worship and to teach and promote Christianity was secured both to natives and to Europeans. With the death of Radama II. absolute monarchy was swept away, and with the reign of Rasoherina commenced a very moderate form of constitutional government; and though Rasoherina was an idolater yet she ruled in a merciful and impartial manner.

Our beloved Queen Victoria sent a message to Queen Rasoherina, asking her to forbid the persecution of the Christians, and it was thought that she was thereby very largely influenced.

Queen Rasoherina died (or *niamboho*—"turned her back," as the Malagasy say) on April 1st, 1868, and her corpse was placed in a silver coffin, for which 22,000 dollars had been melted down.

Rasoherina was succeeded by Ramoma, under the title of Ranavalona II., and her accession was hailed with delight, for around her centred the hopes and aspirations of a people bent upon progress in those things which tend to real and solid prosperity, and I think that when my brief story of this wonderful queen has been told, the readers of The Girl's Own Paper will agree that she has justly won the patriotic love of her people and the admiration of Christendom.

When Rasoherina was alive the Prime Minister had placed in the Queen's residence a Bible, which was frequently used by the people about the Court who could read. When, however, Rasoherina lay in state, the present Queen was a mourner, and to pass away the time she read portions from the Bible, and it was what she then read that first led her to pray.

On Sunday, the 25th of October, 1868, the Queen and Prime Minister and a few others met for worship in a room in the palace, and at the close three of the principal officers were sent for and informed by the Queen that she intended to pray to God. Though they said, "That is good," yet they looked sorrowful. In the evening they met again for worship, and also on the following Sunday. Then commenced the stoppage of the great Sunday market; and now in Antananarivo and the neighbourhood the Sunday is more observed as a day of rest than it is in any city of its size in Great Britain.

At her coronation, Ranavalona was not ashamed to acknowledge that she was a Christian, for from the gorgeous canopy where her throne was set there were these inscriptions in bold letters:—

"Glory to God," "Peace on earth," "Good will toward men," and "God be with us."

At the Queen's right was a small table, on which had been placed a richly-bound Malagasy Bible.

This was the first coronation which had been characterised by the absence of idols, charms, and other paraphernalia of heathendom. It was this public action of the Queen which brought about a crisis; for soon after the coronation ceremony the priests and diviners of the idol called Kelimalaza ("little yet renowned") approached the Queen, telling her that they intended changing horns (an idolatrous custom performed when a new sovereign came to the throne). But her Majesty sent out a message, saying, "I will burn all the idols belonging to my ancestors; but as to yours, that is your business."

It has been commonly supposed that the Queen ordered the universal destruction of idols, but such is not the case, for the people voluntarily turned away from idolatry. The Queen, Prime Minister, and many of the officers had become Christians, and they could not, therefore, commit their consciences to the care of those whose chief aim it had been to stir up the bitter hatred and persecution which characterised the reign of Ranavalona I.

Then, too, it must be borne in mind that associated with idolatry was the *tangena*, or poison ordeal, which has been the means of slaughtering countless thousands of innocents! Another part of this system of idolatry was the belief in lucky and unlucky days, and all children born on unlucky days were killed, or evil might be averted by placing the child at the entrance to a cattle-pen, through which the bullocks were made to rush, and if the little one escaped being crushed it was supposed that evil had thus been averted.

It was these and other hateful things which the Queen had determined to uproot, and public opinion had been so ripened by the leaven of Christianity that the change was made without any fear of revolution.

To the kindly intelligent nature of a woman like Queen Ranavalona II. the dark visions of the past must have been very touching. There was that fearful Rock of Hurling, with the huge *cacti* and their terrible spikes; there were the serrated and jagged iron-like granite rocks, and at the base a great accumulation of vile filth, and down this awe-inspiring place the "faithful unto death" had been hurled headlong. Then there was that spur of the hill at Faravohitra (the northern suburb of the capital), where four of noble birth bravely bore a horrid death by burning. There too were those gulleys and dirty ditches, where the innocent, after being cruelly bound, had been left as provision for the wild dogs which abounded in that neighbourhood. Think of the curs feasting upon Christian outcasts! There were those dark caverns and forest thickets, the compulsory abodes of many who with riven hearts had been driven from home and dear ones. There were those terrible hotbeds of pestilential malaria, to which many members of powerful families had been consigned—all these and many other troubles had been the bitter fruit of idolatry; but now God had raised up a good woman brave enough to dry up in her benevolence the gall-springs of animosity and strife.

Eighteen months after Ranavalona came to the throne, she and her husband the Prime Minister were baptized. Then was more decided action taken with regard to the austere idol-keepers, for *they were no* longer to be considered as entitled to the privileges which they had through deceit procured, but they were deposed and placed in the position of common subjects. Hitherto they had been counted as nobles, and had been free from Government service. The lines which had "fallen to them in pleasant places" and "the goodly heritage" were taken from them.

From that time to the present the Queen has been unwavering in her fidelity to the good of her subjects.

In her private life, too, the true spirit of Christianity is evinced. Family worship is conducted morning and evening, and within the palace there is an influential Christian Church from which many evangelists and teachers have been sent forth to the dark and the ignorant. One of the most generous supporters of the native missionary society is the Queen of Madagascar.

Where Queen Ranavalona I. sent fire and sword and took captives, Ranavalona II. sends teachers and books.

The Queen is particularly anxious that all her people should be educated; and at her own expense a large number of the more intelligent lads are sent to the capital to be trained, most of them returning to their native villages as teachers, or pastors, or Government employés.

"But what about the girls?" you will ask. Well, most of the schools are mixed, and the girl scholars are very numerous, though one must frankly regret that more is not done for the girls. That difficulty may be got over when some of the vast number of well-to-do British ladies who have no great object in life are prepared to go out to teach. Now there is compulsory education in the central province of Imerina, and the girls, as well as boys, are obliged to learn. There are in the various Christian schools something like 130,000 scholars.

In those schools the Queen takes a deep personal interest, and on several occasions she has distributed prizes to diligent and successful scholars. Only a short time since, after she had distributed prizes at Ambohimanga,* she went out to make the children happy in their games, so that even the little children are unconsciously drawn to love their Queen.

Then, too, she is greatly interested in medical work; and by means of her hospital and dispensary a great deal of good is done, and her sympathy with the sick and suffering is constantly shown.

The reign of Ranavalona II. has been

* It was at this ancient capital that Ranavalona I. confiscated Christianity, but here Ranavalona II. gathers her people to pray.

characterised by radical changes in the laws by which her subjects are governed, and they all show a progress in that righteousness which alone can exalt a nation.

The reforms made have necessitated the sweeping away of many vested interests, and the general ready acquiescence of those affected is a proof of the widespread influence of Christianity.

In Madagascar it was the common custom of the officers to appropriate to themselves the services of those below them in rank. Some of the officers had as many as one thousand *aides-de-camp*. This, the Queen saw, hindered progress, for the more capable a man became the more gratuitous service he was compelled to render. Now the highest officer in the land cannot retain more than thirty. In military matters the Queen has made most remarkable changes. In Madagascar, if a man was made a soldier he was a soldier for life, and in the days of Ranavalona I. a conscription was made, when every lad who could carry a gun was taken as a soldier, and men with wives and families were ruthlessly banished to distant military stations, there to spend the remainder of their days. So oppressive had service in the army become that it was quite a common thing for a man to incapacitate himself for military service by cutting off one hand. But the present Queen has disarmed the poor decrepit old men who were formerly seen struggling along under the heavy burden of an old flintlock. Now no soldier can be retained for more than five years, and a residence of twelve months only is required at a distant station.

Formerly men had to come a distance of forty or sixty miles in order to do a day's drill, but that evil has been abolished.

In 1873 two expeditions were sent out to settle matters with some turbulent tribes to the south-east, but before the soldiers left the capital the Queen sent a message, warning them not to resort to their old practices, but to remember that they were Christians in the service of a Christian ruler, and she requested that the leaders would, if possible, settle their disputes without bloodshed.

These instructions were more than complied with, for there was no violence or robbery, and the enemy's sick were even cared for, and the son of a petty king brought back to the capital, where, for a time, he was under Christian instruction.

This policy is so opposite to that pursued by the Malagasy in former wars that it had a wonderful effect upon some of the outlying tribes, for in former wars prisoners were either killed, mutilated, or made slaves. All honour then to the good Queen who mitigated the horrors of war—which should always be the last resource for settling disputes.

The Queen has also taken the right steps to prevent the judges from being bribed, for it was well known that only the wealthy could succeed in obtaining a favourable verdict, the poor and needy often being crushed by the unjust decisions of judges, or ruined because they had borrowed money at high rates of interest wherewith to bribe the judges. The power of the judges has been very wisely transferred to a number of men far too numerous to be bribed.

The slave question has been dealt with by Her Majesty. According to the treaty it was illegal for Malagasy subjects to purchase any new Mozambique slaves. Yet in contradiction to the terms of the treaty no less a man than the Queen's Foreign Secretary was very largely mixed up in the wicked work of importing Mozambiques. A lay missionary discovered seventeen new Mozambiques within gunshot of the palace, and this placed the Queen in such an undesirable position with the British Government that on the 27th June, 1877, all the Mozambiques in Hova dominions were set free, the number being computed at not fewer than 50,000.

When these Mozambiques were freed their former masters were not allowed suddenly to cast them adrift, but were bound to provide them with food and lodging for a reasonable time. Domestic slavery, however, still exists, but the Queen has done much to ameliorate the condition of the slaves.

It is now illegal for a young child to be separated from its parents, and slaves cannot be sent from one province to another. Recently Her Majesty has forbidden the sale of slaves in public markets, and the business of a slave-dealer has become illegal.

In the suppression of the liquor traffic the Queen has been most earnest; but her good intentions are, to a large extent, nullified, notwithstanding the prohibitory laws.

Nor is the Queen regardless of the poor and needy, for her solicitude on their behalf is well known, and annually she sends to each church in the capital a considerable sum for distribution amongst the sick-poor. What the Queen has done for the women of Madagascar cannot be uninteresting to English girls.

In a country where a woman can hold the most exalted position in the realm, they are not so degraded as in some eastern countries,* but divorce being too easy and too common, the Queen caused a Divorce Court to be established. Before the establishment of that court it was only necessary for a man who wanted to get rid of his wife to give her a *lamba* (robe) with which to cover herself, to thank her, and to say "good-bye."†

It is only in the reign of the present Queen that polygamy has been made illegal.

The Queen has recently given evidence of her consideration for the brute creation by making a law against cruelty to animals. The writer well remembers when a few years ago cock-fighting was constantly carried on in the public market. One Friday he went down and took possession of a mutilated cock, fresh from a fearful contest, and forwarded it to the Prime Minister for exhibition to Her Majesty. A kind response came from His Excellency the Prime Minister, saying how much the Queen regretted that any living thing should thus suffer in her kingdom. The sincerity of her regret was evidenced on the following market-day, when a proclamation against cock-fighting was made.

Some years since a party in the capital stupidly attempted a revolution, but they failed in their attempt to upset the Government. The leaders, instead of being killed, were banished to a distant part of the island. A few years ago most of them were allowed a large amount of freedom, but at the opening of the palace church most of them were granted a free pardon. One revolutionist, who had been in hiding for several years, took advantage of the occasion and approached Her Majesty with a request for forgiveness, which she freely granted.

My space will not allow me to relate all that Queen Ranavalona II. has done for the welfare and true happiness of her people, but enough has been said to show that her reign has been characterised by that wisdom, mercy, and justice which have placed her amongst the most illustrious of queens. "God save the Queen" of Madagascar, be our prayer!

* In the Ibara province things are different, for a woman is not allowed to eat with her husband, and if by mistake she should use her husband's plate, she would have to pay a fine of two bullocks.

† The literal translation of the Malagasy word for divorce is "Thanking the wife."

VARIETIES.

THE TWELVE GEMS OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is, therefore, customary among friends, and particularly among lovers, to present each other on their birthday with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied by appropriate good wishes.

JANUARY.—*Jacinth* or *Garnet* denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

FEBRUARY.—*Amethyst* preserves mortals from strong passions and ensures peace of mind.

MARCH.—*Bloodstone* denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.

APRIL.—*Sapphire* or *Diamond* denotes repentance and innocence.

MAY.—*Emerald*, excessive love.

JUNE.—*Agate* ensures long life and health.

JULY.—*Ruby* or *Carnelian* ensures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

AUGUST.—*Sardonyx* ensures conjugal fidelity.

SEPTEMBER.—*Chrysolite* preserves from or cures folly.

OCTOBER.—*Aquamarine* or *Opal* denotes misfortune and hope.

NOVEMBER.—*Topaz* ensures fidelity and friendship.

DECEMBER.—*Turquoise* or *Malachite* denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life.

LAYING PLANS FOR EVERYDAY.—Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plan of conduct for the day. The half hours will then glide smoothly on without crossing or jostling each other.

LUCK AND LABOUR.—A sovereign found on the roadside will not do anyone so much good as half a sovereign earned by industry.

A MODEL PUN.—One of the best puns that ever was made is that of Swift, who called after a man carrying a hare over his shoulder, "Is that your own hare or a wig?"

ADVICE GRATIS.—"Why," asked a lady of an old judge, "why cannot a woman become a successful lawyer, I'd like to know?" "Because," said the judge, "she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay."

CARRYING THE LADIES UPSTAIRS.—A Scotch lady gave her servant very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-room, and no doubt used the Scotticism, "Carry any ladies that call upstairs." On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to his mistress's orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there till I come for ye," and in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into his mistress's presence in this unwonted fashion.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 647):—

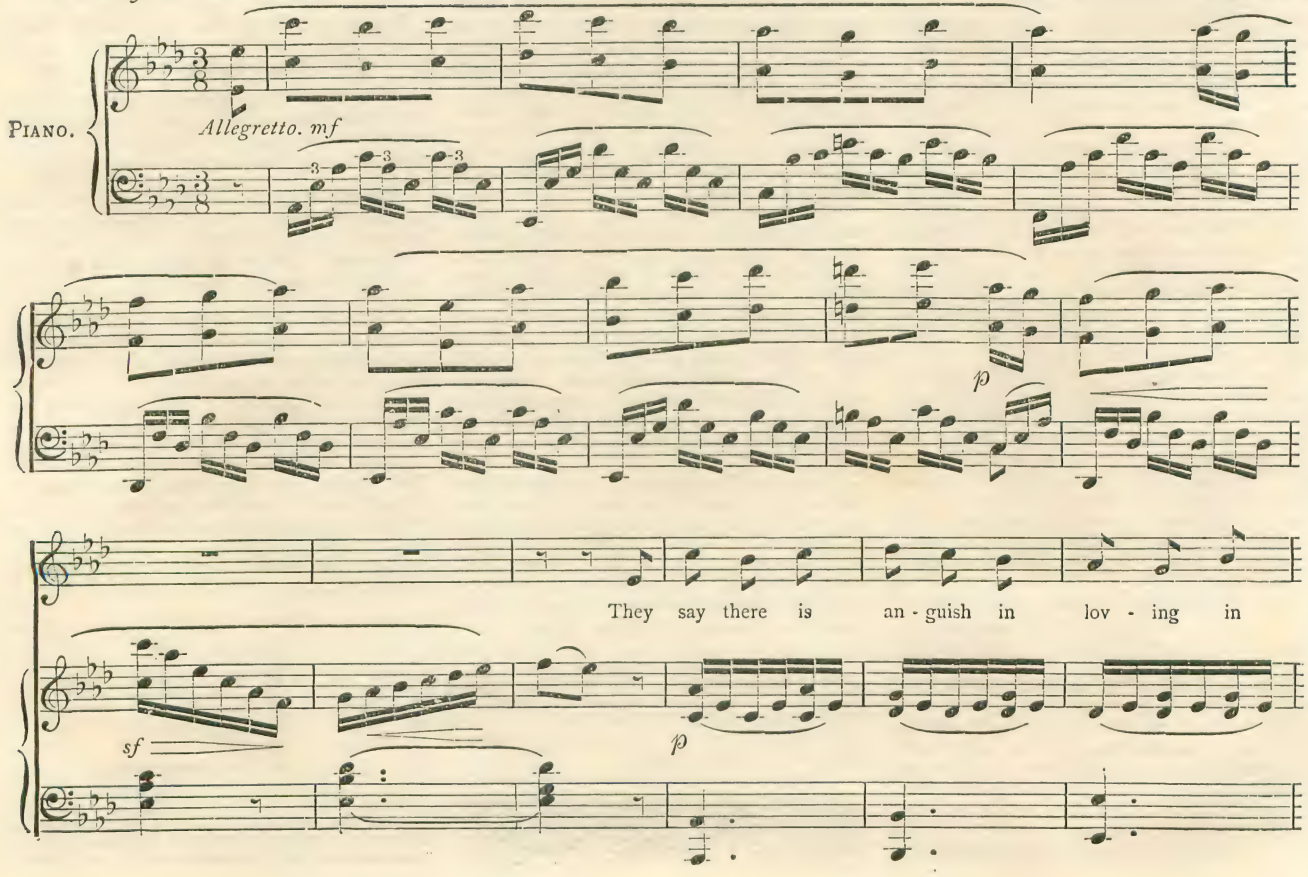
D A V I D
E Z R A
B E L
O M R I
R A C H E L
A S S Y R I A
H A M A T H*

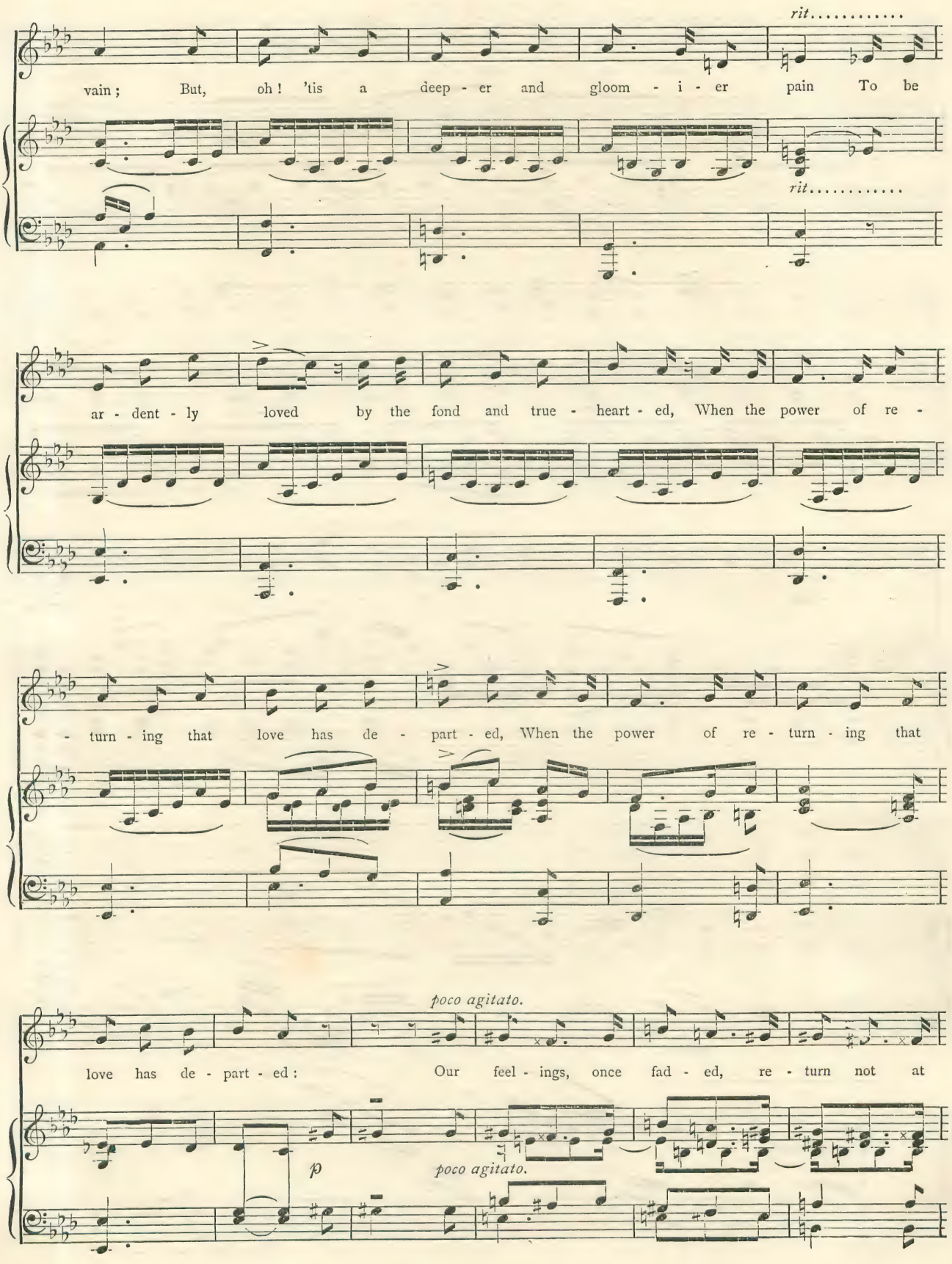
Deborah. Dalilah.

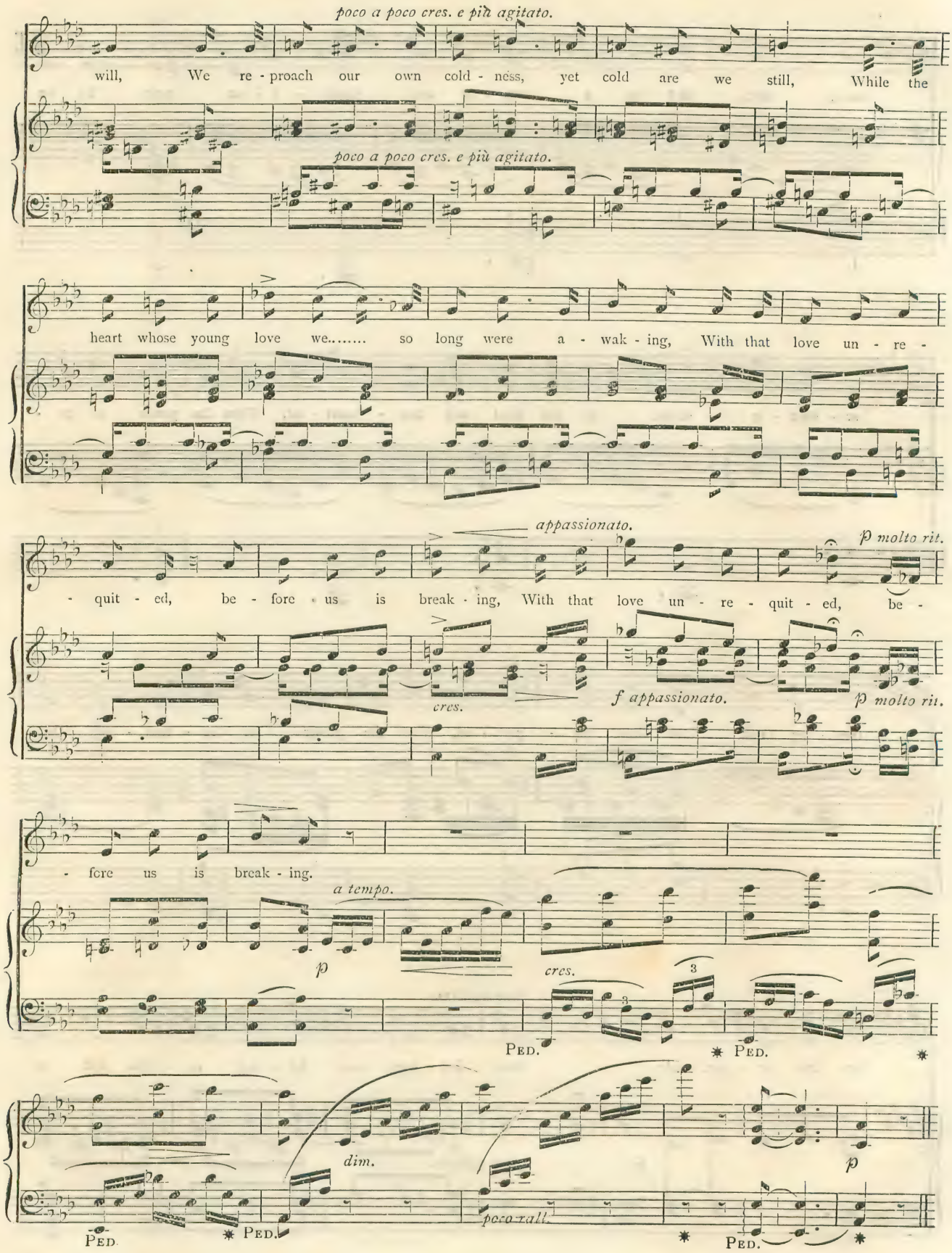
* The Macedonians altered the name of Hamath to Epiphania, in honour of Antiochus Epiphanes, but that name has been forgotten, and the town is now Hameh.

"THEY SAY THERE IS ANGUISH."

Words by EVERARD CLIVE. *Music by* ERNST HELMER.




rit.....
vain; But, oh! 'tis a deep - er and gloom - i - er pain To be
rit.....
ar - dent - ly loved by the fond and true - heart - ed, When the power of re -
- turn - ing that love has de - part - ed, When the power of re - turn - ing that
poco agitato.
love has de - part - ed: Our feel - ings, once fad - ed, re - turn not at
p
poco agitato.


poco a poco cres. e più agitato.
will, We re - proach our own cold - ness, yet cold are we still, While the
poco a poco cres. e più agitato.
heart whose young love we..... so long were a - wak - ing, With that love un - re -
appassionato.
p molto rit.
- quit - ed, be - fore us is break - ing, With that love un - re - quit - ed, be -
cres.
f appassionato.
p molto rit.
- fore us is break - ing.
a tempo.
p
cres.
3
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
p
poco rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Eighth: A Country Lawn in June—Turtle Doves—Zebra, or Peaceful Doves—The Cushat, or Ring Dove—Pigeons.

"Go, beautiful and gentle dove!
But whither wilt thou go?
For though the clouds ride high above,
How sad and waste is all below.

The dove flies on. In lonely flight
She flies from dawn to dark;
And now, amidst the gloom of night,
Comes weary to the ark.

'Oh! let me in,' she seems to say,
'For long and lone has been my way;
Oh! once more, gentle mistress, let me rest
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast.'"

Rev. W. Bowles.

THERE is a kind of semi-wildness about my back lawn that a great many people profess to admire. It stretches downwards from my indoor study, from where the French windows open on to the trellised verandah, which in this sweet month of June, as I write, is all a smother of roses. The walk winds downwards well to one side, and not far from a massive hedge, but this hedge is hidden from view for the most part by a ragged row of trees. The Portuguese laurel, tasselled with charming white bloom at present, but otherwise an immense globe of green (you might swing a hammock inside it and no one know you were there) comes first; then tall, dark-needled Austrian pines, their branches trailing on the grass, with hazels, lilacs, and elders, the latter now in bloom. The lawn proper has it pretty much to itself, with the exception of the flower-beds, the rose-standards, and a sprinkling of youthful pines, and it is bounded on the other side by a tall privet hedge—that, too, is all bedecked in bloom. On the other side of this hedge the view is shut in to some extent by tapering cypress trees, elms, and oaks, but here and there you catch glimpses of the hills and the lovely country beyond. Along this hedge, at present, wall-flowers, and scarlet and white and pink-belled foxgloves are blooming.

If you go along the winding pathway, past the bonnie nook—where is the grave of my dear old favourite Newfoundland *—and if you obstinately refuse to be coaxed by a forward wee side-path into a cool, green grotto, canopied with ivy and lilacs, you will land—nowhere you would imagine at first, but on pushing boughs aside you find a gate, which, supposing you had the key, would lead you out into the open country, with the valley of the Thames, stretching from west to east, about a mile distant, and the grand old wooded hills, blue with the softening mist of distance, beyond that. But the lower part of the lawn near that hidden gate is bounded by a bank of glorious foliage—rhododendrons, syringas, trailing roses, and hero-laurel in front, with ash, laburnum, and tall holly trees behind. It may not be right to allow brambles to creep through this bank; nor raspberries, with their drooping cane-work; nor blue-eyed, creeping belladonna; but I like it. I dearly love to see things where you least expect them; to find roses peeping through hedgerows, strawberries building their nests at the foot of gooseberry clumps, and clusters of yellow or red luscious raspberries peeping out from the midst of rhododendron banks, as if fairy fingers were holding them up to view.

I'm not sure that the grass on this pet lawn of mine is always kept so cleanly shaven as some folks might wish, but for my own part I like it snowed over with daisies and white clover; and, what is more to the point, the birds and the bees like it. Indeed, the lawn is little more than a vast outdoor aviary—it is a bird-haunted lawn. There is a rough, shallow bath under a tree at the end of it, and here the blackbirds, thrushes, and starlings come to splash early in the morning, and stare up at my window as I dress, as coolly as if they had not been all up in the orchard trees breakfasting off the red-heart cherries. I have come now, after a lapse of four years, to believe that those cherries belong to the birds and not to me, just as a considerable number of pounds of the greengages belong to the wasps.

The nightingales hop around the lawn all day, but they do not bathe, and they do not sing now; they devour terribly long earthworms instead. In the sweet springtime, in the days of their wooing, they did nothing but sing, and they never slept. Now all is changed, and they do little else save sleep and eat.

There are wild pigeons build here, though it is close to two roads, and I see turtle-doves on the lawn every day.

Now, though I much prefer to see these same turtle-doves running wild and free on the lawn, or cooing graceful nothings to each other in the branches of the cypress tree, still, if any girl wishes to have one or a pair of birds of this sort as pets in a cage, she easily may. They are very pretty and very affectionate. They may be found in the shops of most naturalists, but it is as well to deal with some one of standing, for in the columns of papers devoted to live stock of various kinds, almost any species of dove is called the turtle-dove.

There are many kinds of fancy doves, very beautiful in plumage and appearance, that do not do well in cages. Before buying a dove, therefore, one ought to be sure that it is perfectly tame and contented, and that it feeds well. Be sure to ask the naturalist what sort of food it thrives best upon.

Doves, as a rule, may be fed on seeds of various kinds, including canary and millet and hempseed—the latter, however, must be given sparingly—small peas, barley, rice, bread and biscuit crumbs, or indeed anything that their taste may lead them to fancy. Change of food is necessary to retain them in good health, and they ought not to be constantly confined in the cage. If you have a dove, and if you love the bird, you will soon know how to manage it, so that it shall be both healthy and happy. The common wicker cage does very well, but it ought to be large and roomy, and plenty of clean water should not be forgotten, nor *gravel*, which birds of all kinds require to keep them alive and well.

There is an Australian dove found in the shops which is called the zebra dove, or the peaceful dove. The back parts are brown and barred, as the name would indicate; face, front of the neck, and throat greyish, and also barred, while the breast is pink. It is therefore very beautiful, and would make such a nice birthday present for a gentle girl. But she would require to be told that the bird needs the kindest treatment, and any amount of liberty.

There are white doves, but these are generally the albino offspring of grey ones.

I read these words, or some words to the same purpose, the other day in a volume of natural history:—"Numerous attempts have been made to domesticate the cushat, or ring dove, but entirely without success." If domesticating means breeding in confinement, I am of opinion that these words are true; but, nevertheless, if the cushat, or wild pigeon, be taken from the nest when the feathers are still stubbly, and carefully fed on good peas softened in water, they will thrive and become exceedingly affectionate and tame, and may even be let out to fly about.

I do not know, by the way, why these birds are called ring-doves, for they have no ring right round the neck, only a splash of white on each side of it.

In Scotland these lovely birds usually build their nests on tall, thick-branched spruce firs, high up in the tree and a goodly way off from the residence of mankind. They are called in that country "doo's," which, I believe, is a contraction for doves—"cushey doos," that is their name complete.

The nest is simply a flat bunch of twigs or heather "cowes," through which you may almost see daylight. There is a nest not a stone's throw from where I now write, in a pear-tree, which I can easily reach from the ground.

In their natural state the cushat is doubtless both wild and wary, and although you may see them in thousands feeding on "blaeberries," a sportsman can rarely get within reach; but, if he is mean enough to do so, he can wait in the pine copses till they come home to roost—

"At the canny hour o' e'en
When the gloaming star is seen,"

and shoot them as they alight.

However, the ring-dove is not so much afraid of man as some naturalists would have us believe, else they would not build in our orchards down here in Berkshire.

Pigeons of any kind make pretty pets for girls. It is surprising to find how tame the birds will become.

I had one as a pet once when serving on the African coast, and this bird and I became exceedingly fond of one another. It was also a general favourite in the mess, though it lived as a rule in my cabin, its own particular domicile being a leather hat-box, which it shared amicably with the cockroaches.

It was pure white, and almost as spotless and clean as my old friend the snowbird of the regions round the Pole. I did not buy the bird as a pet. The fact is, I commissioned a little Caffre boy to purchase and send me off a dead white pigeon, as I wanted its feathers for making artificial flowers. The boy sent the bird off alive, so it had to flourish in the Penguin as a pet, instead of yielding up its life and beautiful plumage as sacrifices to my craze for manufacturing feather flowers.

But we had no peas nor beans to give this bird, so he lived on rice and barley and bread, and picked at a bit of hard salt junk occasionally, and went out to gather gravel when the men were scrubbing the decks. But he was very happy nevertheless. I merely refer to this bird to show that a pigeon can be kept as a pet under almost any conditions, so long as you love and are kind to it.

In my humble opinion, a young girl never looks nor appears to better advantage than when she is engaged at some pleasant outdoor employment—culling roses, for instance, or budding roses; or, what is more to the point, feeding her pigeons.

I do not think I shall be wrong, therefore, if I conclude this paper with a few general hints about the treatment of pigeons.

One or two pairs of young birds will be enough to commence with. The dove-cot, unless it is meant to keep them in a loft, should be prepared beforehand. It may be quite an

* The well-known champion, Theodore Nero.

ornamental little box, erected on a pole in garden or orchard, or it may be a box-cot on the gable of some outbuilding; but wherever or whatever it is, some provision should be made to protect it from those vagrant cats, who have a difficulty on dark nights in distinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*.

Each pair require two compartments, about fourteen inches square by a foot high, and with a foot-board in front. The roof should be slanting, to let the rain run well clear, and to give shelter to the birds on the foot-board.

Having procured your pigeons, it will be as well not to grant them their liberty for several days, feeding them well in the meantime, and getting them tame enough to know you and like their new abode. After this they may be allowed out for a fly. They are almost certain to return and feed. Some grain should be thrown down to them on the ground near their cot. Pigeons that live in dove-cots on a wall or on the top of a pole, should have their water-dishes placed on the ground near their cot. They need a plentiful supply of good, clean water, not only for drinking, but for bathing purposes. For this latter a shallow dish should be used, and the contents should not be allowed to become dirty.

Pigeons about farmyards and country places usually feed with the fowls; they also find themselves in a deal of food which they like, about the grass and garden, &c.

The ordinary food for pigeons is what are called tick-beans and small grey peas. This may be supplemented, for the sake of change, with tares, buckwheat, maize, barley, rice, and wheat. They require salt in some form, and the best plan is to have this in a box of some kind mixed up with old mortar and a little clay. They must also have plenty of gravel if kept in lofts, and not allowed out; if, however, they have plenty of liberty, they will manage to supply themselves with gravel.

Whether kept in cots or in lofts, cleanliness is essential to prevent them from taking disease. The ordinary dove-cot pigeon makes a very nice pet; the fantail, however, is very much prettier, and the tumbler-pigeon more interesting still.

A DAUGHTER NAMED DAMARIS.

By MAGGIE SYMINGTON.

CHAPTER XLII.

ONE of those little caravans of men, mules, and mule-carts which so frequently pass along this route, carrying the cheese and butter down from their mountain dairies to exchange for fruit and vegetables in the low country. These are returning to their hilly homes laden with vegetables and goat-skins.

Jean hails them at once, and thankfully receives their ready help in extricating Saturne and the carriole. They join company, and Jean is glad, for safety, to let Saturne walk carefully in the wake of the caravan, in the pale glimmer of the lanterns.

Monsieur St. Just again relapses into silence. So they wind slowly onwards along the same road which Damaris had pursued in the moonlight a month ago; but now the very roar of the torrent is muffled, and the hills, and ravines, and glimmering heights are all submerged in one vast plain of grey vapour.

They do not reach La Joyeuse until midnight. Justine is anxiously awaiting their arrival. She needs no explanation of their delay; the mist accounts for everything. Her room is warm and snug, there is a pot of soup simmering on the fire, and wine and coffee in readiness for their refreshment. She soon has Monsieur St. Just divested of his travelling cloak, and seated in the big chair into which she had put Damaris on her arrival.

"*Hélas!*" she cries, covertly surveying him as she hurries hither and thither to serve the needed supper, "but he is ill, *ce beau monsieur*, he is so grave, so pale. The fatigue of his long journey, the trouble about his little son are too much for him."

But when Jean comes in from stabling the mule, Monsieur St. Just begins to question him if there are any other means in La Joyeuse of conveyance to Espalie than taking out his brave little animal again in such a night as this?

"*Ciel!*" cries Justine; "you can have no thought of going on before morning, monsieur!"

Jean protests also, says monsieur must be content to stay where he is for a few hours at least, that he knows of no one who would be willing to risk the almost certain destruction they would meet with on the road from La Joyeuse to Espalie. He purposely exaggerates the danger, because he can see that Monsieur Bartholet is not fit to go a step farther.

Justine supports her husband, and moreover assures Monsieur Bartholet that she has been at Espalie all day, that his little son is better, she left him sleeping. He is in good hands, she says, the greatest possible care is being lavished upon him. And then, one helping out the other, Jean and Justine begin to sing the praises of Josephine, telling him of the liking she and the child have conceived for each other; how careful, how skilled, how capable she is of guiding, controlling, and teaching him, and how amenable he is to her influence. Both have a latent motive in wishing to impress him favourably on Josephine's behalf, and have cause to congratulate each other upon the apparent success of their negotiations. Monsieur Bartholet seems to be impressed thereby; he asks who Mademoiselle Josephine is, whereat Justine repeats her concocted story, and he expresses much gratitude for her care of his child.

"It is because she is away nursing him that we have a room to offer you, monsieur. Her little chamber has been prepared for you."

Assured on Charlot's behalf, he yields to their entreaties, and allows himself to be conducted by Justine up the spiral stair into the little white room where the stove is burning. She sets down the lamp, promises to call him as soon as Jean is ready to start in the morning, wishes him good-night, and returns to her weary husband with radiant face.

"It will be all right, you will see, Jean. We shall keep Mademoiselle with us and *le petit* Charlot also, if it pleases the good God to raise him up. Monsieur Bartholet will reward her well, and we shall all be happy together."

Jean is half lost in sleep already, and hardly retains sufficient consciousness to take in the purport of her words. But as they are only an echo of his own opinion, it does not much matter.

In the little white room above, Monsieur St. Just raises the lamp in his hand and looks round curiously. He is willing to justify this Mademoiselle Josephine in such encomiums as her humble friends have so lavishly bestowed upon her, and strives to do so by such indications of character as her room affords. It is purely white, severely simple, austerely neat in all its appointments. She has a devout rather than an intellectual mind, he concludes, from the character of the few ancient volumes that lie upon the little table. And she has friends, for side by side with the books are the means of correspondence—some common paper, some steel pens, and a little ordinary inkstand filled with ink.

He is weary, but not sleepy, and seating himself at the little table, draws the blotting-book to him, takes paper, and begins to write. First of all, he writes a note to his mother, telling her of his safe arrival, and the latest report of his little son. This done, he leans his brow forwards on the open palms of his hands in deep consideration. There is an intense stillness within and without the little room. The thick fog steals all sounds from the night. There in nothing to interrupt the flow of his thoughts, save the problematic knots into which they fall of themselves.

Just before quitting St. Aubin a communication had reached him from Lilian Barnes, telling him of her sister's irrevocable determination not to reveal her present abode, and promising to forward

to her any letter that he or Madame la Marquise may wish to send. Before he had time to write any such letter, the summons came which he instantly obeyed. He had not been able to think much about Damaris while his worst fears were excited for Charlot; but now that these are for a time in abeyance, the consideration of what he shall write to her, how best tell her all he has to say, forces itself upon him. He has felt convinced all along that if he could only see her, the mischief would be undone immediately; but as she so proudly and obstinately denies him all such opportunity, he must trust to the colder medium of ink and paper. He believes her to be in England, somewhere near to that little sea-side town where her sister lives, and that Mrs. Barnes only meant to deceive him when she asked for a whole week in which to communicate with her. And yet, strangely enough, at Hilgay, and in her own sister's home, he had not felt the same force of association that he does here in this little white chamber high up amongst his own Cevennes. What is there in the room to recall her so forcibly to his thoughts? He lifts his hands to let his glance wander carelessly over the few quaint bits of furniture the room contains. Suddenly it is rivetted, with curious interest, upon a little old bureau with drawers and pigeon holes that stands close by. One of the drawers is slightly open, and from it hangs the frayed end of a thin black cord. Immediately below the drawer, on the ledge of the bureau, lies a black jet bead, cut after the fashion of a bygone day.

A small object, certainly, to create such excitement as is visible in the face of Monsieur St. Just. He has only to stretch out his arm to reach it; he takes it between his finger and thumb, and examines it closely in the lamplight. Then, conscientious scruples being for the nonce forgotten altogether by the strange commotion produced in him by the sight of this little black bead, he pulls open the drawer and finds therein a number of its fellows. They have formed a bracelet; some of them still remain on the string, which has evidently snapped in some hurried moment, the beads been gathered together, and thrust for security into this little drawer, one only escaping the vigilance of the owner.

Monsieur St. Just is convinced that he has known this very bracelet, or its fellow, very intimately. *Petite* used to wear it when she came to the library to transcribe for him; it was in her way as she wrote, so she always took it from her wrist and placed it on the table before her. Often and often, as he dictated to her, he had toyed with the beads, and in that way grown perfectly familiar with the quaintness of their cutting. One morning—how well he can recall it now!—she looked up anxiously from her writing to say—

"Don't break it, monsieur; it is almost the only memorial that is left to me of my mother."

This discovery works a revolution in his mind. Is it possible that this Mademoiselle Josephine, so jealously guarded, so faithfully beloved by these honest people below, can be no other than the *petite rebelle*, of whom he is in search?

The very suggestion of such a possibility produces in him a feverish impatience, which makes him unable to rest calmly here when she—

Yes, now he remembers, she is ministering to his little son. The thought soothes him. Strange coincidence, if it be true, that she and Charlot should have

"AND HOLDS IT UP TO THE LAMP."

been brought together. But she—of course, she cannot have the faintest suspicion that Charlot is his child! "No," he assures himself, with a little grim smile; "if it had ever occurred to her to connect me with Monsieur Bartholet, she would at once have taken flight to the Antipodes."

Then he recalls her interest in Le Puy and its neighbourhood. How constantly it formed the subject of their conversations; how she had drawn from him, bit by bit, all that he had to tell. He remembers, too, what he had hardly remarked at the time, how she had told him that her mother was a Velaisienne by birth. And this Justine La Marque, can she be the *bonne nourrice* of whom *petite* had sometimes spoken?

But is he, after all, allowing his wild hopes to lead him to ground which to his judgment will be untenable? There must be more than one such bracelet as this in existence, and since it has belonged to *petite's* mother, and she a Velaisienne, might there not be similar ones in the possession of many another Velaisienne?

Without moving from his seat, he scrutinises keenly every object the little chamber contains, for confirmatory proof of his supposition. As we have seen, Damaris brought very few possessions with her to La Joyeuse, and such as had been left about, Justine had carefully put out of sight when preparing the chamber for Monsieur Bartholet. His baffled glance returning falls upon the blotting-book lying open before him. He turns over the leaves, which are well crossed and recrossed with an indistinguishable mass of characters. Then he comes to one which has only been used, and quite recently, to blot an addressed envelope. He separates the leaf with trembling fingers and holds it up to the lamp; the next instant it falls from his hands, and a single exclamation bursts from his quivering lips—

"Found!"

The blotting-paper has taken a clear imprint of the address in full—

"Mrs. Barnes,
Hilgay-by-the-Sea,
England."

* * * * *

Monsieur St. Just is not the only one who keeps vigil through the long dark hours of that night.

Damaris sits by Charlot's little bed, afraid for one moment to relax the vigilance of her watch. The doctor said, last thing, that the fever had abated and the child was doing well. The women said the sleep was natural and refreshing, that when he awoke he would be better. Even Justine had gone away satisfied.

When he awoke!

More and more, as the night wears away, Damaris grows doubtful about that awakening. His breathing is quieter, but fainter; his pulse ebbs feebly. She carries out the doctor's directions faithfully, giving him all the nourishment that she can without disturbing him. If in her ministrations she rouses him never so little, he moans so pitifully that she is fain to let him take his rest.

"Who can wish to keep thee here, my Charlot?" she murmurs. "Thou art more fitted for the skies than for this sad earth. The tenderest love that could surround thy footsteps here would not preserve thee from thorns. Unfold thy wings, little child angel, and begone when the Lord calls thee, even though thou leavest the earth darker and more desolate for those that remain."

She spends the night in alternate watching and prayer, and when the morning dawns, when she extinguishes the lamp and draws the curtain aside to let in the fair sweet morning coming over the hills in purple and gold, she sees a change in the child's face that startles and awes her. She falls on her knees at once, and begins to pray for the departing soul.

Even as she prays, there comes one little gasping sigh, then all is still. Charlot is free.

Later the women enter.

"How is the boy?" they ask.

She points to the little white corpse, and moves away for them to perform their last sad offices.

She goes into the garden all brilliant with sunshine, and gathers the palest flowers, on which the beads of last night's mist rest. She carries them back to the shaded room, and places them about the little silent form, at head and feet, and she lays the mute reed pipe beside the lips that never will breathe into it any more. Even while she is so engaged, they come to tell her that the child's father is here, in the outer room. They have told him all is over. Will mademoiselle go and speak to him? She best can give him comfort.

Without a moment's hesitation, Damaris goes. He is bending forwards on the hearth with his back to her. There is no one else present. The sunshine streams in through the small leaded panes. Damaris steps lightly forwards up to the hearth, for she has to tell of the joy of release, as well as of the pain of loss. The face lifted to hers paralyses the words on her lips, and arrests her feet. They sent her to the father of Charlot, and this is—the seigneur!

He stretches out his hand, he takes hers and draws her to him.

Once again, as before, Azrael, the angel of death, gathers the veil from before their eyes. All clouds are swept away, never to return. Hand to hand, heart to heart, lip to lip, a full understanding comes.

Then at last Damaris's head is bent, her proud spirit humbled by the assurance—

"In this way, and only in this way, canst thou comfort me, *petite*."

* * * * *

And here we might satisfactorily end the story, but that Damaris was still obstinate over one thing. So they waited, she under Justine's care at La Joyeuse, he in the house of Monsieur le Curé at Espalie, until a letter arrived for Damaris from the old Marquise.

"*Petite*, I am surprised at your continued obstinacy," she wrote. "I command you, marry Etienne at once as he wishes, under pain of my severest displeasure. It is the only amends you can make to me for all the trouble and anxiety you have caused. A nice pretty muddle you have made, indeed, by taking things into your own hands! If you had only trusted to my diplomacy, all would have been satisfactorily settled long ago, and I should not have been left so long alone here in this *triste* country."

* * * * *

Very quietly, with only Jean and Justine present besides the officiating clergyman, Damaris knelt in the same church in which her mother took her marriage vows. The ceremony ended, on the church steps she and Monsieur St. Just parted from the honest couple. Justine, of course, was in tears, though it was a proud day for her when she saw her nurse child become the wife of the Seigneur de St. Aubin.

She and Jean carried back with them to La Joyeuse several gifts from the seigneur, but none they valued so much as the promise that in the following summer he would bring back to them, for a time, the treasure of which he was now depriving them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

CURIOSITY.—The oatmeal-cloth mats, worked in silk, should be sent to a professional cleaner. They would probably be ruined if washed at home. We do not know that the "Perizzites," who were amongst the inhabitants of Canaan, had any second name. The next time that you write their name, take care to copy the right method of spelling it.

KATIE.—If the gown be supplied in the bodice with suitable whalebones or steel supports, no stays will be needed, and you will be the better without them. It is only those persons who neglect the careful stiffening of the dress-bodice, when wearing no stays, that present so slovenly and ungainly an appearance. We are glad that the practical hints of "A Lady Dressmaker," in her monthly articles on "Seasonable Clothing, and How it Should be Made," have proved as satisfactory to you as they have to our legions of readers.

POPSIE.—You can easily turn the ends of your hair under and fasten them, so as to be invisible. For an answer to the rest of your question you must consult your governess. The proper dress would be a long waisted and long skirted coat, black knee-breeches, and black woollen stockings.

MARTHA CLIFFORD (Gravesend).—We are pleased to hear that our knitting patterns have proved so useful to you. You are quite right in saying that the description of the knitted stripe, page 599, is not complete. By some oversight eight rows have been omitted from the copy, but you could easily have finished the design yourself, as the remaining rows were merely repetitions of preceding ones. The 41st is like the 5th, the 42nd purl, 43rd same as 3rd, 44th purl, 45th similar to 1st, 46th like 2nd, 47th same as 23rd, but in a reverse way, *i.e.*, R. 3, R. 2 together, R. 3, &c., 48th like 24th. At the 49th repeat from 1st row, and knit straight on. Being such an experienced knitter, you should study your pattern whilst working, to thoroughly get the plan of it. By this means you will save yourself much trouble and disappointment. For instance, in this *chevron* pattern you must have noticed that six rows were required for the little rosace, and six plain rows for the intervening space, making twelve, which are repeated three times in the forty rows, leaving four, two for the heading rows, and the two last ones, therefore, could only be the beginning of a set of six. In the forty-eight rows, on the contrary, there are four perfect repeats of twelve, which take us from one entire vandyke or *chevron* to the other. Another guide would have been the variation of the side stitches, which you might have just jotted down on a slip of paper in the

following way, always remembering that the even rows are purled :—

	Edge.	Open Stripe.	Opaque.	Open.	Edge.
1st Row	12	12	(12)	12	2
3rd ,,	11	12	12	12	3
5th ,,	10	12	12	12	4
7th ,,	9	12	12	12	5
9th ,,	8	12	(12)	12	6
11th ,,	7	12	(12)	12	7
13th ,,	6	12	(12)	12	8
15th ,,	5	12	12	12	9
17th ,,	4	12	12	12	10
19th ,,	3	12	12	12	11
21st ,,	2	12	(12)	12	12
23rd ,,	1	12	(12)	12	13*
25th ,,	2	12	(12)	12	12
27th ,,	3	12	12	12	11
29th ,,	4	12	12	12	10
31st ,,	5	12	12	12	9
33rd ,,	6	12	(12)	12	8
35th ,,	7	12	(12)	12	7
37th ,,	8	12	(12)	12	6
39th ,,	9	12	12	12	5
41st ,,	10	12	12	12	4
43rd ,,	11	12	12	12	3
45th ,,	12	12	(12)	12	2
47th ,,	*13	12	(12)	12	1
49th ,,	12	12	(12)	12	2
51st ,,	11	12	12	12	3
53rd ,,	10	12	12	12	4
55th ,,	9	12	12	12	5

A glance at the above table will show you that, with the fifty stitches given at the starting-point, you get three stripes of twelve stitches each, *i.e.*, one opaque and spotted stripe between two open ones in a kind of lattice work, and, as the pattern is continuous, you may add as many multiples of twelve as you require stripes, always leaving for the edges the fourteen extra stitches, which, however, are not divided regularly, but increase or decrease alternately on both sides, and by this means produce the wave of the *chevron*. At row 23 as many as thirteen of these stitches are on the right hand side and one on the left, which produces an extreme point towards the right. On the contrary, in row 47, the order is reversed, and the thirteen stitches occur on the left, which brings the point towards that side. The open stripes are worked throughout by over and knit two together six times, but the opaque one slightly varies in the rows when the rosace has to be formed. To recall these breaks, we have in the table enclosed the twelve stitches in brackets; in this case the back rows also display a little change, for just over the open holes of the rosace made stitches are introduced by bringing the wool forward as indicated by "over." We have dealt rather lengthily with this description as a lesson for future difficulties, and we only wish that all our girls could emulate your industry. We regret we have not the opportunity of admiring your beautiful knitting, especially the curtains, which are a real monument of patience

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Learner.—A Swedenborgian wishes us to add the following to the information already supplied to you:—"Emanuel Swedenborg was not a baron, nor did he possess any title to nobility. He was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleanora in 1719, and this fact was indicated by the alteration of his family name Swedberg to Swedenborg, but that was all. Secondly, he did not die in 1782, but ten years previously, 1772. Thirdly, instead of publishing only fourteen volumes, Swedenborg published eighteen different theological works, one of which consisted of eight quarto volumes. In addition to these, he wrote six, which were published after his death. This brings the total of his theological works to twenty-four, comprising altogether about forty volumes in the original Latin. But his works were not confined to theology, though this was the domain your correspondent doubtless had in view; he published largely also in science and philosophy. Fourthly, you say that the denial of the resurrection of the body—which is a denial of Swedenborg's—was the 'heresy of the Sadducees.' But, as this brings upon Swedenborg's teaching a Divine censure—indeed, condemnation, which it by no means deserves—your sense of fairness will certainly permit me one word of remonstrance. The Sadducees 'deny that there is any resurrection' (Luke xx. 27 and elsewhere), which is certainly a heresy, and which certainly includes the denial of the resurrection of the body, and, so far, agrees with Swedenborg. But only so far, for Swedenborg never once denies the resurrection of the man—only of his material body. Consequently, Swedenborg's teaching, even though some may regard it as heretical on this matter, is not 'the heresy of the Sadducees.'"

Lonely Nancy and Emma must take the proper measures for curing a bad digestion, or have any dilapidations amongst her teeth repaired, and those that are objectionable removed. Perhaps the infirmity so trying to her friends, as well as to herself, may thus be cured. 2. Possibly the irritation of which she speaks is nervousness.

Brown-eyed Nan.—The lines quoted—

"God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small"—

are by Mary Howitt.

Nellie Homespun.—There is no difficulty in skinning the fish, but we advise you to leave all such unpleasant undertakings to the fishmonger, whose business it is. Your writing is legible and good.

Candace and Ellen C. L.—The article on how to make harmless scented waters from elder flowers, &c., will probably be inserted soon.

Darling.—July 1st, 1867, was a Monday. Read the articles on painting on terra-cotta in vol. i. You have used your paints too dry.

Ellie.—Black satin is still very much worn, and shows no sign of becoming unpopular. Your writing is careless and irregular.

Philippa.—The idea is a good one, and there is already an excellent institution in Harley-street, W., called the Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

Little Toddlekins.—1. We recommend our articles on "Occupations for Invalids" to your notice, which, on making a reference to the index, you will find in vol. ii. 2. Use pumice-stone after their eradication.

St. Etheldreda.—We think that if you have a taste for languages you might acquire Latin without a master. Your hand is tolerably good.

Blue Cornflower.—If we could decipher your writing or understand your private method of spelling, we should have pleasure in replying, so far as able, to your queries; but we do not understand what you mean when you say, "Kindly Inform me where I could aply for situation as Lady copet-maker." You also inquire, "What would take a stain out of a pair of Trouers," and add, "I washed them, and it has taken the colour in one place; what would get them right again?" Nothing but having them dyed would restore the colour.

Forget-me-not, Rose, and Primrose all write the same style of hand, which is good, legible, and fully formed. 2. We should regret to hear that any girl friend of ours had undertaken the responsibilities and cares of married life while yet in her teens, but we admit that such a theory could not form an absolute rule, as one's actions must be controlled by Providential circumstances.

Queen Mary.—The spinning of silk by the silkworms takes place after their full growth; and eggs should not be hatched until after the appearance of the mulberry leaves, because lettuce leaves form a very poor substitute for them, and are only given to the worms but just hatched. In America a substitute for mulberry leaves has recently been discovered.

Blotting-paper.—We never heard of brown hair turning red, although we have often heard of the reverse of the case. But the use of soda in the water for washing it would tend towards giving a rusty red hue to it. We advise your leaving the colour of your hair to Nature. With reference to weak eyes, consult the articles by "Medicus," and our advice to other sufferers from the same complaint.

Sissie.—Consult the series of articles which we have supplied on the subject of etiquette and good breeding in general. In England the prerogative of recognition in the street or elsewhere is accorded to the lady for her greater protection from intrusion on the part of the other sex; on the continent of Europe the man takes the initiative, and bows first.

Heliotrope kindly informs us that the ballad commencing with the line, or entitled "The First Grey Hair," is to be found in a volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "One Thousand and One Gems of Poetry." The 25th of March, 1868, was a Wednesday. She writes fairly well for her age.

Edelweiss.—To judge of the quickness with which you might acquire the German language, you must take note of how long it has taken you to learn French; and as the former is much more difficult—all the declensions considered, and the far greater fulness of the language—you must allow yourself a space of time of considerably greater length for its acquirement.

Trottie.—It would be impossible for any personal stranger to suggest ways and means of making money to one unable to give up her home duties. Could you give weekly lessons to any friends' children? Needlework offers but a very poor prospect of making money by means of a sale in the shops. We regret that, as strangers to your acquirements, and other circumstances, we are quite unable to give you advice.

Minnie.—The translation of the French sentence is, "A letter will soften the grief of absence." Pronounce the word "Zerk-sees"—Xerxes.

Jumbo.—We should advise you to use eye-glasses or a pair of opera-glasses.

A Lancashire Lass.—The grey hairs appear to denote a failure of nutriment in the bulbs of the hair. The hairwash you have been using seems too strong.

Pennyfeather.—We do not know of any way in which you might make use of "old nibs of pens," excepting perhaps in "fish-scale embroidery" work; in which we believe that the quills of birds' feathers are sometimes employed.

Lancashire Lass.—Perhaps the roots of your hair lack nourishment. But premature greyness is sometimes constitutional and hereditary; and sometimes it is induced by headaches. We cannot recommend any method of cure.

Elaine.—The 26th of January, 1865, was a Thursday. Your writing is cramped. Try to write a more flowing and graceful hand, sloping the letters all the same way. Practise making scrolls and "lines of beauty and grace"; holding the penholder at a considerable distance from the pen itself. We feel obliged by your good wishes.

Ivy Leaf.—Your nationality is derived from your parents; nevertheless birth and descent do not always preclude your laying claim to "citizenship" in the land of your birth; as, for instance, in France, where your name is enrolled as a citizen though not "naturalized" there, if born on the soil. If your parents be settlers in one of our colonies, their children are called after the name of their adopted country. If naturalized yourself in any country, you belong to it, whether your father be naturalized or not. Your writing is very bad. Why do you join your "m" and "n" at the bottom instead of the top of each letter? And why make these connecting lines horizontal instead of rounded?

Frances.—We thank you for showing us the rules for your "Bee Reading Club." You should advertise it if you desire to obtain additions to your numbers. We are glad that you have found our magazine so useful to you.

Rosey Jasmine.—To produce any kind of scent you would require the use of a distillery, and thus it would be useless for us to enter into long details of the tedious process. Your letter is very creditable to you, being well written and nicely expressed; and we are sorry we cannot help you to make the perfume.

Lizzie Campbell.—We feel much for you, and can only advise your making an effort to keep him at home in the evening. This you will not achieve by asking nor by teazing him to remain with you, but by endeavouring to make the evenings at home more cheerful and agreeable. Invite some pleasant people to a musical party, and then make that the commencement of a plan for instituting private musical evenings, and diversify the recreations by games of chess, or of some other description; inviting a friend, from time to time, to join you, or let the daily paper be laid on the table, and take your work and sit by the side of your husband, and ask him to read you the news. Not knowing your position in life, or other circumstances, we advise you as best we can, but only counsel you to make an energetic effort to render evenings at home agreeable.

Janet.—We cannot always select for ourselves in reference to our position in life and the vocation by which our bread is earned, but we may glorify God, and in it make that vocation honourable, by our honest treatment of those who may be our customers, and by our modest demeanour. As a general rule, it is better to endeavour to raise our vocation, and serve God in it, than to run away from the duties that have fallen to our lot.

Queenie Ring and W. H. W.—On the occasion of a first introduction it is not usual to inquire for the stranger's health; you are only to bow and smile, and if on an equal footing as to age and position in society, you might add, "I am happy to make your acquaintance." If a very intimate friend or relative of the friend who gives the introduction, you may offer your hand.

Faded Roses informs us that she has taken The Girl's Own Paper from the beginning, yet inquires "what would be good for making hair grow?" We refer her to the indices of our first two volumes, as very much has been written on the question of hair. She also expresses a hope that there will be "some more nice *tails* in it"; but we are not acquainted with her taste in this article. Has she a fancy for horses', peacocks', or pigs' tails? She tells us that she is "aged 21."

Gladys Gerant.—When eating cheese, place the bread or biscuits on your plate; cut the former and break the latter. The description of pen employed depends on the style of handwriting.

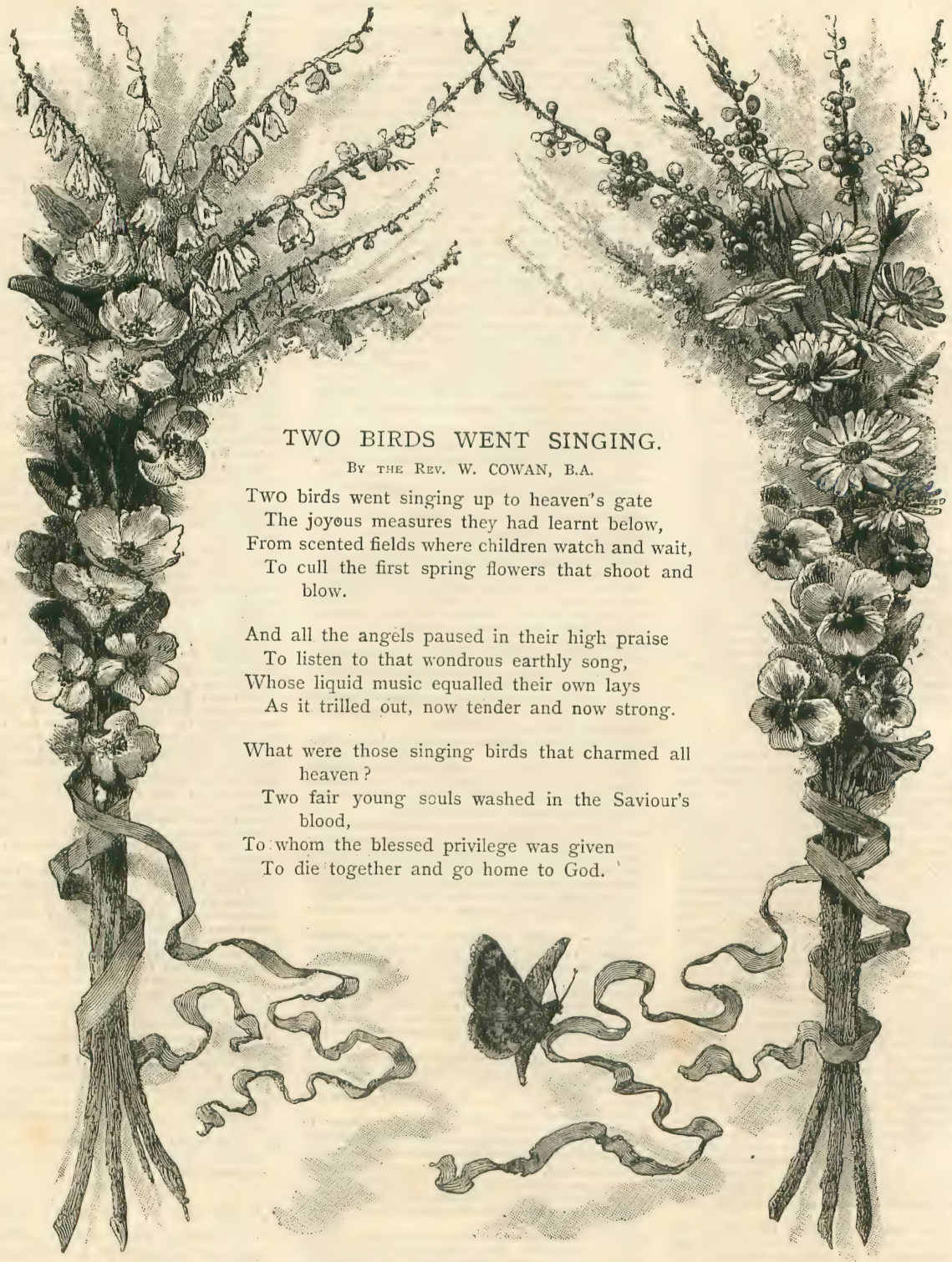
Covshettien.—It would be far better for you to sleep in a bed by yourself, but we are not always in a position in which we may consult either our own inclinations or advantage. Your hand is a poor specimen, but it is at least legible.

Rumples.—It is impossible for us to tell you of any situation for which you would be a suitable candidate; your writing and the style of your letter lead us to think that you are not quite capable of undertaking one of an educational character. Perhaps you might act as a "mother's help." But for such a situation you should have good health, a good temper, cheerful disposition, and a fair knowledge of nursing, housekeeping, and needlework.

M. H. C. and M. G.—We differ from you in thinking that a still larger portion of our magazine should be devoted to serial stories. It is not our object to amuse only, while we endeavour to supply useful information and instruction in an agreeable form and style.

A. B.—Order the number at your own bookseller's, or write to our office, addressing Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

*** *The Editor has much pleasure in informing his readers that at the urgent request of numerous friends "Silver Sails" has been reprinted, and can therefore now be obtained by immediate application through the various booksellers.*



TWO BIRDS WENT SINGING.

By the Rev. W. COWAN, B.A.

Two birds went singing up to heaven's gate
The joyous measures they had learnt below,
From scented fields where children watch and wait,
To cull the first spring flowers that shoot and blow.

And all the angels paused in their high praise
To listen to that wondrous earthly song,
Whose liquid music equalled their own lays
As it trilled out, now tender and now strong.

What were those singing birds that charmed all heaven?
Two fair young souls washed in the Saviour's blood,
To whom the blessed privilege was given
To die together and go home to God.

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AT THE SEASIDE.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT MADGE HAD PREPARED FOR.

MADGE was right.

She stood pale and tearless among the kindly coastguards and the awed farm-servants. "He has not been in the water long?" she gasped, echoing the information the fisher-boy had given her, and half doubtful what hope or hopelessness were in the words.

"Na," said the coastguard, "only since last night, puir laddie."

"I know him," Madge asserted. "I know his mother, who is in the country. My mother is with her now; he must be carried straight to our house."

And this was how Hugh Duthie was to come to the room his childhood's friend had prepared for his welcome. On a rude bier they carried him, in the light of the spring sunset, back to the town, and laid him on the little white bed among the chintz butterflies and cornucopias that his baby eyes had wondered at. Madge and Faith hastened on in front—Faith clinging to her new friend, and cowering as if from blows yet to come.

Once in Madge Cowie's home, neighbourly help was soon summoned, and a messenger despatched for Miss Milne and Robert Finlay; and then the terrible news sped down to the little farm standing in the bend of a river among green hills which Hugh Duthie was to see no more. And next the story spread through the town, and before nightfall students were standing in whispering groups in front of the colleges, and newspaper reporters were going to and fro, condensing sinister rumours and wild surmises into a discreet paragraph.

Hugh Duthie was dead, and had met his death by drowning. Those were the merciful facts into which the tragedy resolved itself for the eye of the public.

It was the end of a session, when the local atmosphere was laden with academic aspiration and reward, so there was a due hint of studious overwork, and so of mental excitement, which might have led to some errant desire for an untimely sea bath, and hence to an accident. There was even a suggestion of the possibility of some uncontrollable impulse, the offspring of an overwrought brain.

Poor Mrs. Duthie, crouching by the Cowies' hospitable hearth, moaned—

"What a pity that the only kind thing they can say is not true!"

For though, now that all was over, and nothing more could be done, they would have fain hidden from the desolate mother that her boy had been utterly neglecting his work for weeks before his end, her intuition saw through all their reservations, and once or twice she said, "What does that gentleman think who was so kind to my poor boy, and helped him so much with his studies at first?"

Nobody answered anything when she asked that question. For they knew she meant Edgar Cheney. And all professors and students alike, in that well-informed inner circle, knew well enough that seeming kindness from Edgar Cheney could be but like the courtesies of the fabled sirens luring the unwary to destruction.

Those open questions concerning Hugh's last evening in life never found any positive answer. That his way to his death had been short and swift after his meeting with the student Maginn few doubted. And there were those who censured Maginn for having allowed the lad, in a state of excitement and despair, to go out of his sight. But Maginn answered, with the old Cain-question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and added, not without some plausibility, that if one assumed the guardianship of every midnight wanderer whom one met in a state of excitement and despair, one would certainly have more of trouble over night than one would get of thanks next morning.

But where had Hugh been between parting from Marcus Drummond and going to the billiard-rooms? And most mysterious of all, what had become of his bursary? For the whole of it, amounting to twenty pounds, had absolutely vanished! There was no suspicion that he had been violently robbed before his death, for it was known that he had had no money on his person earlier in the evening in the billiard-rooms. He had paid no bills during the day, for the bills of the whole session were yet outstanding. He had even left his lodging in the house where Drummond also lived in debt, which still remained unpaid. The only money he had paid away for months had been to his last landlady, who had demanded payment in advance. And it was presently discovered that the money which she had received from him he had borrowed from a neighbour of his mother's, a young farmer who had come into town to market. And yet the twenty pounds received on the morning of his death had gone, leaving not a trace behind!

Marcus Drummond kept a dead silence, and did not come near the Cowies' house, where Hugh's body lay, though he sent his card and a costly wreath to be placed upon the coffin.

And so they carried the dead back to the old farm. In the quiet night the dismal little procession hastened through the deserted streets to make its homeward journey by a train which started from town at dawn. Those who were to travel by it were only the poor mother, Mrs. Cowie, and Madge, all in charge of Robert Finlay. Miss Milne and Faith went with them to the railway station to see the sad last of them. Denzil did not go; he had a headache which would not let him stir from his pillow. Not one of Hugh's old companions was there. But there was one elderly professor, whom the foolish dead boy had often tormented and turned into mockery. And there was one poor country girl, who had once been his mother's servant, and was now in a situation in town. And, strangely enough, there was also—Mr. Galbraith.

Faith wondered for a moment when she saw him, though, indeed, he had already shown himself most kindly and serviceable in this day of calamity. At the first report of the tragedy he had come straight to the Cowies' house, and had made it his part to spare them and Mrs. Duthie from all those melancholy details for which they were little fit, and for which Robert Finlay had little experience. Therefore it was not very strange, after all, that he should show this last attention. It turned out, too, that he had some occasion to travel by the same train and in the same direction.

And so Hugh Duthie was laid in his father's grave—the last of the family—the softer spirit of modern times not insisting on pressing those questions which might have relegated his poor remains to the dismal acre behind the church.

"They need not press the sods very close," sobbed the mother. "For surely they'll soon have to be turned for me."

And Mrs. Cowie and Madge kept pitiful silence, though they could have told her there was no "surely" in the case. For, as Mrs. Cowie had occasionally observed, "broken hearts, like cracked china, often last longest." But impulsive Mrs. Cowie felt almost aggrieved by Mrs. Duthie's inference that her own supreme sorrow must bring her speedily to the grave. For she knew how she herself had loved and suffered, and what a pain of loss and longing lay ever in her own heart; and yet she not only lived, but laughed and lilted and enjoyed herself! She did not reckon highly enough those advantages she possessed which Mrs. Duthie did not—the bright, wholesome temper inherited from self-denying, saintly sires, the wide human love which could make kith and kin of any whom it might serve. But she did freely acknowledge to herself, "I have my Madge still," and would hardly own even to herself that her sole present care and anxiety was the thought of Madge's loneliness in the event of her own decease. "Perhaps I'll live longest, after all," she would muse, and then add, "But, considering that I'm her mother, and she my youngest, I don't know whether it's kind or wicked to comfort myself with such a thought. But, there—it is God's business and not mine, and He never forgets."

The mother and daughter stayed with Mrs. Duthie for a day or two after the funeral, and then took leave of her. Her life would go on much the same as it had. Her narrow sphere of duties had long been lonely, only now there would be no sweet hopes lying outside

them, like the misty hills and valleys stretched round her sterile little farm. She would still practise her small economies, though now they had lost all aspiring aim. And it was not the natural night of sorrow which encompassed her — that night in whose deepest darkness the stars come out, and on whose horizon a rosy dawn will surely brighten. Her woe was rather as a dreary fog, defiling even what it could not destroy. How could she take out her boy's last letters?—those brief letters, always written "in great haste," which, instead of letting her into his real life, had shut her out from it. How could she bear to see his first prizes, or to look at the treasured old newspaper where she had proudly seen his name in print, in the record of some modest academic success? Her dead boy—she could not speak of him as other mourning mothers might, for her praises would only evoke looks of indulgent pity, and if she wept her tears might seem for his sins rather than for his loss.

And so the bereaved mother was left to grope about in her bruised and blinded life in the quiet country, while the academic population of the busy town had its usual little gala of "capping day," and its usual little excitements of unforeseen success or unexpected failure. One face that might have been beaming among its fellows was a-missing—buried in the darkness of the grave—but the "ruffing" and the witticisms were not a whit less boisterous or less pointed. Few gave a thought to Hugh Duthie—those whom he had made his comrades were those who do not give a thought to anything not immediately pressing on themselves.

Marcus Drummond was in his place, looking pale and moody. But his fellow students were whispering that that was because he had troubles of his own. Edgar Cheney was not there; he had already gone south for his holidays. He did not generally go south with such wonderful promptitude, though he seldom returned punctually to his classes when the vacation ended. Robert Finlay was there, of course, striving to be genial to the giddy lads about him, though his own thoughts had never been as their thoughts, and could be so less than ever now, as he felt the singularly isolating influence of a sudden full realisation of the terrible pitfalls and gulfs which surround the winding life paths on which youth starts so lightly. For the depths and degradations of Hugh Duthie's ruin were daily yielding up their ghosts. In a pawnbroker's window Robert recognised a little locket which had once been fastened to Hugh's silver watch chain — watch and chain alike having vanished as mysteriously as the bursary. On a second-hand bookseller's shelf he found Hugh's morocco bound Bible, his name carefully erased from its flyleaf. Nay, there was also a little birthday verse-book which Madge Cowie had given Hugh in his boyhood, a slight thing which—its autograph leaves hastily cut out—Hugh must have parted with for the merest trifle.

And Robert Finlay kept the knowledge of these miserable trovers to himself, for they could but have stung those already too sorely stricken. The tragedy of Hugh Duthie was ended. And alas! another tragedy was still being enacted.

In the end, it was the miserable Denzil, prostrate, stunned almost as beneath physical blows, who threw what little light was ever thrown on the secret of the closing scenes of young Duthie's life. Both Faith and Robert Finlay had instantly understood what vistas of deceit and despair were opened by the revelation of the falsehood of Denzil's repentance and reformation. Yet, to tell the truth, Robert was at first more hopeful than Faith, inclined to believe that though, indeed, they had formed far too high expectations of change in Denzil's course of life, still they might now be witnessing but the last lingering throes of evil habits which had once threatened to possess his whole nature. Faith saw deeper, because she had the piercing insight of a devoted affection. She felt that if Denzil's will, however weak, had gone with their wishes and with his own professions, he would not have tried to bury a falsehood in the very moment of confession, and that the lapses and shortcomings of a sincere repentance would not have been left to be discovered by chance. She remembered all he had said to her—the light tone of bravado with which he had spoken after that first disclosure made to her by Kitty Scott. All those days while Hugh Duthie's dead body lay in the Cowies' house, and Denzil crouched on his own bed, unmistakably sick and suffering, Faith felt in her heart that worse was still to follow about her brother, and while ministering to him with a firm and solemn tenderness, braced herself up for it by fervent agonies of silent prayer.

How would it come? As Faith sat beside her brother, either silently sewing, or doing her best to maintain her share of some conversation which she could not help feeling was of the kind that Solomon describes as "talk of the lips," she often felt as if she could have borne anything, have stood steadily under any blow, lifted any burden, gone forth to meet any loss or degradation, if only Denzil would even yet turn to her frankly and freely, laying bare all the story of his fall, whatever it might be, and claiming her sympathy and help, the assurance of her continued faith in him and hope for him.

She felt that it was worse than useless to make any appeal for his confidence, and on her knees, asking Divine instruction and strengthening, she had resolved to be patient, to wait quietly, and to be only watchful not to repel the faintest advance on Denzil's part. Steadily did she strive to carry out this resolution, but once it failed her, and bursting into tears, she besought her brother to clear away the clouds between them, whatever these might be. A seeming gentleness in Denzil's manner, a pathetic tone in his voice, had tempted her to this, but no sooner was it done than she felt as one might who, throwing himself upon what looked like a mossy bank, found that it was but a mossed stone wall. Her soul drew back, as it were, bruised and bleeding, and she returned to her original resolution.

But if there might be no more appeals, there must be a day of reckoning. Another quarter had ended, and another remittance was lying waiting for the brother and the sister. Faith felt that she must put the plainest questions and institute the most searching investigation. And then the truth came out, and with it a ray of light on the mysteries surrounding Hugh Duthie's end.

Once more Denzil owned himself absolutely penniless. Faith's money had again defrayed the housekeeping expenses of both, and so economically had she managed, that she had been able to meet sundry little personal necessities in the way of shoes and gloves without any application to him. Denzil should therefore have had a considerable surplus, since this was his time of lightest college expense, the fees for the next session not being yet due. Where was it? And as it was not in existence, where had it gone? Where were the accounts he had promised to keep?

He had none.

Faith knew that he had given sundry orders to booksellers and clothiers, and that payments made in these directions would somewhat reduce the amount of unaccounted-for cash. But just as she was pressing him to say to what he thought these items might amount, a new doubt and terror shot across her mind.

"Where are their bills?" she asked. "Oh, Denzil, Denzil, are you quite sure that you have paid even these?"

(*To be continued.*)

ADVICE TO GIRLS INTENDING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR.

Go to bed before dark,
Be up with the lark;
Have your breakfast at seven,
Then walk till eleven.

Get your dinner at one
(Unless you'd have none,
But luncheon prefer
On a bank in the air).

Take tea about four,
Then walk three hours more;
Have your supper at eight—
That will not be too late.

When your Bible you've read,
And put down how you've sped,
Betake you to bed;
There rest till the morrow
Without care or sorrow.

Awake at the dawn
Of the following morn,
And your journey pursue
Through the morning dew.

With "Da Capo" I end
And am truly your friend,
Unknown though I be,
Unless you can see
Who is meant by— S. G.

P.S.—If the weather is fine
These counsels of mine
Will fit to a "T";
But if wet it be,
You must alter your plan,
And walk—when you can.

PHIL'S FORTUNE.

By the Author of "An Unattractive Girl."

CHAPTER I.

IN a certain long, straggling road, leading away from a country town, stood two houses, only separated by the insignificant space of garden and road, yet so entirely different from each other in every possible way that one might almost have been considered as the extreme of the other.

The road was, as I have said, a long one; long enough, in truth, for it ran straight from the end of Drayton town, by forest, over hill, and through dale, right on to Middlechester, twenty miles distant; one of those examples of road-making left us by our Roman conquerors, which we of later ages admire but never copy, perhaps because, with all our enlightenment, we do not know how.

The two houses of which we have spoken stood at the end of the road, close to Drayton town. The one, of stone, well back from the road, its smooth lawn, with monster shrubs and stately cedars, enclosed and screened from the vulgar gaze of passers-by with tall oak palings; the other close to the pathway, with modest, old-fashioned, deep-seated windows, on the sills of which there bloomed a perfect garden of sweet, homely flowers—mignonette, lobelia, and geranium; a door of no great pretension in the middle, with a window on either side and three above. This was all the face that Merton Lodge presented to the world.

The difference in outward aspect between the Lodge and Clyfforde House over the way was well borne out in their respective inhabitants. In all that great house, with its dining-hall, ball-room, library, boudoir, and ever so many more, was only one old woman, except the servants who were there to do all necessary things for her.

Not much, surely, for one individual, grown all too worn and weary for the fatigue of society, and living secluded from the world! Yet how are such matters to be measured? In this case, not by the law of necessity. Mrs. Clyfforde, with her butler, footmen, gardeners, coachman, own maid, parlour, house, and kitchen maids, was in the most irritable of moods at being left for a few days minus one of her staff. Truly, all things are but comparative.

For over at Merton Lodge, in the small space of ten very moderate-sized rooms, had been born and reared a family of six children. At the back, hidden from view, was a large garden with some flowers and more vegetables, a croquet lawn, not in the smoothest of order, which the boys only too gladly cut and rolled, and, beyond, a fairly stocked orchard, available for out-of-door teas. Happy enough were the young voices that made the old walls echo and vibrate, and called forth many a reproof from older heads, wanting rest, perhaps; not happier, though, than the hearts that were too light to be burdened with such trifles as worn carpets, decrepit furniture, and scanty attendants.

None of the Delahayes had ever crossed the threshold of Clyfforde House. The two families knew each other so well by sight that there had sprung up between them a habit of bowing formally so far back as in Mr. Clyfforde's lifetime, but it had never gone beyond that.

The young Delahayes had terrible notions of the stern, secluded old lady. Once they had been playing in the orchard among the cut grass, and when hot, and not too tidy, had mounted a little haycock in a corner overlooking the road, when, as ill-luck would have it, who should drive by in her victoria but Mrs. Clyfforde herself. Her glance of surprise and disgust was not quickly forgotten. She was thenceforward nothing less than an ogress in their eyes. Not even Margaret, who was nearly nineteen and was

"'YOU OUGHT TO BE A BOY,' PAUL SAID, APPROVINGLY."

developing various tastes and ambitions, as yet unthought of by the others, had the faintest desire to be included among Mrs. Clyfforde's circle of friends, even if there were any possibility of such an event coming to pass, which they knew there was not.

So the two houses, so very near together and yet so wide apart, went on their separate ways perfectly oblivious of each other. It was therefore with no little surprise that Phil and Katie, playing cricket with the boys in the orchard one sunny afternoon, became suddenly aware that a pair of black eyes were peering wistfully at them across the road from over the palings of Clyfforde House.

"Why, it's a boy," cried Phil, leisurely surveying the cropped head which, except for a pair of hands clinging to the top of the fence, alone was visible. "Who can he be? Fancy a boy at Clyfforde House."

"He's the gardener's boy, I daresay," carelessly chimed in Bob. "Come on, Phil, and let me bowl you out."

"Gardener's boy!" cried Phil, contemptuously. "That's all your opinion's worth."

At this moment the black head disappeared, and there presently rose above the palings another head, but this time a girl's, with long, black hair, pale cheeks, and large, black eyes, distinguishable even across the road.

"The gardener's got a girl too," said Phil, contemptuously. "Let's go and speak to them. They look as if they'd like to come and play cricket, whoever they are."

No sooner said than done. Phil was over the low rail and through a gap in the hedge in the twinkling of an eye, and the next moment standing in the road against the palings, regardless of her bare head, which cricket had not helped to smoothen.

"I say, who are you?" she asked, abruptly. "Did you want to speak to me?"

"We were watching you at play through the cracks, and then climbed up to get a better view," answered the dark-haired girl. "It's so dull here—worse than being at school. I wish Paul and I might play cricket."

"Why don't you?" asked Phil.

"On grandmamma's lawns? She would be angry, wouldn't she, Paul? What a nice old orchard that is of yours!"

"It's awfully jolly," replied Phil. "We have tremendous fun out there."

"I wish we could come too," the girl said, with a longing look across the road.

"You'd better not," replied Phil, bluffly. "We Delahayes aren't fit associates for Mrs. Clyfforde's grandchildren, I can tell you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Clyfforde's grand-daughter, wonderingly.

Any answer Phil might have been inclined to give was nipped in the bud by the sudden disappearance of the black head behind the fence, from which Phil judged that the dark-haired girl had been held up by her brother.

A boy's voice presently called from behind the fence, "If we go up the road for a walk, can you go too?"

"Rather," replied Phil; "we go for walks whenever we like."

"All right; let's go and get ready then," came back the reply in a girl's voice, and then the sound of retreating feet betokened that they had departed.

Phil went back to her brothers and sister.

"It's Mrs. Clyfforde's grandchildren, and they awfully want to play with us," she reported. "They're going up the road, and want us to come. Who's going?"

"I call that a shame," said Bob, "just when I was going to have my innings."

"What a sordid mind you've got," cried Phil, contemptuously. "Cricket or an adventure, and you choose cricket just because it's your innings."

"And you choose the adventure just because it isn't yours," retorted Bob.

"Bring the stumps, and I'll give your your innings in the nearest field," said Phil. "Shall you come, Katie?"

"I don't mind, unless you want your adventure to yourself," replied Katie.

"You needn't say a mean thing like that," retorted Phil, hotly. "I'm not a sneak."

So the four Delahayes shouldered their bats and stumps, and scampered off to prepare for the walk.

They were not anything so much to look at when that performance was ended. The boys were thorough-going boys, who never dreamt of taking care of any suit but their best one. A little shabbiness more or less never ruffled them, nor a little messiness either. They were supremely unconscious of and indifferent to their clothes, which was a real happiness for them, as they must either have forborne the romp and racket which made them so strong of limb and bright of eye, or have been perpetually troubled in mind.

Phil was not much better. Her gingham dress was none too spotless, her sunburnt, straw, sailor hat stuck on the top of her head without a thought of a looking-glass. No dainty ribbons or ends of lace fluttered about Phil. She had all a boy's contempt for such "bothering fal-lals," as she inelegantly termed them, and held her elder sister in supreme contempt for her "servile bondage to appearances."

Nor was Phil at all above carrying a bat or stumps over her shoulder. It was therefore not the most dapper or elegant procession that took its way "up the road" to wait for "those Clyffordes."

They probably had much more elaborate preparations to make, for they were not in sight, so the four Delahayes waited in a field, seated on stones or what not.

At last the two were espied coming along the road, and Phil and Bob rushed off to meet them. When they drew near to each other both parties took leisurely and critical surveys one of the other.

"If we are going to play at anything, we must know each other's names," said Phil, holding out her brown, ungloved hand. "Mine is Philippa Delahaye. What's yours?"

"How grand that sounds—like a queen or princess!" said the girl Clyfforde, timidly.

"Oh, as for that, I'm only Phil, and everyone says the name suits me exactly," replied Phil.

"So it does," said the boy, approvingly, who, now that Phil had a good look at him, didn't look so much of a boy after all. He was slender and not very tall, with a face delicate and refined-looking, in spite of its dark complexion and black hair.

Phil found herself thinking that he was after all, she believed, too old for fun, or else he had a very steady-going way with him that was disappointing, though only what you might expect of a Clyfforde.

"My name is Paul—dreadfully ugly, isn't it?—and my sister's Carrie," he added. "We've come to Clyfforde House to live."

"I don't envy you," said outspoken Phil.

Paul looked at her dubiously for a moment, as if not sure whether she meant this for rudeness or not; but the next moment he replied, with a smile—

"It's dull certainly, especially after Eton."

"Do you spend your days in walking about those prim gravel paths?" asked Phil, with an expressive grimace.

"Hardly," replied Paul. "I should have been out and about, only Carrie was so miserable, so we stayed in together. We often watched you playing in the orchard, and envied you."

"It was good of you anyway to stay in with her. Some boys aren't good to their sisters," said Phil, approvingly.

"Thank you for your good opinion," Paul replied, with an amused smile. "What were you going to do?"

"We brought the cricket things," chimed in Bob, who was feeling rather put out of the adventure, "in case you might like us to teach you how to play."

"I expect I know how," Paul answered, quietly. "Where do you play?"

"In that field over there we can have a splendid game," answered Bob.

They started off, dropping on Katie and Lenny by the way, set up the wickets in the far field, and solemnly divided themselves into sides, Carrie only refusing to join.

Phil and Bob need have had no fear about Paul's knowledge of cricket. They opened their eyes when they saw how well he played, and began to entertain a very high respect for him when they perceived how much more he knew about it than themselves. But he was very modest. "This is the Eton rule," was all he said when showing them anything they didn't know. Bob was inclined to be huffy, and confided in Phil that Clyfforde was a prig, which piece of jealousy Phil withered in the bud with her unsparing sisterly hand.

There were many opportunities for conversation in the intervals of playing, which Phil for one was not slow to seize. "I do pity you living at that great, dull house," she said to Carrie. "I wish you might come and have tea with us in our orchard. We do have such fun."

Carrie said nothing, but looked uncomfortable.

"I don't for a moment suppose you'd be allowed," she added, with all her native intolerance of anything like concealment, and not in the least offended.

Carrie looked up timidly. "Grandmamma is very strict," she said, deprecatingly. "We never knew her till we came here. Paul was at Eton and I was at school. Papa was out in India, and he died there last year. For a long time we didn't know what we were going to do, and then at last grandmamma wrote and said we were to come to Clyfforde House. Neither Paul nor I like being here at all; we'd rather be at school, and Paul is very disappointed, because he was always thinking about when he should go to Oxford, and now he's afraid he won't go at all."

"But where's your mamma?" Phil asked, greatly interested.

"Oh, she's been dead a great many years. I never remember her," Carrie replied.

"None of our boys will go to college, or Eton either," Phil said, speculatively. "Our father's not at all rich, but he's most awfully jolly," she added, quickly. "I think, though, it's a shame Paul shouldn't go, when Mrs. Clyfforde's so rich."

"That's what Paul thinks, I know," Carrie said, "but he's too good to say it, and, of course, grandmamma ought to do as she likes."

"I don't see it," cried Phil, stoutly. "What's the good of having money if it isn't to spend it on proper things like that? I don't think Mrs. Clyfforde has any right to lay by her money, when she ought to be spending it on sending Paul to college. Why, now, supposing I had a lot of money—fifty pounds, perhaps—and hoarded it up, when mother and father and the boys and the girls all want heaps of things—shouldn't I be a wicked thing?"

"I perceive you're a radical," chimed in Paul, who had strolled up.

"I don't know what that is, but if it means speaking your mind, and hating proud, stuck up, mean people, then I am," Phil replied, defiantly.

"The grandmother may be all that; but if she is, do you think it is very polite to say it to us?" Paul asked, quietly.

Phil fired up immediately. "I always say what I think, and don't care who hears me," she said, proudly.

"You wouldn't like me to say such a thing of your mother, would you?" Paul asked.

"You couldn't, because it wouldn't be true," Phil replied, ramming her hat on to her head in most unbecoming fashion, a sure sign that she was troubled in her mind.

"There's no telling what I might think, but that is no reason why I should hurt your feelings with my thoughts."

Phil preserved a stony silence, and Paul turned away, evidently more than half offended. This was not exactly the adventure that she had anticipated with such relish. Had she really been guilty of rudeness? Phil had never been in the habit of picking her words. She had never troubled her head to think whether they pleased or displeased anyone. She had held it, indeed, as a thing to be proud of that she never hesitated to say anything she thought, however unflattering it might be. Now for the first time it was dawning upon her that it might be a greater virtue to keep her thoughts to herself than to speak them out.

Phil had a much greater virtue than her outspokenness, of which she was barely conscious, which was an aptitude for seeing when she was in the wrong, and an honest desire to acknowledge her fault. The fearlessness of character which prompted that fearful candour rendered it easier in her case than with many people to confess an error, and the blunt honesty of her nature made it impossible for her to do otherwise. With Phil to see she was in the wrong was to publish it to all the world.

She waited impatiently till Paul threw down his bat, when she went straight to him, without a moment's hesitation.

"It was rude of me to say that, just now, about Mrs. Clyfforde," she said, readily. "I can understand that no one can like to have their friends spoken badly of; and I'm sorry I said it."

"You ought to be a boy," Paul said, approvingly. "I never thought a girl could say a thing like that."

"Then you do girls a great injustice," said Phil, grandly. "They're quite as magnanimous as boys."

By this time the rest of the party were gathering up their property previous to turning homewards.

They walked down the road very amicably together, and when half-way home Phil suddenly perceived Margaret coming towards them.

"There's Meg!" cried Bob. "Won't she be astonished!"

Astonishment was hardly the word. Margaret was horrified. The Clyffordes from Clyfforde House walking side by side with Phil in a tumbled gingham, tangled hair, and hat all awry; Bob and Lenny in the grimiest galateas, and Katie, though a trifle better, nothing to boast of.

"Why, Phil," she cried, looking askance at her, "how shockingly untidy you are!"

"Not worse than usual," replied Phil, with fearful honesty. "Besides, who cares? One can't be always thinking about clothes."

Paul seemed very much amused at this little episode. Margaret was piqued, and wondered whether he was laughing at her or Phil. She would have given much to know, for Meg did not like the idea that anyone should be laughing at her, at all.

"Now I have found you I may as well turn back," she said, leaving them to infer she had come in search of them. Phil knew better, and was on the verge of saying out what she knew, when the remembrance of Paul's reproof came back to her mind, and she held her tongue.

To her mind the adventure was ended. Margaret was proper and dignified, and paid great attention to her appearance, not without reason, for she was a very pretty girl, and in all the bloom of her girlhood. But these intolerant young people looked upon her as quite an outsider. They had no sympathy with her ideas, and hugely pitied her for being so dull.

She was as pleased as possible to make the acquaintance of these Clyffordes, and was trying, Phil could see, to give them a good impression of the superiority of the Delahayes, which, Phil was saying to herself, was absurd, for were they not as poor as possible, and what was the good of pretending they were anything else?

"To think you should have gone out that figure with them!" Margaret said, in high reproof, when they had parted from their companions. "What a good thing I met you! They must have thought we were savages."

"It wasn't you they wanted to play cricket with," retorted Bob, "so you needn't give yourself airs, Meg."

"Hold your tongue, child," said Margaret. "I do wish, Phil, you'd learn to be a little more decent in your appearance. How absurd it is for a girl of your age to tear about like a great boy and never be fit to be seen. You disgrace us. I shouldn't be surprised if those Clyffordes aren't quite disgusted with you all, and how nice it would be to know such people."

"Poor things!" cried Phil, perversely; "you talk as if they were angels because they're rich. Poor creatures, they're as dull and miserable as Dutch dolls. With all their money Paul can't go to college, and they don't even remember their mother. Poor things, I don't envy them." And Phil flung upstairs in something like a rage.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Little Wanderers. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—Charming words set to appropriate and beautiful music. Two little homeless wanderers, pausing for rest on the threshold of an old church, find a refuge there, and listen to the wondrous song they had ne'er heard before—"Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace."

"And the angels bore them home to God,
Ere they reached the glad Amen."

The Starlings. Duet for mezzo-soprano and contralto. Words by Rev. C. Kingsley. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A rather difficult but exceedingly pretty duet; requires great care in the singing, and good execution in the rendering of the accompaniment, which is rather elaborate. It is well worth all the attention that is needed in acquiring it.

Moon-Spell or Dolly. Song by D. F. Blomfield. Music by A. M. Wakefield.—A simple love tale, most effectively set to appropriate music. The melody is good and the accompaniment easy, the concluding verse recalling the well-known words of our immortal bard—

"We all are players for our day,
On the stage of life we fare,
Each with his little part to play,
Each with his mask to wear."

AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

INTRODUCTORY.

I AM going to let you into a secret, dear girls. The title of this paper ought to be, "*Seaside Lodgings, and How to Make them Comfortable.*" This title, just as it stands above, was supplied to me by our mutual friend, the Editor, as the text for my contribution to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

I assure you I sat down intending to be faithful to my trust. I meant to go straight—mentally, of course—to the seaside, look into the lodging-houses, observe their various recommendations and disadvantages in a housewifely way, as well as in a proper business-like fashion. I meant to have examined the faces of the landladies *straight off*, and reported accordingly. But instead of that, imagination no sooner packed its imaginary trunk, and prepared to obey our "mutual friend's" behest, than it became rebellious. "Am I," it said, "to be confined to a single sitting-room, or two at most, and three bedrooms, one double-bedded? Am I to travel down to various seaside places and spend a mental holiday in one or other of them, without giving a glance at the ocean itself, and revelling, for the time, in realities instead of pictures and memories? Am I to enter into all the details of housekeeping and marketing, to discuss furniture and table appointments, and give you a list of all the odds and ends you must bring with you, yet have no dip in the buoyant waters, no long, delicious ramble, to bring me back with appetite to the table which I have catered for? Am I to have all the prose and others all the poetry?

Imagination pauses, but only to break out into more open rebellion. "I *will* do the lodgings part of the business. I will tell you about furniture and landladies, eligible situations and sites to be avoided, and, for your sakes, touch on subjects too numerous to mention.

Only I must not be compelled to travel by even an imaginary express train, or be expected to take the very shortest cut to "Sea View Terrace" or "Marine Crescent"—the paradise of lodging-houses. If I choose to chat with a fellow traveller or spend the length of a paragraph on the road, who shall say me nay?

At the very outset I felt a longing to rush over the prescribed lines and look into some country lodgings. The very name of these brings a whiff of lavender-scented linen to our

"imaginary nostrils," and we hear the roses tapping at the window-pane, and giving us, in the name of the soft breeze that sent them, a call to come out into the moonlight and see Nature as she looks when sleeping, whilst Luna watches.

But this will not do. Introductory remarks must not assume too much importance, or run on until they fancy themselves equal to regular chapters. We will turn over and begin at the beginning, promising, however, to reach seaside lodgings and tell you all about them, as well as of various matters which will help to give comfort indoors and enjoyment outside during a summer holiday.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE SHALL WE GO TO SEEK LODGINGS?

ALL dwellers in large towns, no matter how comfortable or even luxurious may be their surroundings, have periodical yearnings for a country holiday. Human nature that lives habitually amid bricks and mortar does not merely want to inspire sea breezes, taken in with all the accompaniments of town life, and the ocean, by way of variety, in front. It does long for green fields and a bit of unadulterated Nature, if such can still be found.

The sight of a budding tree suggests some far-away woods in all the tender glory of early spring or the leafy canopy of summer. It pictures the masses of autumn foliage in all their many coloured beauty, glowing in the sunshine with endless tintings only just before they fade and fall.

What a delight it is to tread on cool grass instead of the heated pavement! To feel the springing turf under one's feet instead of the uncompromising flags, or many-cornered granite setts, which girls cross and recross so often on the way to school.

If I may judge by the City girls with whom I come in contact, and they are not few in number, a country holiday opens out a new world to them.

Not only the young, but the older people know but little of the thousand wonders that are spread around them, so lavishly and openly that they seem to ask for notice, yet rarely receive it.

Our girls now are taught from books a great deal about the operations of Nature. They have a fair abstract acquaintance with the wonder-worker which goes by that name. But when they are set down with Nature's own wide book always open before and around them, they find out how little they know about her. The humblest husbandman could tell them a thousand things of which the book-learned student is ignorant, and which only observation can teach.

A brief illustration of this was furnished to me when staying in the country a couple of years ago. A City gentleman, hearing of our whereabouts, dropped in for half an hour, and was induced to spend the day with us. He was a great student, and had gained many university distinctions. I cannot tell you how many letters he was entitled to put after his name, and in the world of books we should all have been lost had we attempted to company with him.

But out of doors, and turning over the leaves of Nature's volume, he was utterly lost. Our acquaintance, who could have told us anything we wanted to know about the language, habits, government, dress, and surroundings of nations that had ceased to exist, did not know the name of a single English tree. I beg his pardon. No doubt he had read of oak, elm, ash, willow, and chestnut, of the tall poplar and the feathery larch. But he could not tell one from another when he saw them, or recognise one of the feathered songsters that filled the air with melody when it alighted near his feet.

I feel sure he would have discoursed eloquently about the site of ancient Babylon, Nineveh, or Troy, but his notions of British geography were singularly hazy. Many places really near together were separated in his mental maps; whilst others, widely sundered, were as recklessly brought into companionship without regard to impossibilities.

Before I can help the young people to choose apartments we must decide where we will go.

Now I have run on about the country in an apparently aimless way, but all the time with a view of suggesting that in choosing our holiday resting-place we should try to combine certain advantages which are not to be found in all seaside places.

There are some of these where the sea is fine, the air bracing, and supplies abundant. But when we have looked at the mighty ocean, we have seen all that can be furnished in the way of beauty. True, the changes in its aspects are endless, but we tire of watching for them, especially where the artificially-constructed promenade and the wide sands comprise all the available walks.

Behind the town itself, and for many a mile, there is perhaps a barren, almost treeless flat, offering no inducement for excursion or research. Now, as these summer holidays open out so many opportunities for verifying by a rummage in Nature's storehouses the information we have obtained from books—for enjoying living realities instead of only mental pictures drawn for us by others—it is surely well to have as wide a range as possible. We must be within reach, if we can, of *several volumes* in Nature's unlimited library, and look into them by turns, as opportunity permits and inclination prompts us.

To all who are asking the question, "Where shall we go?" I answer: try to combine sea breezes and a pretty surrounding country if possible. Study the locality. Find out if there is mountain scenery in the background, what picturesque or notable places are within easy reach, what excursions you may make without great fatigue or cost, if the latter be of consequence to you, as it is to the majority of holiday-makers.

Seaside places that are within a moderate ride of large manufacturing centres are usually very town-like in appearance and customs. They suit those who wish to have everything around them when absent from a city home, very much like what they have left behind. Who *do* the sands in the morning, but who like to have winter gardens, concert-rooms, and amusements in the evening, or the holiday would be a dull one for them. In such health-resorts there are many advantages as well as drawbacks. Should the weather prove treacherous, there is something to be seen and heard under cover. There are city neighbours within reach with whom visits and confidences can be exchanged, and time passed pleasantly. And by far the best of all, the being near the large business centre enables mamma and the youngsters to look for the presence of husband and father, if not every night, at least for the week ends.

"THE HUSBANDS' TRAIN"

leaves the city after the heat of the business day, and whirls the tired merchant at extra express speed, stopping not until it lands him in the bosom of his family by the seaside.

The veriest old bachelor and the most indifferent of spinsters will soon know all about the "husbands' train," unless they draw their blinds down or resolutely shut their eyes to what is passing.

At a certain hour on most evenings, say from five to six, and notably on Fridays, materfamilias and the youngsters are in a flutter. Mamma looks bright, both in face and dress, and hurries stationward, perhaps accompanied by some of the girls, whilst nurse, baby, and the smaller fry advance more slowly in the same direction.

In consideration for young legs, which have been on the paddle through all the long day, they only go half way to meet the paternal kiss.

Papa comes down on Friday evening and gets two clear days, but the boys who are in business, or absorbed in professional studies, are not generally able to get away from town until noon on Saturday, when what may be called the "brothers' train" comes in, and the girls meet it.

Judging from the pretty attire donned by these last, the youths rejoice in very affectionate sisters, for truly there is a bevy of bonnie lasses on the platform to greet the arrivals by this train. It is really very nice and sisterly of them to come down, despite the hot midday sun, to meet brothers Jack, Regy, or Charley. But sometimes Jack, Regy, or Charley brings down with him his particular friend Dick, Tom, or Harry for the week end. Then the bright flush on a young face will grow deeper still, and the loveliest of eyes, whether blue, black, brown, or grey, flash out a look of welcome, and then drop shyly before the rejoicing sight of the "brother's friend," who has run down with him "just to have a whiff of sea air, and to get the city smoke blown out of him between this and Monday morning."

(We hope he will not add to the tobacco-smoke, which masculine promenaders generally puff into the faces of those of the other sex, in all places where people most do congregate. You would not like your mothers and the girls to smoke, dear boys, and some of us find it very trying to swallow your smoke, stale and secondhand, when we are wanting fresh air.)

It will be understood from the above that not only do one's own brothers come by this convenient train, but the brothers of our friends also. Ah, well, we know this is only another of the little pictures which are ever illustrating an old story—a story which passes through countless editions, and is being brought out daily in fresh covers, that is all!

Matrons smile sympathetically, and glance at kindred pictures several chapters back in their own life's volume. Mothers may be middle-aged and inclined to stoutness, but were we not once young, loving, uncalculating, and perhaps as fair as the fairest of our young daughters? Can we not sympathize with them as they repeat, with variations, the experiences of our own *girlish* days? If we cannot do this, alas for our young daughters!

Probably these convenient trains reconcile some who would like less of town associated with their seaside holiday, and make them indifferent to the fact that they render the place equally accessible to swarms of excursionists. To people desiring quiet and a complete change, the town-like character, uninteresting scenery around, the frequent inroads of thousands of day-visitors, and the sight of familiar faces at every turn, are the drawbacks to a watering-place near town. But mammas and girls will not forget the advantages and conveniences named, and may think them sufficient to counterbalance the list on the opposite side.

It may, however, happen that we decide to

(*Continued on page* 729.)

A RETROSPECT.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON

I AM face to face with a space of years,
A life, with all that a life can hold
Of joys and sorrows, of hopes and fears—
But what of it all when that life is told?

Oh! something to reckon there yet may be,
For I count not the half of three-score now;
But if that were the sum to be spent by me,
Could I meet and answer the question, "How?"

The love of a few I have made my own,
And a little work that was rightly done,
And some good seed on a good ground sown,
To blossom again in the mid-day sun.

And a great deal lost by the waste wayside,
And many sweet moments let go by,
And much of folly, and more of pride,
And the good things given me left to die!

So I think, could I start where I first began,
My life just pausing on unfledged wing,
I would shape its course on a different plan,
To make it a better and wiser thing.

(*Continued from page 727.*)

seek lodgings in a watering-place of my favourite type. One of those quiet spots innocent of fashion's vagaries, entirely destitute of places of evening amusement, with no promenade to speak of, and owing all its charm to the refreshment it affords to world and brain-weary folk and true lovers of Nature. In such a place the weather is of the first importance, as on it we largely depend for our outdoor enjoyments, our opportunities for making excursions, climbing mountains, and exploring the country around. If this is only favourable, we are astonished to find how much we can do and how far we can go without fatigue. We come home after a long day's tramp less wearied than we should be with a walk of a couple of miles in the smoke-laden atmosphere of town and on the hot, hard pavement.

It is, however, when we choose a quiet place with a beautiful neighbourhood that two matters require special consideration beforehand. These are, first—

THE LIVING ITEMS WHICH MAKE UP OUR PARTY.

We do not go from home *merely* on a health-seeking expedition, or because we have a longing for change. We want our holiday to be a happy one; that when memory recalls the roar or murmur of the sea it may also bring back the pleasant converse with dear friends, the merry laugh that mingled with ocean's voice, the bright faces that brought social sunlight, while the golden rays from above illumined them; that every mental picture of fair scenes visited during our holiday should have living figures in the foreground which have helped to make all the rest the brighter to us while it lasted and more pleasant for memory to dwell upon when we are scattered again to our several homes.

We elders need to plan for the young people in this respect if we take them to some place where we have not a single resident acquaintance, especially if they are girls and boys out of the nurse's hands, in their teens, or, in short, any age from twelve to twenty-one. We may be a very happy family at home, and thoroughly enjoy each other's society; but when at home we are not confined to it only. We have our friends and school companions, our daily occupations and sources of amusement, and we should so arrange beforehand that our seaside holiday should not be the most lonely and wearisome time to look back upon which a past year can furnish.

(*To be continued.*)

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT NED KNEW OF HIS CHARACTER.

KATTIE! Oh! Kattie, do just listen!"

And if ever a pair of light blue eyes were seen brimming over with mischief, such a pair decidedly belonged to a certain boy, by name Ted Carmett, at that minute.

Kattie looked up from her work with a doubtful air.

"Well, what now?"

"Oh! Kattie, I've learnt something quite delightful on my way home from school to-day, I have really."

"Nothing worth the learning then, I can be sure, or your head would not have kept it in. What is it?"

"Why, a woman was standing in a doorway calling to a small, ragged little chap, making mud pies in the gutter, and she called, and she called, to no good for ever so long, and just as I got close up to him he muttered—what do you think?"

"I don't want to think. It was sure to be something naughty."

"Well—" with the tousled, red-haired head held on one side in a reflective attitude—"well, it wasn't exactly good, certainly, but it was only a little bit of information, you see, and he said it so nice and softly too,—'The more's you calls, the more's I wun't come.' It sounded so pretty, you can't think."

"No, that I certainly can't," was the prompt answer from a pair of red lips, that tried desperately not to let their quivering grow into a visible smile. It was not that the words of the one impudent small boy, thus repeated by another impudent small boy, were in themselves so wonderfully comic, no doubt, but the air and the accent with which they were uttered, and the comment on them, proved very nearly too much for the sister's gravity, however well you might have borne the trial.

Master Ted came farther into the room, stood in front of his sister, stooping with a pair of grubby small hands on his knees. "Kattie, you can't think how funny you look when you are nearly laughing, and don't want to. It's not only your lips that twitter, but even a little bit of one side of your nose—There—" with a delighted shout—"it's doing it now!"

Badgered Kattie started up. "I'll box your ears, Ted, if you don't take care, I really will."

"Oh! do, Kattie. You've said you would so often, and you've never done it yet. I really should quite like to find out if you could make me feel."

Miss Kate Carmett raised her hand, and struck out — with a tolerable amount of resolution too, to judge by the sound that followed. But the sound was not produced by the contact of Miss Kate's hand with her brother's cheek. As the begged for blow was falling, Ted had suddenly brought a wooden bat from behind his back, and presented it as an unexpected substitute for his ear, and the colour which might have been expected to flush into Ted's cheeks flushed into his sister's instead, not from pain possibly so much as from vexation. It is horribly annoying to be used as an instrument for making oneself ridiculous, especially when the contriver of the feat is nothing but an impish small bundle of impudence.

Kate sat down again, and bent hastily over her knitting. "Go away, Ted. You are an excessively naughty boy, and I shall not speak to you again until you have begged my pardon."

"Umph!" muttered Master Ned, thoughtfully, with a reflective gaze down at his bat. "That's the worst of girls, they are so awfully different from boys. When I played that trick on Fred Mackenzie he just tried to hit me another crack, and there was an end of it, but with girls the cry is always, if you try any fun with them, 'Beg my pardon!'"

"I don't see much fun in trapping me into hurting my hand on your bat," was the somewhat indignant expostulation. "And as for a scrap of rubbish knowing anything about the difference in character between boys and girls, why, you don't even know anything about your own as yet!"

"Oh! but I do though," was the ready retort. "I know there's something in it that makes me hate saying I'm sorry, or begging people's pardon. It's something that makes me feel quite—quite—" —with an excited burst—"quite donkeyish when I have to."

"Quite what?" exclaimed Kate. "Whatever *do* you mean?"

"Why"—more calmly—"like kicking, you know. Not exactly kicking anybody, you know, but just kicking away as donkeys do. On and on and on, I should like to kick till I had kicked away having said it."

Kate looked up with a good-tempered smile on her brunette face once more.

"Oh! well, young donkey, if you really find begging one's pardon such a disagreeable dose as all that, I'll forgive your taking it this time. But I do think that you ought to promise not to give me that bat, or anything else as hard, to box another time?"

Ted pondered a moment.

"You see, Kattie, promises that have to go on over the day are such horribly dangerous things. They are worse than the best teacups—one is sure to break them. I really think that you had better try to find some promise that I can get done with straight off."

Kate laughed.

"Well, as you say it might perhaps be safer. I must see if I can think of something to be kept quickly."

But Ned's thoughts worked more rapidly than his sister's.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "I'll promise to wash my hands ready for dinner, and brush my hair this very minute, if you'll promise to tell me a bit of a story directly I come down again, and finish it after dinner, or this evening."

"Well I never!" ejaculated Kate. "That is one way of——"

But she was interrupted by a confident, "All right, I see you will. I'll be back directly."

And then the door was opened with a jerk, shut with a bang, and Master Ted scampered upstairs, shouting at the top of his voice—

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I wollop him! Oh! Oh!!
Oh!!!"

Kate and Ted were the second and fourth of Mr. and Mrs. Carmett's four children. Will, the eldest, aged twenty, was at Oxford; Kate, her mother's right hand, was just eighteen, bonny, bright in face, intelligent and good; Lilian, aged fourteen, was at school in Germany, also bonny, bright, and good, but needing the stimulus of companionship and emulation, at present, to induce her to store her head with other than desultory odds and ends of learning.

Ted was at home—very much at home, as his parents and sister would have been able to tell you—and he was the alternate delight and torment of his loving relatives. Had you asked Kate if she would have been glad to be rid of him, her eyes would have flashed through brimming tears as she indignantly exclaimed that she "should think not, indeed!" But if Master Ned had put the question himself, the great possibility is that she would have answered—

"Be glad to be rid of you, do you say! Why, of course, most thankful. Who would not be glad to be rid of such a bother of a boy?"

"Well," said Ned one day, when he actually had got some such answer, "it doesn't very much matter after all, you see, Kattie, what you feel like about it."

"Why not?" asked Kate, with a touch of anxiety in her tone. "Why do you mean that it does not matter what I feel?"

"Only because," came the calm answer, "if you really feel like not caring to have me with you, I feel like caring so very much to be with you, that there's not the smallest chance of your getting quit of me, so it comes to the same thing, doesn't it?"

And the obstreperous hug with which the question was accompanied was returned with one as warm, and the whispered words—

"My own dear, darling, little old bear, I wouldn't sell you for a diamond as big as your own rough little head."

(To be continued.)

SUMMER IN MUSKOKA,
THE FREE GRANT DISTRICT OF CANADA.

TO most of my girl readers I fear even the names of the places of which I am about to write will be quite unknown. Many of you, doubtless, may frequently hear the large cities of the United States spoken of, such as New York, Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia; but Canada, though a colony of Great Britain, except as a possibly desirable home for intending emigrants, seems to attract but little attention.

It is a matter of surprise, when so many thousands of the higher classes of English people seek health or recreation on the Continent, especially during the summer and autumn of each year, so few ever even think of visiting the new and larger Britain on the other side the Atlantic. Tourists from the mother country are not nearly so numerous as the attractions of the journey would lead one to expect, though all who have taken a run through Canada in the holiday season give a glowing account of the loveliness of the scenery in many parts, the perfection of the means of travel, and the comparative cheapness of living. Canada is a country calculated by Nature to inspire a love for the beautiful, and certainly, when Niagara in considered, for the grand. Her lakes, in size resembling inland seas, her mighty waterfalls, her boundless forests, her rivers, and charming undulating country scenes present a variety that is not often surpassed. I am glad, however, to be able to say that the number of English pleasure-seekers who visit Canada increases yearly, and it only requires that the attractions of the journey should become more widely known to make this one of the most popular trips for English people.

And now I must ask you to accompany me to one of the pleasantest of Canadian summer resorts, namely, Lake Rosseau, in the Free Grant District of Canada.

Leaving Toronto, the capital of the Province of Ontario, at 7 a.m. by Northern Railway, we arrive at about 3 p.m. at Gravenhurst, a village situated on Lake Muskoka, the first of the chain of lakes known as the Northern Lakes of Canada. Here we find awaiting our arrival the steamer "Nipissing," on which we embark, and after a pleasant trip of four or five hours' duration, through lovely scenery, arrive at Rosseau, a pretty village situated at the head of the lake bearing that name. Rosseau, as a place of summer resort, is well and favourably known, both in the United States and Canada; and during the season, which lasts through the months of July and August and part of September, the hotels and lodging-houses are full to overflowing.

In the present day, people who travel for pleasure seem to adopt the most rapid mode of conveyance equally with those whose business renders it essential; and thus they often defeat their own object, in passing from one spot to another direct, without halting at many places of interest that lie between. To reach Rosseau from Toronto, it is by no means necessary to travel, as I have indicated, by railway, unless the saving of time be an object. I can myself bear witness to the fact that to take advantage of the lake steamers so far as may be practicable, and to make the voyage of Lake Couchiching to the "Portage," there to travel, in some places, over "corduroy" roads—a new experience to English people—through a burnt forest and a very lovely scrap of rock scenery like a mountain "pass," then to take the boat "Nipissing" at Gravenhurst, would prove a far more enjoyable excursion than that before named by rail. The black and charred trunks of the forest trees, with their weird-looking branches rising grim and spectral from out of the delicate green underwood which has sprung up since that desolating conflagration of several years ago, is a solemn spectacle quite worth seeing.

In "the old country" people have but a very slight idea of what these great conflagrations are, and how the air is filled with the fine dust of the pungent wood-ashes for a distance of hundreds of miles. The bush fires, too, supply the tourist with a new experience; lasting, sometimes, for three or four months, necessitating the cutting down of the timber and the underwood, and all the great "snake fences" between them and the villages and farm-lands. I have seen the glow reddening the sky within so short a distance as four miles of my own dwelling when residing in our "County of Oxford"—south-west of Muskoka.

But to resume the thread of my story of a trip to Rosseau.

The climate of the district of Muskoka, Free Grant Territory, of which Rosseau is one of the most important villages, is considered exceedingly healthy. Pulmonary affections are rare, and fever and ague are hardly known. The whole country is full of small lakes and streams, the purest water abounding in all directions. The water in Muskoka is all soft, owing to there being no limestone in the soil; it is also strongly impregnated with iron.

The forests of pine which surround the village give it a reputation as a desirable residence for invalids, the odour from the pines in many complaints, especially in cases of consumption, being well known as beneficial.

The scenery round the shores of the lake is attractive in the wild character of its uncultivated beauty. It is studded with islands, ranging in size from a quarter of an acre up to three hundred. On many of these houses have been erected by gentlemen residing in Toronto, Hamilton, &c., as inexpensive summer residences for their families, so easy of access that on Saturdays or other holidays they can also themselves enjoy a day in the country. These houses are put up in the simplest possible manner, and a description of one of them may not be uninteresting to my readers. Picture to yourself a long, low frame building, that is, one of wood, surrounded by a verandah, the windows opening to the ground. The door, which is in the centre, opens into a good-sized room, which serves as dining and sitting room in one. A door on one side opens into a bedroom of decent size, which is usually occupied by the mistress of the house. On the opposite side is another bedroom of the same dimensions, intended for the young ladies of the family and their

girl friends. This room is arranged in a somewhat peculiar manner, to allow of more than one girl being invited at a time. Instead of the conventional bedsteads, for which there would not be sufficient space, on two sides of the room are berths, similar to those seen on ocean and other steamboats, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, say three on each side, so you see that in this way one room may be occupied as a dormitory by six girls. It is needless to say that the lavatory arrangements of this apartment are always of a very simple description, bathing in the lake being the order of the day during the summer. On the fourth side of the sitting-room, opposite to the front door, another door leads into a small kitchen, off which is a servant's bedroom, and below the kitchen a cellar. Outside the house, and at a short distance from it, may be seen a roomy tent, which serves as a bedroom for the gentlemen of the family and their visitors.

The days are occupied in boating, fishing, sketching, picnics, excursions to other islands, and to places of interest in the neighbourhood. "Camping out" is another favourite form of Canadian summer life; and you must understand that the real enjoyment of this "camping" in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress, and food, and in as total an escape as may be from the requirements of civilisation. A "camping out" party may consist of either married ladies and gentlemen, all gentlemen, or sometimes a married lady will invite some young lady friend to accompany her, her husband inviting a gentleman. The first proceeding before leaving Toronto, if that be your starting point, is to provide yourself with a good tent and other camp equipage, with gun, fishing-tackle, "canned" provisions, and last, but not least, an axe. Arriving at Rosseau, you remain overnight at a most excellent hotel close to the wharf, and in the morning at your leisure provide yourself with a boat and guide for the period of your stay. The guide, who knows all the best fishing-grounds and most desirable spots for camping, will conduct you to one of these, and proceed to pitch your tent, and make all other arrangements for your comfort. When the party is a mixed one of ladies and gentlemen, two tents are required, one of which is sacred to the former, the other being for the use of the gentlemen and the guide, and it also serves as a dining-room in wet weather. The tents are placed facing the lake, and in such a position that a large camp-fire may be lighted every night in front of them, the evening being always cool, and the smoke of the fire also being of use in keeping mosquitoes and blackflies away. The fire for cooking is made close to the lake at a little distance from the tents. The day while "camping out" is usually spent in fishing, sketching, and going about on the lake, taking your luncheon with you, and returning to your camp for tea. After this the usual custom is to row up to the village to see the steamer come in between eight and nine p.m.; see all the new arrivals, if any; get your letters and papers, and purchase provisions for the next day. Sometimes we meet our friends at the hotel, which is a common rendezvous, and there we not unfrequently find that a concert or other diversion is going on.

On returning to your tent, the fire is stirred up till it be not a fire, but a conflagration, a vast heap of green logs being set on fire, with pitch and split dead wood and crackling balsams raging and roaring. And now, sitting about on roots of trees, or logs, or lying on rugs around the fire, one of the pleasantest hours of the day is spent in singing, telling stories, talking over the events of the past day, and planning for the next. It is scarcely necessary to add that on these occasions the gentlemen generally smoke, not exactly the Indian "pipe of peace," but something very much resembling it.

I spoke of boatings on the lake, and I should observe that it appears to fill an immeasurable *crevasse* in the earth's surface; for no soundings have ever supplied those who have attempted them with the depth of the lake. Thus the water is remarkably buoyant. There are shallows in certain places, nevertheless, at the borders, where bathing is safe even for those who cannot swim. There are also pretty little bays and long narrow creeks where boats may be rowed under the overhanging branches of the trees; and you glide through long stretches of water-lilies and the large golden buttercups of the water, while every now and then a kingfisher, piebald, black and yellow canaries, or a golden oreole will fly past, giving a last bright touch of life to the lovely picture.

Sometimes a breaking of dry sticks may be heard in the tangled brushwood and undergrowth of the neighbouring woods, which may turn your attention to some spot not far from you, and one or more large brown objects may be seen busily engaged, and quite regardless of your intrusion into their "happy hunting-grounds," in the raspberry season—I refer to the bears. Do not be frightened away by such an announcement, my readers, from any purpose of visiting our bright and pleasant land; for I assure you that while their favourite food is to be had these animals molest no one unless attacked; and when the fruit is consumed, they retire to their dens in the northern regions.

Much has been left unsaid. I do not attempt any "word-painting" to praise the country which has, since childhood, been my adopted country, and is no mean specimen of the most charming work of that great Master-hand, "who hath made everything beautiful in His time." I only invite those whose means enable them to make foreign tours for health or pleasure, to turn their attention to one in their own beloved British lands, and those, also, compelled to spread their tents within wider borders than the narrow limits of the grand old mother country—the oak that has spread out her roots and branches in so many distant lands, and carried the prestige of her ancient greatness with her—sowing her "hearts of oak" on fruitful ground.

JULIA LAWRASON.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS.

THE Temple of Diana at Ephesus was, as all our readers know, one of "the seven wonders of the world" in ancient times. Many authors have written about this famous temple, and some have described it in detail. Of these, Pliny has given us the best account, and his description agrees very nearly with the remains of the temple from which we are enabled to produce an almost perfect restoration.

The temple was of such colossal dimensions, and its position in the plain of Ephesus was so peculiar, and its destruction by the early Christians was so nearly complete, that the little that remained on the site was hidden from view for about fourteen centuries, and in course of time its very position was unknown.

The problem, Where is the Temple of Diana? I determined to solve. I could ill spare from my limited means the amount needed for carrying on the digging of trial holes by gangs of workmen for any great length of time, but I lacked neither hope nor determination to succeed. The trial holes here mentioned were about 12ft. by 8ft., and were of various depths from 12ft. to 25ft. These holes were sometimes dug in very loose earth, and as the sides were nearly upright, there was great risk of their falling in, but we fortunately met with no accident, although I must have cut fully one hundred holes in the course of a few months.

After digging in the plain of Ephesus for nearly a year in search of the temple, I obtained a small grant from the trustees of the British Museum to clear out the Odeon—a small theatre devoted to musical performances. I there found a statue of the Roman Emperor, Lucius Verus, and a few inscriptions of great interest. The seats of the theatre were quite perfect, but the proscenium had been thrown done to within a few feet of the stage level, and the fluted marble columns and fragments of the superstructure which were found testified to the beauty of the building. The diameter of this theatre was 153ft., and it seated about 2,300 people.

Near the Odeon were found the remains of a building, which, I believe, was St. Luke's tomb. It was circular in form, and had been adorned with sixteen marble columns. On the front of one of the door-jambs were carved a large cross and the figure of a bull with a cross over its back. On the side of the same door-jamb there had been the figure of a man (the saint himself, I believe). Almost the whole of this had been chipped away, but there remained the auriole or nimbus which encircled the head, and this with the bull, which was St. Luke's emblem with the early Christians, as well as in modern times, are strong evidence that the building was dedicated to St. Luke, and was either his tomb or shrine.

The discoveries at the Odeon encouraged the trustees to grant me a fund sufficient for exploring the Great Theatre. This was the theatre where the disturbance took place which is related in the nineteenth chapter of the Acts. My grant for the exploration of this theatre enabled me to employ 70 men on the work; and this reminds me of one remark I may make as to the vaunted religion of the Turks. The men I employed were collected chiefly from the villages within thirty miles of Ephesus, and they were fair samples of Turkish peasants. Now it is supposed that the Turk prays from three to five times a day, but of all my 70 men only one man went through his devotions at mid-day, and he was ridiculed by his fellow-workmen. If Osman was missing, and I inquired where he was, I was told with a scornful expression that he was at prayers. This man afterwards was honest enough to report that he had assisted in the burial of a corpse near the theatre under suspicious circumstances. On this occasion 37 of my men were arrested at night and imprisoned for five days, but the murderer remained undiscovered.

The modern Greeks are very superstitious, and one day when I was walking from the railway station to the place where my men were at work I encountered a tall Greek, who accosted me civilly, and told me had had a dream which had revealed to him the secret of hidden treasure in one of the ancient buildings in the city of Ephesus, and he begged me to give him leave to dig under the protection of my firman and with my implements; he would employ and pay his own workmen. As I thought that any holes he dug might be

useful to me, I gave him permission, and he dug a number of holes in sundry places without either finding the *hidden treasure* or uncovering any masonry that would help me in my undertaking. I was told afterwards that a Greek merchant in Smyrna paid his expenses on condition that he had one-half of the treasure. Seeing that I was gaining nothing from this man's operations, and that he dug holes in awkward places, I withdrew my protection, and called upon the disappointed dreamer to return the tools I had lent him. The Greek merchant in Smyrna who had advanced money for these tentative excavations called upon me, in turn, to pay the expenses he had incurred, on the plea that I had prematurely stopped the excavations in which he had speculated, and, indeed, at a time when he was just about to find the dreamt-of treasure! I need scarcely say that I resisted his ill-founded claim, although he threatened me with law proceedings, of which I may say I have a natural dread.

Want of real and unfeigned interest in antiquities was shown on many occasions while I was digging at Ephesus. One day, while I was on my way from one trial hole to another in the plain, I encountered a party of six Greek gentlemen who had come out from Smyrna to spend the day at the ruins of Ephesus. They had with them two men, who carried a large hamper of provisions for their dinner. They asked me to direct the men where to carry the hamper, so I sent them on to the Odeon, which I had just cleared out, and was therefore an interesting object. The men hurried forward to get rid of their load as soon as possible. We followed at our leisure, but had not gone far when one of the gentlemen threw himself on the ground and protested that he would go no farther. I told him that in that case he would lose his dinner, as the men with the provisions were already out of sight. He was not the sort of man to go without his dinner, so he made an effort and went on with the rest, grumbling all the way. I saw these gentlemen afterwards, and I found that two of the party had not even taken the trouble to enter the Odeon, although they had picnicked close to it.

Another instance of the indifference of people generally to antiquities and classical ruins was shown on an occasion when a mixed company of about 300 people of the best classes in Smyrna came out to Ephesus, ostensibly to see the ruins, but really for a day's *outing* and dinner in a large marquee. The marquee was erected near the Great Theatre, and after the banquet, to which every one seemed to do ample justice, I invited those who were interested to enter the Theatre of St. Paul, as it is sometimes called, which I had recently cleared out, and where there was much to be seen of great interest. To my surprise, at the time, only six or seven people out of the 300 accepted the offer and followed me into the theatre!

Few visitors to museums, when they gaze with wonder and admiration at the marvels of ancient Greek art, which have been discovered and brought from far distant parts, are aware of the numerous difficulties and dangers to which the explorer is subject, and which he must look fearlessly in the face as he carries on his laborious work. Of all the dangers which he is subject to, that of being taken by brigands into the mountains for the sake of a heavy ransom is the most disagreeable. If the ransom is not paid at once he stands a chance of losing one or both of his ears, and if not paid at all, and his captors are tracked and pursued by the soldiery or police of the country, he may even lose his life, as some unfortunate visitors to the site of the battle of Marathon did some years ago.

Even if not subjected to violence, there is the cold night on the mountains with no extra clothing, if the victim happened to be dressed in light summer clothing at the time he was taken. Then in digging deep trial holes, there is the danger of their falling in unless they are very narrowly watched, and even when they are; for the sake of economy they are dug with nearly upright sides, and after rain the sides often become treacherously loose. The explorer must himself go down into the pits dug by the workmen, in order that he may carefully examine the strata, and decide whether the hole shall be deepened or extended. Another danger to the explorer is the fever, which generally prevails when excavations are carried on, and which inevitably attacks the enthusiastic explorer, who sets but little store by his health until he has lost it. Then there are the quarrels amongst his own workmen, who are gathered from various villages and districts, and are apt to have serious differences, which are settled, sooner or later, by a pitched battle. It is even dangerous to discharge workmen—they sometimes threaten to revenge themselves. And there are innumerable smaller disagreeables which we will not record here. In spite of all the dangers, difficulties, and disagreeables, the life of an explorer who is at work in laying bare the remains of an ancient Greek temple is full of interest and pleasurable excitement.

The discoveries at the Odeon encouraged the trustees of the British Museum to advance the money needed for clearing out the stage and orchestra of the Great Theatre, and I now set as many as seventy men to work. The stage was covered many feet deep with the ruins of the proscenium, which had been built with two tiers of columns, and must have stood at least sixty feet high. The theatre was of colossal dimensions, being 495 feet in diameter, and capable of seating 24,500 persons! It is now one of the most splendid ruins in the city, and bears its silent but indisputable testimony to the magnificence of ancient Ephesus. As many as 110 inscriptions, chiefly Greek—some were in Latin—were found here, and one of the longest found in Asia Minor was discovered on one of the walls of the southern entrance. This was with great difficulty removed from the wall, as the blocks of marble were very heavy, and they had been secured with iron clamps. One of the blocks weighed as much as four tons. These valuable blocks of marble were carefully dislodged by the sailors of H.M.S. "Terrible," which was sent to Smyrna to bring away the marbles I had there found. This was in the year 1868.

This long inscription was of the greatest interest and importance. It described a number of gold and silver images, weighing from 3lb. to 7lb. each, which were voted to Artemis (the Ephesian Diana) by a rich Roman named Vibius Salutaris; the images were to be placed in the temple, and on the birthday of the goddess, May 25th, and on other days of assembly in the theatre, these images were to be carried in procession by the priests of the temple, accompanied by a staff bearer and guard, and conveyed as far as the Magnesian Gate, where they were met by the young men of the city, who assisted in carrying them to the theatre. After the assembly the images were carried by the young men as far as the Coressian Gate, and thence the priests carried them to the temple, where they were again deposited. This inscription strongly reminds us of the silver shrines of Demetrius, but they were made nearly fifty years later. The date of the inscription is A.D. 104. St. Paul was at Ephesus from 54 to 57 A.D.

This inscription strengthened me in a resolution I had formed previous to its discovery, of endeavouring to find the temple by the road leading to it from one or more of the city gates. Here were the gates alluded to, and I sat to work immediately to find this with the £50 which the trustees had allowed me to set apart for the discovery of the temple. It would weary my readers to give details of all the work carried on in following this clue of the road; suffice it to say, that at length I reached a wall which I concluded was the peribolus or outer boundary wall of the temple.

Six years had now elapsed since I first began my search, six years of the greatest discouragement, but now all was plain and straightforward; I could now easily find the temple itself by digging within the area defined by this boundary wall.

The season for excavations was at an end, and with a joyful heart I returned to England with good hope of obtaining all that was wanting to find the temple itself and to clear it out. I was not disappointed. The trustees, one of whom at that time was the celebrated Greek historian, George Grote, resolved to proceed with the excavations; so in September I was again at work at Ephesus, sinking deep pits in search of the temple within the peribolus wall. For from the angle found under the olive-trees I discovered a long line of Roman buildings with a frontage towards the south of 700 feet. I cleared out several of the chambers and found mosaic pavements.

On the last day of that year (1869) one of my workmen struck upon what I had been seeking for, a thick marble pavement in two layers, the whole measuring 2ft. in thickness; the upper layer, 9in. thick, had been rubbed and polished. The day following the discovery of this pavement happened to be the first of the three days of the feast of Bairam, during which no Turk will work. All my men went over to Scala Nova (ancient Neapolis). Imagine my impatience, obliged as I was to wait for the return of my men from their feasting—which always had the effect of demoralising a number of them, and they never all returned. On resuming work the hole where the pavement was discovered was enlarged, and further proof was soon found that the temple had been now discovered; some sculpture from one of the columns and prostrate drums of columns with solid piers of masonry put the question beyond doubt. I will not try the patience of my young readers by stating in detail how from year to year we continued to clear out the site of the temple till five years had passed away. The season during which the excavations were carried on was from September till May, sometimes including one or both of these months, according to the weather. When the temple itself had been laid bare, it was found to be nearly 164ft. wide and more than 342ft. long. One hundred columns composed the peristyle, thirty-six of which were sculptured near the base with figures of the size of life, the remainder were fluted; they were 6ft. in diameter and nearly 60ft. high; the walls of the cella, wherein the statue of Diana stood, were more than 6ft. thick. The remains of three temples were found, built one over the other; the more ancient was probably that built in the time of Crœsus, who contributed largely from his immense wealth. The second was raised about 3ft. 6in. above the first, and the last, which was built in the time of Alexander, replaced the one which was burnt by Herostratus on the day on which Alexander the Great was born. It is to this temple that the main part of the remains now in the British Museum belonged. It was raised on a platform of fourteen steps, and at a distance of nearly 31ft. it was surrounded by a Doric portico or colonnade 25ft. wide. The frieze of this beautiful temple was richly sculptured with subjects from the life of Hercules and Theseus.

Portions of the walls of the temple remained *in situ*, and against those of the cella the early Christians had apparently attempted to build a church. They had put in eighteen

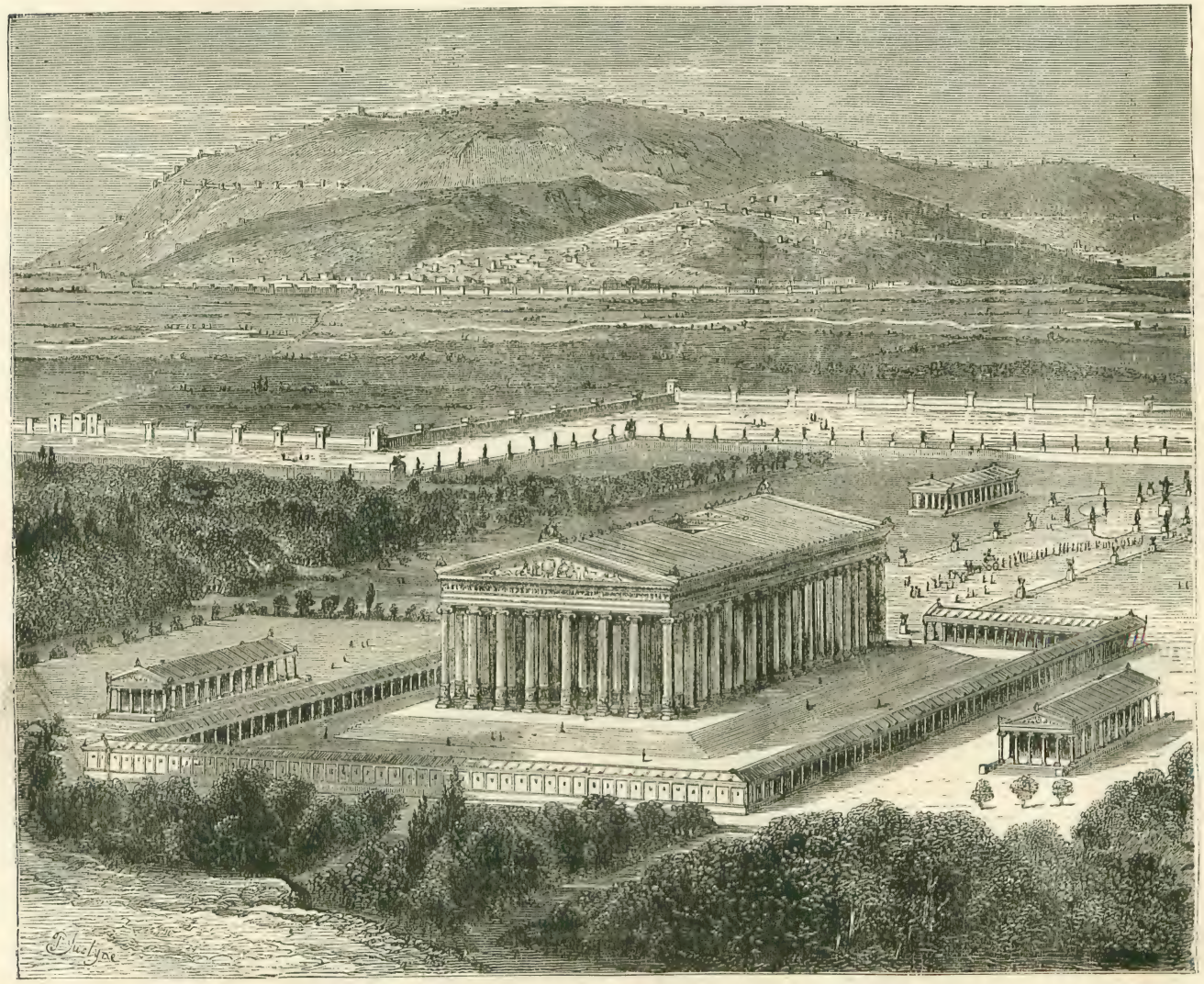
massive piers of rubble masonry to the height of thirteen feet, when a great earthquake occurred, which toppled over three or four of the piers and raised the ancient Greek pavement of the earliest temple five feet above its original level, and with it an immense mass of mortar, which the Christians had mixed for the work they were carrying on. There is every proof of their having abandoned the idea of completing the building for which they had put in such substantial foundations. There is, for instance, no sign of any portion of the roof to be seen, and, indeed, there is no doubt that the building was never completed.

Over the site of the temple, at a depth of only five feet underground, was discovered one morning before breakfast an earthenware pan containing 2,600 coins of the fourteenth century, with some lumps of the metal with which they had been made. Numbers of these were issued by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, established at Rhodes. They appear to have had a mint at Ayasolouk, as some of these coins had on the reverse the word "Theologos," and this decides the origin of the modern name, about which there was much doubt before the discovery of these coins. The place, whether town or village, had been evidently called after the name given to St. John, "Hagios Theologos." The Turks built here a large town, as proved by the large mosque built from the ruins of the temple, and the numerous small mosques, seminaries, and baths, which to this day stud the hill of Ayasolouk and the plain adjoining.

We must not forget that the celebrated Timour the Tartar, commonly called Tamerlane, once took possession of the town of Ayasolouk (A.D. 1402), but held it for a short time only. The Turks recovered possession, and have held it ever since. The large castle on the hill of Ayasolouk testifies to the importance of the place at that time.

An example of brutality occurred at a time when I had more than 300 men at work on the site of the temple. Some of the men were gamblers, and induced their fellow-workmen to play cards in the evening. One man, who had played and lost on a previous evening, refused to play, and the gamblers, to the number of fifteen, beat him severely and left him, fearing and believing that they had killed him. One of my cavasses came to me about nine o'clock in the evening and told me what had taken place, and that the man was dying. I asked where the police were. They said that there were only three *zaptiehs* there—one was drunk, and the others refused to act without him. So I told my chief cavass to collect the other three cavasses and the sapper I had then with me, and provided with certain lengths of rope, which I had found useful on a former occasion, I went down to the lower village. In a *café* there I found the poor wounded man, who had been very much beaten about the head; so I sent the sapper back for bandages and ointment, and I then went on to the hut where his fifteen assailants were said to be.

As I thought that rushing in amongst them with four men at my back would be sure to cause a fight, I resolved to go in with one man only, telling the others to remain outside till they were called. When we entered we found ten or twelve men seated in a semicircle round a fire; they sprang to their feet on our entering. I placed myself within the semicircle with my back to the fire. There was one man amongst them whom I had discharged two months before, and who had often tacitly threatened me by standing in the lane which I must pass through to go to and fro between my house and the excavations. He was generally employed idly lopping off small twigs from the bushes in the lane. Whenever I saw him I always made a point of passing him at close quarters, and he never attacked me, though I feel sure that he would have done so if I had shown any fear of him. So, knowing that this man had a knife, I searched him and found it and took possession of it, reminding him at the same time of his threatening attitude in the lane. Six or seven of the men had taken part in the assault, and these were passed out one by one and taken prisoners by my men outside. The poor man they had so severely



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AND CITY OF EPHESUS, FROM AYASOLOUK.

beaten did not die, and after a few days' imprisonment the men who assailed him were liberated without further punishment; but I ventured to discharge all the men who were concerned in the assault, although it seemed an imprudent thing to do.

The mudin is a Turkish official whose duty it is to collect the taxes of a certain district, and who is in command of the police in his district. The mudin of the district which included within its limits Ephesus and Ayasolouk at the time I was excavating on the site of the site of the temple was a grave old fanatic Turk, who, hearing many conflicting accounts about the wonderful things I was finding in the excavations, made up his mind to come and see for himself, and, being a courteous man, as most of the old-fashioned Turks are, he notified to me his intended visit. I was therefore prepared to receive him in my little house, and had coffee and cigarettes ready. He came at the appointed time, but he reminded me that the great fast of Ramaza prevented his accepting either coffee or tobacco, or even water; nothing could pass his lips till sunset. We walked together to the excavations, followed by his zaptiehs and my body-guard of cavasses. On our arrival at the site of the temple I explained to the mudin, with the aid of the remains before us, the sort of building the temple had been, and that its purpose was the worship of a goddess, a gigantic statue of whom was set up in it. A new light broke over the face of the mudin. "Ah!" he said, "I understand; they were Protestants!"

Many things prevented my men from working at the excavations. Sometimes it was too cold, though this seldom happened; but in March, 1874, we had ice an inch thick for several days in the excavations. Rain would sometimes stop the works, and on several occasions the rain-water filled the excavations, and floated numbers of the barrows which had not been wheeled up to the spoil-banks.

In the year 1874 the excavations were suspended for want of further funds, much to my disappointment and regret. Since then I have not been able to obtain a grant from Government, nor have I yet been fortunate enough to meet with private individuals to advance the £5,000 needed to complete the exploration on the site of the temple, although there is good chance of finding more than sufficient to justify the outlay, as much of the superstructure, including the sculptured frieze and cornice, must have been precipitated beyond the present limits of the excavation. I will still hope that the money will be forthcoming while I have health and strength to undertake its superintendence, and that I may have something more to tell about the wonders of the celebrated Temple of Diana at Ephesus. J. T. WOOD.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A MATRON and AROLUS.—Both your questions will be answered by the secretary of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W. Office hours, 11 to 5. Enclose a stamped envelope for the reply.

ANNIE.—Apply to Miss Frost, 58, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, for all information respecting the Kindergarten system of education. Your hand is good, though a little too irregular.

LITTLE BLUE RIBBON. — We should advise your waiting until you are a little older before entering a school as a pupil teacher. At present your writing and composition are very faulty.

NELLIE.—Refer to the index of vol. i., page 543. Candidates must range in age between 14 and 18 years. We cannot afford space for the answer of questions which have had their replies many times before. Our readers should make use of the indices, and refer to the columns of correspondence, under the several headings which deal with the department of the question they wish to ask.

NELLIE.—There are but few vacancies yearly in the General Post Office Department of the Civil Service, and the competitions which then occur are very severe. Candidates must be between 14 and 18 years of age; and after passing the test examination, must attend the Post Office Telegraph School for three months' instruction, for which no fee is charged.

ROMEO.—For young women upwards of 18 years of age the Cambridge Higher (Local) Examination is held in June; those held in December are the junior and the Cambridge senior examinations, but these latter are for girls respectively under 16 and 18 years of age. You must apply to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge.

BERYL.—We think that the "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus, would suit you. Write for it to the office of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You write very well for your age.

PALATIA.—1. Write to the Home and Colonial School Society, addressing the principal at the college, Gray's Inn lane. Theoretical and practical instruction is there given in the art of teaching. The day students' fee for three months is £5, and for one year £15, and boarders are received at £45 and £50 per annum. 2. The floral designs in crewel embroidery should be shaded as you would place the shadows in a painting—*i.e.*, all on one side, and the lights on the other.

ELLEN ELLISON, GRAMMATICUS, and JANET MCINTYRE.—1. We advise you to procure "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. Write the name of the month, then the date, and then the year. We are gratified by the very high commendation bestowed on our magazine by "E. E."

SEEKER AFTER A USEFUL LIFE. — The medical training school connected with missionary work at which, we think, you should make inquiry, is the Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W. Address the Hon. Secretary, Dr. G. Griffith. You might otherwise write to the Deaconess, Training Institution, Mildmay-park, London, N.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ALICE and ROSALIE JOYCE.—1. Any damp tends to produce moths. Take all woollen wraps and furs, laid by for winter wear, very frequently out of their closets and boxes—say once a month—and have them all well beaten, and the furs brushed also, and their receptacles well cleaned out. Expose the several articles to the air, and replace them in their summer places with sheets of brown paper laid over them, on which a few drops of turpentine have been poured, closing all safely up again. We do not think that the tempered walls have anything to do with the plague of moths. 2. Wear larger shoes, and use pumice-stone.

YOUNG MATRON.—1. We imagine that if you sprinkled the floor of your larder with salt, you would effectually keep out the slugs that infest it. 2. Your handwriting is excellent.

QUICKSILVER.—We suppose that after the application of the plate powder which you name, you have not rubbed the plate sufficiently. We can give no further opinion on the subject, not having made trial of it ourselves. We cannot give space for opinions on the writing of all our correspondents. Your own is not good; it needs rounding a good deal.

MISS L. G. (North Berwick).—Feathers are usually hung up to dry in paper bags, and when dry they are carefully "stripped," that is the large pens are taken out, the feathers being stripped from them, and all the thick portions cut off. If not quite dry and sweet when this has been done, replace them again in bags, and dry in the oven, taking care to do them gradually and to avoid burning.

FAITH.—Your paint had too much oil in it, and not enough turpentine. But we do not think you will succeed in re-painting your baths at home, as it is a most difficult affair, and we advise you to send them to the tinsmith.

COOKERY.

LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—Of course, the "extract of beef" made by the late M. Liebig is nourishing. But if your sister be tired of it, send for Brand's "essence of beef." It is a standing rule, in nursing delicate people, to change the articles of their diet as far as may be possible, never allowing them to become tired of it, much less disgusted.

PUSSIE P.—A recipe for "Oatmeal Cakes" will be found at page 525, vol. ii.

A COUPLE.—Recipes for various good cakes will be found at pages 222 and 463, vol. i., and instructions how to perform the iceing at page 399, vol. i.

WAG.—Make an ordinary jelly, for which you will find instructions in every packet of gelatine, and line the mould with fresh fruit before you pour in the jelly. Arrange the strawberries, or whatever you use, prettily in the points or pattern of the mould.

JULIET.—We do not understand what you mean when you ask us how to "prepare pork, as your father "has an aversion to it." You can roast, boil, or grill it; cut it in thin small slices and curry it, serving with slices of hard-boiled eggs and rice. You can "devil" slices, or serve thin cutlets with tomato sauce. As to its condition of "freshness," you must judge of that as you would in the case of any other raw meat. Impatience should be corrected in early childhood. You have fallen into this very fault by asking us to supply you with "a quick cure" of it! We cannot do that, as such reforms must rest with yourself now that you are beyond the age when your parents would stand you in a corner for being naughty.

HARRIET FOSTER.—When quenelles are designed to be served as an *entrée* they should be of larger size than when as an accompaniment to soup. Moisten two ounces of sifted breadcrumbs with milk or cream, and squeeze out as much of the moisture by pressing them in a cloth before placing them in a stewpan. Add an ounce of butter, and stir the paste over the fire until it becomes smooth and compact, then add an egg well beaten up, and continue the stirring over the fire until dry. The pounded meat, game, or fish—previously pounded and highly seasoned—may now be mixed with the paste. About an ounce of it will be the right proportion for the amount of the paste made. When all mixed, set all aside to get cold, and when required roll the quenelles into balls of an egg shape, of the size of bantams' eggs, but smaller if for soup. Then fill a stewpan half full with boiling broth (water will suffice if there be no broth), flavoured with salt, pepper, and onions, and then drop the quenelles into it, leaving them to boil there during eight or ten minutes. The character of the sauce with which they are served is amatter of taste, as brown gravy and white sauce are equally suitable.

WORK.

MABEL KING.—Small designs are most suitable for embroidering round a baby's cloak—forget-me-nots, daisies, the lily of the valley, &c. You will find crewel silks the best to use.

GRATITUDE.—We think in "My Work Basket" you will find many excellent suggestions, which might help you in making a present for your friends. Work baskets and cases, quilts and aprons, are all suitable. Thank you for a kind letter.

A STAFFORDSHIRE FORGET-ME-NOT. — We do not think you would find the blue sateen too conspicuous for Sunday and afternoon wear. Young girls constantly wear both blue and pink in London and elsewhere.

PEG.—Unless we knew what had caused the stains we could not advise you how to take them out; but if the dress be worth the expense, it would be better to dye it, or to have it cleaned. The last named soap seems to be much recommended.

ROSE W.—We cannot make promises about future patterns in the paper.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—Vol. i. contains full directions "How to Embroider in Crewels," pages 139, 189, 264. We think you would do well to obtain it.

NAPOLEON III.—To make a "Tam o' Shanter Cap," see page 591, vol. i. The pictures for the competition must be original, not copied from any other pictures.

B. HOME and A. E. H. are thanked for informing us that they have had black serges dyed brown and prune colour, and velveteen dyed navy blue, dark green, and prune. With what degree of success we are unable to say, but our correspondents evidently considered their respective dresses wearable.

KATE BERYL.—Ladies may obtain instruction in the art of dressmaking at 15, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W., where there is a School of Technical Needlework and Dressmaking. It is under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and we have reason to consider that the teaching supplied is thorough. To those who give their time for a period of twelve months, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. (and on Saturdays to 2 p.m.) free instruction is given. For a fee of five guineas, any lady wishing to improve in dressmaking is admitted to the workroom and the cutting-out classes during a period of six months. For all further particulars apply to the Hon. Secretary, Miss M. E. Phillips, at the above-named address.

MUSIC.

FRIBBEL.—Certainly your brother may not put R.A.M. after his name because he has passed the local examination in singing and elementary musical knowledge. It seems to us absurd for even the superior students trained in the Royal Academy of Music to adopt these letters as though they referred to diplomas obtained by them. If they are really properly qualified they can style themselves in the legitimate way, *i.e.*, A.R.A.M. (Associate of the Royal Academy of Music), which means that they have satisfied the examiners that their studentship has been successful. We cannot inform you where your brother may obtain "the rules and requirements in order to qualify for the diploma of F.R.G.S."

ART.

LILY.—No special preparation of the shells of ostrich eggs is requisite to enable you to paint them either in oils or water-colours. Of course, they should be washed clean, and any greasiness removed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEDFORDIENSIS.—The oak furniture, if not varnished, might be cleaned by the use of fine glass-paper, and then polished with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, of the consistency of honey.

A LONGING ONE.—1. We think that you will find what you desire in many of our answers to correspondents, many of whom are anxious to obtain spiritual instruction and encouragement. 2. You write and express yourself fairly well.

CLARICE T.—We imagine that the state of your eyes may arise from some constitutional delicacy or poorness of blood; but were it only an attack of styes in the eye, it might be attributed to bad drainage, or miasma in low, damp, and unhealthy localities, but sometimes from low diet. 2. We cannot recommend any application suitable for making the eyelashes grow.

WHITE PUSS.—1. We do not undertake to tell our correspondents their characters by the style of their writing; but we regret to say that, judging from yours, you must be rather careless, in the matter of neatness more especially, and this idea is borne out by the fact that your spelling has been sadly neglected likewise. You had better keep a dictionary by you, and refer to it frequently, when next you have occasion to write a letter. 2. The 8th of August, 1855, was a Wednesday, and the 21st of April, 1856, a Monday. We thank you for a grateful letter, which expresses good feeling, however poor the writing.

BLONDE will find a recipe for cleaning marble at page 655, vol. ii. You should write copies, and improve your writing.

MIDDY.—The use of a little alum and water will sometimes cure wet and perspiring hands. Your writing is legible.

BETHWEN.—All our reading should be improving, even when we read for amusement only. You can judge for yourself by this rule if the book be good or bad for your mind.

QUITE TOO TOO.—In almost every action of our lives we show character, so even in the most trivial we should be careful. Your handwriting is neat and your letter carefully written—both good indications of character in little things.

J. H.—The 23rd August, 1864, was a Tuesday. Your writing is large and ugly.

MAGGIE'S story was received safely.

A BUSY MOTHER.—Thank you for your kind letter. We are glad to find that our paper is of so much use to you and yours. Such words of kind and friendly commendation are indeed inspiriting.

FLORENCE.—"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will," is a line from a poem by Thomas Moore, called "Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour."

F. T. S. CARROTS.—April 24th, 1865, was a Monday. July 17th, 1868, was a Friday. We should consider that the three examinations you mention are about equal in difficulty.

MATTIE E. O.—The verses you send appear to be nonsense.

A PEARLY DEWDROP.—"Katherine" means "pure"; "Katie" is the diminutive of it. May 10th, 1871, was a Wednesday. Your writing is very poor for your age, but the spelling and composition of your note are both good.

VIOLET.—Many thanks for your note and the information about the fable. We think the small Spanish hat is very pretty and ladylike.

ELBA.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," pages 259, 400, and 416, vol. i. Also "How Can I Look My Best," page 180, vol. i.

JENNY.—Your question covers too wide a space for us to answer, and we can only advise you to provide yourself with the book of instructions for playing tennis, to be purchased at any of the shops where the game is sold. Many thanks for so kind a note. You might improve your handwriting by writing copies.

ISA V. R.—Yes, lend a hymn-book to anyone who has none. If you like to send any sketches on the mere chance of their being engraved, do so; but we could not promise to undertake so great an expense unless they were exceptionally clever. We give your prescription with pleasure for our readers who suffer from bronchitis—"Dip some sheets of blotting-paper in a solution of saltpetre, dry it in the sun, or at the fire, burn it in a plate or shovel, and inhale the fumes." We hope that many will experience the same degree of relief from its use that you have yourself enjoyed.

WILD FLOWER.—The names "Derby" and "Berkeley" should be pronounced as if written "Darby" and "Barkeley."

HERON.—You have only to refer to our indices, and you will find the information you desire. When these fail, write to us.

CO. ANTRIM READER.—We do not advertise the books of other firms. Perhaps you would find what you require in the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

HILDA MAY.—Inquire at St. Peter's Home, Mortimer-road, Kilburn, in which convalescents and chronic incurables are received, we believe, free of charge. There is also a Private Home at Bayswater, 3, Ormesquare, where they would take you in—had they a vacancy—for a month, free. Apply to Mrs. Russell Gurney. A medical certificate would be required from Dr. Markwick, 1, Leinster-gardens; at home from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. At either of these homes you might be passed on, with a recommendation, to others, or at least you would be advised what to do.

S. HAREWOOD.—Apply to the Sandwell Hall Industrial School, Birmingham, which takes in boys and teaches them any trade for which they show an aptitude or desire to learn. Or else, address Mr. Michaelmore, of Luke's-road, Birmingham, with reference to emigration to Canada. There are also the Orphan Houses, Ashley Down, Bristol. Direct to Mr. George Müller, New Orphan House, 3, Ashley Down, Bristol, where children are received free of any charge.

A. L. B.—We recommend you to apply to Miss Coopland, 10, Little Park-street, Dorset-square, London, N.W., for admission—if there be a vacancy—into the Home for Aged Poor Women.

SOPHONISBA.—You should purchase what are called "mushroom bricks" from a nursery garden, and the people from whom they are obtained will supply you with all requisite directions for raising them; they are too long for insertion in the correspondence columns. Your pen is not properly cut, or you would not reverse the respective places of the broad and fine strokes as you do.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—Our ancestors used to reckon time by nights and winters; hence, the origin of the word "fortnight," which is a contraction of "fourteen nights," or two weeks. The term "sen-night" is of the same class, and means "seven nights," or one week. Allusion to this method of computing time is made by Tacitus—"*Non dierum numerum ut nos, sed noctium computant.*" Your writing is good, and we thank you for your good wishes.

ESTHER.—1. A "colon" is but little in use, as the "comma" and "semi-colon" answer all ordinary purposes. The "semi-colon" divides distinct clauses in a compound sentence. We are about to give an article on the subject of punctuation. 2. Milk, butter, cream, and vegetables tend to fatten the person who makes them an important part of the diet, but there are those who, to employ an expression of the north country, "put their food into an ill skin," and remain thin, notwithstanding the use of the most fattening diet. Esther is one of those polite and thoroughly grateful as well as well-bred young persons who are in the habit of informing us that our "conduct is disgraceful," and that, if this her last letter be not answered, she will "not take the GIRL'S PAPER in any more." One thing at least has not occurred to her mind, and that is, that more than one individual is answered very frequently under the same adopted name. We wonder how many of "our girls" would like us—on our part—to cease publishing THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER because you do not care to take it in?

CURIOSITY NO. 2.—1. Many girls could learn Latin without the aid of a master, but we do not know your particular aptitude for learning languages. 2. The 7th of May, 1866, was a Monday.

THRUSH FANCIER.—Feed the thrushes on barley meal kneaded into a stiff dough, and made with milk and water mixed in equal parts. Twice a week you should shred some beefsteak finely, and mix this in the dough. A fine strong bird might eat a scrap of any kind of meat, excepting pork, which is not fit for them. A little boiled carrot or potato might also be given, and a snail is always a great treat, as being an item of their natural food. Supply the bird on these occasions with a flat stone on which he can break the shell.

CROSS PATCH.—We feel very sorry for your unhappiness, but see some way out of it opening before you. You are very young, and the darkest, greyest mornings very frequently usher in the brightest days. It is a step towards better things when people see and acknowledge their imperfections; and it is a second step in the right direction when they apply for advice and help from those who are endeavouring to serve God, and encourage their fellows in so doing. Take courage, therefore, dear reader. You have already turned your sad face towards the sunrising and the gates of the heavenly city. If this world be so unattractive, the more precious the promise of a better. If you be plain in face, there is such a thing as "the beauty of holiness," which far excels that which is only "skin-deep;" and there is a charm in sweet and gentle manners, of which all must feel the influence. Look up in daily prayer for help to Him who has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." We should be glad to hear from you again, if you will remember to give the same name and address again.

CHICKIE.—In Dr. Eadie's "Bible Cyclopedia" we are informed that it is a matter of doubt as to how long a period was occupied in the building of the Ark; but that the opinion most generally held is that it ranged between 100 and 120 years. Those who calculate it at 100 years infer the fact from comparing Genesis v. 32 with Genesis vii. 6; and those computing the time at 120 years, from comparing Genesis vi. 3 with 1st St. Peter iii. 20.

LUCY LOCKET.—The name "Mrs. Grundy," and the idea connected with the use of it, are borrowed from Tom Morton's "Speed the Plough." There was supposed to be a feeling of jealousy between "Mrs. Ashfield" and "Mrs. Grundy," and "Farmer Ashfield" is represented as being "put out of patience" by his wife's perpetual reference to what her neighbour "Mrs. Grundy" would say or think about which he was not disposed to concern himself.

PEARLIE.—Write to Mr. Tarn for the index to vol. ii. and the pictures, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing is very good, and we are very glad that our paper is so much appreciated by you.

TROUBLESOME EFFIE.—Send up the cream in a small jug, powdered white sugar in a bowl to match, at least in size; and the strawberries in a dish apart from them. Each person should be supplied either with a small saucer or plate, and with a spoon.

BLODWEN.—1. Write to the Hon. Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. There are other societies undertaking the same description of work, but the special one now recommended concerns itself with the emigration of "educated women to the colonies," to whom both advice is given and loans are granted. 2. Oilcloth should be washed with milk and water. We do not admire your hand, it is so huge, and slopes the wrong way; but we thank you for your kind remarks.

BELLA WILFER.—The *Leisure Hour* may be had in monthly parts, price sixpence each. We thank you for telling us of the use our paper has been to you.

BETHGELERT is thanked for her grateful letter. See our answer to "Alice," under "Housekeeping."

VIOLET.—We are amused at the desire you express to find a cure for your friend who is afflicted with a necessity for saying "um, um, um," and who is "twenty-two years old, and must have done growing." We fancy that the circumstance of his having ceased to grow has no connection with the noise he makes which you do not like. It may be only a trick, but we think it may arise from a relaxation of the throat, and it should be prescribed for by a doctor. Form each letter more correctly; join the top of the "o" and the two sides of the "k," and do not make an "m" or "n" like a "u."

SECRETARY.—Yes, your writing is fairly good, and very legible, sufficiently so for the situation you desire to obtain.

TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR.—We thank you for your grateful letter, and we are happy to find that you desire to make the chief object of your life that of serving our Heavenly Master, and leading others to do the same. We endeavour to make this our own in the publication of this magazine. Your writing is very well formed.

SHELLEY'S D.—Yes, we do think that bonnets look more suitable for married women in church, or any place of worship, than hats—which are less formal in their style, and look more like what is called "undress." We feel obliged by your good wishes.

HANNA PIGOTT wishes to contribute "essays, poetry, and sketches" to our magazine, and adds, "I'd like to know what price you would set on them?" She also says that she has read "last month's edition" of it, in which she was "greately interested." Our magazine, we regret to say, could not offer her the space she desires. It is only now going through its first "edition"—it has not, as she imagines, twelve in the year. We regret that we cannot fix any price on her artistic and literary work, and advise her to learn how to spell rather more correctly.

MOUSE.—There will be a notice in due time respecting the success, or otherwise, of our several competitors. We do not reply to each singly, nor do we remember having seen the poem to which you refer, and regret the disappointment experienced by the "Mouse."

ROUSED AT LAST says that she cannot with impunity recommend THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to her friends on account of the correspondence, as her "faith is so shaken in it," as her communication has had to wait for an answer. Dear "Roused" one, bear with our terrible delinquencies, and deign to accept the best advice that we can now offer. Yes, the bridegroom should give some remembrance to the bridesmaids, if only a bouquet. The china, which you say is marked "Spore," must be "Spode"—by Josiah Spode, who entered the manufactory of Mr. Whieldon, of Fenton, Stoke-upon-Trent, about 1770.

S. G. T. and FRIZ WIG inform us that the poem entitled "The First Grey Hair" was composed by Thomas Haynes Bayly. We avail ourselves of the information with our best thanks for it, and for the kind and complimentary observations which accompanied it. There is a good deal of character in "Friz Wig's" writing.

JUMBO.—Use a little fresh unsalted butter to take the tar out of the cloth, and then some turpentine to take the mark out.

ORLANDO.—A "valetudinarian" is a person in a sickly, infirm condition of health. The term is derived from the Latin. Coleridge speaks of his "feeble health and valetudinarian stomach." You are right in your idea respecting the relationship between the two persons whom you name, but your question is scarcely suited to be dealt with in our correspondence.

GWENDOLINE.—From your account of the aching in your eyes, we fear there may be some congestion of the optic nerves. Consult an oculist. You could obtain free advice for them at any hospital, were economy an object. You probably require the aid of spectacles, as well as the application of some suitable lotion or drops.

M. E. PHILLIPS.—We are very much obliged to you for sending us a list of places where cast-off clothing may be sent for poor ladies, of which we hope we may be able to make some use. We quite agree with you as to the propriety of sending the articles clean.

MARGUERITE.—The translation of the Latin sentence is "To heaven, to earth, and to the deep." Say, "Thank you," or "I am much obliged for your kind congratulation."

CORDELIA SCATER.—"Eveline" appears to be your name, as from your own account we suppose that that name is on your baptismal register.

THE GIRL'S OWN LITANY.

MORNING.

I.

KISSED by a sunbeam from my sleep,
I wake from rosy slumber deep—
O Heavenly Father, wilt Thou keep
Thy child from sin this day?

II.

Grateful, my soul would now ascend;
Rev'rent, my knees before Thee bend;
O Father! wilt Thou condescend
To hear me when I pray?

III.

Grant me, O Lord, the grace I seek;
Teach me in gentleness to speak,
Wearing alway that spirit meek
Which Thou wilt bless and own.

IV.

Help me to walk with Thee in white;
Unsullied garments ever bright
Be mine, through Thy sweet Spirit's might,
For Jesus' sake alone!

Amen!

EVENING

I.

Called by the solemn hour of prayer,
I close mine eyes to earthly care,
Though small of it has been my share
Through God's exceeding grace.

II.

Pardon I ask for tempers shown,
And acts that were for self alone,
And thoughts that now I blush to own
Before my Father's face.

III.

Care through the night, and perfect rest;
Pure dreams, that sin shall not molest;
A pillow that my God hath blest
I seek for me and mine.

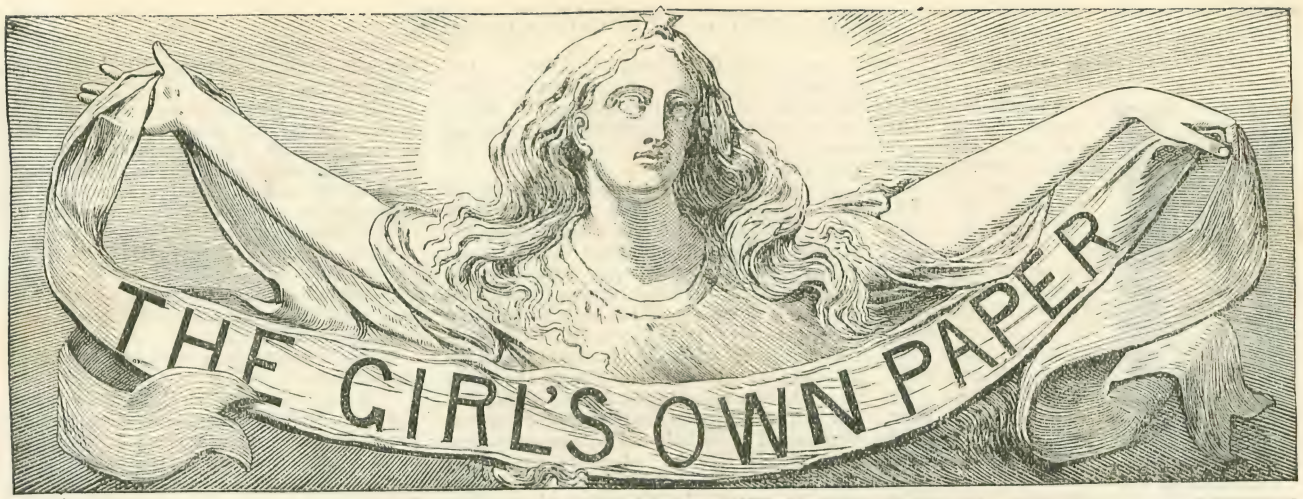
IV.

Do Thou, O gracious Father, hear
Thy suppliant child who now draws near;
Thy perfect love hath cast out fear
By one sweet word of Thine.

V.

"Fear not!" my lullaby shall be;
"Fear not!" the angels' song to me;
"Fear not!" for God is still with thee
When morning light shall shine.

Amen!



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PHIL'S FORTUNE.

By the Author of "An Unattractive Girl."

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"'HOW GOOD YOU ARE!' PHIL CRIED."

CHAPTER II.

IN spite of Margaret's prognostications the young Clyffordes seemed bent upon following up the acquaintance they had made with the Delahayes. No visitors of any age ever came by invitation to Clyfforde House, so that had the Delahayes been more unpolished even than they were, it would have been easily understood that these young folks should have sought their companionship; but their roughness was only an outer roughness, and about themselves there was nothing that was not good, and true, and honest. Perhaps the very freedom and blithe-hearted gaiety of their manner attracted these other young folks by the sheer force of contrast.

Whatever it may have been, the meetings between them were frequent. At last the barrier was passed, and Paul and Carrie were invited into the orchard, which invitation they only too gladly accepted.

To the young hosts and hostesses there seemed nothing very out-of-the-way about this informally made friendship. They were so thoroughly unconventional in their ideas that the fact that they themselves found the strangers nice was sufficient justification—a far better warranty indeed than the most proper of introductions. As for Carrie, she always accepted Paul as her guide and standard. Whatever he did was right beyond a question.

Paul was perfectly aware that the stately, rigid old lady would not have given her consent had it been asked; but Paul was beginning to turn over many things in his mind, and among others whether he had not a right to form his own opinions and act in accordance with them. He was attracted by the spontaneous geniality of these new acquaintances, and he did not see why he might not choose for himself whether he would have their companionship or not.

Mrs. Delahaye was an invalid, whose life was spent between her chair and her bed. Fortunately for her she was of a placid, trustful disposition, and not given to imagining evils that her eyes were not cognizant of. She had perfect faith in her children—in their sense of honour, their knowledge of right and wrong, and all such essential points. An untidy frock or unwashed hands were always met by a gentle reproof, which the children so far regarded that not one of them would attempt to sit down to a meal with her in such condition. Naturally she saw nothing of their outdoor games and appearance, and congratulated herself that they amused themselves so readily, and that they had that fine old orchard where they could spend the greater part of their days, gaining health and worrying no one.

"Mother," said Phil on the same evening, "whatever do you think? Mrs. Clyfforde has her two grandchildren come to live with her, and they came and made friends with us, and are so nice."

"That is very pleasant for you," said Mrs. Delahaye, unreflectingly. "I suppose they find it very dull."

"Oh, yes, and were so glad to come and talk to us," Phil replied; and there the matter ended for the present.

It was when the weather began to grow too hot for cricket, or even for walks, that the invitation into the orchard was given. It had splendid old trees, almost too old and unpruned for much fruit-bearing, but all the better for shade. Under these they sat and worked, or read, or talked, as they felt disposed.

Margaret, too, had taken to bringing her work into the orchard. She was working her father a pair of braces, which had, unhappily, become a bone of contention in the house. When Margaret first brought them upon the scene Phil had declared there and then that they were ridiculous fal-lals, only invented to waste people's time and spend their money—that her father would be so afraid to lean his back against a chair when he wore them that he would be rendered perfectly miserable; and she further illustrated the torture of her father, constrained to sit bolt upright, however tired he might be feeling. Margaret was highly offended, and declared that Phil had a commonplace, unrefined mind, and that her notions were only fit for a kitchen-maid—at which Bob fired up and said Phil was right, and if she were a kitchen-maid Margaret was the sister of one, and ought to feel fortunate accordingly; and so the war ran high, and was at last quelled by their mother's intervention, after which Phil, having promised to say no more rude things, preserved a stoical silence, only expressing now and then by her glances that her contempt for the fal-lals was not a whit less than before.

When the renowned braces made their first appearance in the orchard, significant glances passed between Phil, Katie, and Bob. Paul and Carrie were already there carrying on an animated conversation with the four others.

Paul sprang up immediately and made room for Margaret under the great walnut tree, which Margaret gracefully accepted, and unrolled her work in triumph, oblivious of the sisterly and brotherly glances.

"What deft fingers you have!" Paul remarked presently, as he watched the needle fly rapidly in and out. "I often envy girls their needlework. I should think a girl who can work is never dull, and I suppose all girls do some sort of work."

"I don't," said Phil; "I hate it. Nasty, monotonous stuff. One silly little needle being for ever stuck in and pulled out. Horrid, I think."

"That is very evident," Margaret remarked, pointedly. "It is a pity, Phil, as you are such a good hand at tearing, you are such a bad one at mending."

"I think every girl should be able to work," Paul remarked, quietly.

Phil darted a quick, critical glance at him, and remarked carelessly, "I prefer to read ever so much. I only wish I had some nice books," she added, longingly; "everything father has in his study I've read twenty times over."

"What sort of books have you read?" Paul asked, with ready sympathy.

"Oh, all sorts," Phil replied. "'The Decline and Fall,' and 'Josephus,' and 'Froissart's Chronicles' (oh, how lovely that was!), and lots of funny old books papa has."

"I will bring you one that I believe you will like," Paul replied. "I wonder very much whether it would interest you as it has done me. The main idea of it is very peculiar. It is, so far as I can make out, for I have only read a little way, what man would be without the externals of life, if he could be revealed to our eyes - high officials and great personages without the pomp and dignity attaching to them, but shown us in the bare character, undisguised by clothes and conventionalities."

"I can quite understand that heaps of people who seem great and grand would be mean and contemptible enough if we saw them as they really were!" replied Phil, with interest; "but I am afraid there would be very few who were not contemptible," she added, thoughtfully.

"I think my book has very much the same idea, or, at any rate, puts down a large share of the greatness of great men and women to the various pomps with which they have surrounded themselves. Still, there are some men who are truly great, and always would be. Martin Luther, for instance."

"Yes, of course," Phil replied. "I should like to read your book, Paul."

"I should think it must be a very stupid one," said Margaret, with a half pout. "It sounds quite ridiculous."

"That's because you can't understand it," chimed in Bob.

"Don't be rude, sir," said Margaret, sharply. "Wouldn't it be lovely to go for a row this evening when the sun has gone down?" she asked, turning to Paul.

"Awfully fine. I only wish the river was nearer."

"Yes," chimed in Phil, "it is a pity, but mamma won't ever let us girls go without papa. She is so nervous."

"She won't let us go with the boys, of course," Margaret remarked. "Look at that rose just peeping over the hedge. What a beauty. I must have that." And Margaret jumped up, leaving her work on the grass.

"Do let me fetch it for you," Paul said, jumping up too.

Margaret walked over to the hedge, Paul following; but she was not tall enough to reach the rose. Paul picked it, and another too, which he found on a stem close by.

"I suppose you do not care for such things?" he said to Phil, glancing admiringly at the beautiful bloom, which Margaret had gracefully fastened in her dress.

"If you mean the flower, of course I care for it," Phil replied, a little indignantly, "but I would always rather put a flower into water than wear it."

"The best use for flowers is to make things look pretty," said Meg, whereupon the boys laughed significantly, and Phil remarked that she didn't think so.

There came out presently a tray with the young people's tea. It was very simple—home-made bread-and-butter, honey, and plenty of fresh new milk, with a little teapot full of tea; yet Carrie and Paul looked longingly at it.

"I do wish you could have some with us," said hospitable Phil. "Look how clear and lovely the honey is!"

"We must go," Paul replied, unwillingly. "Shall you be here when we come out again? If so, I will bring the book."

"Most likely we shall," Phil replied.

And with a waving of hands Paul and Carrie took their departure.

When the informal meal was ended, and the young folks had begun to grow tired of lolling about on the grass, Bob began to clamour for a game. Phil, however, was pondering something in her mind, the result being that she went indoors, and kneeling down by her mother's side, asked her—

"Do you think it is a duty for a girl to do needlework, mother?"

"Certainly, my dear, a very necessary one. None but very rich women can afford to dispense with such a useful accomplishment. What would all of you do if I were unable to work for you?"

"I suppose you're right, but it seems so much grander to learn other things—about men, and things, and history."

"Grander, perhaps, but not so widely useful to others, Phil. Still, you may well do both."

"You have never insisted upon my doing more than just a little needlework, mother."

"No, my dear," her mother said, a little sadly. "You have so few pleasures, that I

did not wish to take those few away; but I have always felt that by-and-by you would see the necessity of work, and take to it naturally of your own good sense. I know that when you are really convinced, a little difficulty is quickly overcome."

"How good you are!" Phil cried, gratefully. "You always see the best in all of us. I will do some sewing at once. Have I a thimble anywhere, I wonder. What can I make, mamma?"

"Here, Phil," cried Bob, entering noisily, "you must come and help us play; Katie won't. You all promised you would when it was cool enough, and now no one will. It's a shame."

Mrs. Delahaye looked pitifully at Phil. It always worried her more than anything that any of the children should be unhappy. Phil saw the mute appeal, and got up reluctantly.

"I really did want to work," she said as she went.

Nevertheless, she went to the game very good-humouredly. It was not the least of Phil's good points that she could give up her own pleasure, and think absolutely nothing more about it when once the sacrifice was made.

"Are you going to play cricket?" cried Meg, over the banisters.

Phil replied that she was, and Meg went back to her room to add some finishing touches to her toilet.

She came downstairs presently, and slipped out through the garden into the orchard.

Only Katie was there, though Margaret seemed disappointed to find anyone at all.

"Aren't you going to cricket with the others?" she asked, with her grandest air.

"No, it's too hot," answered Katie. "I'm going to read."

Meg made no reply, but tapped her feet impatiently upon the grass. She came across to Kate presently and asked, "Should you like to go on the river this evening?"

"Shouldn't I!" replied Kate. "Who's going to take us? May we go?"

"Yes, of course, if we have a proper person with us. Paul is much older and steadier than Bob."

"Yes, of course," assented Katie, readily. "I didn't know Paul was going to take us."

Margaret made no further remark, but sauntered off towards the gate by which Paul and Carrie always entered. She was looking particularly pretty this evening, in a cool fresh cambric dress and large straw hat, trimmed with muslin and lace by her own deft fingers. The rose Paul had picked for her in the afternoon was fastened at her throat, and gave just the touch of colour that was required.

After a while, perhaps a quarter of an hour, Paul came through the gate with the book in his hand. Margaret was at that moment gathering some honeysuckle in the hedge, and so Paul came close to her before she turned round towards him.

"How fond you are of flowers!" he said, with one swift glance of admiration. "Let me reach those for you. They ought to call you Daisy. Why do they not?"

"I don't know; I am always Meg," Margaret replied, with a pleased smile.

"Daisy is much more suitable," Paul said. "I shall always associate the name with you from to-day."

"How lovely the evening is!" Margaret said presently. "I do wish Bob was old enough to take us on the river. There is nothing so lovely as a row such an evening as this."

"Do you think I might take you?" Paul said, eagerly. "Would Mrs. Delahaye mind? It would be perfectly safe."

"Mamma does not mind if we have a careful person with us," Margaret answered, readily.

It was all settled in two minutes. Katie and Margaret and Paul started off together along the road for the one mile walk to the river. At one point of the road they caught a glimpse of Phil and the boys at their cricket.

"I brought this book for Phil," Paul said, with a regretful glance across the field. "I had quite forgotten it."

And it was very soon forgotten again. The trip was an altogether delightful one. The trio returned home about nine, all mutually delighted with their evening.

"Where have you been?" asked Phil, who was wandering disconsolately about the orchard in the twilight.

"For a row with Paul," Margaret replied. "He was determined we should go. It has been so lovely."

"What did mamma say?" asked Phil.

"I have not told her yet," Margaret answered. "She would not mind, of course."

Phil said nothing. She would not on any account have been the first to mention the matter indoors, which would have seemed to her a very dishonourable action. At the same time, it did not escape her notice that Margaret never alluded to the subject at all.

Katie had brought her the book, which at the last moment Paul suddenly remembered, and charged her to deliver. Phil had begun devouring it, but was soon brought to a standstill, much to her own vexation, for she liked to rush through a book at express rate. The next day she took it into the orchard and showed Paul her difficulty.

"Ah, that is an allusion to classic history," he said, and explained the incident, which cleared away the difficulty and led to an animated discussion, which interested Paul as much as it did Phil.

The first expedition on the river was not the last. There were several others, and Phil began to suppose that her mother must really know, though she had never heard her speak of it. On the fourth of these expeditions Paul asked Phil whether she would not like to come too.

Phil would enjoy nothing better, and had secretly been wondering when they would think of asking her. She readily consented. In the afternoon Carrie took her into a far corner, and with a very troubled face confided to her that she wished Paul would not go on the river; that he had once been upset and nearly drowned, and that she was so horribly nervous all the time he was gone that she didn't know what to do with herself. "And I cannot understand why he goes," she added, piteously, "for he never does anything that makes me unhappy."

"I will ask him not to take us," Phil said, readily. "I daresay he only goes for our pleasure."

She went to Margaret and told her about it. Margaret laughed contemptuously.

"It is absurd of Carrie," she said, impatiently; "she cannot have Paul always by her side."

Phil darted an angry glance at Margaret.

"Do you mean to say you will go just the same?" she asked, indignantly.

"Yes, of course," Margaret replied. "Why not?"

Phil turned away in high dudgeon.

"Do come with us, Carrie," Margaret said, persuasively, having explained to Paul that Phil was in a contrary mood, and utterly refused to be of the party.

"Oh no, thank you," Carrie replied. "I am so timid; I wish you wouldn't all go."

They all laughed at her. Paul could hardly withdraw while Margaret did not, and she of course could not imagine that any one should see danger in such a simple amusement. So Katie took Phil's place, and she stayed behind with Carrie.

"You are kind, Phil," Carrie said, gratefully, her large, black eyes half-filled with tears. "I know it is very babyish of me, but if anything should happen to Paul—you know we have only each other."

"I don't suppose anything is at all likely to happen to him," Phil said, practically; "but it is a shame of Meg to take him, all the same."

"Do you think Meg is a little bit selfish?" Carrie asked, timidly.

"She may be," replied Phil, who had a clannish dislike of speaking a word against any of her own people.

"She is so pretty," Carrie continued, apologetically. "Paul admires her very much, I know. He says she is always so fresh, and blooming, and graceful, and——"

"Quite unlike the rest of us," Phil added, ungraciously. "Yes, she is."

"I like you the best," Carrie said, with a grateful pressure of the hand. She was thinking of the river.

Phil was awkwardly silent, and Carrie with much tact changed the subject.

"I often wonder what your mother is like. Is she like you or Margaret? You are so different," she asked.

"Come in and see her," Phil replied abruptly, taking Carrie by the hand and leading her quickly towards the house.

Carrie was not sure whether she ought to go in, but she was very much afraid she might hurt Phil's feelings, which would have been a terrible disaster. She was conscious of a strange and not unpleasant sort of thrill at the thought of entering those rooms about which she and Paul had so often speculated.

They went through the kitchen garden and a flower garden, not very tidy, but sweet with mignonette and pinks, and great clustering roses, through an open door into a long passage looking shabby enough in the glaring July sun.

Phil presently opened a door and led Carrie into a long, low, old-fashioned looking room, worn enough, too, yet with that indescribable home air which neither riches can make nor shabbiness destroy. Through the open window came the faint, sweet perfume of flowers, shedding a sense of refinement over the poor little room with its threadbare carpet and old furniture.

"Mamma, I have brought Carrie Clyfforde to see you. She wanted to know what you were like."

Mrs. Delahaye smiled pleasantly, and held out her hand. "I am always pleased to see my children's friends," she exclaimed, "and especially one of whom I have heard so much."

Carrie was shy and silent the first few minutes, but was soon talking away pleasantly to Phil's mother. This whole proceeding had been a manœuvre on Phil's part, who had been suddenly struck with curiosity to know how her mother would act should one of these wealthy Clyffordes penetrate into their shabby home. She was all the time watching her mother with the keenest observation.

One thing was certain, Carrie was not thinking anything at all about the house or the room, but only of the people it contained, "and mamma talks and looks as if she were receiving Carrie in a palace instead of a 'Hauschen,'" Phil commented, wonderingly.

"We will go along the road and meet the others," Phil presently suggested. "We can keep under the trees."

"Walk quietly then," her mother said. "It is almost too hot for walking."

"Not hotter than on the river," Carrie suggested.

"Who is on the river?" Mrs. Delahaye asked, quickly.

Both the girls looked uncomfortably at each other.

"Paul has taken Margaret and Katie,"

Phil replied. "You know they go, don't you?"

"They never told me," Mrs. Delahaye replied. "I am surprised Margaret should have gone. She must know how nervous I am about it."

"I thought you knew," Phil said, shortly, "and I suppose Meg did too."

"I am so glad," Carrie said, heartily. "They won't go any more now. I can't bear Paul to go."

"You should have told Meg, and she would not have gone," Mrs. Delahaye said, soothingly, which remark caused Carrie to steal another furtive glance at Phil.

They started presently on their way to meet the others.

"You know, Carrie," Phil said, with her usual unsparing honesty, "I don't think you ought to give way to that feeling of nervousness about Paul whenever he is away from you. A boy must go into lots of places girls can't go into, and it is keeping him out of ever so much pleasure. I was wild with Meg for going, but, all the same, I think Paul ought to row if he wants. Suppose he wanted to be a soldier, and fight for his country, I suppose you'd be distracted with terror, and persuade him not to go, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, Phil, don't say such dreadful things!" Carrie cried, imploringly. "If I didn't know that you weren't really unkind, I should be so angry with you. You are such a strange girl. You stayed at home this afternoon because you knew I didn't want him to go, and now you are talking to me about something far worse. Paul couldn't be a soldier."

"The grandest thing in the world," cried Phil, excitedly. "Don't I wish I were a man," she cried, drawing herself up with a martial air. "I would go and throw myself at Victoria's feet and tell her my life was at her service. Queen and country should be my motto, and I'd like to die fighting for them."

Carrie caught hold of Phil's arm almost in terror. "Promise me you won't say that to Paul," she said, entreatingly.

Phil laughed and promised faithfully. "But all the same," she added, seriously, "if Paul wanted to be a soldier, Carrie, you oughtn't to stand in his way. We ought to urge those we love on to great deeds, not keep them back and prevent them from gaining honour. How would you feel if some day Paul should say, 'If it hadn't been for you, Carrie, I should have been a great man'?"

"You are so clever and brave," Carrie replied, piteously. "I can see you are right, and I don't want to stand in Paul's way. If I had you always with me, I don't believe I should mind his being a soldier even. You make one feel brave somehow."

As indeed all brave people do. Nothing is more infectious.

At this point the conversation ended, for Carrie, to her intense relief, espied Paul and his companions returning safe and sound.

"Paul," she said, when for a few minutes they were alone, "Phil took me in to see her mother. She is so good and nice. I am sure you would love her. Although it's such a tiny little house, she never seemed to notice it or think about it, but was just as easy and pleasant to me as if it were a great, beautiful place. I was so afraid she would be vexed with me for coming in, but she wasn't a bit."

"She must be a perfect lady, I am sure," Paul said, heartily. "No one but a lady would have appeared quite unconscious of her surroundings."

"Look there, Carrie, isn't that 'the grandmother'?" he added, as a carriage came swiftly towards them.

Paul was right. The carriage presently passed them. The old lady looked inquiringly at the group of young people walking by the roadside, but took no further notice, and the aforesaid young people continued their way home.

That same evening after dinner Mrs. Clyfforde remarked abruptly to Paul, "Were those the Delahayes you were with this afternoon?"

"Yes," Paul replied.

"Do you know them?"

"Yes, perfectly, and like them very much."

"I suppose you know that their father, Captain Delahaye, is a wretchedly poor man, that the children are running wild, and that altogether they are hardly creditable companions for my grandchildren."

"I know they are of good birth, and are not by any means uneducated. Mrs. Delahaye too is a perfect lady. Is their father a soldier, did you say?"

"Yes," Mrs. Clyfforde replied, shortly, "he is."

"I might have known it," cried Paul, delightedly. "They are quite a soldier's children, especially Phil and Bob."

Carrie's heart sank as she watched Paul's sparkling eyes and animated face. Danger had sprung up where she had least looked for it.

Poor, little, timid, loving heart. As if she could by her simple artifices prevent the smouldering fire from blazing forth.

Mrs. Clyfforde's next remark was an unexpected one. "The next time you meet those girls bring them in for me to see. Stop, I won't have them prepared. Go and see if they are out now, and if so bring them at once."

Paul and Carrie started on their errand with no misgivings. "When 'the grandmother' sees Daisy she must think her the sweetest girl she has ever beheld," Paul was thinking; while Carrie was saying to herself, "Even grandmamma could not help liking Phil."

Margaret and Phil were in the orchard—Phil as usual with her gingham dress clinging to her long lank figure, and her sailor hat all awry; Margaret looking sweet and fresh and wonderfully pretty.

It suddenly occurred to Paul that it was no gracious invitation he had to give, and his elation died entirely away. How could he fetch these girls in for his grandmother to scan and criticise? Their very ignorance of the world's ways made him feel the more awkward and humiliated, for did it not seem like taking a mean advantage of their peculiar circumstances? Still, he was so sure in his own mind that his grandmother could find no real fault with them, that he was anxious to carry out her behest, and also the fear that she might suppose he was in any way ashamed of his acquaintance with them supplied another motive for taking them to her.

"Carrie has been telling us that she made the acquaintance of your mother this morning," Paul said, after a few minutes' chat, "and now we want you to come and see 'the grandmother.'"

Phil looked at Margaret with a significant glance and sudden flush of colour. Margaret unconsciously drew herself up with a pleased smile.

"I don't think Mrs. Clyfforde will care to see us," Phil said, awkwardly.

"Indeed, I think she will," Paul replied, and Carrie added entreatingly, "Do come, Phil."

Margaret was evidently for going, and Phil, too, was not superior to a certain curiosity as to what the interior of that great house could be like. They were accustomed to act for themselves, and as they were bent upon going, Phil rapidly concluded that she might as well have her share of the adventure.

Margaret was secretly much exercised about her appearance, but she was not at all sure it would be in good taste to excuse herself to Carrie and Paul that she might run in and furbish herself up. Phil, on the other hand, with her characteristic carelessness, was quite unconscious of any thought about her appearance, and would have entered those awful doors with her hat all awry but for Meg's intervention.

The two girls followed Paul through the well kept garden into the house, through a long stone corridor, gorgeous with stained glass, beautiful plants, statuary, and fanciful coloured lanterns.

Phil held her breath with wonder and admiration. "How beautiful!" she cried, delightedly. "It is just like a fairy palace."

Margaret gave her a warning glance which Phil did not intend to heed. "What's the good of pretending that we are quite accustomed to such things?" she thought, angrily. "Everybody knows we are not."

At every turn fresh beauties fell on Phil's delighted eyes. The great tiled hall, with its skin rugs, and plants blooming everywhere, the marvellous softness of the carpet in that vast dining-room, with its carved oak door and massive, handsome furniture, and walls full of beautiful pictures, were all a revelation to these two simple daughters of a poor soldier.

Phil was behaving disgracefully. The moment she entered the room her eyes lighted on a picture which fascinated her: a dog sitting watching by a wounded soldier on a deserted battlefield. She marched straight to it, and, forgetting where she was, was giving it a minute inspection, when Margaret touched her arm and whispered—

"Dear me, Phil, do behave decently!"

Mrs. Clyfforde looked at Phil peculiarly as, very much abashed, she turned away from the wall. Paul had taken Margaret straight up to the old lady, saying, with some evident pride, "This is Margaret Delahaye." It fell to Carrie's share to add, "And this is Phil."

"You are fond of pictures?" she said to Phil.

"I have never seen any paintings," Phil replied, with awful candour. "I liked that because of the soldier in it. I should like——" Here Phil suddenly stopped, with a glance at Carrie.

"There are some very fine pictures in this room," the old lady said, graciously. "Go and look at them, if you like."

In the meantime Mrs. Clyfforde talked to Margaret, Paul standing by and watching the two with interest. Margaret was always a pretty, pleasing girl, and, in spite of a little nervousness she could not quite hide, was natural and modest in her manner. Mrs. Clyfforde asked her about her mother and father, and many other matters, and seemed not otherwise than pleased with her answers.

Later on in the evening, when the critical interview was well over, Mrs. Clyfforde pronounced opinion:—

"They appear to be unaffected, natural girls, countrified but not vulgar, and, on the whole, well brought up. That younger one is a very good companion for you, Carrie; she looks honest and fearless. Paul, it is time your profession was decided upon. I give you till to-morrow to think of it."

A sore point with Paul, who was still longing for the university career that he had always been taught to expect. What more natural than that he should assemble a solemn conclave in the orchard next morning to discuss this momentous question? Of course these headstrong young people all deeply sympathised with Paul.

"I don't know a bit what profession to choose," he exclaimed, pathetically. "I can't be a tinker or a tailor, so I suppose I must be either a soldier or a sailor."

Poor Carrie clutched nervously at Phil's arm with a warning glance in her eyes.

Phil's own had played the traitor and danced gaily for a moment.

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to be a soldier," Paul said, thoughtfully, which remark immediately drew from Carrie the exclamation, "Oh, Paul, whatever put that into your head?"

"It's been floating hazily there for some time, Carrie," Paul replied. "What do you think of it, Daisy?"

"I think it's rather dreadful," Margaret replied, dolorously. "Papa is always away."

Paul glanced at her gratefully. She had quite unconsciously shown him that she at any rate would miss their pleasant companionship.

"What do you say, Phil?" he asked.

It was no good, Phil could not be untrue to herself.

"I think it is the grandest thing in the world," she said, enthusiastically, with her bright eyes all animation. "I love to see the soldiers march away, looking such brave, true men. I always feel as if my feet itched to follow them, and I love buckling on papa's belt and sword."

"How can you, Phil?" cried Carrie, almost heartbroken, and Phil's enthusiasm was quickly succeeded by self-reproach. "I really could not help it," she said to Carrie, apologetically.

(To be concluded.)

W. D. Cubitt, Son, and Co.

A Tale of a Kiss. Song. Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.—Both words and music are well written. The accompaniment is easy and the air simple. The *a tempo* movement towards the end of the last verse should be well marked, and the *con spirito* not be overlooked.

All is Fair in Love. Words by Knight Summers. Music by Henry Pontet.—This is written in easy and pleasing style, with a *tempo di valse* ending to each verse.

A Shy Maiden's "No." Ballad. Words by Wilton Wyatt. Music by H. de Vaux.—A simple song, not requiring much effort to sing or play.

Bright Eyes. Valse (with vocal refrain *ad lib.*). By W. Anton Doorly.—A brisk and well-marked waltz, by no means difficult. The vocal refrain with the accompaniment *ad lib.* in No. 3 and the coda is a pleasing addition, and the bass chords in the finale are grand and effective. We recommend it to our young friends.

Rosina. Polka. By T. Browne.—A nice piece for little players, in an easy key, without any difficulties.

Wood and Co.

A Twilight Hour. Impromptu for the pianoforte. By Felicia.—A nice, light little piece, written in A flat; may be easily committed to memory.

Methven, Simpson, and Co.; and Patey and Willis.

Eleven part songs by Franz Abt, for first and second trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford.—We are very much charmed with the book of part songs before us. They are exceptionally good, both as regards poetry and music, and within the capabilities of the generality of voices. We have not met with any for treble voices that have pleased us more than the collection before us, and we unhesitatingly recommend the work to our girls, who, we are sure, will find it a pleasing addition to their musical library. We would add that the reasonable price of one shilling is a further recommendation.

Novello, Ewer, and Co.

Around the Throne of England. National part song. Written and composed by Harold E. Stidolph.—A stirring composition, which will find an echo in the hearts of all the loyal subjects of our beloved sovereign.

Circe. Valse. By the same composer.—A well-marked and good swinging movement is carried throughout; altogether, with a little study, we think this would become a favourite.

Reine d'Amour. Song for soprano or tenor. Words by Francis Turner Palgrave. Music by Hastings Crossley.—We highly recommend this composition; both words and music are well suited one to the other. It is very much above the average of songs that come under our notice. It requires a good soprano or tenor voice, and careful playing.

Forsyth Brothers.

The Streamlet. Words by Maryanne Stodart. Music by Adolphus Antoine.—A graceful and pretty little song, with a flowing accompaniment, set to words that follow the meandering of the stream:—

"But not alone to plant and bird
That little stream was known,
Its gentle murmur far was heard,
A friend's familiar tone!"

Ashdown and Parry.

Margaret. Words by Gertrude Moberly. Music by Edwin M. Lott.—This ballad first appeared in The Girl's Own Paper. It is very pretty, very easy, and charming in its simplicity; the bells ringing out a merry peal on the occasion of Margaret wedding her soldier lad is very effective.

J. and W. Chester, and Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

Six songs for voice and piano. Words by Burns, Moore, and Barry Cornwall. Composed by John Gledhill.—We cannot say too much in praise of these charming compositions, evidently the work of a thorough musician:—

Raving Winds Around her Blowing is exceptionally good, the vocal part and accompaniment, with change of key from B flat to G natural, being very characteristic, and in keeping with the poetry.

The Lesbian Maid. This well-known poem of Thomas Moore has been most happily illustrated, and the simple but beautiful melody and clever accompaniment render it a perfect gem.

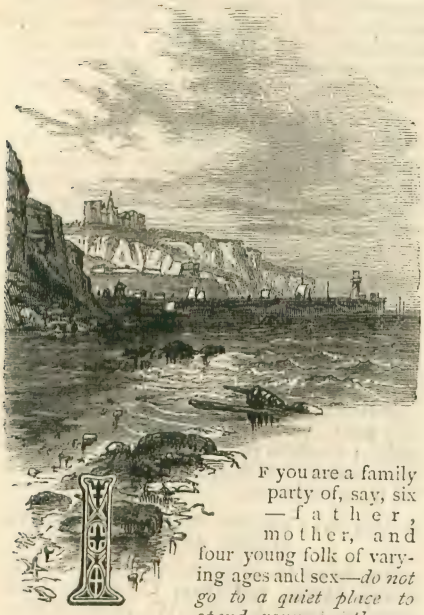
I Dream of Thee. A most graceful and superior song. And the same may be said of *To a Woodlark*, a pensive little song, soothing and expressive.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton. This original and beautiful melody, with its flowing accompaniment suggestive of the murmuring stream, needs only to be heard to become a universal favourite; indeed, we unhesitatingly commend to the notice of our young musical friends all the compositions in this book as being worthy their attention and study.

AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.



IF you are a family party of, say, six—father, mother, and four young folk of varying ages and sex—*do not go to a quiet place to spend your month unless some of your children's young friends are going also.* If you do, and no happy chance brings any familiar faces to your neighbourhood, you will have a dull time of it. The elders will not like to be constantly on the move or out of doors. They will be afraid of letting the girls go rambling away without a proper escort, and boys, especially youngsters, have pursuits of their own, and like to live an amphibious life during the greater part of the day. They have joys with which even the most favoured sisters may not intermeddle with impunity.

Under such circumstances, what are the girls to do with themselves? We know that the circulating library is usually the one resort open to them, and they sit out of doors from early morn to dewy eve, drinking in the sweet and wholesome air, but sometimes mentally swallowing much that is anything but beneficial in the shape of sensational novels.

So, I say by all means endeavour to provide beforehand for the happiness of the girls' holiday by insuring suitable companionship for them. Not necessarily under the same roof, but within reach, so that there may be enough of these young folk to make up little parties, and to join in all the innocent pleasures which truly make the best part of the holiday.

I write *feelingly and from* actual experience on this point; for our own young folk once had a rather trying time of what was meant to be an enjoyable one, for want of the pre-arrangement which I advocate to insure suitable companionship for them.

We chose a seaside place for its loveliness. It had everything in the way of scenery, and was an artist's paradise, besides being within easy reach of more pretty places than one could well count.

But we knew nobody in it, and during a whole month not a single young friend of our children ever came to *stay* near us. We had a great deal of rain, which hindered many a plan from being carried out, and made our excursions few and far between.

Lesson books had been purposely left behind. Music books in plenty we had with us, and how we should have enjoyed these if we could have procured a piano! Being a quiet place and not a town, pianos for hire were few in number. We were in pursuit of one which was perpetually advertised on sheets of note-paper stuck up at the post-office and elsewhere for three whole weeks out of the calendar month we spent in the locality. But we never even came within sight of it!

Of course, when we commenced the last week or so of our stay we gave up the hope of instrumental music at home. A visitor came from town, and a few fine days enabled us to scamper over some lovely country in company, and make plans for more leisurely journeys in the same neighbourhood at some future time.

We elders did well enough all the while, but we were sorry for the children. So, dear mothers and girls, lay your heads together, benefit by this experience, and arrange that the young ones may have congenial holiday society.

Now I want to impress two things on your minds—

HOW TO PROVIDE INDOOR OCCUPATION AND AMUSEMENT;

Also,

HOW TO BEHAVE IMPARTIALLY TO THE FIVE SENSES.

Everybody takes something in the shape of work, or looking like work, but requiring little attention. A trifle to have in hand in case we want it, though I am bound to confess that healthy, ramble-loving girls generally make enough of actual work for themselves in repairing the rent garments that are the usual consequences of mountain excursions.

But I would say to every girl, *always leave your work indoors*, and, with one exception—to be named hereafter—your books also. I consider it *perfectly atrocious* for city girls and their mothers, but notably the girls, to sit stitching, knitting, or novel reading on the beach.

They are gratifying their lungs by breathing the pure air, but this they do unconsciously. It fans their cheek; but they only notice it, if it calls too rudely for attention, by throwing a wrap around them, and going back to their book or work.

Listen to me, dear girls! If you are so ill-advised as to act as above described, I am very sorry for you, for it is evident you are unaware of your privileges and the world of enjoyment which is open to you. I had very nearly written that I should like to punish every young offender who habitually works or reads out of doors, by fine or imprisonment to one room on the finest day of the season. The blinds to be drawn down, and only knitting or needlework for half the day, and books for the other half, to be permitted.

Instead of that—for I have a very soft place in my heart where the young are concerned—let me close the book or put away the work, and coax you to listen to me for a little while. You were not behaving well, dear, to your five—or, as Paddy sometimes insists, your *sivin sinses*. You were not getting a bit of enjoyment out of all the brightness and glory that are spread around you when you sat knitting on the beach.

Use your eyes to take in the picture which the sea presents. You will hardly ever see it twice alike. Gratify your sense of sight by fixing a few of the pictures in your memory, so that you may bring them before your mind's-eye at will in after days, and amid different surroundings. It is by thus using your eye-sight that you learn to judge whether the artist's work is true to Nature or not.

I remember being at an exhibition of pictures once. There I heard a gentleman of refined taste, and an art critic whose opinions were listened to with respect, answer a question in a manner which taught me a lesson. He was asked to pass judgment on a picture which seemed to most of those who looked at it unnatural in its colouring. "Can that be true to Nature?" was asked again and again in our critic's hearing, and his reply was anxiously waited for.

He took time, observed the painting carefully, and at last answered, "I cannot tell."

"Not tell! If *you* cannot, who may be trusted to give an opinion? We all made up our minds that the tinting is unnatural, but we wanted to hear what you would say about the thing!"

There was a little contempt in the speaker's tone. Whether it referred to the painting itself or to the hesitancy of the authority which paused before giving judgment about so small a matter, who could tell?

"I do not know," was the perfectly good-humoured reply. "Whoever may take it upon him to judge that picture I cannot, and for this simple reason. It represents a scene in a country little visited by travellers, never by myself. We have every reason to think that Nature would present herself under very different phases there from those she shows us in this or any portion of the world which I have had a chance of observing. How can I tell you whether this colouring is unnatural or not when I have never seen Nature's own way of painting in the country of which this landscape professes to be a partial likeness?"

Ah, girls! that critic's modest reticence took a large share of conceit out of me! I had been going on chattering about pictures, and calmly condemning some as too highly coloured, others as untrue to Nature, as if I had seen more than a very few of the myriad varieties which she can produce by a difference of time in the day, season, sunshine, cloud, rain, or fair weather, frost or heat, calm or tempest, and all in a single landscape that the eye can cover with a look.

On that day at the exhibition I registered a solemn resolution never again to show alike my ignorance and presumption by daring to say that a picture is unnatural. If I had studied in the closest manner not only such a scene as the one before me, but more than one of the many phases it could present, I might then venture to speak.

I had turned up a hypercritical nose at a seaside view in that very exhibition, and declared the colouring unnatural. A year later I saw the same effects when by the sea itself, and cried out, "There is the original of which the picture I despised was a copy."

I felt properly ashamed of my presumption in judging, and wished I could beg the artist's pardon. So, dear girls, give your eyes a fair chance, and in time you will educate them to judge intelligently of a painter's work by mental comparison with that of Nature.

And your ears! Why should *they* be ill-used? No one likes to be really deaf; then wherefore make yourselves practically so by not heeding the many voices around you? I do not want to call your attention to the German band which has invaded our quiet spot on its way to a fashionable resort a few miles off. Even if, for once, the instruments are in tune, their sound can be spared just now.

But listen to the voice of the sea as it ascends from ripple to murmur, from murmur to roar! Hear what the wind says. Its variations are as many. Let the voices of bird, insect, every living thing that speaks, speak to you, and let the merry laughter of the playing children bring a smile of sympathy to your face, that they may read in it a tender message of goodwill to them.

Enjoy the briny smell of weed and wave; breathe the pure air, not heedlessly, but thanking God for the privilege; take in as much of beauty as you can, with all the powers you have, and as to those other senses of taste and touch, you will realise the value of them when you go home with quickened appetite, and lie down at night weary, but full of delightful memories, on your pillow.

About those indoor comforts and employments for spare hours and rainy days. If you are musical, secure your piano when you take your lodgings; if you draw or paint just a little, let your materials for practice accom-

pany you. And though I urge on the young the importance of leaving school behind when they profess to take holiday, by all means have two or three handy little books with you relating to any favourite study which may be illustrated in your rambles.

For the student of botany, geology, or other natural science it is pleasant to have a compact little book for reference, on occasion, but not for close study.

You should also have the materials for indoor games. A backgammon board judiciously packed will hold chessmen and dominoes, beside the furniture belonging to it, which includes draughts. If you have, beside these mute appliances, the society of pleasant friends as recommended, you will not complain of monotony in a very quiet place, or look forward longingly to the close of your seaside holiday.

We will now make a few calls, and look critically at as many landladies. We will begin with the

LANDLADY WHO HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.

There are many varieties of this class, and some of them shams, but ours is that sweet, motherly-looking little woman with the good, true face, whose dress bespeaks the widow. She has known sorrow not so very long ago, and yet there is along with the chastened expression a brightness on the face, a gleam of light from above, which tells where she has gone for strength and comfort.

As you look round the rooms you see that the furniture is not of the cheap, showy sort which is associated in one's mind with lodging-houses. Some of it may be rather old-fashioned, but the sofas and chairs are comfortable to lie or sit upon. The doors of the sideboard do not fly open, if you touch them with the skirts of your garments in passing, because of the shrunken wood and worthless fastenings. Upstairs the furniture does not look as if it had been picked up in all sorts of incongruous oddments from as many different houses as there are items. They date from the same day, and in looking at them we somehow picture the sweet-faced widow as a young wife, starting amidst these household goods in a sunshiny home, and with her young husband's strong arm to lean on. *She would lean in those days*, but, though gentle, she is not weak. She will not sit down with folded hands to grieve over the unalterable, and wait until she has come to the end of her resources before she makes an effort to increase them.

This is not what she looked forward to a year ago. It is not what she likes for her girls; but she understands no business, and if she did, has not capital to start one that would support them all. So the eldest will help her at home and the two younger go to school, and—blessed thought! —they will keep together by working together.

So the brave little woman makes her start, looking upward for strength and getting it. In the winter the young people use their nimble fingers in many ways, so as to increase the family income. Visitors who have stayed with them once go again, and there is seldom a card in any of the windows. This little widow never entertains her visitors with tales of former days, or moans out that she never thought she and her children would come to keeping a lodging-house!

She is far too busy in caring for the comfort of her temporary family for that, and she leaves you to read the rest for yourselves and judge by results.

People do read, and they accord the respect which is merited, not asked for. They show little kindnesses to the widow's children, feeling that their own will be rather bettered by such example and companionship. They go away, determining to come again and to send their friends, and thus the tide of visitors is kept flowing.

Remember I am sketching from nature, though with pen and ink. I have met with more than one dear little mistress of a lodging-house who might have sat for this portrait. If you are fortunate enough to stumble upon such a one, stay with her. She will be so tender to that delicate household plant, for whose sake you are all remaining quietly at the seaside, instead of getting a long-promised peep at Swiss mountains and glaciers. And when you want little table or bedroom requisites not usually to be found in lodging-houses, they will be forthcoming.

We will call now on the

SEASIDE LANDLADY FROM THE COUNTRY.

She has been housekeeper at the Squire's, and when the old master died and left her a little legacy, she resolved to have a house of her own, and as she has nobody but herself to keep, she thinks she can add to her savings by letting lodgings.

She has ten or fifteen years of work in her yet, she calculates, and does not feel that it would be the right thing to retire from active service, though she will not take another place. She has had her own way at the Squire's, and after twenty years of it she would not like to begin learning new lessons under another master.

You find out at once that no anxiety need be felt on the score of cleanliness. She is, in fact, painfully clean. She has old-fashioned ideas of comfort, whereat you may rejoice, as you will benefit by them if you take her rooms. But the ways of seaside visitors will make the "season" a domestic purgatory to our country landlady, who is the very soul of order, and likes to keep everybody else up to her standard of perfection.

What looks she will cast on the rows of boots soaking wet, muddy without, or sandy within, which await the cleaner! How she will long to cart out the litter of shells and seaweed which the youngsters keep bringing in, and with which they strew the sideboard and fill the dressing-table drawers!

She wonders the parents will let them do it. *She* would not. (But then she never was a parent.) And she knows quite well that these treasures of the hour will all be left behind for her to clear away. When packing-up time comes, mamma will not fill another box in addition to the dozen she brought with her, in order to carry home that rubbish.

How detestable those sandy spades look in the umbrella-stand, and those little buckets on the pegs intended for hats. And yet papa hangs his wide-awake and mamma her shady bonnet over the pails as if they were in their right places.

Yet our landlady cannot grumble *straight out* as she would like to, for her soul is vexed within her, because she sees that this is the normal state of things in every lodging-house where children are to be found. She relieves her feelings a little by audibly scolding her servants who are not to blame, and who suffer vicariously for the misdoings of the visitors. However, they know her ways. One of them lived under her at the Squire's, and both are from the country, so there is not much harm done.

You will find many excellences in our country landlady and her serving maidens, and, amongst others, thorough uprightness, and a degree of interest manifested in you and yours which seems a natural outcome of their previous associations. Having been accustomed to a small circle of faces in a country place, and to know all about everybody, they cannot see you depart without a little manifestation of family feeling. You feel sure there is a gathering moisture in the honest eyes as you shake hands and say "Good-bye." Your youngest pet says her "cheek is wet," after the farewell kiss of the good woman who has often popped home-made cakes into the small hands belonging to those work-making, pattering feet during your stay.

And when you are fairly in the coach and moving stationward, it is discovered that there is a whole bagful of similar dainties which Jack is holding in his arms. "They are to eat on the road," he says, and, in dutiful obedience to the instructions given, he puts in his hand, draws out a cake, and begins to munch the same forthwith.

The great girls laugh, and so does mamma, but they have obtained a new insight to the heart of that kindly, country-bred landlady who could not turn out her guests of a few weeks without a little parting pang, and who manifested the undying motherly instincts that were born with her by providing for the possible wants of the children during a two-hours' journey!

Mamma is silent for a moment and looks out of the window. This little act has revealed a good deal. When she does speak, she tells the girls that she hopes to find room at Miss Smith's when they next require lodgings at Sandypoint.

In great contrast to the picture last drawn is that of

THE EASY-GOING LANDLADY.

She is pleasant enough to talk to, and agrees with you in everything. She always has liked young people in the house, they make it so cheerful, and she is a mother herself. The sound of voices and a scuffle on the kitchen stairs would have told so much, if the sight of a couple of unkempt heads, and noses innocent of a pocket-handkerchief, had not been playing bo-peep and struggling for the best view of your party round the banisters, or flashing through the cellar doorway as each got a temporary advantage over his opponent.

You look round the lobby, and one glance shows you that your children's pursuits are not likely to be interfered with. In fact, they will be spared the trouble of collecting marine specimens for themselves, as there is an accumulation of such spoils ready to be taken possession of by the next comers.

A rapid survey of the furniture illustrates the easy-going government. The attempt to ring the door-bell had been a failure, as the first touch showed "no connection" between wire and tinkling apparatus. A hat-peg or two lie loose on the slab; there is a wooden prop under one sofa-leg instead of a castor, and broken chimney-piece ornaments are turned best side first, only the mirror is not quite dusty enough to prevent our seeing that the broken side is towards it.

Our easy-going landlady complains of the dust and the difficulty of keeping things *as she would like them.*

But "Thank you, we will not go upstairs; we do not think the rooms will suit us."

We are not exacting, but there are some indispensable things with which we are sure the easy-going landlady will not be able to supply us. She sees us depart, with a feeling that nobody is so unlucky as she is. A person with a family cannot have everything in such spick-and-span order as those who have not.

She goes down to take off the cap, hastily slipped on to receive inquirers and cover her untidy, straggling locks, but which, being awry, made bad worse.

We must leave her complaining of the way in which her hopes have been raised only to be disappointed, and that nothing will please some folks!

Our easy-going landlady will have her house full during the press of the season, and when hers is the last card left in a window to announce "lodgings." And though she will make those who have now only Hobson's choice—hers or none—pay very high terms for the accommodation, they will probably after all get a good deal more than they bargained for both upstairs and down.

(*To be concluded.*)

"'TWAS SOMEBODY'S SOUL THAT SPOKE."

THE ORGANIST.

In the aisles of the great cathedral
The slumbering echoes woke,
But the sound was more than music,
'Twas somebody's soul that spoke.

A soul that was mighty in feeling,
A soul that had long been dumb,
That had borne its sorrow in silence
Till the hour for speech had come.

They were not words that it uttered,
For words are poor and cold,
And the deepest things of our nature
Are those that can ne'er be told.

'Twas a man who looked like others,
With a quiet face and calm,
And he played some beautiful music
That sounded like a psalm.

And then the notes grew quicker,
And I held my breath to hear;
There were tones of sorrow and anger,
There were tones of grief and fear.

A wonderful wild outpouring
Of grief that was near despair;
It filled the dim, dark distance,
It spoke to the shadows there.

It thundered like waves in anger,
It wailed like a frightened child;
It sobbed with a sound of falling tears,
And hushed its fury wild.

The silence was filled with sadness,
Though the music was no more,—
The echoes had caught its burden,
And told it o'er and o'er.

And before they ceased the story,
The music rose again
In the tone of one who has conquered
And triumphed over pain.

The gladness was all the stronger
For the pain that had gone before,
For it was not only gladness,
'Twas fuller, richer, more.

I would I could catch its spirit,
And in it live my life;
I wish I could hope to gain it,
The peace that comes through strife.

M. W.

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER II.

HOW ABOUT MEASURING GUTTERS?

"Not that I care, you know, Kattie—not to say really out and out care—for fairy tales in general, but that was certainly a rather clever little boy you've been reading about. I wish I'd thought of his plan first."

"What plan?" asked Kate, rather puzzled.

But before Ted could answer the question Mrs. Carmett raised her eyes from her desk to the clock, and said with quiet firmness—

"Teddy, dear, be off with you. It only wants five minutes to three. You'll be late for school, and get a bad mark, if you are not very quick."

Ted went off, and Kate's eyes returned to that nearly finished crimson sock destined for his wear. But her face still wore its puzzled look, and she made many an attempt to answer for herself the question she had asked Ned, as to what he meant about the little boy's plan.

While Ned had been upstairs, washing his hands and brushing his hair, Kate had taken up a volume of Andersen's fairy tales and glanced through the pages in search of inspiration. But she had a slight headache, and imagination was unusually dull. Her brother returned before she had thought of anything for his amusement, and the time was running away fast.

"Suppose, Ned," she ventured to suggest at length, "suppose I read you one of the tales out of this till the dinner bell rings, and then after dinner try to tell you something out of my own head?"

"All right," was the gracious consent of the young taskmaster, "I'll make that do just for now, and then you can reckon that you owe me a downright good one for another time, you know. Read away!"

And with the curly red head lying on her knee Miss Carmett did obediently begin to 'read away' at the tale her eyes happened at the moment to be resting on. It was the tale of the Elder Tree. A little boy gets his feet wet in the gutter, catches cold, is put to bed, has hot elder-flower tea administered to him by his mother, and an old gentleman friend of the family sits by his bedside telling him tales, until he falls asleep, and dreams more wonderful tales of strange journeyings for himself.

"A perfectly harmless little tale," murmurs innocent Kate, reflectively, "and with surely no possible hint in it of mischief for Ned!"

But although Miss Carmett told herself this over and over again during the course of the afternoon, she was still troubled with many misgivings as an echo of the words returned to her—"That was certainly a very clever little boy. I wish I'd thought of his plan first."

Ned had never yet been known to approve of plans, or find any pleasure in such as had no mischief in them. When he had come upstairs after dinner he had considerately told his sister that she might as well go on with the fairy tale, because it had given him such lots to think about that he had not room in his head for a new set of thoughts. But Kate had put that speech down to interest in the travel wonders described by the prince of fairy tale writers. As

a fact, he had scarcely even noticed them.

About five o'clock the sock was finished, and the maker laid aside her needles and turned to the fairy tale once more.

"I should think Neddy must have had the dabbling in the gutter in his mind," she muttered, anxiously, after having looked through the whole story again, and found no other hint in it throughout of naughtiness. "But then he spoke of a plan, and there is nothing about a plan, nor any suggestion of one, in that."

As it happened, however, the opinions of the brother and sister on that point were not at all agreed.

Kate put the book down again, and walked to the window. She had scarcely stood there two minutes, looking out into the garden, and over to the fields beyond, than her abstracted gaze suddenly changed to one of startled present interest.

"Then it really was the gutter!" she exclaimed aloud, as she left the window and flew out of the room.

Mrs. Carmett, startled now in her turn, dropped the book she was reading on to the sofa, and hastened to the window her daughter had just quitted. She soon enough understood Kate's agitation.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she sighed, between laughter and tears. "That pickle of a boy, whatever shall we do with him!"

Mr. and Mrs. Carmett and their elder daughter had often uttered that expression of perplexity before. Meantime, there was that small bother of a boy coming up the garden, looking the most pitiable little object of a beggar ever seen on a sloppy November night in a London court.

Shoeless, sockless, a mass of dripping mud from head to foot, he certainly did present a most disreputable appearance. But still there was something in the erect carriage of the sturdy figure, in the upright bearing of the matted young head, that spoke of triumph, even before the shrill voice shouted—

"Ah! Kattie, you'll never guess what I've done!"

"There's no need to guess, you horribly dirty little vagabond," was the indignant interruption. "You've done everything that you had no business to do, as far as you could manage, I should say. "And"—in a softer tone—"you'll just be having as bad a cold to-morrow as it's possible for a boy to have, I expect."

"Never mind," was the philosophical reply. "I've had such a prime time to-day that I daresay I shan't mind so much about to-morrow. I've tried the depth of every gutter right round this side of the town. Fred Mackenzie tried a good lot of them with me, but when I tumbled down into that deep one at the corner of the close he said I wasn't fit to walk with any more, so he went home. He's rather a snobby boy I begin to think, don't you?"

"Certainly not; and I don't know what people mean by 'snobby boys,'" said Kate, rather inconsequently, and then she took hold of her small brother's hand, all muddy as it was, and drew him hastily indoors.

Master Ted's experiments had made him feel rather shivery, so that he submitted with tolerable patience to the treatment prescribed for him by his mother directly he got indoors—a hot bath immediately, bed to follow, and bread-and-milk.

"And Kate's to sit by me till your dinner's ready, and tell me that tale she owes me," amended the culprit, wholly unabashed by his misdeeds.

"But I don't think Kate ought to call them misdeeds at all, papa, ought she?" asked Ted in a tone of strong remonstrance an hour later, when his father came up to have a look at the small family bother.

"You've ever so many times yourself told me, papa, that even in play we ought to be hearty; and finding out about those gutters was beautiful play to me, the best I've had for a long time, and so I was as hearty as ever I could be at it."

"So it seems," said his father, and then he burst out laughing. He had come upstairs to administer a grave lecture, but how was it possible to scold a boy who claimed praise for the utmost stretch of obedience, even to sousing himself and his clothes in a mud bath?

"But what was the play?" asked Mr. Carmett at last. "For I confess that I am rather in the clouds as to the whole affair as yet."

"Yes," added Kate, "and how came you without your shoes and stockings?"

His mother came to the rescue now. "Why, Kate, my dear, you must not be too hard upon the poor child. Of course he took them off in a mistaken idea of being good not to put them into the water."

"But still they are in a terrible state of muddiness," objected Kattie to this view of the case.

"And of course they are," shouted Ned, in a fresh tone of exultation. "Why, you don't any of you see anything of how I did my discoveries. The worst of it is that the clever little boy in the fairy tale was the inventor of the plan, and papa said the other day it didn't take much genius to improve upon an invention. He invented the plan of measuring with his own boots how deep the gutter was, and I measured with my boots, and my socks, and my own legs. First of all, I measured with my boots, and when I came to a gutter too deep for them, I took them off and measured up my socks. When I came to the gutter by the close—the great brick one, you know—the water came up even over my socks, so I took them off and chalked a mark on my leg, and then I slipped somehow, and tumbled in, so that mark got smudged out, and I came home after I'd tried two more. But I've got the marks on one of my boots and one of my socks still, and the gutter by the pond is the next deepest to the close gutter, and the gutter by Sedge-street is the dirtiest."

"And the boy called Ted Carmett is the sauciest," said his father, laughing; "and the boy called Ned Carmett is the stupidest, and I hope that the next time he wants to measure gutters he'll have the sense to do it with a stick instead of with himself, or he may chance to get the stick on his back as a reminder."

"Oh, dear! I never thought of a stick!" exclaimed Ned, with mortification. "How stupid of me! Never thought of that at all."

"Then pray don't now, for goodness' sake," said his mother, hastily, with a vision spreading before her of fresh mud and cough-resulting experiments.

But Mr. Carmett went down to dinner with a smile on his face. His youngest child was certainly a bother of a boy, but he looked a jolly, honest little chap as he sat up there in bed with his rosy face and his tangled mass of red-gold curls. Whatever he did he did in the light of day.

Mrs. Carmett stopped a minute behind her husband to tuck the bedclothes more closely around her darling, kiss him again, and murmur a good-night prayer and blessing over him. Kate stopped a minute behind her mamma. She also stooped to kiss the bright young face, but very quietly, and without a word, and then she was turning away.

The next moment, regardless of tidied bedclothes and admonitions to keep himself warm, Ned had sprung up, and flung his arms around his sister's neck.

"Kattie—I say—you aren't cross—downright cross with me, are you? You don't really think that I've been very awfully bad, do you?"

There was true earnestness in this question, true, anxious longing for an answer. What could Kattie say? She hesitated a moment. She hardly knew herself whether it was awfully bad to measure gutters and take mud baths, and walk home in the sight of the respectable world barefooted. At last she gave him another kiss, and said, "Please don't do it again, Neddy, dear; it might make you ill, and if you try not to have a cold to-morrow I'll tell you a good story." Then she, in turn, tucked him up, whispered, "God bless you, dear old laddie," and also, in her turn, took herself down to dinner. Neddie went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

ON THE VIRTUES OF SIMPLE HERBS AND FLOWERS

By Medicus.

Once upon a time medical science in this country was enshrouded in mystery. Its secrets none save its votaries were permitted to fathom. Betwixt the laboratory of the leech and the eyes of the general public a dark curtain was hung that nobody dared to lift. But all this is altered now, and the sunshine of common sense is permitted to permeate even the dusty panes of the drug shop. We still write our prescriptions in Latin, it is true, and make use of long-tailed R's, M's on stilts, and snaky Z's,

to represent quantities; but this is only to save time, and a doctor of the present day would just as soon tell his patient the life-history and the qualities and virtues of every ingredient in pill or potion as not.

And, indeed, there is a great deal about the science of medicine, and about the simpler remedies used to combat diseases, that it would be good for even the youngest of our readers to know something about. The time is coming, I have no doubt, when these things will be taught in schools—not dished up to pupils in a hateful, hard-worded, dry-as-dust style, but in a manner at once pleasant and interesting to the mind, and far less onerous to the memory than either geography or historical dates.

But until this time arrives your Medicus means, if spared, to go on from month to month communicating to you such little items of instruction on matters concerning health as may be easily remembered, and probably of good service in time of need. When he is no longer required, he will quietly retire into private life, and his old age will be cheered by the recollection that he has made two blades of grass grow where only one flourished before.

Now I happen to know where there is a great old-fashioned kitchen garden, in which everything seems to grow with the exception of weeds. The beds are filled with a profusion of useful vegetables that would delight the heart of a French cook, while it caused his mouth to water. It is a lovely morning in July; clusters of white and mauve flowers depend from the potato haulm; blossoms hang on the giant runner beans like bunches of coral, crimson, and white; here are hedges of sturdy-limbed, broad-leaved artichokes, rows on rows of wondrous peas, and rows of raspberry canes all belled over with yellow and crimson fruit, to say nothing of the strawberry beds, quite a show in themselves. And all round the borders are flowers of every hue, trailing roses and standards and gooseberry trees, whose too great wealth of fruit is bearing their branches downwards to the brown earth.

Will you take a stroll with me round the walks? We need not hurry. I shall place no embargo on you. Cull the flowers and gather fruit you may *ad libitum*, only listen while I tell you something about the nature and virtues of a few of the herbs and plants that find a home in this garden wide and wild.

There, I knew you could not pass those beautiful rosebuds, their petals still moist with the morning dew. The flower-leaves of the cabbage roses are used for several purposes in medicine, one of which is the manufacture of rosewater. This is made by adding ten pounds of the fresh petals to two gallons of water, and then distilling a gallon off. The rosewater thus manufactured has a delicious odour and some slight astringent qualities. Six ounces of it with twenty grains of powdered alum dissolved therein makes a very pleasant gargle for a sore throat, relaxation of the uvula, or abrasions about the mouth and gums. The distillation of flower waters I have not space in this paper to go into, but may state that it is a much more simple art than one might imagine—that is, on a small scale. It is very pretty and useful employment, and may form the subject of a future paper.

The attar of roses—probably the most delightful of all perfumes—is obtained from the petals of the damask rose or the musk rose. In the provinces of the Balkan there are large districts of country in which rose-growing for the manufacture of attar forms quite a branch of industry.

There is a rose powder sold in the shops as a dentifrice, and a pleasant and good one it is; but there is also a rose cosmetic for the face, which, harmless enough though it may sometimes be, is nevertheless often adulterated with most deleterious ingredients, that cannot be otherwise than destructive to the health of the skin. Beware of it. Rose leaves will impart their perfume to oil. If it is wished to make rose oil, two precautions must be taken, to commence with; the first is to get the purest olive oil, and the second to cull the roses when they are fully out in bloom, and their leaves curling backwards. They are to be put in a deep basin and covered with the oil made warm, then beaten or switched frequently for half an hour or an hour at a time, until it is found that the desired result has been obtained. Then the oil may be strained off. Rose leaves dried and sprinked with a little salt will retain their perfume for quite a long time.

Here is a recipe for a pleasant acid drink. Cull about half an ounce or more of rose leaves, and place in an earthenware jug with an ounce of white sugar and two or three tablespoonfuls of purest white vinegar; pour over all a pint and a half of boiling water, and cover up for an hour.

That sweet-scented herb with its long green leaves growing low down in the corner yonder is rosemary. From its flowering tops oil of rosemary is distilled, one dram (sixty drops) of which added to fifty drams of spirits of wine makes the spirit of rosemary of the shops. But a simple decoction of the flowers, a handful to a pint of boiling water, will make a useful hairwash, especially if half a wineglassful of rum is added thereto. Rosemary pomade is made by boiling freshly-gathered rosemary flower tops in lard. Doing so requires caution, or else you may get the fat in the fire, and disagreeable results to follow.

A few drops of rosemary oil may be added to the rose oil mentioned above, to increase the virtue of the preparation.

A perfumed tincture of rose leaves, by the bye, may be made by loosely filling a pickle bottle with the petals, and adding to it spirits of wine, and letting it stand for a couple of months.

There is a tree growing down in the hedge there with great, white, umbelliferous flowers, which by-and-by will give place to berries, red or black. It is the elder. With its flowers may be made an ointment, also a vinegar and a water, and from its berries wine.

To make the vinegar the fresh flowers are put into a stone jar and covered with white wine vinegar; it is then allowed to ferment for a fortnight, strained, treated with a little isinglass, and bottled for use.

Elder flower water, a capital wash for sunburning or freckles, is usually distilled from the flowers—separated from the stalks; but it may be more simply prepared as follows:—To half an ounce of the flowers add a quart of boiling water; infuse for an hour, then strain. If it is to be kept, a little brandy or spirits of wine must be added; about a tablespoonful will be enough.

For raw or excoriated surfaces, or chaps, the ointment is a most agreeable preparation; it is also useful for sunburns. It is easily made by boiling half a pound or a quarter of a pound of elder flowers—no stalks—in the same quantity of pure lard until they are crisp, then straining while still hot through a linen cloth.

The wine of elder-berries, I do not doubt, is a capital blood purifier.

In out-of-the-way corners in this garden grows, all too willingly, the horse-radish. It is used in medicine, and although I have not tried it, and, therefore, cannot speak with certainty, a pint of buttermilk in which an ounce of fresh scraped horse-radish has been steeped for two hours is a good application for face and hands after exposure to the sun.

The virtues of sage used to be greatly extolled by our forefathers, and I am inclined to believe that it is a good remedy in some cases of indigestion. The tea used to be made by infusing for half an hour a quarter of an ounce of the green leaves in a pint of boiling water, with a bit of lemon-peel and sweetening to taste. A decoction was also used for a gargle, a handful of the green leaves being boiled in a pint of water till reduced to one half; it was then strained, and when cold an equal quantity of mild vinegar and some honey were added. The recipe is, at all events, worthy of being remembered.

The young green shoots of rue may be easily prepared for medicinal use. An ounce of them infused in a pint of boiling water for an hour is a good remedy for fits of colic in children, the dose being about a tablespoonful.

Here, on a sheltered border, but well exposed to the light of the sun, grows the beautiful, sweet-scented, mauve-flowered lavender. Many and varied are the uses of this plant, and I give, to begin with, a very simple one. Take of the flowers free from stalk six ounces by weight, rose petals in like proportion, half an ounce of thyme, a little powdered cloves, and a dessertspoonful of dried salt; mix all together intimately, and fill little muslin bags therewith. These will not only perfume clothes if placed in drawers, but will keep moths at bay. If lavender flowers are placed in a bottle, and warm vinegar poured over them, you will have, when you strain the mixture, after letting it stand a few days, a very agreeable perfume to be used for toilet purposes. Lavender flowers will impart their perfume to either oil or lard, just as rose petals, or, in fact, any other richly-scented flower will. Unless you happen to be possessed of a distilling apparatus, you cannot make oil of lavender, but you can buy it in shops, and from it you make lavender-drops as follows:—Of oil of lavender a dram and a half, oil of rosemary ten drops, cinnamon bark bruised a hundred and fifty grains, nutmeg same quantity, red sandal-wood three hundred grains, and rectified spirits two pints. These are pharmacopœial proportions, but you can use them in much smaller proportionate quantities. The cinnamon, nutmeg, and sandal-wood are steeped for seven days in the spirit in a close vessel, shaking occasionally. It is then strained, and to the tincture thus obtained the oils of lavender and rosemary are added; then you filter, and make the quantity up to two pints by adding spirits of wine. The dose of this tincture is from twenty to sixty drops in sugar and water, according to age. It is an excellent cordial in lowness of spirits, nausea, stomach-ache, want of appetite, &c.

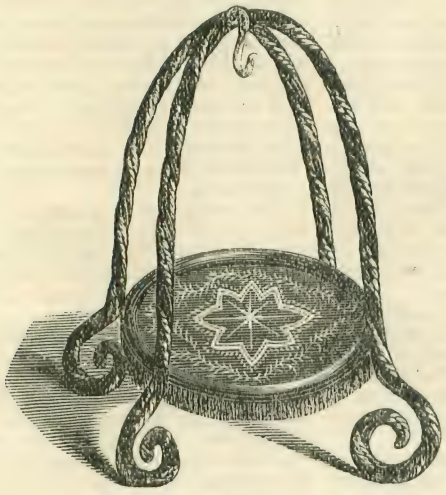
This recipe looks somewhat formidable on paper I confess, but it is really not difficult to make up. Well, before we leave this nook in the garden, I must give you another. It is for a really good lavender water: shake up three or four drops of lavender oil with a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and to this add an ounce each of orange-flower and rose water, three drams of essence of musk, and four ounces of distilled water, and lo! and behold you have a pleasant perfume in quantity sufficient to last you for a whole year.

Useful and stomach vinegars of various kinds can be made by simply loosely packing a pickle bottle with the leaves of the plant, say peppermint, spearmint, penny royal, &c., and filling up with vinegar. After it has stood for a week or two it can be strained.

You see the common dandelion growing yonder. It is not placed there without a purpose. Indeed, it is a very excellent medicine in many ways. The leaves are blanched by earthing them up, and thus come in handy for the salad bowl, and from the

(*Continued on page* 750.)

MY WORK BASKET.



WATCH AND RING STAND.

The frame with thick round black wire twisted with a narrow gilded leather band. The wire is crossed in the centre, where a gilt hook is fastened, on which the watch or rings can be suspended. A little round wooden tray is trimmed round with a narrow fringe in which all the colours in the embroidery are reproduced. The embroidery is on black satin lined with calico. The work is done with fine silk doubled in *point russe*. The small centre is blue; the branches old gold-coloured silk, or fine gold cord.

The outer points in shaded reds. The wreath of leaves is in shades of autumn foliage mixed with light browns. The satin round, when worked, is drawn at the back over a thin piece of card which fits into the tray.

ROSETTE OF POINTED BRAID AND CROCHET.

Cut off sixteen points of the braid and join them together, crochet 1 chain into every point for the centre; round and fasten off.

In order that the leaves of braid should be raised, crochet 3 chain stitches *behind* the braid, catching in each, so as to contract them.

1st Row.—One treble stitch on each point of braid, with 6 chain stitches between.

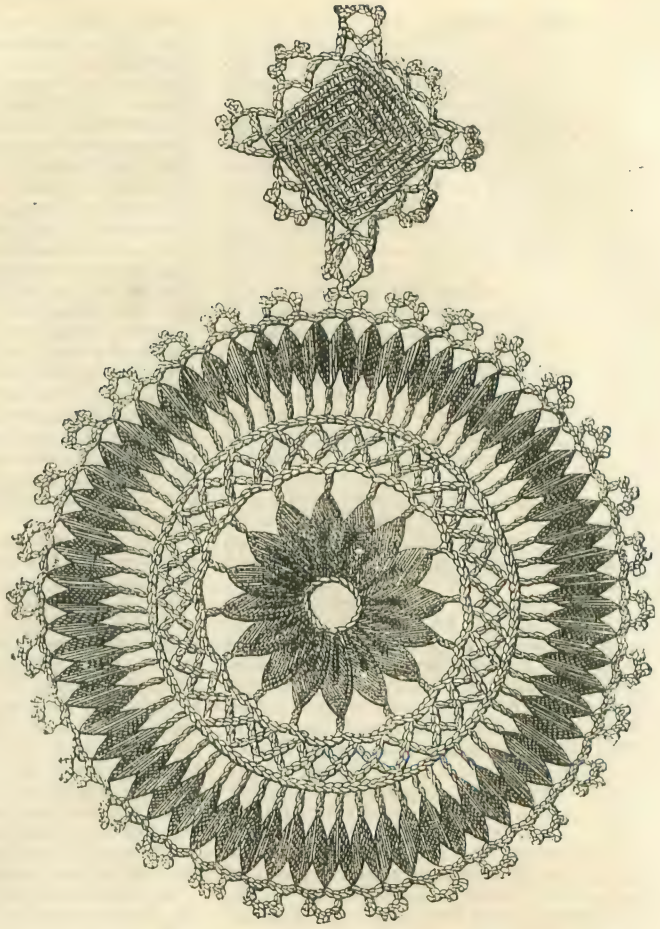
2nd Row.—Simple crochet into every stitch.

3rd Row.—One single crochet, 3 chain, miss 2. Repeat.

Now cut off cotton and join 48 points of braid.

4th Row.—One treble into every point of braid, separated by 2 chain stitches.

DETAIL OF WATCH AND RING STAND.



THE ROSETTE.

5th Row.—The same as 2nd.

The 6th row joins the inner and outer rounds of braid together by working 1 single, 1 chain, 1 single into middle stitch of 3 chain round the 6 points of braid, 1 chain, miss 3, 1 single. Repeat.

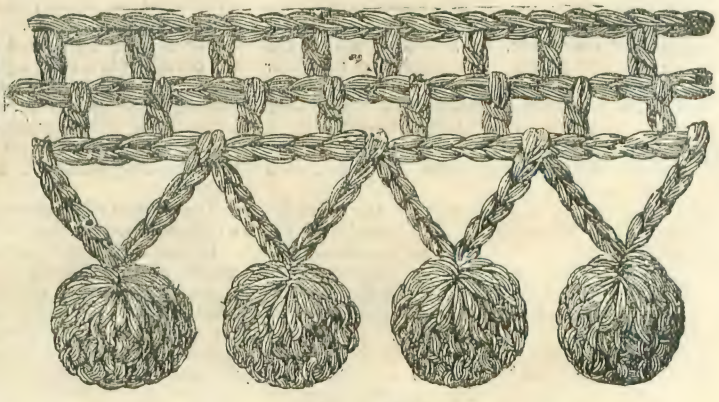
This completes the work *inside* the rosette. The edge is formed by making one single crochet into a point of the braid, * 2 chain stitches, 1 treble on the following point, 1 chain, 1 *picot* of 3 chain stitches, 1 chain, a 2nd *picot*, 1 chain, a 3rd *picot*, 1 chain, 1 treble taken in the same stitch as the preceding treble, 2 chain, 1 single in the next point. Repeat from *.

The small uniting square is commenced in the middle by making a chain of 4 stitches, and joining.

1st Row.—One single into each stitch in preceding row separated by 1 chain stitch.

2nd Row.—Three single stitches in the 1 chain, 1 single crochet on chain stitch in 1st row. Repeat this 3 times.

3rd Row.—Three single crochet into 2nd stitch of 3 in last row at each corner, the rest of the row in single crochet. Repeat for 7 rows, making 2 extra stitches at each corner of the square.



BALL FRINGE.

The border is simply a sufficient number of chain stitches joined at equal distances on the square, always minding to keep the corners square and flat.

The 2nd row is worked the same as the outer row of large rosette.

Ball Fringe.

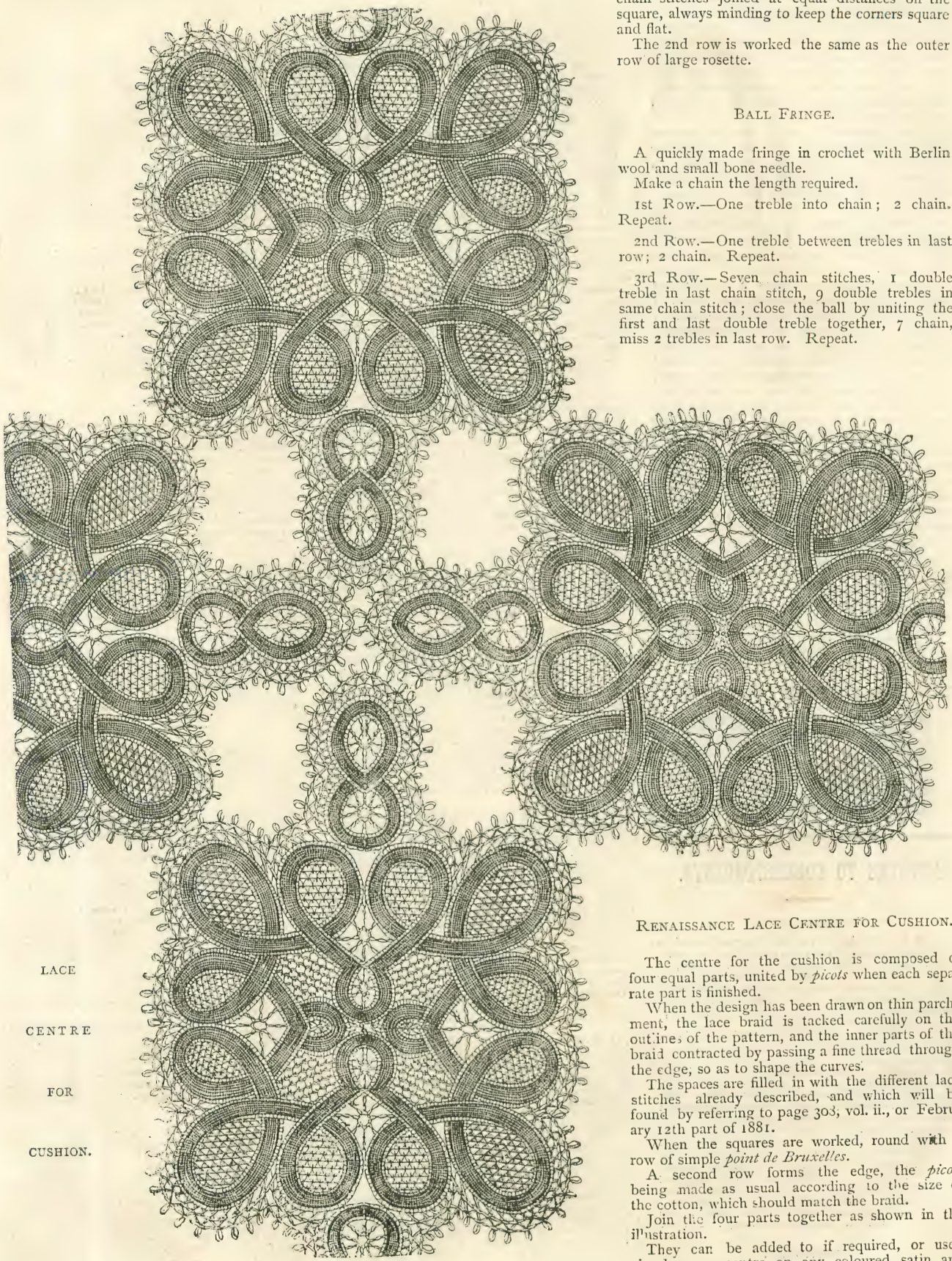
A quickly made fringe in crochet with Berlin wool and small bone needle.

Make a chain the length required.

1st Row.—One treble into chain; 2 chain. Repeat.

2nd Row.—One treble between trebles in last row; 2 chain. Repeat.

3rd Row.—Seven chain stitches, 1 double treble in last chain stitch, 9 double trebles in same chain stitch; close the ball by uniting the first and last double treble together, 7 chain, miss 2 trebles in last row. Repeat.



LACE CENTRE FOR CUSHION.

Renaissance Lace Centre for Cushion.

The centre for the cushion is composed of four equal parts, united by *picots* when each separate part is finished.

When the design has been drawn on thin parchment, the lace braid is tacked carefully on the outlines of the pattern, and the inner parts of the braid contracted by passing a fine thread through the edge, so as to shape the curves.

The spaces are filled in with the different lace stitches already described, and which will be found by referring to page 303, vol. ii., or February 12th part of 1881.

When the squares are worked, round with a row of simple *point de Bruxelles*.

A second row forms the edge, the *picots* being made as usual according to the size of the cotton, which should match the braid.

Join the four parts together as shown in the illustration.

They can be added to if required, or used simply as a centre on any coloured satin, and trimmed round with a lace to match, or a fancy silk cord on the edges.

(*Continued from page* 747.)

fresh roots is made a juice, which for bilious dyspepsia is one of the safest and best medicines in the world. Here is the way to prepare it. You take a quantity of the fresh dandelion root, and well wash it, then cut it in slices and bruise it up in a mortar, strain and measure the juice, and add thereto one-third the quantity by measure of rectified spirits of wine.

It has then to be filtered. For this purpose you must procure some filter paper from the chemist, who will show you how to fold it, and insert it in a funnel to produce a filter. This knowledge will come in handy in a great many ways. If you see the paper folded—and the lesson is learned in a moment—you will always remember how to do it afterwards. The dose is from ten drops to sixty three times a day.

Camomile is by no means a pretty nor handsome herb, and although the bloom it bears is called a flower, it is merely out of courtesy. Nevertheless, nothing more useful grows in the garden. The tea is made from the flowers, half an ounce of which are infused in about a pint of water with a clove or two, and a dessertspoonful of powdered or bruised ginger. The dose is about two teaspoonfuls three times a day, and taken thus it is an excellent remedy for indigestion combined with weakness, such as many young, hard-working girls are troubled with. As much exercise in the open air as possible should be indulged while the remedy is being taken, with the bath in the morning and plenty of wholesome food, but the stomach should at no time be overloaded.

In large draughts, taken warm, camomile tea is an emetic, but when made for this purpose the ginger should be omitted.

For fomenting inflamed or painful joints, two flannels bags are filled with camomile flowers and boiled for an hour. The parts are fomented with these, being used very hot.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MAGGIE L.—To prevent the shrinking of flannel in the washing, steep the articles during several hours in a warm solution, moderately concentrated, of washing soda. Then add some pure warm water and a few drops of ammonia; wash the flannels in this, and rinse them in lukewarm water. This is the method recommended by the "American Artisan," and we think you may safely try it.

WILL O' THE WISP.—To remove ink stains from bone, ivory, or other substances, see the recipe given on page 410, vol. iii.

JUDY CALIGAN.—To remove oil stains from boards, try the application of spirits of ammonia. The name "Medicus" is pronounced as if spelt "Meddy-kuss."

PERPLEXITY.—We consider the conduct of your servant quite unworthy of one faithful and grateful to a considerate mistress. Such accidents, as the calling of friends when not expected, should be allowed for, and consideration shown for your comfort on your servant's part. Of course, she should have gladly offered to bring in refreshments—tea, or anything else—before leaving you alone in the house. There must ever be a kindly system of "give and take" maintained between a mistress and her servants, more especially when but one attendant is kept. Tell her so.

EDUCATIONAL.

SECRETARY OF THE LATE WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION.—We thank you for being so good as to inform us, for the benefit of our readers, that the Women's Educational Union, whose office was at 1, Queen-street, Brompton-road, S.W., has been dissolved, and the list published by the Union of colleges, &c., no longer procurable. We draw the attention of our readers to this statement.

J. L. WEST.—See "Clerks under Government," page 543, vol. i., and "Clerkships in Post and Telegraph Offices," page 112, vol. ii. Also the article "On Earning One's Living," page 74, vol. i. You are too old for some appointments, of course. You write a pretty hand, though rather small.

JEUNE ROSA BONHEUR, ANTIGONE, and FIELD DAISY.—Read "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii. Also "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii. Both of these will guide you in the choice of books. Layard's "Nineveh" and Wilkinson's "Egyptians" would suit "Jeune Rosa Bonheur."

RED INK, WAVELINE, and FAMAGOUSTA.—You had better join the students' branch of the Christian Women's Education Union. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope to Miss Petrie, Hon. Sec., Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W., for information.

MARIANA.—For the rules and regulations of the examination, address Professor Knight, University of St. Andrew's, N.B.

CLAIRE (Chartres).—Caractacus was one of our ancient British kings—a brave defender of the soil against all invaders. He is supposed to have been a prince of the Trinobantes, and the son of Cunobelin, whose name appears on the coinage of that date, and who was the "Cymbeline" of Shakespeare. The Trinobantes constituted a powerful tribe located in Essex and Middlesex. It was only when those of the northern counties—the Iceni and Brigantes—became the allies of the Roman invaders that the brave Caractacus was driven from his paternal lands, and took refuge in Wales, where the Silures accepted him as their leader. They made their last stand in Shropshire, where their entrenchments may still be seen on a hill called "Caer Caradoc," or the "castle" or "stronghold" of Caradoc, the native name of the Briton. There they fell before the enemy, and Caractacus was basely betrayed by the Brigantes, whose hospitality he had obtained, and sent as a prisoner to Rome. His fame and appearance won the fallen prince the greatest admiration, and Claudius granted him life and liberty. The Roman general who then so far conquered Britain was Ostorius Scapula, A.D. 50. Your writing is very pretty.

COOKERY.

INQUIRER.—We are very glad that you have found our recipes so useful. We recommend you to make "raspberry acid" instead of "raspberry vinegar," which will prove more economical. Dissolve five ounces of citric acid in two quarts of cold water. Pour it over twelve pounds of raspberries. Let it stand for 24 hours, then strain the liquid, and to each pint of it add one pound and a half of pounded loaf sugar. Stir until dissolved, and bottle the syrup for a few days before corking it up. This, you will observe, requires no boiling, nor the use of a fire in any way. Half the quantities I have named would fill two and a half ordinary wine bottles; the whole would make five. The 11th of January, 1866, was a Thursday.

CONNIE.—We think you would find celery seed very useful in flavouring soup. You could make the essence yourself, by soaking one ounce of the seed in a pint of the best brandy for a fortnight. A few drops of the essence would be sufficient to add to a pint of any kind of soup, and would be equal to a whole head of celery. Of course you could buy a bottle of the essence ready made.

WELSH SUBSCRIBER.—To make "blancmange," see vol. i. page 9, in which no isinglass is employed; but we advise you to procure a package of cornflour, and on it you will find directions for making what will substitute that made with isinglass. See the recipe we gave in vol. ii., page 525, for "tapioca cream," also a nice variety of this description of dish. Gelatine may be substituted for isinglass, if required.

MUSIC.

F. Q. B.—See "How to Sing in Public," vol. ii., page 408. Also, "How to Improve the Voice," vol. i., page 409. By reference to our indices you will find much information and advice given on the subject of the voice.

LEARANNIE.—1. We have but very recently answered your question respecting the terms "major" and "minor" in music. Look for the answer under "Music." You should procure a small manual and learn the grammar, so to speak, of the art. Asking for such scraps of information from us is an idle method to adopt. 2. No one wears long dresses except for evening costume. Your dresses should clear the ground like those of grown-up people, at your age.

CLARA CONINGHAM.—1. We are not the publishers of the book on musical terms which you name, and we cannot give such addresses. 2. Singeing the hair is considered better for it than cutting with scissors, because the tubes are thereby closed up, after being shortened, and the natural juice retained. It does not hinder the growth by any means.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You should inquire at a music-seller's. We cannot undertake to tell our readers where they may purchase publications of other firms.

ART.

GUMES.—You will find all the information you need in "Terra Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. You must be guided by the closeness of the material and its colour.

BUTTERCUP.—We have much pleasure in telling you that you give promise of being a very good artist, and strongly advise your careful cultivation of that branch of the art of which you have sent us too such excellent and delicately handled likenesses (or female heads) in pencil; the hair being well represented, and the eyes life-like. If a weakness of the back should interfere with your work, we advise you to read the articles by Dora de Blaquière on "Occupations for Invalids," in which the desks and tables suitable for them are described. See vol. ii., pages 75, 202, 364, and 715.

IVY.—1. See "Painting on Terra Cotta," page 225, vol. ii. 2. See "To Preserve Cut Flowers," vol. ii. page 720.

WATER LILY.—Cut a raw potato in two; wash off all grit and dust from the oil-painting, and then carefully rub it all over with the flat and smooth inside of the potato. It will make a slight lather. You should sponge off the dirt which this operation will remove from time in time, and renew the rubbing gently with the raw potato, till the surface be clean. We are sorry to hear of your sufferings.

WORK.

POOR AND FRIENDLESS.—1. Men are often employed in netting with meshes, sailors and fishermen especially. Making garden-nets, with which to cover fruit trees, would be a good employment for your grandfather. If he used white netting-cotton, he might make window curtains also, for sale. 2. When you have to commit to memory anything you have to learn, always learn it the night before it has to be repeated. Take a couple of lines, or one sentence, at a time and repeat them over and over again until they become fixed on your memory, but always endeavour to understand them thoroughly before you begin to learn the mere words.

HONOR OAK.—When black silk becomes greasy-looking through wear, we do not know of any way of restoring its appearance. Perhaps your best plan would be to conceal the worst places by means of laying on some kind of trimming. Otherwise, you might re-make a part of the dress by cutting out the worn pieces, and making-up the dress as a combination of cashmere and silk.

ROSE.—We regret that we can make no promises of giving either articles or patterns of work. See patterns for knitting, already given in vol. ii., page 54.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DISCONSOLATE DAMARIS.—1. "Josephine" is only the feminine for Joseph, which in Hebrew means "he shall add." "Georgina," in the same way, is derived from George, which in Greek means "a land-owner," or "a husbandman."

F. M. THORNE.—We can only repeat to you what we say to other correspondents who wish to publish their articles and stories: send them to whatever firm may produce those of a similar kind. They must stand on their own merits, and take their chance also of finding an opinion, were they of the highest class of merit. Editors are inundated with MSS., and, even when accepted for consideration, it is sometimes a very long time before the article falls in its due turn into the hands of the appointed reader.

E. C. (Bedford).—We feel much obliged by your kindness in writing out from memory what you learned so very long ago—*i.e.*, the poem entitled "The First Grey Hair."

ISIS.—We consider Eastbourne a very pretty and agreeable seaside place, and not "too quiet," nor very far off. If new to you, it is worth a visit. You write a very good hand.

TOWYNA.—1. The word "Shiggaion" which precedes the 7th Psalm also appears in a plural form in Hab. iii. 1. Various conjectures have been made respecting it, but none seem very satisfactory. Dr. Eadie thinks that it only means to denote a song or an ode of praise. 2. The grammar which we recommend is that by Angus—the "Handbook of the English Tongue."

A NORTH COUNTRY MAID.—There could not possibly be any objection to your using your sister's wreath. On the contrary, we think you are a sensible girl to do so. We are rejoiced that our work has been useful to you, and that you are striving to attain to our "ideal girl." That you may receive every blessing in the new life upon which you are about to enter is our most earnest wish. Your handwriting is superior.

AILEEN.—1. "Medicus" highly appreciates your good opinion of his papers. 2. Take the cod-liver oil and steel drops immediately after breakfast and dinner, and after supper too, if the *stomach will* permit it. 3. Yes, twelve o'clock would do for the bath, if an early breakfast has been taken and you are not over-fatigued.

POPPET.—You should obtain a concordance of the Holy Scriptures to assist you in their study. That by Dr. John Eadie is published at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The texts you require are respectively to be found in Phil. iii. 8, and 1st Cor. ii. 12.

BELLE.—You will find a considerable list of names at the end of Webster's "English Dictionary," which is a large illustrated work. The name "Alice" is derived from "Adelina" (old German), and means of "noble birth." "Clara" is derived from the Latin, and means "bright," or "illustrious." "Isabella" and "Isabel" are from the Hebrew, and are the same as "Elizabeth"—denoting "a worshipper of God."

K. D. (Ireland).—Send them to the Princess Louise's Home, Woodhouse, Wanstead, to the care of the secretary, where they will be thankfully received.

A GIRL OF CANADA.—The mirror will require re-silvering. The expression, "Apple of the eye," in Holy Scripture is used to denote the keen sensibility of the ball of the eye. See Prov. vii. 2; Zach. ii. 8. In Deut. xxxii. 10, Ps. xvii. 8 the same expression is used to denote the most complete protection and security. In Lamentations ii. 18 the same phrase is figuratively used for tears. Your writing for fifteen years of age is dreadfully bad and careless—the ink too pale, and the lines of your letter deplorably crooked.

MARY.—The method of removing rust from steel is given on page 80, vol. i., also page 704, vol. ii.

ZIT.—A recipe for making pot pourri appeared lately, and also in vol. i., page 335. An article will be given on the subject soon.

A. A. OXON.—1. We thank you for so kindly sending us the little piece of information, which, however, we have already sent to press. 2. We are unable to tell you when the results of the story competition will be published. You write a neat, legible hand.

NEURALGIA is recommended to inquire of her medical adviser, or of a good chemist.

MAIRI.—Put a teacupful of flour into a basin and dip the metallic brush in and out, shaking it and rubbing, so far as you can, between the wires. The flour will take out all grease and dust. This method is far preferable for the cleansing of ordinary bristle-brushes also, as there is no injury given to the back of the brush, and the bristles do not lose their stiffness, as when washed in water.

ECILA YRAM. — 1. Classes for singing, elocution, languages, and deportment are held at the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. Apply to the secretary. 2. You are right in thinking that almost every profession may be raised in character and ennobled by those who belong to it, and that the most estimable persons may be found, through the force of circumstances (such as of birth and early training), in positions of much danger and temptation. But their responsibilities are not as grave as yours, who, of your own free will, make choice of a calling that is beset with dangers and temptations. We need all the help heavenwards that we can possibly obtain from those whom we select as our companions, and we should distrust our own powers of resisting evil influences. Do we "seek *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" when we run into that "temptation" against which we daily pray? "Inez de Castro."

LILLA.—If covering the ears or filling them with wool be not sufficient to deaden, if not exclude, the sound of the chirping of birds in the early morning, could you not apply the padding to the windows instead of the ears? Otherwise, suppose your invalid made a change in the hours for going to bed and rising in the morning during the season of "the singing of birds." They roost very early if they waken early, and not a sound is heard from them at six o'clock in the evening. Even if your sister obtained a couple of hours' sleep before her hitherto usual hour for retiring, it would compensate for the early waking, and she would soon become accustomed to the change.

C. R. A.—1. We have no special concordance for the Prayer Book version of the Psalms. 2. See page 223, vol. ii., for directions how to knit a bedroom slipper. It is under "Miscellaneous," not "Work." We take this opportunity of observing that as our correspondents ask questions on two subjects, our readers will not always find the information which they seek under the heading that belongs to the query; and must take the trouble of reading the whole of the replies, if they do not find it under its own heading. Your writing is pretty good.

PHEBE WARNE is thanked for kindly giving information, which we have, however, already supplied.

IDA.—We do not know of any soap of the description which you name. If there be such, we feel sure it could not be employed without injury to the skin.

MYTHOLMWYD cannot expect us to speak favourably of her writing, as she writes backwards, in the style we have often censured.

LA PETITE.—1. The pieces of silver, such as named in the Book of Genesis, were the current coin of the country valued by its weight. It is believed by some that the Hebrew word rendered "pieces of money" in Genesis xxiii. 19, and in Job xlii. 11, denotes a piece having on it the stamp or impression of a lamb or sheep, intimating thereby its current value. The practice of weighing money is general in Syria, Turkey, and Egypt. The merchant draws out his scales and weighs it, as in the days of Abraham. 2. Perhaps dipping your hands in a weak solution of alum and water might do good.

MADEMOISELLE ANET. — The price of the cases for binding THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is 2s.; the colours are white, brown, lavender, blue, and sage-green. They can be sent either by post or by rail.

SIXTEEN.—We thank you for sending a copy of "The Curfew Bell," but we are unable to insert it in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We are not aware that any new Christmas Card Competition has been announced as forthcoming.

JIM is thanked for his kind letter of approval, and we gladly receive him amongst our correspondents. As a teetotaler we can understand his interest in all that Medicus has stated in reference to the use of water, and his desire for an explanation from that contributor to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of his assertion that "hard water is not merely injurious, but absolutely poisonous, if freely used." We quote from Jim's letter, that Medicus may have an opportunity of giving some further explanation of his views and the ground on which he gives the preference to soft water for drinking purposes. Your writing is very good (for a man).

ARABI PASHA.—We regret that we find it quite impossible to undertake the reading and criticism of our readers' MSS. The correspondence is designed for the answering of questions, under certain limits, and the giving of advice and sympathy, but not for "reviewing." It occupies a very large space in our weekly numbers already. We thank you for your kind letter.

VERA OLGA G——FF.—1. In Dr. Webster's Dictionary (which is a large illustrated work) we find the title to which you refer spelt in both ways—*i.e.*, with an "e" and with an "i." "Marquis" appears to be derived from the Latin and the French; and "Marquess" from the Spanish. A quotation is given from Smart's English Dictionary, 1846—viz., "Till of late, 'Marquis' was the usual spelling, but it is now to a great extent suspended by 'Marquess,' except in the foreign title." In Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage of the United Kingdom" the title is written "Marquess." 2. The term "corpse" should only be applied to a dead human body. "Carcass" is the appropriate term to denote the dead body of the inferior animals, and only applied to the body of a man (alive or dead) as an expression of contempt. We think that you have made good progress in learning to write in English. But you may like to be told that we do not use the present tense when we speak of what is past—as, for example, you should not say, "Since I am in England I have taken," &c., but "Since I have been," &c.

INDIAN GIRL.—1. We believe that the lines you quote are from a song by Sir Walter Scott. 2. In reference to your composition, do not abbreviate; as, for example, writing "don't" for "do not." You write a good hand, and we thank you for your kind letter.

POPPY.—You quote incorrectly. You should have written, *'Dieu vous garde*, which is the French for "God preserve you." We advise you to make daily copies of a good roundhand. Your own is not yet formed.

KNOCKER.—Go to the front door and ring the bell, and say to the servant who opens the door, "Our messenger forgot (or was unable) to deliver this, so I have brought it myself." Or tell them that you brought it yourself because "it was out of your messenger's usual beat." They will be civil to you, and know you the next time.

LIZZIE.—You may have what you like merely printed, but you could not publish the writings of any author without obtaining the written permission, stamped, of the person to whom the "copyright" belonged, whether that were the author or the publisher who had purchased it.

H. A. B. K.—See "Weak Eyes," pages 176 and 288, vol. i. Also "Eyes and Eyesight," page 805, vol. ii. Write rather a rounder hand, and decrease the size a little. We are glad you value our paper so much.

COWSLIP.—It is a sad thing to find how ready people are to imagine "insults" where nothing of the kind is either intended or wished. How much better to sit down and think of some sensible reason for anything that appears strange and unusual. Letters to editors and others much occupied are often returned to their owners with the answer written on them, where there is space for it, thus showing that the query has been read and thought over, and that the busy editor had given the best answer he could, and had also gone to the trouble of doing what he is not obliged to do—answer a letter or query privately. Consult "My Work Basket" for an idea for your present for your mother; we cannot judge of her wants, and it is always best to give something useful.

ALICE ELAINE.—"*Carpe diem*"—"enjoy the present day," "seize the opportunity." Your writing is legible and clear.

ERYCINA.—A detailed answer to your query about "Pouring oil on the troubled waters" appears on page 62, vol. iii. We suppose the saying had its origin in the fact, which has been recently proved by experiments in Scotland.

LUCY.—There is a book on the subject by Julia Kavanagh, we believe.

INDUSTRIOUS ONE.—You might try and obtain some needlework through friends. We fear that the London work societies are already much overstocked both with work and workers, so we believe you would do better to endeavour to do something near your own residence. Try the shops and the artists' colourmen.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We think, unless obliged to go out and earn your own living, you had better remain at home, especially as you do not appear to know your own mind on the subject.

COURADINE.—When used for the relief of neuralgia, the oil of peppermint should be applied with the utmost care, as it is a very powerful remedy and (without care) may be injurious. The least possible quantity should be taken on the tip of a small camels'-hair brush, and very lightly applied along the course of the nerve affected. After all, it is only a remedy for the moment, and the wisest plan is for the sufferer to consult a doctor, to take suitable tonics, and secure an entire change of air and scene.

HEBE.—We should advise you to consult a doctor, as the loss of voice seems to imply a loss of health and strength. Your writing is not pretty, but *is* legible.

PORTUGAL.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We are glad to hear you derive so much pleasure from our paper. We gave the information about the *papier maché* company on the authority of a correspondent. We expect our readers to follow up the hint for themselves, if they desire more information.

MAY.—Yours appears to be a Scotch version of an ancient rhyme. The letters, "A. E. I." mean "for ever."

ANNA MARIA, BEND OR, and SHOTOVER.—The best means of preserving the colours of pressed flowers is to change the blotting-paper in which they are pressed frequently, and not to use too heavy a weight at first. The letters "M. or N.," in the marriage service, &c., are supposed to mean, first, M. for *Maritus*, the bridegroom, and N. for *Nupta*, the bride; or, secondly, M. for Mary, the patron saint of girls, and N. for Nicholas, the patron saint of boys.

IOTA.—The lines, "Be good, sweet maid," are by Charles Kingsley, and will be found at the end of the first volume of his "Life and Memories."

SCOT-E-LOTT.—We have published commentaries on the Bible ourselves, at various prices. Apply to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the general catalogue of our books, and select for yourself. You can also obtain "Christmas Roses" in the same way.

BLUE CORNFLOWER. — You should take off your mourning and wear a wedding-dress on the occasion of your marriage; but resume your mourning for travelling. Brides do not wear ordinary mourning during the first year of their marriage, but in the case of a parent this rule does not apply.

DOROTHY VERNON.—It is not usual for the bride and bridegroom to drive from the church to the station. The wearing of a travelling dress, instead of a wedding one, does not necessitate such a step. They should return to the breakfast, and the bride should cut the cake herself. Should the married couple be obliged to leave her family and friends at the church door, she should depute one of her bridesmaids to cut the cake for her. The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is too much engaged to see anyone, excepting on important business. See "A Chat about British Ferns," pages 198 and 455, vol. iii. Also "Window Gardening," at page 483, vol. ii.

H. E. H. and ISABEL are thanked for their kind letters, but the information given we have already supplied. The "Vanity of Human Wishes" was written by Dr. Johnson.

FANNY JONES.—Silkworms take about four days in spinning their cocoons, in which they remain for a period of about twenty days.

JANIE.—1. To combine a bedroom and sittingroom in one, procure a sofa-bed; or else a screen by which the bed may be concealed. To do so effectually, the bed should be placed in a corner of the room. If you could obtain a wash-stand which shuts up, and can then be used as a table, it would further assist you in your object. Or if you have a cupboard, have a round hole cut in a shelf, in which a basin may be placed, and shut up all the appliances for a lavatory when the room is changed into a sitting-room. 2. You can procure the set of pictures, title, and contents which have been given with vol. i. price 9d., and of vol. ii. price 1s. This question is so continually asked, that we request our subscribers to take note of this reply, and to write for what they require to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

LILIAN.—Write to the rector of the parish, and request him to have a copy made from the parish register of your certificate of baptism. Fee, five shillings.

RHODODENDRON.—Rather a long name and a big flower to represent the dear little girl who inquires so prettily, "Which is the way to be a good girl?" "and which is the way to cure freckles?" She has given precedence to the most important question of the two, and we have pleasure in answering her very brief letter. Try to please your parents by doing exactly what they bid you, behind their backs as well as before them. Be careful to speak the truth, be kind and gentle to your brothers and sisters, diligent in learning your lessons, and above all pray to God to help you to be good, and to be thankful for His kindness to you.

M. E. M. — Like all would-be literary people, you must submit your productions to the ordeal of the "reader's" scrutiny to whatever editor you may send them. Many are immediately "declined with thanks." You must only offer them, and take your chance of success.

GRACE DARLING and FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—Write to Mrs. Walter Browne, Hon. Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. All necessary information will be supplied at their office.

VOICES OF GOD IN NATURE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

THERE'S a voice of God in the murmuring breeze,
That whispers and sings to the answering trees;
There's a voice of God in the rustling reply
Of the dancing leaves to the soft zephyr's sigh.

There's a voice of God in the fountain's low gush—
In the mountain cataract's violent rush,
As it hurries along on its path of light,
And in one vast volume exults in its might.

In the incense that sweetly and silently swells
In vocalized breathings from pure lily bells.

When the lightning-flash leaps from the rifted cloud,
And its thundering mandate booms long and loud;
When the avalanche falls from its glacial height,
And buries the vales 'neath a cenotaph white;—

When the yawning volcano, with liquid fire,
Lights a slumbering city's funeral pyre—

There's a voice of God in the billows' loud roar,
As, lashed into madness, they break o'er the shore;
There's a voice of God in the musical chime
Of the rippling wavelets in summer's sweet time.

There's a voice of God in the rush of the blast,
As it sweeps on the pinions of victory past;
There's a voice of God in the crashes that tell
How the woodman-wind doth his forest trees fell.

There's a voice of God in the perfume that's borne
From the pink woodbine's honey-tipped bugle horn,

Then, then doth the voice of God loudly proclaim
His omnipotent Will and His awful Name!

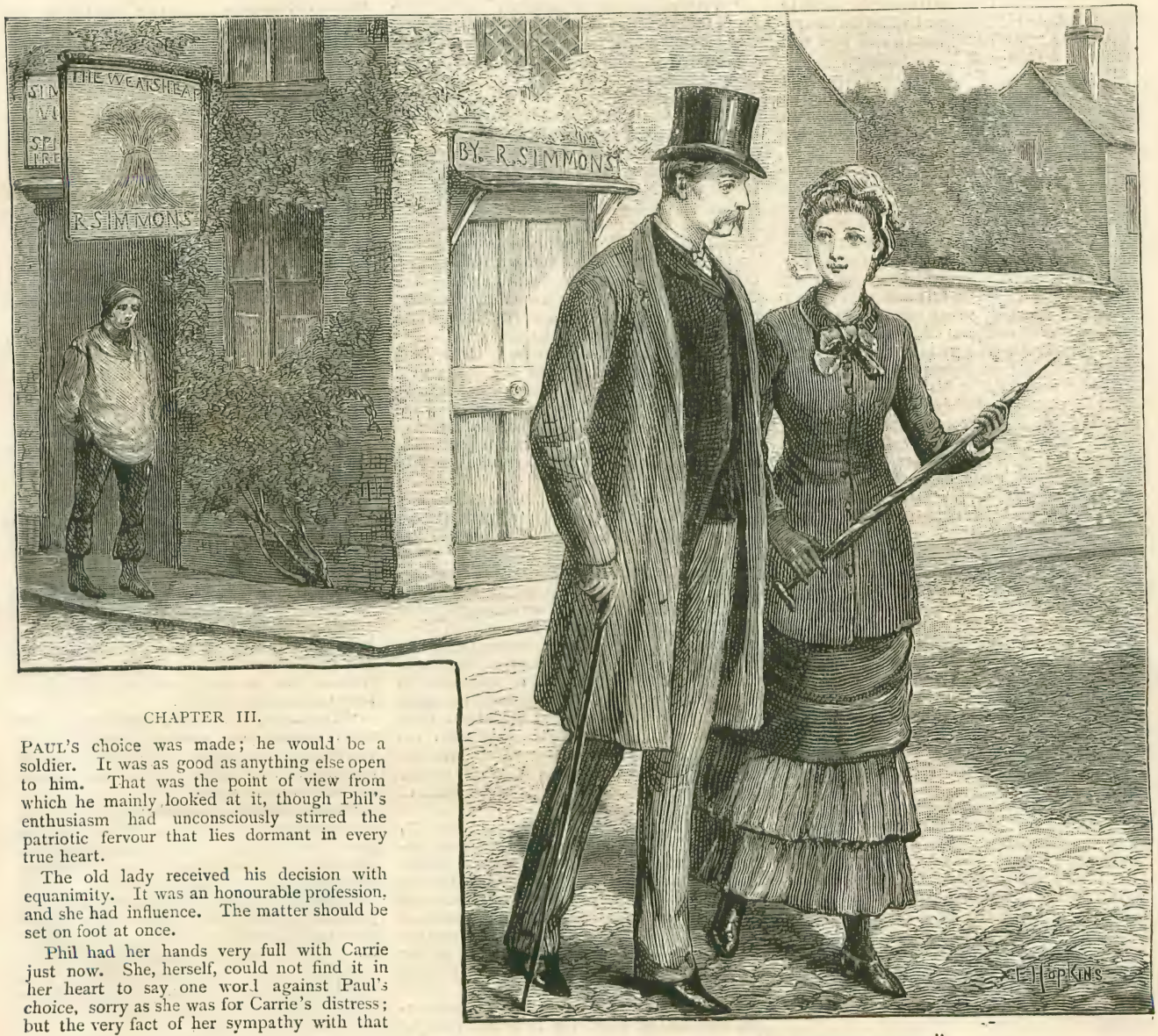
The chorus of stars—the faint hum of the bee—
The echoes that die in the shell of the sea—
The chirp of the cricket—the song of the swan—
Are voices declaring God's presence to man.

He whispers His love to the ears of the mind,
And thunders His wrath to the wilfully blind;
And voices, creation-lipped, loudly declare
His wisdom, His power, and His fostering care!

VOL. III.—NO. 139. AUGUST 26, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PHIL'S FORTUNE.

By the Author of "An Unattractive Girl."



"SHE WALKED BRISKLY ALONG."

CHAPTER III.

PAUL'S choice was made; he would be a soldier. It was as good as anything else open to him. That was the point of view from which he mainly looked at it, though Phil's enthusiasm had unconsciously stirred the patriotic fervour that lies dormant in every true heart.

The old lady received his decision with equanimity. It was an honourable profession, and she had influence. The matter should be set on foot at once.

Phil had her hands very full with Carrie just now. She, herself, could not find it in her heart to say one word against Paul's choice, sorry as she was for Carrie's distress; but the very fact of her sympathy with that

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choice seemed to make it especially her place to console Carrie and imbue her with a braver spirit. She, poor child, was unselfish enough in her grief, not betraying to Paul one quarter of what she was suffering for his sake, for had not Phil plainly shown her that to hinder him were no real kindness? Margaret was inclined to be annoyed about it—annoyed with Phil, who, she believed, had given Paul the first idea, which she thought especially vexing of her, when they had for the first time in their lives found some nice companions; annoyed with Paul for being so ready to go. But as he had the idea firmly fixed in his mind and seemed to admire Phil's brave spirit, she for many reasons, hardly known to herself, liked to appear to encourage him, and after the first vexation was over was filled with curiosity to see how he would look in his uniform.

Old Mrs. Clyfforde, sitting all day long in her easy chair, had turned over many things in her mind with results that none of the young folks clearly understood. She had given her grandchildren a sort of tacit permission to bring the Delahayes over whenever they liked, so that the three girls were before long as free of the house almost as Paul and Carrie themselves, and the old lady watched them all from her arm-chair with a narrowness that not one of them suspected.

And at last the time had come for Paul to depart. Captain Delahaye had in the meanwhile come home from abroad, and had still further fired Paul with his enthusiasm.

His going away was not, after all, such a dreadful matter. Paul would still be in England, and would now and then come to see them. The life seemed to him only too idle and inglorious as yet.

Paul's last good-byes were to be said at the Lodge. Mrs. Clyfforde had bidden him farewell sitting stately in her arm-chair, only lifting up her cheek to be kissed, and with a word of monition that Paul received not over gratefully. "Take care what you say to that pretty child over the way. If she had been in society she would have been as fast and vain as any fashionable beauty," which remark Paul had pretended not to hear, but had gone away, boiling with indignation nevertheless, uttering his farewells with the remembrance of that shameful slander uppermost in his mind.

Sad for them all when he was gone. Even Phil found the task of consoling Carrie rather a drag, when everything was feeling so accountably dull and flat. The boys were as cross and quarrelsome as could be, Carrie exasperatingly tearful, Margaret irritable and restless, Phil silent, with knitted brows, Katie disconcerted and worrying.

Yet before a month had gone by the gloom had gone, and all things resumed their former aspect, and at the end of six, Paul was alluded to in no different way from any other distant kinsman.

During all these months Mrs. Clyfforde had rather encouraged the friendship between Carrie and the Delahayes than otherwise, and especially with Phil, who was Carrie's chosen companion. She often called Phil to her chair and talked with her, apparently with much satisfaction, and had even become so far confidential as to speak of family matters.

Nor had Phil's outspokenness offended her, although she had not hesitated to say that she thought it a cruel shame for Paul not to be allowed to go to Oxford. What opinion the old lady had formed of Phil it would be difficult to say. She was at any rate astute enough to turn this strangely-made friendship to her own purposes.

"Phil," she said one day, watching the girl narrowly the while, "I want you to break some news to Carrie, which will, I fear, distress her. Paul's regiment is ordered abroad."

"I don't much care about telling Carrie that," Phil replied, with some indignation. "Had you not better tell her yourself?"

"You have so much more influence over her than anyone else," Mrs. Clyfforde replied. "I have purposely kept it from her hitherto, so that she might learn from you to be braver before it came."

"Then you knew it all along?" Phil asked, with a sudden flash of her fearless eyes.

"Yes, I knew it would come," Mrs. Clyfforde said, quietly. "It was my wish that it should be so. If you were rich, had a fortune, what would you do with it?" the old lady asked, with sudden change of conversation.

"That is easily answered," Phil replied, readily. "There are the boys to go to college and find professions for. If mother had a carriage she could go out so much oftener. Katie and I would have a governess, and no end of masters. There would be plenty to do with it."

"Which would you like best—to be a rich woman, or to marry?" the old lady asked.

Phil laughed outright. "There is no question about that," she replied at once. "If I were rich I could do so much for the others, but I should like best of all to be a man, and fight for my queen and country."

"Very wrong and unfeminine," Mrs. Clyfforde returned, not altogether with displeasure, and looking after Phil as she quitted the room she muttered, half to herself, "No danger there, at any rate."

With the news given to Phil to break to Carrie was one small consolation—Paul would come home for a final good-bye.

But a letter from Paul to his grandmother upset everything. For a whole week the old lady was in the sternest and angriest of moods, ending with the announcement that Paul would not come home before he sailed, to the consternation of all those hot-headed young people, who wondered in vain what his offence had been. Carrie reported tearfully that Mrs. Clyfforde had sent for her lawyer from London, and held a long consultation with him, which she thought boded Paul no good.

In the midst of this turmoil came fresh disaster, sad and terrible, in the shape of a paralytic stroke, induced, so the doctor said, by undue strain and excitement. The poor old creature could not move nor speak, and only by signs could they make out that beyond and above all else she wished not to see Paul.

In obedience to that wish, reported to him by Carrie, he did not come, only writing words of appeal that she was never to read, still less to answer.

It ended, after several days of anxious watching, in death, casting gloom and sombreness over both households, but waking scarcely a deeper emotion, as selfish lives seldom can.

There was nothing now to hinder Paul from coming home. It was, in fact, a matter of necessity, for he was the next of kin to whom the old lady's property should most naturally pass. The pity was that it should not have come soon enough to have given him his heart's desire of a university career, was the thought in both Phil and Carrie's minds, though neither would openly cast so much of reproach on the dead.

So Paul came home—to what purpose? To find that his grandmother, arbitrary and imperious to the very last, had bestowed on him a legacy of only a few hundred pounds, leaving the bulk of her property to be divided—one half to go to Carrie unconditionally, the other to Philippa Delahaye, on the condition that she remained unmarried, and in case of her breaking that condition, to certain specified public institutions.

"Oh, how wicked!" was Phil's characteristic exclamation when the news was brought her. Nevertheless, after a few minutes—during which she turned pale and red by turns, and seemed both disconcerted and angry—she recovered herself, and received the congratulations of her friends with equanimity.

That same afternoon she went in search of Carrie, whom she found shut in her bedroom, far more wretched with her newly-acquired riches than any other circumstance of her life had ever made her before.

"I want the lawyer's address," she said, abruptly. "I must see him about my new fortune. I hate coming over here, dear Carrie," she added, with a sudden change of voice, "as if I were in such a hurry to take possession; but papa has that horrid Lieutenant Ponsonby with him, and I thought you would not care for strangers."

"Papa," she said, when she got home, "I want to go to town to-morrow to see the lawyer. Will you take me the very first thing in the morning?"

"Why, yes, Phil," her father replied, dubiously; "but why such hurry? Is the taste of riches so very sweet, my child?"

Phil looked at him strangely, almost as if she longed to tell him something, which at any rate she did not tell him, but instead ran angrily away into the orchard.

Paul was there, walking up and down in the saddest of moods. Phil was the last person he had come to see, yet he turned to her almost with gratitude, certainly with relief.

"Look there," he said, pointing across the meadow beyond. "Who is that with Margaret?"

"That is Lieutenant Ponsonby," Phil replied, looking with troubled eyes at the tall, handsome figure on whose arm Margaret was leaning. "It is not fair to watch them," she said, turning away with some dignity, and a certain sense of shame for her sister.

But Paul was in no mood to turn away, fair or unfair.

"I came to tell Daisy of my misfortune. She, at any rate, I thought, would sympathise with me," he said, bitterly. "That is what I find. What does it mean?"

"I don't know; I don't understand such things," Phil answered, impatiently.

"I beg your pardon, Phil," he added, quickly, observing that she was regarding him with a sort of scorn. "I ought not to have spoken about my 'misfortune' to you, of all people. You will believe I do not grudge you your good fortune, will you not? But of course it is a blow to me."

"It was not kind to speak to me as you did," Phil returned, indignantly; "especially as you do not know yet my own feelings about it. I never believed that the loss of a fortune could so have changed you, Paul."

"Dear me, Phil, you speak of the whole thing as if it were so many marbles!" Paul replied, hotly. "You little dream what it was that lost me a fortune and gave it to you. Nor should I for one moment have regretted it if—— Never mind, I will not tell you; I have said enough already."

"Too much," Phil said, ungraciously. "I never wanted your money. I would rather, ten thousand times, Mrs. Clyfforde had never dreamed of me. I consider it quite as much my misfortune as yours."

"Let us think no more about it," Paul said, with something of his old grave generosity. "It is not the money but many other things that have altered me as you say I am. Why don't you wear your hat straight, Phil?"

"That is the meanest evasion of an unpleasant subject that I ever wish to hear," Phil said, scornfully. "Who thinks about hats when discussing important topics?"

"Most girls do," replied Paul; "and rightly enough, I think. The 'important topic' is none the worse discussed, and the girl looks all the better."

With which gentle hint Phil condescended to set her refractory hat straight before bidding Paul "Good-bye."

"Oh, what a lucky creature you are!" sighed Margaret, that evening, when she and Phil were alone together. "Don't I wish I were you. I know what you will do. You will spend your money on the boys, and the house, and all sorts of things, and keep ever so little for yourself—you are so generous. And you will not mind being an old maid all your life. It would really seem absurd to think of you marrying anybody. How proud and important you must feel! I do wonder what made the old lady take such a fancy to you."

If Margaret could only have seen Phil's eyes all this while, as she sat before the glass brushing her hair, those candid, tell-tale eyes, filled now with pity, now with anger, now with something like scorn!

"Do you think Paul has any right to be angry with me?" Phil asked, presently.

"Of course not," Margaret replied, emphatically. "I daresay he's disappointed, but that's not your fault."

"Oh-h!" said Phil, almost with a sigh, and would enter into no further conversation.

It seemed to Phil the next morning, as she narrowly watched them all, that everyone's manner towards her had undergone somewhat of change. The boys were subdued and almost respectful, Margaret polite and complimentary, Katie abashed and half-suspicious, the father and mother quiet and observant, Lieutenant Ponsonby satirical, and evidently making comparisons in his mind between the pretty, graceful daughter and the ugly, ungracious one who, through no merit of her own, had suddenly become rich. Nor could Phil wonder that they should change, when she herself was already so changed. How could she be happy and light-hearted with the burden of this grudged money weighing upon her? One thing she was sure of—owning it with a deep sigh—that she would never be the same happy, careless child again that she had been twenty-four hours ago; so many inexpressible things seemed to have come and gone with it.

It was a positive happiness to find herself walking towards the little station with her father. Emma, the small housemaid, had ruffled her by asking her, "Will you have a fly ordered, Miss Phil?" and Phil had astonished her by replying, sharply enough, "You know we always walk."

That small event forgotten, she was almost her usual self, as she walked briskly along, blissfully unconscious of crooked hats or anything but pride and trust in her brave soldier-father.

"Papa," she said, when they were in the train and on their way, "I ought to have told you beforehand, but I knew you would not be angry, and I wanted no talk about it till the thing was done. It was so good and soldier-like of you, papa, to come with me without a question."

Her father smiled.

"Good of me to obey my commanding officer, eh, Phil? You forget you have not told me yet what 'the thing' is."

"It will make no difference to you, I know, papa," Phil said, half appealingly, half confidently. "It was never rightly ours, so I am not robbing anybody. That money: I am going to give it back to Paul. It is really his own, you know; I have no right to it!" And Phil looked at her father anxiously.

"I highly approve," he said, readily, and just as if it were the most ordinary matter in the world. How Phil loved and admired him for taking it so! She had not trusted him in vain—the brave, good soldier, who must, according to Phil's creed, be a brave, good man.

"It is just what I should have wished, though I would never have urged you," he added. "You alone were entitled to do it. I thought from the first it was what you would do, and so did your mother. Thank God, you are young enough and simple enough not to know what you are giving up."

"I am not giving up anything," Phil added, decidedly. "It was never properly mine."

"No, Phil, it was not," her father replied, for which words Phil was unutterably grateful.

The business was in due time despatched, not without much circumlocution and bewildering detail. Nevertheless, it was done safely and securely, with only a few complimentary words from the taciturn lawyer, who was delighted that such an act of injustice should be averted. He only too gladly promised that Paul should be communicated with at once.

"Should you like to go away for a week or two until the matter is all over?" Captain Delahaye asked Phil, when they turned homeward.

"Oh, no, papa," Phil replied, gratefully. "You cannot afford it. Why should I make that money a loss and worry to you? That would be no fairer that robbing Paul of it."

To which Captain Delahaye could make no reply, but only silently admire his child's straightforward, honest judgment.

Only one day of entire happiness, to be succeeded by many of vexation and annoyance. The next day the murder was out. Before evening Paul's voice was heard in the house inquiring for Phil, and asking her to come into the orchard for a little private talk.

"What have you done, you silly child?" he asked her, half angrily. "I did not think you would have chosen such a severe way of punishing me for my few thoughtless words. I never knew before that you were revengeful."

It was Phil's turn to be angry. "You are very rude," she said, hotly. "Your words made no difference to me. I decided what to do in the first five minutes. Do you suppose I, or my father either, would take your money? It is your own. I only want to forget as quickly as I can that anybody should have thought I could keep what did not belong to me."

"Forgive me, Phil," he said, very humbly, reflecting that, after all, this straightforward, undeviating honesty was only what he might and ought to have expected both from the father and daughter. "I have been utterly wrong, and have added injury now to insult. But you must see that it is impossible for me to accept this sacrifice at your hands."

"Sacrifice!" cried Phil, with new vexation. "Can you never understand? You insult me by that far more than anything you have yet said. Nothing could ever induce me to touch a penny of it, not even for the boys, not even for my mother. Now do you see what I mean?"

"Yes," Paul replied, gloomily; "I see what you are when you make up your mind about anything. I see, too, that this wretched money has brought us all misery. If I accept it—I beg your pardon, Phil, keep it—it will give me no pleasure any more than it has given you. What would you wish me to do with it? Shall I sell my commission and go to Oxford?"

"Sell your commission!" Phil said, indignantly. "Take up arms for your country and lay them down again just when you are ordered on active service. It is too late for Oxford now, and what does it matter? Papa was never at Oxford, and see how brave, and good, and clever he is. The best thing you can do is to go to Africa and fight for your country. Papa expects that his regiment will be going too. I wish you could be with him."

"That is one thing the money will do for me," Paul replied, with new interest. "I can, no doubt, change into Captain Delahaye's regiment."

"Only it would be hardly honourable to sell out of your own when it is so soon going out," suggested Phil, "especially as papa's may not go, after all, and then you would be suspected of cowardice."

"Which would grieve you more, I believe, than the knowledge that I was lying dead on the battle-field," Paul said, half jestingly.

"The two things are not to be compared," Phil said, emphatically—there was no false sentiment about her—"the one is disgrace, the other is honour, whatever else it may be."

"You ought to be a soldier, Phil," Paul said, not without admiration, "and next best a soldier's wife."

"I am a soldier's daughter," Phil replied, proudly, as though to say, "that is honour enough for me."

So they parted on the best of terms, with a tacit understanding that the money matter was settled, and must never be mentioned between them any more.

But Phil herself had not heard the last of it by any means. The story got wind somehow, and the little village of Drayton was full of it. The boys—simple lads that they were—thought it jolly of Phil, and told her so. Carrie was in ecstasies of admiration and devotion, trying to Phil's blunt simplicity. Lieutenant Ponsonby and Margaret were full of innuendo and badinage, which being observed by Captain Delahaye, was silenced once and for all by him—not before the girl had suffered a new and keen torture. Such spirits as Phil's are seldom met with, and still more rarely understood.

In a few weeks more Paul's regiment was gone. One arrangement he had begged for—that Carrie might find a home at the Lodge till his return. And these kindly people, knowing that in this they were doing her and Paul the greatest good, consented without any tinge of false pride or self-consciousness. Just before he sailed Paul brought her over, and bade them all good-bye.

"Unlucky dog!" exclaimed Lieutenant Ponsonby, with a glance at Margaret's fair radiant face, whose unusual brightness had been observed and commented upon by Paul, not without soreness of spirit, just at this moment of parting. "For once in my life I am contented. What lucky star picked out your regiment for active service instead of mine?"

"Your turn may come," cried Phil, with a world of scorn in her voice and eyes. "You are nothing but a civilian at heart," which look and which remark Paul carried away in his mind, and would not easily forget.

Margaret was crying in her room when Phil went up to bed. "You are very rude and unkind to say such things as you do to Mr. Ponsonby," she said, angrily. "He is quite offended, and will not stay here to be so insulted. It is a shame papa encourages you."

"No great loss if he does go," replied Phil.

"You don't understand anything about it," Margaret murmured. "If you liked Paul you would not be so glad to see him go."

Phil turned round fiercely. "I suppose I like papa, don't I? Yet do you suppose I should wish him not to go? It is you who do not understand," she said, quickly; then, seeing that Margaret was really wounded, she said gently, "I am sorry if I was rude. I will beg Mr. Ponsonby's pardon, and be more careful, but it is for your sake, you know."

"Thank you, Phil," Margaret replied, catching readily at the idea, and so the sisters were reconciled.

Captain Delahaye's turn came soon after Paul had gone, and there were more farewells. Months passed of quiet watching and waiting, and then suddenly news of disaster and danger, bloodshed and siege, in which no letters came, and only an occasional scanty intelligence of those who were in the thick of the fray. Still, the news was comforting — of brave deeds, hardships cheerfully borne, horrible dangers safely passed through. Phil and her mother discussed these things when the others were in bed, for her mother alone could understand the keen, terrible anxiety that was underlying all the girl's brave thankfulness.

And at last when all was over, and two officers—an old one and a young one—received distinguished service medals and well earned promotion, what more natural than that they should come first for congratulations to those who knew best how to rejoice and be proud of such honours—Major-General Delahaye to his invalid wife, Lieutenant Clyfforde to the brave-hearted soldier's daughter who had given him his mission?

"Paul, we are so glad," she said, heartily, holding both hands out to him by way of heartier greeting.

"You have been my good genius, Phil," he said, earnestly, "and must ever be to the end of my life. Will you take your money back now?"

"No, nor ever," Phil answered, quickly.

"I can only keep it on one condition," he replied. "There is, too, only one thing for which I value it, and that is, that if it had been yours now I should never have dared to say what I am going to. So it may be a blessing to us both, after all, if you will have it so; if not, it may go. I never have, and never will touch it."

So the fortune was Phil's after all.

[THE END.]

"AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING."

By SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

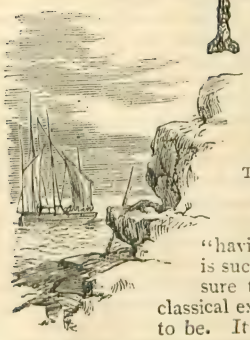
When, in the east, the golden light
Of morning rises fair and clear,
After a dark and weary night,
Perchance of anguish and of fear,

Brings not the dawn a holy calm,
A lulling sense of peace and rest,
As if it owned a mystic balm
To soothe and heal the troubled breast?

Faint picture of the King who waits
To save and bless the storm-tossed soul,
And, passing through the long barred gates,
Will make it once and ever whole!

AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.



I SHALL only give one more sample of the genus landlady, though I could give a score or even a greater number, including hybrids. This last will be—

THE "HAVING" LANDLADY.

The adjective "having," as used above, is such a veritable treasure that if it is not a classical expression, it ought to be. It expresses so much in so little. I am not at all sure that it is not classical. I must ask the girls when they come in, for they, being much more highly educated according to modern notions than I, are sometimes appealed to. They are always ready to rummage for authorities on behalf of "Little Mother."

No. It seems "having" is not used by Sidney or Shakespeare in the sense it is meant to convey above; but is a very expressive provincialism. As used in Lancashire, it denotes a grasping person—one who can never get or have enough; one whom every acquisition encourages to try for more still. Of such a person it is sometimes said, "He or she comes from Havington," and a broad grin on the face of the hearer shows how well the term is understood.

We call upon our landlady, who hails from those parts. We like her rooms; the whole place is suggestive of order, cleanliness, and comfort. She is a business woman, fully alive to the effect of first impressions, and she meets your eye after it has made a tour of scrutiny in a fearless fashion, as if she would say, "Look as closely as you like, you will find all right. The more you examine the better you will be satisfied."

We ask the price. It startles us, and we say so. The "having" landlady is used to this. She calmly says that there are undoubtedly rooms to be had at a cheaper rate—even corresponding ones in the same terrace—but they are not like her rooms. We may have seen some of them already, she intimates, and as she looks steadily at us, we feel the hot flush on our faces, and know that she marks the rising colour, which tells that the little shaft has struck home. She is quite easy apparently, and suggests that we may like to see still more, and call again if we cannot get suited on our own terms.

Everything looks so nice, and the landlady's coolness helps to make us more anxious to secure such eligible apartments. Perhaps if we go elsewhere we may lose the chance.

We think we will stretch a point, and that it is worth while to pay more where so many advantages are combined. So we ask, rather timidly, or rather "*we presume that these terms are inclusive.*"

"Well, there are always a few little extras. Gas, for instance." Considering that we are early folk and may probably light it in our bedrooms only, we think that cannot cost much, and we say so. "Five shillings a week. We charge the same to everyone. If little is used, they please themselves; if much, we do not complain."

"Anything else?"

"Attendance, five shillings; fire, the same; boots and shoes cleaning a penny a pair, so that need not be much," adds Mrs. Having.

"Fire! We shall want none such weather as this, and as to boots and shoes, we are not used to going out with dirty ones. I suppose you charge for attendance and engage your servants with the understanding that they are paid by yourself, and are not to expect gifts from visitors in addition."

Mrs. Having explains that the fire charged for is in the kitchen and for cooking purposes. The shoe-cleaning would be, at one pair per day each, 3s. 6d. a week. The allusion to servants' payment she quietly ignores; but we find there is yet another extra—the washing of bed and table linen, charged according to quantity used, of course. We can change the things every day if we like. She is glad to say, "There is no scarcity of good linen in her house."

Another of our weak points attacked. Lodging-house linen is often a great source of discomfort. Sheets too narrow for beds; towels not larger than a good pocket-handkerchief, and too few in number; blankets and quilts which will not tuck in, and which, if you draw them up high enough to be comfortable about the shoulders, are pretty sure to leave the feet uncovered. This is especially the case with new beginners in the lodging-house business and in new neighbourhoods.

Mrs. Having's boast helped us to swallow the extras, and we agreed to take the lodgings.

"I never let for less than a month certain. It would not be worth my while," and again we yielded.

The first week there was another extra in the bill for "castors," three shillings. We had sent in every article, we were certain, that could be required either for table or cookery, so we timidly asked what "castors" represented?

We were told there were always little things needed for seasonings which the cook could not come bothering us for, and to save visitors trouble and worry, this uniform charge was made in all cases.

There were two daughters who did the waiting, though the servants carried everything to the doors. The Misses Having were worthy of their mother. They looked astonished when the greater part of a leg of lamb was asked for, and carelessly intimated that the class of visitors *they* were accustomed to did not generally ask for *cold bits!* They were afraid our "bone of lamb" had been given away amongst some broken victuals to a poor woman who was in need, and whom they sometimes helped.

It turned out the "bone" was there. The meat was gone; but we could hardly suppose the poor woman had eaten it on the premises and left the bone to be picked by somebody else!

As our month drew to a close, we were almost ready to pay for the remaining time and leave a delightful place to get rid of the ever-increasing extortions of Mrs. Having. Valuable articles of underclothing were lost in the wash! We could not surely be so hard as to make the poor laundress pay for them! She was nearly killed with work, and amongst so many articles mistakes would occur. The laundress's terms were frightfully high, but she was paid through Mrs. Having, who, I doubt not, levied a high percentage on the bill, as well as on articles sold to us by the tradesmen she recommended, but with whom our dealings did not last long.

As to servants, they took care to let us know that they benefited nothing by the charge for attendance, and we were frankly told by Mrs. H. that though no one was obliged to give, yet she had never had a visitor under her roof mean enough to go away without liberally remembering the servants!

The young ladies did not actually say that they expected something handsome. They were careful to show us articles of jewellery and feminine adornment—tributes from former grateful lodgers.

To their hints we turned a deaf ear. The servants we duly "remembered," as it was our custom to do without being asked, and at length we said what we resolved should be a final "good-bye" to Mrs. Having and her family.

I have given these sketches from nature—two pleasant, two otherwise—for the instruction and guidance of those who seek seaside lodgings. But I rejoice to say that I have only known one Mrs. Having proper, and another with a slight family likeness to her; only one easy-going landlady, and the acquaintance went no farther than her front parlour and lobby; but I have known, and remember with true respect and affection, many of those dear, good women whom I have tried to describe under the type of "the landlady who has seen better days" and the "landlady from the country."

I hope all the girls who read this may meet with some specimens of my favourite varieties when they go with paterfamilias or mamma in search of seaside lodgings.

Landlords are not supposed to count, but if I had time and space I could show you how unobtrusively useful they are, how neighbourly to the landladies who have no sons or husbands, and how they interest themselves in the boys' games, or tell them long tales of high tides, winter storms, shipwrecks, &c., to which the lads listen, open-mouthed and happy.

THE LODGINGS THEMSELVES.

Their situation has to be considered. Before engaging them, if we are not good walkers, we must notice how far they are from church, beach, market, and shops. Also, if paterfamilias goes to business now and then, we have to think of his convenience for getting to the station in the early morning.

Excursionists rarely penetrate to the quieter and more select portions of our large watering-places. It is a curious fact that, coming from town, they are to be found wandering about amongst the shops during much of the time, and spending the hours that should be passed in the pure air, hesitating over cheap trumpery in the covered markets, taking short drives in overcrowded carriages, or, perhaps, sitting in the too-familiar public-house. The being conveniently near the places where we have to make our purchases often involves the seeing too much of these things.

If possible, and you are going to a place for the first time, run down and see it and the lodgings before engaging them. Get information if you can from friends who have stayed there. Do not let the idea that you will spend most of your time out of doors make you careless as to indoor comforts. You want these for meal times, rainy days, and social evenings.

Notice the sanitary arrangements; avoid any place where odours, suggestive of bad drainage, are ever so faintly perceptible. In choosing between dining and drawing-room suites, think whether the climbing of stairs will be an object to any weak ones of the party.

I have never yet had cause to complain of nightly marauders in any private lodgings, though we have occupied many, both in ultra-fashionable and quiet resorts. But when engaging with strangers, we have sometimes had an understanding that any want of cleanliness in this respect would be regarded as a notice to quit, and acted upon accordingly.

Pillows are rather a grievance to visitors located amongst new beginners in the lodging-house business. They are so small in length and width, so flat that they might be mere pincushions which have been mangled out. And if you sleep singly you sometimes find that the two with which you began have become one without increasing in size. There has been a press of visitors, and your second pillow is gone to help towards the improvised resting-place of the one too many in the house. In choosing apartments notice quality of beds and pillows.

You can seldom get bedrooms with a sea view unless you go very high up. Front apartments are wanted for day use. Well, you cannot look at the sea and sleep, and if you have taken my advice and opened your eyes to it in the daytime, you will be ready to close them when night comes, and let the murmur mingle with your dreams.

If you wish your rooms to be home-like, let your boxes contain a few things to make them so. A little set of bright toilet mats and a pincushion for each bedroom, with one or two spare matters for the personal use of visitors. If you do not like to risk breakage by carrying perishable articles of much value with you, there are numbers of graceful things in glass, Parian, or china which may be had for the merest trifle. By a very small expenditure you may have a vast increase of brightness in your temporary dwelling, and give it a more homelike character. A handsome growing plant in the window, a vase of fresh flowers on the dinner table, a few mats on the sideboard, a really artistic bit of crewel work in the shape of an antimacassar, with the piano, games, and books will transform a bare-looking room into a pleasant family one.

Remember there will not be accommodation for many things; let the few be judiciously chosen and arranged. I would not advise your taking one needless article if you were moving from place to place; but we are discussing a rest of weeks at the seaside, and, after all, we enjoy it the more amid attractive and harmonious surroundings.

As to prices, they vary greatly according to place and season. It would be quite impossible to give a reliable standard even if required accommodation could also be specified. Only it is always advisable to have inclusive terms, or a distinct understanding as to what extras are charged for, and at what rate. In some places it is the regular custom to charge for shoe-cleaning and kitchen fire. In others these items are included in the terms. So with the trifles called "castors" in the bill, but I never knew any landlady except Mrs. Having charge more than a reasonable amount for odds and ends supplied. Indeed, we have often felt that our seaside hostesses have acted in a spirit of liberality rather than otherwise, and that any grasping or over-reaching temper manifested has been the exception, not the rule.

ON PACKING-UP.

A sensible mother with whom I am acquainted once gave me her views on this subject. She had no little children, and those she had were in their teens.

"I furnish each of them with a box of reasonable size," she said, "sufficient to accommodate all that they can really need. If what they require is not to be found after our arrival, the one who has omitted to pack will have to go without. I say, to girl and boy alike, pack for yourself. You are old enough to do it, and to think of what you will want. Mind, I shall not send home for anything that you may leave behind, so consider well beforehand. You have only your per-

sonal wants and likings to bear in mind. I will do all that the common weal demands, and pack for papa and myself."

My friend told me she adhered to this rule, and had every cause to be satisfied with the result. The young people learned self-reliance by it. The desire to take as many things as possible taught them to be good economists of space in packing, and able to do their mother's share on occasion as well as their own.

"And did they never leave anything behind of which they discovered the want on their arrival?" I inquired, anxious to know how the experiment had succeeded.

"I am not sure about this," was the laughing answer; "but if they did, I was not told of the omission."

I give the above as an example worthy of imitation.

Many mothers imagine that they ought to do everything for the girls as well as for themselves. They are wrong to do it, and girls have no right to expect it.

Still, in arranging all for the comfort of the family, the mother's eye and hand are usually indispensable. She will take in at a glance what others would be a long time thinking over, and will direct others, if she does not do it, so to pack that fewer boxes will be needed.

It is a good plan to make a list of the articles you will require, running over those of in and out-door clothing—taking care to provide for changes of weather—music-books, work, writing materials, ornaments, toilet requisites, and games.

Girls should take their tennis shoes and racquets. If Jack rejoices in a cricket set of his own, make him a long, narrow canvas bag to convey it in. This or coarse linen is better than a woollen material. It will bear a greater strain, will wear longer, and wash—a matter of importance in a bag for a lad's use.

There is often a piece of ground which can be hired for tennis, cricket, or archery purposes at a small sum per hour. If players join at the expense, the share of each will be very trifling.

Always have a fair supply of underlinen. Seaside laundresses during the season are often so pressed with work that they find it hard to be punctual. And in case of sickness or accident of any kind, it is very unpleasant to be short of such things.

I name sickness or accident. Perhaps even mamma may smile when the girls tell her of some of the items I advise her to pack, and without which I never go from home. These are some sticking-plaster and court-plaster; a bundle of old linen rag, including a soft handkerchief or two; a narrow bandage three or four yards long, and, if we were going to a country place at a distance from shops, I should have some old flannel and a length or two of new; also a small quantity each of two or three simple, domestic medicines, the use of which should be thoroughly understood.

Don't forget a good-sized bottle of pure tincture of myrrh. I know of nothing to equal it for taking out the soreness of a bruise or cut, to say nothing of its value in other ways.

I learned the importance of having some of these little appliances a number of years ago, when one of my girls, a child of seven, fell over the banisters from the *second floor to the entrance* in a lofty house at Llandudno.

The distance was thirty-seven steps by the stairs, and the child was saved almost miraculously by being knocked from side to side between the banisters in her descent. The blows broke the directness of the fall, and she got off with her arm-bone bent, a dislocated wrist, and cuts and contusions in various places, none of which left serious mark or permanent mischief. But the linen, the bandage, the soft handkerchiefs were really precious that time. So take them, by all means, but I hope you may never require them during your summer or other holiday.

If bathing be thought of, there are the dresses to be taken. None are so good as woollen serge; not *too* heavy, or it will absorb too much water, and of that dark blue which neither sun nor sea will alter, made to fit easily and comfortably. You may insure this last by taking care that the material is well shrunk before it is made up.

The *very cheap*, ready made articles cannot combine the advantages named. Though wonderfully good for the money, it is far better to choose reliable material and have them made to fit and last.

Mamma can include two or three little matters in linen in that one extra box, which will hold more than all the little additional luxuries suggested. One pair of large sheets, large Turkish towels for the bath, a nice table-cloth for a special occasion, if there is any doubt about the supply, and table napkins, which are rarely provided *in lodgings*. The girls must exercise their taste, so that the fruit may come on the table looking as attractive as possible. *Pocket fruit-knives are always useful in lodgings.*

Take also a few articles for supplying the first meal or two. It is so unpleasant to have to go out shopping when weary with the journey and all the incidental preparations. But do not have huge packages and hampers of consumable stores to last for weeks. This is unfair to shopkeepers, who often complain of the practice, and say that visitors would think it very hard if they found no reliable shops, and the tradesmen feel it equally so if holiday-makers only buy what they cannot possibly bring with them.

Is there anything else to be thought of? If there is, we will leave the girls to remind mamma of it.

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT NEXT!"

'T was Wednesday in the first week of December. Mr. and Mrs. Carmett had driven off to spend the day with some old friends recently come to an estate near the town, and Kate had an engagement to spend the afternoon with a very dear friend of her own. She had obtained permission to include Ted in the invitation, and only waited to write some letters, after their early dinner together, before telling him of the pleasure in store for him, for he liked pretty, merry Florence Elmslie almost as much as she did herself.

"Find something to amuse yourself with indoors, Ted, for an hour, and be a very good boy," she said, as she prepared to leave the dining-room, "and then you shall be rewarded with a first-rate treat for the rest of the day."

Ned's eyes brightened. Nearly every half-holiday was made into some sort of a festival for him, but, of course, the elements of the affair were generally trifling—leave to help the gardener dig potatoes, or permission to meet his father at the railway station, and take the reins in driving home. But this was evidently to be something grander. He ran across the floor, and clasped his sister's arm as she was leaving the room.

"Do you mean really, downright first-rate?" he asked, gravely.

"Really, downright first-rate, if you are good," was the laughing answer, and then Miss Carmett went off to get her letters written, and her young brother turned back into the dining-room with a very thoughtful face for a few minutes.

"Be a good boy, and don't trouble your sister more than you can help," his mother had said when he went away to school that morning. And now Kattie promised him a reward for being good.

Altogether it was decidedly worth while to try to be something out-of-the-way praiseworthy. If he had sat himself down with his paint-box to paint pictures, or to read a story book, his sister would have considered that being a superlatively good boy, provided he had not taken somebody else's book to paint in, nor somebody else's book to make dirty little thumbmarks in. But this negative sort of goodness was not enough to satisfy Ted's aspirations just then. At last a thought occurred to him. A glorious thought, he considered.

"That's it," he exclaimed, and dancing a sort of war dance round the housemaid, who had come in at the moment to clear the table. "That's it, Ann. I've got the very thing."

Ann gave him a little impatient push.

"Well, Master Edward, if you've got it, I'm sure I wish you'd keep it instead of keeping me. I've double tides of work to do to-day, and cook an' Jane

han't left me two pair o' hands to do them with."

"Poor old Ann," said Ted, in commiseration. "But you're to get a holiday next week, Ann; I heard mamma say so."

And with that friendly letting of the cat out of the bag Ted ran off across the hall, down the passage, and turned the handle of a large room at the end. The next moment he stood inside, with the door closed behind him. It was not a room that he cared much about, as a rule. It was his father's library, and somehow, with its oak panellings, and its long lines of filled book-shelves, and its heavy furniture, there was an atmosphere of awe about it that Master Ted found oppressive. Besides, he had a tolerably clear perception that the noisy fun and mischief tolerated elsewhere would not be permitted within those learned walls.

But to-day Ted wished to be particularly good, and to exert his goodness in the service of others, and so he betook himself to the library. If Kate had only known where he was she would not have gone on so tranquilly with her letters.

Ted's first proceeding was to go to his father's writing-table and spread out a large sheet of foolscap; then he split two or three quill pens by trying them firmly on his thumbnail, and then, having got hold of one which bore that stern trial, he filled it very full of ink, and wrote in bold, round hand, with an accompaniment of blots, on the sheet of foolscap the word

"INVENTORY."

So far so good, at least in Ted's opinion. "How awfully pleased papa will be," he murmured, with a beaming face. "He has wanted an inventory of his books such a long time."

And so he had, or rather a catalogue, but he would far rather have gone without one for always than have entrusted the work to the hands of his young son. However, Ted had never been told that fact, and fortunately for his intense happiness during the next hour he did not guess it.

"All the 'A's' first, and then all the 'B's,' and so on," said Ted, seriously. "So to get at all the 'A's' first."

Out came half-a-dozen books on to a chair pushed up to receive them. Not an A among them. Another half-dozen, with the same result. Ned paused a moment.

"Ah! I know. Best pull out a whole lot first, all about anywhere, and then look afterwards."

No sooner said than done. That bright idea was forthwith acted upon. The library steps came into requisition. Climbing steps is always rather nice. In bringing books down from those upper shelves some of them came down with a thud, now and again, on to the floor more independently than might be wished.

"But after all," as Ted philosophically remarked, "what did a loose cover or two, or a torn page here and there, matter among such a lot of books?"

He was rather troubled when a big blot of ink maliciously tumbled on to the title-page of one large vellum-covered volume he had carried to the table to have its name written out. But even that shadow of vexation disappeared with the reflection that, "Whoever had taken the inventory must no doubt have made *some* blots, especially if father *would* only keep quill pens on his table for people to write with."

It is astonishing what an awful muddle a strong, active boy can get a room into in the space of an hour and a half. No one would believe it who has not seen the experiment tried. Kate Carmett would not until she made the discovery for herself, and yet she did know something of boys' capabilities in that direction.

Miss Carmett had received several letters during the past fortnight that required answers—invitations from former schoolfellows for coming Christmas parties, requests for aid for charity bazaars, and so on. And as Florence Elmslie did not expect them much before four o'clock, and Ted appeared to be in an unusually peaceable mood, Miss Carmett continued at her desk longer than she had intended, even until her last reply was written, and a little pile of directed and stamped envelopes stood ready to be carried to the post on the way to her friend's home.

Then, as she rose and passed her hand for a moment over her tired eyes, a slight misgiving did come to her for the first time as to the length of time that her sociable young brother had been out of sight and sound. Shutting her desk hastily, she ran to the sitting-room door and called him—

"Ned—Neddy lad—where are you? I want to tell you something. Where are you, Neddy?"—with a final shout up the stairs, almost as shrill as one of his own.

But wherever he was there was no answer. The slight misgiving grew a strong one.

"Ann, can you tell me where Master Edward is?"

"No, miss, that I can't. I've never set eyes on him since he ran out of the dining-room while I was clearing the things, and that's a good deal better nor an hour ago."

The misgiving grew very strong indeed.

Miss Carmett ran upstairs to search for her brother, in vain. She ran out into the garden, down to the pond at the end, in which once upon a time he had narrowly escaped drowning. Her heart seemed to leap up into her mouth as she saw that a thin crust of ice lay on the top. But she was reassured the next instant, for it was too thin to tempt even his adventurous spirit. Besides, it lay perfectly smooth and unbroken, and the first touch of his foot must have made it give way, and betrayed the fact besides.

Meantime, oblivious of time, oblivious even of the promised treat, for which he was striving so diligently, Ted continued his work with the most intense interest and eager industry. Gathering books pell-mell, from all sorts of shelves, and from all parts of the room, he had found a splendid plan. He had found heaps of "A's" and "B's" now, and had written down one or two. But on the whole he had contented himself with beginning several piles of volumes, whose titles began with the same letters, deciding that some neater writer, or, at any rate, someone who could manage those horrible quills better than himself, should be the scribe of the business. The scribe he thought of was very near him now.

Having searched for her brother in every other possible and impossible place she could think of, Kate at length turned towards the library with heavy feet and an anxious heart. She was beginning to feel miserably convinced that she ought not to have left him so long to his own devices. She was really trembling when she turned the handle of the library door. She scarcely knew whether she hoped to find him in there or not. If he were not there, then he must have gone off with some of his schoolfellows, and would be certainly getting into mischief, possibly danger, that short, dark winter evening. But if he were in the library, then too, most certainly, he must be in mischief, for he could scarcely move in that apartment without giving trouble of some sort.

One moment still, even with her fingers on the handle, she paused. Then she opened the door, and thought that she had suddenly been struck with trance or blindness.

She went at one step from the light into darkness—a darkness that belonged to the room she had entered, and not to nature, for at half-past three o'clock on a fine afternoon there is still daylight, even in December. And, moreover, this darkness was a peculiar, moving, cloud-like darkness, strangely puzzling and bewildering to the eyes—to the nose too, apparently, for two sharp, irresistible sneezes startled Miss Carmett herself as much as they did the original occupant of the library. She had not accomplished the second sneeze when an excited, jubilant voice exclaimed, from the midst of the densest part of the quivering cloud—

"Oh! Kattie, is that you? I am so glad. I am quite ready for you. I was just coming to fetch you. I've piled up such a lot in order, for you to write—Come on."

Kate came on, with a short, quick gasp, and stumbling as if she were walking over a ploughed field. She came on, quite to the middle of the room where Ted was kneeling, busy adding to his piles, and outwardly a mass of dust from the crown of his head to his feet. She looked at him one moment; she looked round about the room at the crowded tables and chairs, and the half-emptied bookshelves and littered floor; then she looked back at Ted, and then, to his terrible bewilderment and dismay, she tumbled herself down in a heap on the floor and burst into tears.

Ted dropped the book he had in his hand and started up aghast, knocking over a couple of piles of volumes as he did so.

"Oh, Kattie, what is the matter? Are you ill? Do tell me."

And kneeling down by her he tried to put his arms round her neck; but Kate drew away from the embrace.

(To be continued.)

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."
—*Pope.*

In the course of my reading I found, the other day, the above lines, and they struck me as being such an excellent rule by which to guide our dress affairs, that I at once transcribed them for the use of my girls. They very nearly express my object in writing these hints on dress, which is not so much to introduce the fashions to our girls, but to help them to make the best of their appearance and their means, so that they may attain to all the usefulness possible to them. We leave the fashions, pure and simple, to be considered by the many journals devoted to them.

Cottons of all descriptions were never so much in vogue as at the present time, and they seem to divide themselves into cotton prints (unglazed) for morning wear, sateens for the afternoon, and sateens and muslins for *fêtes* and house wear in the evening. "Zephyrs" are the most popular in the first division, as they were last year, and all of them, instead of being plain and uni-coloured, are plaided in soft hues, and in broken, undecided checks; gauging is greatly employed in making them up, and much increases their girlish prettiness. Batiste is also used, and a new colour has been brought out in them—a grey blue—which is very becoming and pretty when trimmed with lace. The large-flowered sateens are very much worn, and we have got over the feeling with which we first greeted them, and no longer think them garish and extreme. If well chosen, gracefully made up, and trimmed with lace, they are most elegant gowns, and should be carefully worn by their owners, for, if not too soiled, they will answer for evening dress during the winter, when it will be well to wear them entirely out, as we shall doubtless have a complete change next year.

Gauged bodices are worn, as I have said, in zephyr and batiste. They are gathered, as they were last year, round the shoulders and up to the throat in circles, and button at the back. A new way of making is to have a square yoke of gauging, the fulness from it being laid into pleats and carried on into the fulness of the back and panier overskirt. This bodice must also be worn with a belt.

For seaside wear nun's cloth or veiling, in a great variety of neutral tints, is worn, and alpaca has reappeared on the horizon, and will be the popular travelling dress, and though, I must confess, I grew tired of it once, it has every advantage in its favour as a seaside and travelling dress. It is most economical and cool, wears wonderfully well, and does not fade nor lose its colour, as many of the ordinary black fabrics do. Singular to say, it is being trimmed with black lace by

A LOVELY AFTERNOON.

LAWN TENNIS.

some of our best dressmakers, an idea which seems most unsuitable, especially for the hard wear of travelling and for the damp disfigurement of the seashore. The other way of trimming it is far prettier; that is, satin ribbon run on in rows, all of the same width or else graduated, the deepest being of about two inches and the narrowest only a fraction wide.

The real blue serges are again much used, and are hailed by many girls as quite a "god-send," so long do they last and so well do they look. They are braided with silk and wool braid, corded, and also have handsome Hussar trimmings on the front; and the same treatment is given to cashmere, alpaca, and the soft thin tweeds. The plain skirt is sometimes a mass of braiding, finished at the edge by a kilting, or the overskirt hangs long and plain, covered with thickly-laid braid. One of the newest trimmings of which I hear from Paris is chamois leather, decorated with coloured braid, and used for *revers*, plastrons, and cuffs, as well as skirt bands on cloth dresses. Some preparations are being made for the autumn, of which the braiding and blue serges will form a conspicuous part.

Very light and pretty cloth jackets, something like a man's "cut-away" coat, are being sold in good shops for cold days and chill winds by sea and land. They are of heather tweed generally, but some are both striped and checked. They fasten on the front with one button, and show the coat bodice beneath. As they are moderate in price, our girls should provide themselves with them, and so avoid the colds and chills so usual at the seaside.

Dust cloaks are sold in great variety, and now that they can be had in waterproofed alpaca they are a very great acquisition, and a valuable shelter to our dresses. The newest are like the "Mother Hubbard" in shape, with sleeves tied round with ribbon or frilled with linen-lace. Chilly people should select dust cloaks made of thin tweed or serge, but the alpaca and silk ones are equally impervious to rain, as all can be made waterproof. The novel idea just introduced of having a case made to hold these cloaks, just like a muff, is a very good one. Its use avoids the ungraceful habit of carrying a cloak over the arm, or of the tiring cloak-strap. The cloak-muff is merely a muff open at one side, with no lining, drawn in with elastic or ribbon, in which the rolled-up cloak is tied. It is then secured round the waist, muff-like, or hangs suspended from the arm by strings of ribbon. All kinds of materials may be used for the "cloak-muff"—silk, satin, and plush, as well as velvet; serge, if the dress be serge, or alpaca and tweed. In case of the dress being of zephyr or sateen, I have seen the cloak-muff made of that, and trimmed, as the silk and satin ones should be, with lace and ribbon.

Some of the most charming of the new autumn dresses will be trimmed with crochet lace, which will form a delightful bit of work for our girls wherever they go for their holidays. We have already given two very elegant patterns on which they can begin at once, to be ready to decorate their autumn dresses. They will be found at page 683, vol. ii., and 269, vol. iii., each accompanied by full directions. But I must now say a word about the thread of which the lace is made. The fashion has been brought in by the large use which has been made of string, or *ficelle*, lace this season. This was of a flaxen hue; so our crochet lace follows in the same lines, and the thread used is not white, but yellowish brown, or twine colour, the hue that the flax would be before any bleaching process had been applied to it. Some young ladies are, in fact, using the yellow linen thread, to be bought in skeins at every draper's, and they find it answer well, and if it can be procured of a smooth texture, nothing can be better; otherwise it must be bought at a good fancy shop.

Another new trimming, which will be used a great deal this autumn, is pom-pons or woollen balls, which are to be hung round tunics as a trimming, or fastened on to broad bands of woollen embroidery for the same purpose. These tiny balls are of every hue, and are made in the same way as children's soft toy balls are made, which we have already described at page 736, vol. ii. For winter dresses of serge and cloth we cannot imagine a prettier trimming.

Light silks are perhaps more worn this year than they have been for some years past. Tussore, Cora, and other Indian silks are worn for both morning and afternoon gowns, and are trimmed with quantities of lace and ribbons; they are far more economical dresses for those girls who are compelled to study that difficult art than any other summer dresses. They wear so well and answer so many purposes, and one is never disappointed in their washing, for both the first-named wash "like a rag," as

SUMMER COSTUMES.

the washerwomen say, and are got up with little trouble and no starch.

I must not forget to mention the velvet stay bodices which have been lately introduced in imitation of the old Venetian ones of long ago. I have already illustrated something of the kind at page 334, vol. ii., in the corner of the page. In the new ones, however, the sleeves are the same as the under bodice, and the velvet bodice is worn over any dress; one of the first was of red velvet over a dress of red moire silk. The new way of raising the sleeves at the top of the shoulder with a tiny gathering or padding of cotton wool adds very considerably to the good style of a gown. This is even done with cotton and batiste dresses; and lace sleeves for evening dresses are made quite full and held up by stiff net. A narrow ribbon is sometimes passed round the armhole and tied on the shoulder, and gives a pretty appearance to the morning dress, and for young girls ribbons are largely used, and are placed in many parts of the dress in knots and bows.

The two figures standing by the trellis work in our lawn tennis party give an excellent idea of two of the most stylish ways of making our summer costumes. The sitting figure has a plain skirt and a full ruche, the bodice being pointed in front and behind, and the overskirt gathered in a straight line down the front, and finishing in a pointed end on each side. The standing figure wears a sateen dress, plain sateen under-petticoat kilted in long pleats the length of the skirt, and finished by a thick ruche.

The over-dress has a pointed bodice and full paniers, and the hat is made of the same, gathered on wires in a Marie Stuart shape. The figures on the tennis ground show the ordinary way of making the everyday cotton costumes with three flounces and a long plain polonaise.

The three girls who are comfortably luxuriating in a shady nook in the fields are intended to show the various styles of little collars and capes, and the way of trimming a dress with Swiss embroidery or lace. The puffed sleeves worn by the sitting figure are very becoming with the lace round collar which she wears, and they both give an old-world air to the appearance.

While remembering the various novelties that I have heard of or seen, I must not forget the little invention for the use of travellers which has just emanated from some German brain—that is, a little book of soap-leaves, each leaf being enough to wash the hands with when torn out—a great convenience to the traveller, who sometimes has no time to get to her soap-box at the railway station. The German name is *Seifenblätter*, and I daresay we shall soon see them in England.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XIX

A CROSS EXAMINATION.

FAITH had to repeat her question.

"Denzil, are you sure you have paid your bills? Where are the receipts?"

The answer came at last.

"I have not paid them. They will be sent in at the term."

Denzil spoke coldly and quietly. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground. His face was deadly pale. But his voice, though without bravado, was equally without emotion.

Faith tried hard to control her feelings. She got up and walked to and fro in the little room.

"Then, though all your money is gone, you have done with it nothing that should have been done," she said. "Do you owe anything more?"

"A little," he answered.

"To whom?" she asked.

He moved uneasily. "I borrowed a trifle from some of the students," he replied.

"Can you tell me how much?" she inquired again.

"I can, if I think for a moment," he replied.

She placed pen and paper before him. "Put down the sums, please," she said; "put down everything you can think of."

He bent forward and jotted down item after item, not without some consideration between each. Then he pushed the paper towards her. Faith could not repress a startled exclamation—the sum total was more than their housekeeping had cost for the whole quarter!

She sat down beside him, placing her hand firmly on his. There were no tears in her eyes now. Emotion had crystallised into determined action.

"This is outside my power, Denzil," she said. "Our uncle must know all about this, and we must take his advice and accept his decision as to the future."

"Give me up at once as a bad job!" said Denzil, excitedly.

"No," she replied, "not that. But anyhow we must live on different terms. If I am ever to trust you again, it must be by your not asking trust from me now. I shall write to my uncle to-night; let me tell him the worst at once, Denzil. This money—all your own money, and these sums which you have borrowed—must have gone somewhere. Where? I dare not hope for you, Denzil—I could not ask uncle to let me endeavour to undertake for you once more, unless I know what your temptations and dangers are."

"It is wonderful how money runs away when one gets into certain habits," murmured Denzil; "we often had suppers and luncheons, and so forth."

"That may well be," said Faith, with rapid calculation, "but large sums like these could not have vanished so. Denzil!" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "are you sure you have paid the bookseller's and tailor's bills, which you contracted before Christmas?"

"It's no use denying it," said Denzil, with an effort. "I have not."

There was a silence.

"Can you tell me what money out of all your allowance has gone where it should have gone?" Faith asked. She scarcely knew her own voice.

"I paid my college fees and charges," said Denzil, forlornly.

"And nothing else?" Faith persisted.

"Nothing else, except a few trifles, newspapers, and so forth," he admitted.

"What dreadful habit have you formed?" cried Faith. "Denzil, is it possible that you gamble?"

There was no answer.

"Denzil, tell me," she pleaded. "There must be something which has to be told, and nothing can be done until it is."

He spoke almost inaudibly.

"You have hit the truth," he said.

"Oh, Denzil," she wailed; "and when did this begin?"

"Almost directly we came here," he said.

"And with whom did you play?" she asked.

"Oh, with one and another among the students," he replied.

She felt the evasion instantly.

"With anyone more than another?" she urged.

"Edgar Cheney was generally among us," he whimpered.

Faith started up.

"I feared that man from the beginning," she said. "Oh, Denzil, my poor Denzil, did I not try to give you hints of warning?"

"You did not speak plain enough," he retorted, sullenly.

"You were so vexed at what I did say, or I might have said more," she cried. "Did you lose much of your money to him, Denzil?"

"A good deal," he answered. "I never saw such luck as his—after the first few turns, generally. I played with others sometimes, of course, and won occasionally. But, in the long run, he always got the best of all of us, either at cards or billiards."

"Did Marcus Drummond play too?" asked Faith.

"At first," said Denzil, "but he wasn't very lucky, and he hasn't been with us much lately."

"Then he has seen the wickedness and folly of it, I do trust," observed Faith, fervently.

"He has got other affairs of his own," returned Denzil, with a note of triumph in his voice. "It is said he is married to a girl who used to be a barmaid at one of the restaurants down town. Edgar Cheney took him there one evening when he found him moping about the streets during the first winter he was in town. All the fellows used to flirt with her, but poor Drummie made a serious matter of it, and they used to

draw him out about her beauty and her misfortunes. She has made certain confidences among her old acquaintances which leads some of us to think Marcus has married her. If he has, I expect he has repented by this time. For that isn't like anything else," pursued Denzil, in an almost self-congratulatory tone; "that's a thing that can't be undone, once it is done."

"Oh, this terrible world!" cried Faith. "And poor Hugh Duthie—did he gamble too?"

"He played," answered Denzil; "he could not gamble—he never had any money."

"Did he play with Edgar Cheney?" asked Faith.

There was a pause. Had the thought which flashed into Faith's mind entered Denzil's then for the first time?

"Yes, he did certainly," said Denzil, with some reluctance.

"And lost, like the rest?" inquired Faith.

"Yes, but one never took much notice about it, because it seemed understood that they did not play for money. But I do remember Edgar Cheney lost to him once or twice about Christmas time, because we thought how wonderful it was—and Cheney would pay him then, and we said how nice it was of him!—and on the strength of that Duthie went with Maginn to the billiard-room, and managed to lose all he had got from Cheney. Poor Duthie was rather simple, and Cheney had grown quite severe on him towards the last, because of his taking to get tipsy."

"Yes, I expect Hugh Duthie and Cheney were together after Hugh parted from Marcus on the night of Hugh's death, and I expect Cheney got possession of Hugh's bursary," said Faith, with bitter emphasis.

"Well," observed Denzil, "certainly if the games they had had been for money, Cheney would have won that sum from him more than twice over."

Faith carried out her determination of writing to her uncle. She told him the plain facts of the case. Denzil's first difficulties, his fall into bad company, his appearance of reformation, and his continued downward path. She told the whole truth. If there was one point on which she dwelt less than on others, it was on that appearance of reformation, for it lay like a heavy stone against the door of hope for the future. She tried to gather a faint encouragement even from the dryness of her brother's manner in the present moment of her humiliation, saying to herself that he might naturally try to repress any signs of emotion or any disposition to make passionate promises, feeling that nobody, not even himself, could place much reliance on them. She laid before her uncle the exact position of their finances—only imploring that if it might be possible Denzil should have one more chance — though, she added, sweet, true soul, that chance must be given with the strictest conditions for securing its fulfilment.

And she told Denzil that she should conceal nothing from Miss Milne and Robert Finlay. In the search after Hugh Duthie they had heard enough from strangers, and they had both proved themselves such true and kindly friends, that the one fit return they could receive was entire confidence.

"Miss Milne has a right to know the exact truth concerning an inmate of her house," Faith said, steadily. "She may not choose to keep us. But if we stay in the town I will not remain with her under false pretences."

Miss Milne and Robert both agreed with Faith in her conjecture concerning Edgar Cheney and Hugh Duthie. Nay, in this light Robert could see a significance in sundry words and looks which he had noticed during his search for the lost lad.

Faith asked Miss Milne point-blank if she would permit them to continue in her house. Miss Milne shook her head and said that she doubted if their uncle would allow matters to go on again: it would be time to settle details after that decision was made. Also, she was beginning to think of moving at the summer term. Her landlord was willing that she should break her year's agreement. She thought of taking a larger house. There were old Mr. Monteith and his granddaughter struggling on in lodgings, paying very dear for the kind of comfort they got, and the girl was not educated enough to teach nor handy with her needle, and it had struck Miss Milne that if they came to board with her, she could undertake more lodgers, since the girl could help her in her household duties, and get trained in domestic life without leaving her grandfather's protection, nor encountering the risks of such situations as would be likely to accept the service of her raw ignorance. "She will grow more fit for work every year as I grow less," said Miss Milne, "and if I get up a good connection it 'll be a nice warm downsetting to leave her, poor lassie, an' will make her grandfather easier in his mind about the fortune that the follies of his young days cost his children. An' when I spoke about it to Mr. Monteith, he said at first he'd be nothing but a scarecrow at my hearth—but whiles he said he'd be willing to be a warning—and that the best use you could put a broken boat to was to make it a beacon on the rocks where it split."

Miss Milne did not add — perhaps because she herself did not fully realise it—that her new plans shaped themselves out of a dissatisfaction with the narrow respectabilities of her own life which had been growing while she watched Faith's thoughtful little ways and the loving spirit which pervaded all. She had grown attached to Faith, and the girl had so thawed the atmosphere about her, that she had grown also attached strongly to Robert Finlay, and even deeply concerned in their interest in poor Denzil. She felt that she could not return to the bare dry life she had lived for so many years, upholding a house, full certainly of the strong and bracing influences of rigid honesty, industry, and wholesome rule, but still a house and not a home either for herself or for anybody else. On that terrible night when she and Robert Finlay and Faith had returned together, leaving Hugh Duthie in his last long sleep in the little room which Madge Cowie's affection had prepared for the prodigal, the three had gathered round the humble hearth of the little kitchen and "made worship" together—a tearful reading of the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, and a few broken words of reverent prayer. And somehow the next night they came together again—and then the next.

"I'll never give it up again," resolved Miss Milne. "There'll be aye one or two willing, and maybe the rest will follow."

The answer to Faith's letter to her uncle came in the form of a telegram announcing that he was coming down himself. He had decided that this was the best thing to do, though sudden movements and long journeys were quite foreign to the instincts and traditions of his slow, quiet life. But he saw at once how serious the situation was. It seemed to him that the best course would be to withdraw Denzil at once from college and place him in some situation where he would be kept closely at regular work, and to bring Faith home with him, to take that place among his own children which he had offered her when first she was fatherless. But he felt also that a change so definitely affecting the prospects and purposes of both Denzil and Faith must not be made to wear the semblance of harshness by any apparent rashness or haste. He knew the sweetness and reasonableness of his niece's disposition, and how with her every manifestation of affectionate interest on his part would add weight to his counsels, and that the more forbearance he was willing to show the less would she claim. Nor would he leave her to confront and carry the burden of that melancholy winding-up of matters, whose details he strove to foresee and arrange.

It was quite an event in the good man's life, this long journey from his sleepy southern town to the far north—an event which excited the pathos of his wife's love and the wondering envy of his children. The little ones did not know much of its cause or object, but they gathered that "papa was going to bring cousin Faith back with him," and they rejoiced accordingly.

Faith fully understood what an effort his determination to give her the utmost of his counsel and consideration had cost her thrifty, home-abiding uncle. She arranged with Miss Milne that her own little chamber should be given up to receive him, while she herself would accept the kindly hospitality of the Cowies. There could be no thought of disturbing Denzil rather than herself. The sick in soul, like the sick in body, cannot join in the courtesies and sacrifices of life, lest they somehow suffer further loss.

Faith had time for consideration while she awaited her uncle's arrival. She knew quite well how he would regard Denzil's terrible shortcoming. She knew, too, that he would insist on strict equity in the money matters between her and her brother, and would require Denzil's little patrimony to make good Denzil's encroachments on her own

modest income. Exactly because Faith was loving and devoted and willing to give up all she had, if it might do any service, she was also just and far-seeing. It was one thing for her to be willing to give to Denzil, it was another to allow him recklessly to take from her; it was one thing to forgive him, and have patience with him and strive to help him up; it was quite another to condone his sins by screening him from their consequences. Faith had none of the false, maudlin sentiment which seeks to save its favourites from discovering, until they have gone very far on the downward road, that God's law is that the way of transgressors is hard.

How could she expect her uncle to consent to Denzil's ruining himself and her? She could see that her uncle had the utmost right to forbid and prevent it to the utmost—for was not he their next-of-kin, the one upon whom the world would thrust them in the day of disaster? It was Faith's way to concede full rights to those from whom she looked for any duty—as, indeed, is generally the way with those who in their own lives are more careful of duties than of rights.

Faith's plan was soon formed—a plan which she felt her uncle should not cancel, a plan, too, which, with reviving hope, she felt sure would call out all that was good in Denzil, and keep the remembrance of the past before him till its bitter memories were resolved into wholesome and well-disciplined habits. Not even to Madge Cowie did she whisper one word of this plan, but a brightness and resolution new born of it were shining in her face as she crossed the railway-platform and welcomed her uncle descending rather stiffly from the third-class compartment in which he had chosen to make his journey, on the plea that "it was quite as easy travelling as the stage coaches of his father's time."

(*To be continued.*)

SAUCES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

A GREAT French cook, Brillat Savarin, once said, "*On devient cuisinier, on naît saucier*," which, freely translated, means, "You may learn to cook, but it requires genius to make sauce." Another great Frenchman, often quoted—Talleyrand—said that "England was a country with twenty-four religions and one sauce"—melted butter. You will see, therefore, that people who understand the subject do not consider sauce-making very easy work. Nevertheless, we will do our best with it, and I daresay we shall be able to produce something which will satisfy our friends, even though we cannot boast either genius or infallibility.

You will understand that we are not talking now about gravy, but about sauces. Gravy is the juice of meat, but sauce is a liquid served with food to improve its flavour. Sauces are generally looked upon as rather elaborate preparations. Some of them are so, and exceedingly delicious into the bargain. All sorts of condiments and flavours enter into their preparation, and the result is the production of delicate combinations of unheard-of and far-fetched luxuries, which it requires the acquired taste of an epicure to appreciate, while no inquiries must be made about the cost thereof.

With sauces of this kind I must decline to have anything whatever to do. Let people who want them, and can afford to pay for them, engage professionals to make them. I would very much rather devote my energies to helping girls who are trying to prepare good, wholesome, and appetising sauce for their friends at a moderate cost. If only I can give a few hints which will prove of use to those who are doing this in perplexity and difficulty, I shall be quite satisfied in this direction; in fact, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain, and, as poor Artemus Ward said, I should not like to live in vain—I would rather live in London.

One reason why even moderate sauces are looked at with suspicion is, that the cooks who make them will prepare such a large quantity at a time. They will not be content with making enough and no more. I went to dine with a friend the other day, and four of us sat down to dinner. Amongst other good things we had roast fowls, bread sauce, and the ubiquitous melted butter. I am speaking within the mark when I say that there was not less than a pint of bread sauce and a pint and a quarter of melted butter. What a waste this was, both of time and material. Not a quarter of a pint of either sauce was used; but I could not help wondering what became of that which was sent downstairs. I have very little doubt that if we could have ascertained its ultimate destination, we should have discovered that it was thrown away. One or two experiences of this kind are enough to make any housekeeper avoid sauce.

It was so unnecessary, too. An ounce of butter, three-quarters of an ounce of flour, and half a pint of water would have made melted butter for twice the number of people, while three ounces of butter for the same measure of water would have been an ample allowance.

Then as to the method of making that melted butter. Now, I can fancy some one saying, "Surely you are not going to tell us how to make melted butter? We all know that." If you do, I apologise; but I beg to assure you that your knowledge is not universal. It is a very unusual thing to see well-made melted butter. It is our one English sauce, yet it is rarely properly prepared.

One would think that there was no room for variety of procedure with simple ingredients like those required here; yet I am merely stating a fact when I say that melted butter is seldom well made. At the risk, therefore, of saying what may be regarded as unnecessary, I must ask to be allowed to describe how I should make melted butter, if I were asked to do so.

I should take a small saucepan (not an iron one, for iron is not suited to the purpose), melt an ounce of butter in it, draw the pan to one side, and stir in three-quarters of an ounce of flour (remembering always that in making sauce we must take more butter than we do flour). I should beat the mixture with the back of a wooden spoon until it was quite smooth. Sauce with lumps in it is objectionable, and now is the time to dispose of the lumps. I should then pour in, gradually, half a pint of cold water, stirring the sauce all the time, and keep stirring it till it boiled, add a little salt and pepper or a grate of nutmeg if liked, let the sauce boil for three minutes, and it would be ready. The liquid should coat the spoon.

Sauce thus made is fairly good as it is. It would, however, be very considerably improved if a little cold butter were stirred into it off the fire just before it was served. The quantity of butter thus added at the last moment might vary according to the degree of richness required. It must be remembered, however, that the sauce should not boil after the cold butter is added, and that it should be put in at the last minute. Many cooks break up the butter into small pieces in order to make it melt quickly.

Melted butter is the basis of a great many sauces, and it is astonishing what variations may be introduced into it. A little lemon-juice or white wine vinegar may be added to it, or a tablespoonful of cream may be stirred in at the moment of serving. The addition of the yolk of one egg will convert it into sauce blanche—excellent for serving with cauliflower. If two or even three eggs are added with lemon-juice the sauce will be further improved. A dessertspoonful of washed and picked parsley, finely shred and thrown into melted butter, makes it into maître d'hotel sauce, suitable for boiled mutton or new potatoes boiled. Or chopped fennel, blanched and chopped tarragon, pickled shrimps, anchovy essence, bruised capers, onion pulp, chopped onion, hard-boiled eggs, or gherkins finely minced, may be stirred in, and the melted butter will thus be converted into fennel, tarragon, shrimp, anchovy, caper, onion, egg, or a variety of *piquante* sauce. The addition of sugar, treacle, wine, or brandy will make it into sauce suitable for puddings. It must always be remembered that egg-yolk, cream, and chopped parsley should not boil in the sauce, they should be stirred in at the last moment; also, that white onion sauce should be made with milk instead of water. In brown onion sauce the onions are browned before being used.

When sauce is to be served with meat or fish, stock made of the trimmings should be substituted for the water. When it is practicable, it is always desirable to use even weak stock instead of water, because it contains more nourishment. Of course, brown stock is taken for brown sauces, and white stock for white sauces. When stock is used, it should be added very gradually. If hot stock were thrown in all at once, the sauce would be lumpy. Skim milk is frequently used instead of white stock in making white sauce, for economy's sake.

For the same reason—economy—dripping is occasionally used instead of butter in making sauce. If anyone feels inclined to look scornful on hearing this, I should like to remark that for every culinary purpose good dripping is to be preferred to bad butter. You may make excellent sauce with pure dripping; it is not possible to make sauce that will even pass muster with rancid butter. A smaller quantity of dripping than butter should be used, however, or the flavour of the sauce will not be good. Excellent fish sauce may be made by adding lemon-juice, parsley, and cream to melted butter. When cream is used, less butter is needed.

Brown sauce and white sauce are very favourite preparations, suited for a variety of dishes. Brown sauce may be made as follows:—Peel a shalot, or small onion, scrape half a moderate-sized carrot, remove the dark skin and dark stalk from three mushrooms; chop all finely. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, sprinkle an ounce of flour into it, and beat it to prevent it forming into lumps. Pour in gradually half a pint of brown stock, stirring all the time; then add the vegetables, a bay leaf, and a sprig of thyme. Draw the pan back, and let the sauce simmer for twenty minutes. Add pepper and salt, and two table-

spoonfuls of Harvey's sauce; strain and serve. If the vegetables are allowed to "sweat" in butter—that is, fry gently without discolouring—they will yield their flavour better.

The flavour of this brown sauce may be varied in accordance with not only the taste of the maker, but the contents of the store closet, care being taken always to make it suited to the meat it is to accompany. Thus a little celery may be substituted for the mushrooms, and a slice of turnip may be added, or lemon-peel, parsley, or a bunch of sweet herbs may be introduced. A slice of lean ham is a valuable flavouring ingredient. Some cooks think that good brown sauce cannot be made without ham, and there is a story told of a cook who, having to prepare a little supper for a prince, ordered fifty hams, only one of which was to go to table; the rest were to be used in making sauces. Chopped pickle or chopped oysters will also give piquancy to a sauce. Essence of anchovy, too, is a valuable flavourer. A very small quantity, not enough to suggest its own taste, may be put into other than fish sauces, because anchovy possesses the property of bringing out other flavours. Wine and made sauces, such as Harvey, ketchup, or Worcester sauce, are also frequently added, but these should be introduced very judiciously, because a really good sauce should taste of something else than ketchup.

Sometimes the sauce looks very well, but it is not sufficiently brown. Drab brown sauce should never be sent to table; it is enough to spoil anyone's appetite. There are various ways of supplying colour to brown sauce. Roux, or a mixture of flour and butter browned together over the fire, is employed, as are also burnt onions, browning, and even burnt sugar. To my mind the most convenient preparation which can be procured is the "Pastilles Carpentier." It is sold in tins, to be bought of any grocer, and will keep any length of time. A tin costing fivepence will supply colour for a great many dishes.

It will be understood, therefore, that what is called Espagnol (Spanish), or brown sauce is merely good stock well flavoured with vegetables, and made thick and brown.

White sauce is another celebrated French sauce; indeed, brown sauce and white sauce, or, in other words, Espagnol and Veloutée, may be said to be to the French what melted butter is to the English—the foundation of many others. Béchamel, Allemand or German, Dutch or Hollandais, poulette, oyster, celery, and many other sauces are made from white sauce. It consists of rich white stock delicately flavoured and mixed with cream, eggs, or whatever else is its distinctive ingredient.

White sauce is less frequently well-made than brown sauce, but the following recipe will, I think, be found excellent. *White Sauce.*—Prepare and chop small two ounces of lean ham; melt two ounces of butter in a stewpan, throw in the ham, and let it fry gently, not discolour. Sprinkle an ounce and a half of flour over, and beat till smooth. Add gradually a pint of white stock, two small carrots, and six button mushrooms, stir the sauce till it boils; draw the pan back, and simmer gently till thick. Remove the fat from the sauce as it rises, strain it through a "tammy," and add last of all a gill of cream and a few drops of lemon-juice.

Perhaps I had better say in explanation that superior sauces are best made perfectly smooth by being passed through a "tammy" or loose cloth especially manufactured for the purpose. The cloth should be laid over a basin, and the sauce poured upon it. The cloth should then be folded over to hold the sauce securely; one person should take it up at one end and another at the opposite end, and then the two operators should twist their ends different ways so as to squeeze the liquid through. The cream may be added afterwards.

White sauce is frequently used to *coat* fowls, &c., that is, it is made very thick, and then laid gently over to cover the meat entirely. Sauce to be used thus should be stiff, so that it will not run off the meat; therefore it is made either with stock that is so strong that it jellies when cold, or with stock in which a little gelatine has been dissolved.

Plain white sauce may be made with some of the liquor in which fowls or rabbits have been boiled, if a little carrot and onion, three or four peppercorns, and a small piece of mace or lemon peel be simmered in it till it is pleasantly flavoured. It should then be strained, skimmed, reduced—that is, boiled down quickly till the required quantity only remains—thickened, and mixed with cream. Sauce is made stronger and better by being well reduced. If you want to have good sauces, reduce them well.

Bread sauce is a very great favourite in English homes. To make it, prepare about an ounce and a half of bread-crumbs by rubbing stale bread through a wire sieve. Put these in a stewpan with half a pint of milk, add a little salt, and five or six peppercorns. Let the crumbs soak for a few minutes only, then put the stewpan on the fire, and stir the sauce till it boils. Remove the peppercorns, add a tablespoonful of cream, and serve. If liked, a small onion can be boiled with the bread-crumbs and removed with the peppercorns. Many people would consider it a great improvement. For variety's sake, a little nutmeg may be added to the sauce. When the sauce is wanted very good, the crumbs and onion, after being boiled in the milk, may be rubbed through a hair sieve.

It would, of course, be impossible in one article to give even an idea of the numerous sauces of everyday life. I have, therefore, contented myself with describing as clearly as I could how the "fundamental" sauces, those which are the foundation of others, are made. I have one more suggestion to offer with regard to them. It is, that when delicately-prepared sauces have to be kept hot for awhile, they should not be left to simmer in the saucepan, as this would spoil them, but that, instead, the vessel in which they are should be placed in another containing hot water to the depth of four or five inches. This hot water vessel will constitute an improvised *bain marie*. It may be put by the side of the fire, and here the sauce can be kept hot till wanted without fear of its flavour being injured by overheating.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

BY DORA HOPE.

WHEN Margaret first came to live in London there were two or three things she was afraid would happen to her. The one most firmly impressed upon her mind was a fear lest she should be poisoned through drinking bad water. She was firmly convinced that people who lived in towns never had any pure water, and she had read so much about the thousands of living creatures which inhabit a single drop, that she made herself quite nervous, and was determined that whatever else might be neglected, the filtering of the water should be carefully attended to. Accordingly, one of her first purchases after they were settled down in their new house had been a filter. This had answered very well at first, and would have done well always had she continued to attend to it herself, but after she left it to the care of the servant it was very often forgotten, and when water was wanted for the table, or for the bedroom water-bottles, the filter would be empty. As her husband quite agreed with her as to its importance, and knew what very serious diseases are caused by drinking it when impure, he had a filter fitted into the cistern, so that no water could be used in the house without passing through it. This filter was hired by the year from one of the best makers, who cleaned it when necessary, and kept it in good order. Margaret was careful to keep the cistern clean by emptying it frequently, letting one of the taps run at night till the water had all run out, and turning it on again for a short time in the morning when the water was coming in, so preventing any sediment from collecting at the bottom of the cistern. To ensure the water used at table being perfectly pure, it was run again through the ordinary filter.

Another of Margaret's "fads," as Wilfred laughingly called them, though in truth he quite agreed with her, was, that having been accustomed to a country life, and always having a plentiful supply of fruit and vegetables, they would never be healthy unless they had what a certain class of Americans call "green-sass" at about every meal. Accordingly, besides the usual supply of fresh or stewed fruit, there were always on the table either lettuces, watercress, fresh tomatoes, or something of that nature for breakfast and luncheon, and either the same or a nicely mixed salad for dinner.

They were both rather fastidious about the mixing of these salads, and they were not very successful at first, till Margaret found that the only way to get good oil, the most important item in the whole salad, was to go to a large shop where there was a very quick sale, as in any poor shops where the sale of oil was slow and it was consequently kept some time in stock, it had almost invariably a *slight unpleasant* taste. Then she found, too, that she could buy all those varieties of small herbs, which are such an improvement to French salads, by ordering them through a good greengrocer. One pennyworth of each of as many varieties of salad herbs as could be got was her usual order, and this quantity was sufficient for several dressings. As for the other ingredients, she used just whatever was convenient, and so had a constant variety. She always kept a large jar containing about a gallon of water, with a pound and a half of salt in it, into which to dip the lettuce and other leaves, to cleanse them from insects, letting them lie for some time in fresh water afterwards. Her

one rule in the mixing was the Spanish advice to salad dressers, "Be a miser with the vinegar, a spendthrift with the oil, and a prudent man with the salt."

Fresh tomatoes, which formed a very favourite dish with them both, were dressed by each according to taste, usually with brown sugar, oil, mustard, and a little vinegar. Margaret generally ate them plain, without any dressing, but Wilfred preferred to cut them open and spread this mixture inside.

The first year after Margaret was married mushrooms were unusually plentiful, so she laid in a stock and dried them for winter use, thinking they would preserve their flavour better, and so be more useful than those bought in tins. The operation of drying was very simple. They were peeled, the stems cut off, arranged on baking tins, and dried slowly in the oven. When done they were put away in tins in a dry cupboard, and when wanted for use put into cold gravy, and gently simmered till tender. The stalks and skins helped to make mushroom ketchup.

"My dear cousin," said Will Colville, one Sunday, when, having walked home with Wilfred and Margaret from church, they had asked him in to dinner with them, "I am quite aware that it is the height of ill-breeding to make remarks about one's entertainment, but I should like to ask how you reconcile a sumptuous repast like this with your conscientious scruples about Sunday labour?"

"Oh, Will, excuse me, but your remark only confirms my opinion that the lords of the creation are very much out of their element when they approach domestic topics."

"But it was only the other day I heard you speak in a tone of the most righteous indignation of those villains who have elaborate dinners on Sundays, so that the poor servants have no chance of going to church and that sort of thing; and yet here is a repast which must certainly have kept your maids at home this morning, if it did not involve their sitting up a good part of last night into the bargain."

"Well, Will, I am glad you have mentioned it, since my inconsistency weighs on your mind; but what shall you say when I tell you that the whole establishment went out this morning, and that the dinner cooked itself during church time?"

The fact was, Margaret always carefully arranged her Sunday meals, so as to give the smallest possible amount of trouble. When the breakfast things were removed in the morning, the crumbs were carefully cleared off, and the table laid again for dinner. In the hot weather they very often had cold meat—a small joint of beef or lamb, cooked on Saturday, and left to get cold, uncut; but when they preferred hot meat, some kind was fixed upon which required no attention after it was once put down to the fire. For instance, a beefsteak and kidney pudding was made and put into the saucepan, and, as Dorcas expressed it, "set a-gallopin'." A steamer, for potatoes, was set on the top of the saucepan, and the potatoes put in it last thing before starting for church. With a good fire the pudding would keep boiling till they returned, and the dinner was as well cooked as if Dorcas had been there to attend to it.

Or a small shoulder of mutton, or piece of beef, with a good deal of fat, was put on the meat-stand in a baking tin, and a batter pudding, like a rather thick Yorkshire pudding, in the tin under it, so that the meat could drip on to the pudding. A few potatoes were peeled and left in cold water, ready to put on the fire to boil the moment Dorcas came in from church. In fact, there was no difficulty at all about arranging the dinner, so that all could go out, when once they had made up their minds to try it, for either boiled, baked, or roast could be easily managed. One of their most successful dinners was a sirloin of beef, put in the meat screen before the fire, with the potatoes and other vegetables prepared for boiling and ready to put on directly the servant came in. The puddings were easily arranged. Either one of the numerous boiled varieties or a baked milk pudding were generally provided hot, with cold pastry, jelly, custard, *blanc mange*, or anything else which could be made on Saturday.

As cream is very dear in London, Margaret used, as a substitute for it, when they were alone, to pour over fruit and puddings a little sweetened milk, with a teaspoonful of arrowroot, and a very little grated bitter almond mixed with it. This was just warmed over the fire and then left to get cold. It is much cheaper than custard, and makes a pleasant change.

On a lovely still day at the close of August, a number of friends of the Colvilles were embarking in small boats at Richmond for a picnic in honour of Elsie's twenty-first birthday. After an easy row of rather more than a hour, they arrived one after another at the spot chosen for a landing-place. There were Joanna and her husband, who had made arrangements to be in London for this important occasion, Dorothy Snow, who was always ready for an expedition of the kind, and was no mean oarswoman. Wilfred had declared it was impossible for him to be absent from business just then, when arrears of work left during his summer holiday had to be made up.

"It is no sort of use, Wilfred, your saying it is impossible to come," cried Elsie, who had a great liking for her cousin-in-law. "I shall come and interview the firm, and plead with them myself if you cannot touch their hearts."

Wilfred looked alarmed at this prospect, and promised to do his best, and was successful; for here he was, this bright afternoon, in a neat little craft with a small section of the party, pulling with long even strokes, which soon placed his boat ahead of the others.

The pleasant meal, a sort of tea-dinner, unlike some *al fresco* entertainments, was free from caterpillars, and also from vexatious omissions in the way of implements or viands. They took cold tea with them, and heated it in a kettle hung on a bent iron rod, which was driven firmly into the ground. A fire was made with a few of those squares, or wheels, of resinous wood, commonly called fire-lighters, and the whole affair passed off merrily.

When the repast was done, and the crockery packed away into the boats again, they set off for a ramble through the charming country which lay along the river bank.

By some accident Margaret missed the others, and wandered on alone till she should fall in with them again. As she strolled on through the silent glades the thought came into her mind that upon just such another occasion, four years ago, Wilfred had confessed his love to her. The little wood in which she walked ran down to the river side, and an old and crumbling wall was now its only boundary. Leaning her folded arms on the lichened stones, Margaret looked out across the water, her mind full of troubled thoughts. She had determined when they were married that, whatever griefs might lie before them, nothing should ever disturb their perfect confidence in one another, and now she had been deliberately deceiving him. Could it be right, she thought, to keep a promise which caused so much unhappiness to herself and, she feared, to her husband too? She leaned her head upon her hands, and gave herself up to sad reflections, which presently brought tears to her eyes.

Just at this moment she heard a voice calling, "Madge, Madge," and Wilfred stood beside her. He had soon missed her from the others, and though no one else had noticed her absence, had started off in search of her.

"Madge, my darling, what is the matter?" he cried, breaking through the bushes, as soon as he saw her, and running to her side.

"Nothing, nothing at all, indeed, Wilfred," she said, hastily wiping her eyes, and beginning to move away along the path by which she had come.

"Margaret, I entreat you to tell me what troubles you," he said, solemnly. "Things cannot go on as they have done lately; it is more than I can stand."

She said nothing, but stood looking out across the water.

"Something *is* the matter. Do you think I have not noticed how different you have been lately? What have I done that you should not trust me? Do you remember a day like this four years ago, Madge, and what happened then?" he went on, softly.

"Yes," she said, "I was thinking about it then."

"And that made you cry? Then I suppose that what I consider the happiest day in my life you look back upon as the most unhappy? It is a pity you did not know your own mind before it was too late to alter it," he said, bitterly; "it would have saved us both a world of trouble."

"Oh! no, no, Wilfred," she cried, imploringly, seizing his arm. "Do not say that, I beg of you. Do believe that I love you with all my heart, dear Wilfred, a thousand times better than I did then."

"Then, Madge, if that is true, why can you not trust me? It is no good pretending there is nothing the matter with you when everybody can see how miserable you look."

"But, Wilfred, it is not my own secret. If it was about myself I would tell you in a moment; but I have promised not to, and he will not let me off; and it is that that makes me so unhappy, to think I have been deceiving you for ever so long. I will never, never keep a secret from you again, Wilfred, for no one knows how miserable it has made me, but I cannot break my promise. Please, dear Wilfred, do not ask me any more."

"Certainly not," he replied coldly. "I do not wish to pry into your secrets, but I was not aware before that it was customary for wives to have confidants about whom their husbands might know nothing."

And they walked on in silence towards the boats, where the party were gradually reassembling. In contrast to Margaret's increasing distress was Tom's prosperity. He occupied a very low position at first, but his quiet industry and sharp cleverness soon won the notice and approbation of his employer, and he was speedily promoted. He lost his pale looks, and began to hold up his head and look his fellows boldly in the face. Still, with a stubborn pride, he avoided those districts where he was likely to meet Wilfred or his cousins, the Colvilles, and still held his sister to her promise. He would not for the world have knowingly injured her, whom, with one exception, he cared for more than any other human being; but he was absorbed in his own troubles, and for the time thought nothing of how his conduct affected any one else, quite forgetful of the fact that our lives are so interwoven with other people's, that the actions of even the most solitary man must more or less affect the happiness of others.

Mr. Colville still wandered about abroad, searching untiringly in every town which he thought might have offered any possible attraction to his lost son; while the warm-hearted and impulsive Dick wrote constantly, suggesting all manner of impossible ways of finding him, and enclosing affectionate, school-boy-like epistles to be given to Tom if he had been found.

(*To be continued.*)

"IN THE CLOUDS."

FEW of us, young or old, are without some love of pictures, and we may be thankful for the abundant supply given in Nature's picture-gallery. It is true we need the "observing eye," or we shall fail to discover them; but with a little attention and imagination there will be found gratification for all tastes.

Snow-clad mountains, standing like guardians around the placid lake, or piled up in endless succession until lost in the shadowy distance; wide blue seas dotted with islands, bold rocks, dark frowning precipices overhanging gloomy ravines, castle-crowned peaks—all these for the lover of the picturesque; grotesque forms of men and animals for the humorously inclined; phantom forms or winged angels for those whose fancy lends itself most readily to picture the unknown; whilst glorious hues of crimson, gold, and purple in varying tints of loveliness unsurpassed on earth make the veriest fairy-scene of our pictures in cloudland!

Shall we try then to learn just a little of the history and doings of these marvellous messengers from God?—for such indeed are all His works—and great will be the loss if we neglect to give heed to them!

May I venture to ask you to turn your attention earthward, to something very commonplace? From cloudland to a tea-kettle! What a descent! Yet no easier illustration of the formation of a cloud can I give you than that oft-used one, the steam issuing from the spout of a kettle of boiling water.

Water, like everything else, is formed of atoms held together by the power of cohesion, by which the particles are drawn towards and cling to each other. When these get heated they are inclined to part, and at last begin to fly out of the spout; directly, however, they get into cooler air they are chilled, and again they draw together, thus producing the steam, which, if we catch some of it in a cold glass or cup, we shall see return to water as it gets cooler. A process very similar to this takes place in the making of a cloud.

You may, perhaps, remember that in a talk we had together about a sunbeam, we found that besides the tiny waves that form the light there are others larger and invisible, ranged at the side of the red waves—namely, those of heat, which come to earth less quickly than the rays of light, but are not so liable to be turned aside from their straight course. One of the many, many tasks they have to perform is that of drawing up invisible watery vapour from the earth—from seas, rivers, lakes, ice, anywhere that water may be found. This vapour as it rises into cooler air gets chilled, and the atoms clinging more closely together form the mist and the damp fog. Of this vapour also the dew is composed. The earth takes in and retains a great amount of heat during the day, but sending it forth again at night, its waves come in contact with the cooler surface, and being chilled, its myriad miniature water-drops are scattered abroad, looking as though a shower of diamonds had fallen. These brilliants are more thickly clustered on some spots than on others; thus, we notice that the blades of grass are profusely bedecked with them, whilst the gravel path scarcely shows any signs of dew. This is caused by the grass having much less power of retaining the heat-waves, and so returning them more rapidly than the gravel, which parts with them very slowly.

But we must now begin to speak more especially of the clouds themselves. When the vapour which the sun's rays have drawn upwards gets caught amongst the air-atoms, it gathers them into those different graceful forms so familiar to us, the watery particles being sufficiently chilled to cling together in masses, and in this state they are carried over sea and land, travelling long distances, upborne by the winds and currents of air. At times they appear stationary, but in reality there is always some change taking place amongst their atoms. As the clouds are wafted along they meet with various vicissitudes, productive of different important results. Upon their journey it may be they rest themselves awhile upon some cold mountain-top, and the chilled particles drawing nearer to each other form into rain-drops, and becoming too heavy for the air to hold up, they fall in rain. Or, perhaps, their way takes them through a very cold wind, or they meet with other currents of air laden with moisture, and the accumulation of vapour is too great for the atmosphere to sustain, when a similar result follows. Should it so happen that when the rain-drops are *already formed* they pass into an extremely cold air which freezes them, they fall in hail; but if this occurs whilst the vapour is still in the form of invisible gas—the atoms of which have no power, or very little, of cohesion—they become the little six-sided or pointed crystals called snow, and make a winter mantle to keep mother earth and her plant children warm.

Thus have we traced our clouds from earth to sky and back again, a perpetual busy round, each tiny atom doing its own little share faithfully and well, without which the great work would fail. Has not one well said, "It is but the littleness of men that seeth no greatness in trifles"?

ANNIE MINISTER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

ROBERT GUDNEY.—You should send your pictures to one of the exhibitions in a public gallery—such as the Dudley, the Society of British Artists, or the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street, or else take them to some picture-dealer's and have a personal interview with the proprietor. A friend of ours, a young lady, came up from the country some time ago and took hers to various places herself, and obtained orders and sales of what she had done—acting on our advice. There is nothing to hinder a man from doing the same, and possibly with equal success.

ADDY IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—A notice of the mediums required for painting on satin and silk, used with water-colours, is given at page 479, vol. iii. Nothing is required afterwards if the painting be properly done.

MARGARET A. M. — There is a School of Wood Engraving at 124, Kennington-park-road. Girls over sixteen are eligible. Drawing on wood and engraving on wood are generally performed by different people.

G. F. M.—Apply for information on both subjects to the Lady Superintendent (Miss Truelock), National Art Training School, South Kensington, S.W.

WORK.

A GRANDMOTHER and A CONSTANT READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—We are glad you find the gutta-percha needles so agreeable to work with for your poor rheumatism. We believe they can be bought at any good fancy shop; we got ours at Hogg's, 29, Goodge-street, London, W., together with the gutta-percha crochet-hook. Failing sight generally finds them delightful for white and light-coloured work, but for dark colours we should recommend the white bone needles, also made without knobs, of any of the sizes corresponding with the steel ones.

FLORENTIA. — Every pattern being carefully worked before describing, no thorough mistake could occur. A chance omission, or misplacing of stops, only might happen in the copy. You state so clearly your difficulty that at once your error is manifest. In the 3rd row you are told, purl 1 and knit 2 together three times—*i.e.*, purl 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 2 together, purl 1, knit 2 together, which takes nine stitches in all. Instead of that, you have worked only seven, viz., purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 2 together, knit 2 together; hence you have lost two stitches, of which you complain. Why did not such a methodical girl read the particulars more carefully, and in the event of any hesitation try both ways?

MARY. — The pattern you send is the "workhouse sheeting," which we have often mentioned. The cheapest appears to be the best in this case.

ALPHA.—We regret that we cannot help you. As we have often said before, home-work is the most difficult to procure of all employment. Much can be done by determination, however, and you might find some kind of needlework that would sell to the shops if you made inquiries.

JUCIE.—We think you had better dispose of the hat as it is, or else put it away until you go out of mourning.

MRS. BROWN. — Many thanks for the information. Samplers do not, however, appear to date much further back than the 16th and 17th centuries in England, and it seems likely that all the older specimens have perished.

CHERRIE. — Thread a large needle with strong, but fine twine, and string your stamps on it until you have a sufficient length. The head and tail are then fastened on.

THISTLEDOWN.—We have constantly told our correspondents that the secret of retaining the colour and appearance of flowers and leaves lies in the constant changing of the paper in which they are placed, and the careful application of the weight, gradually increasing it day by day.

OIKOS.—We do not understand the people in the shops being ignorant of "workhouse sheeting," but should have thought the thick, coarse twilled yellowish cotton-material was known to all men. The price is from 1s. to 1s. 2d. per yard, we think.

WORCESTER SAUCE.—Cut out the satin to the size of the fan, leaving a small turning all round. Then, beginning in the centre of the top and at either side of the handle, make a small firm stitch to hold the satin straight. After this you can secure the two edges together after turning-in the rough edge with pins, and oversew it neatly with silk of the colour.

ETTIE.—The size of the needles will depend on the coarseness or fineness of the cotton. Perhaps Strutt's No. 12 cotton and No. 14 needles would answer. Your writing is legible, but not very pretty.

A BUCHAN LASSIE.—The monthly parts of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can now be forwarded to any of the Continental countries, to the United States, and to Canada, for two pence each part. Address the order for the magazine to the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., enclosing the money to prepay both the magazine and the postage. If you are in any doubt, the exact sum for the latter can be ascertained at a post-office.

FREENA.—1. We are much gratified by the warm terms in which you are so good as to express your own and your husband's approbation of our magazine, and we also thank you for the information you give on the subject of dyeing black dresses some other colour. We have already given the experience of one or two correspondents on the subject, who appear to think the experiment proved successful in the cases to which they refer. 2. The articles promised will appear in their due turn for publication; but articles have to lie by sometimes for months before that time comes round.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Before taking the work from the frame, make some very stiff clear paste and put over the back of the work, then cover with tissue-paper and allow it to dry thoroughly. After taking the work from the frame you can take some of the paper off. Be careful not to make the work too wet. "Lady Betty" wool will be the best to use for your scarf. It will not be too thick.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOROTHY ALGER.—The two examinations are of much the same degree of difficulty. Several countries produce jasper. It was known in Greece at a very early period, and the great seal of the Emperor of China is said to be made of it. The Gospel according to St. Mark is said, by universal tradition, to have been written by him under the dictation of St. Peter. See Eadie's "Bible Cyclopædia," page 422.

LIZZIE.—The cheapest place to get the books would be a second-hand bookstall. You might get a History of England, and a geography, to begin with. Read "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii.

TOM PINCH.—Send for the foreign catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. In it you will find the names of some very nice French story books.

WALLY RUSH.—We think your poetical compositions in English are quite wonderful for so young a girl

and a foreigner, especially one who has never even visited England. We advise you to continue your compositions by all means.

FINETTA.—We do not think you could give your daily governess less than £1 per week, if, as you say, she could find no other engagement in the town. We do not see how you could pay her "by the day;" in such a case the idea seems unreasonable. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." Do not be too hard and grasping.

A. POWELL. — If you wish to read works of fiction have you read Sir Walter Scott's? Those that are historical, and give an idea of the habits and events of former times and countries, are the best worth the time taken in such a recreation. Have you read any of the late Professor Smith's works on his researches in the East, which proved so confirmatory of all the old biblical history? or "The Land and the Book" (the Holy Land)? or Stephens' researches in Central America? If you wish to have your mind elevated, and to derive good from the studies of your leisure hours, we should rather recommend those works that deal with such subjects; the scientific, the historical, archæological, and those that deal with natural history, physical geography, &c. If you send for the general list of books published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, you would find some works that would prove as useful as entertaining.

L. C. R.—For information about Correspondence Classes, write, enclosing a stamped envelope, to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay.

MARY WALKER and ESTELLE ROSSMORE.—We think your handwriting quite good enough for any situation of the kind. You had better write for further advice to the secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

MUSIC.

INQUISITIVE. — 1. Write to the National Training School for Music, Kensington Gore, London, S.W. You may be able to procure teaching there free of cost. We cannot recommend books published by other firms. Inquire at a music seller's. 2. We are sorry to hear of your great suffering from toothache and neuralgia. As Medicus promised an article on the subject in next month's magazine, we hope he will not disappoint you. Neuralgia is frequently produced by the condition of some tooth, and the teeth are often affected by the state of the stomach and digestive organs. Pay attention to these possible origins of your troubles.

SIGNORA HIABELLA FRANGERINI. — *Ten.* means in music both *tenore*, the tenor voice, and *tenuto*, held out, kept down, or sustained the full time. We advise you to apply to Messrs. Novello and Co. for information.

ELSIE.—There are several students' homes for young ladies in London, the weekly expenses varying from 15s. to 33s.—Russell House, Russell-square, W.C., Brunswick House, Brunswick-square, W.C. A home also at South Wimbledon, the Hon. Sec. being Miss Bennett, charge 35s. Lessons from a good master would be easily obtained by the lesson, or by the quarter, 7s. 6d., 10s., and 21s., according to arrangement.

E. S. B.—*Saccade* means a firm pressure of the violin bow against the strings, enabling the player to produce two, three, or four notes at one stroke. *Sommesso* is an Italian word, and means "submissive," "humble."

EDITH MAY.—We should think you would be informed of your success in the examination through the published list of candidates. Consult the "Syllabus" for information.

GABRIELLE.—Miss Lindsay has set some of Longfellow's songs, and so has Blockley. If the gentleman be a stranger, or an aged man, she had better rise, otherwise there is no necessity for so doing.

BUTTERCUP.—Read "How to Improve the Voice," by Miss Mary Davies, page 409, vol. i., and follow her directions. We do not think it of much consequence which word you use.

WATFORD LASSIE.—You will find the hymn in the oratorio of the "Martyr of Antioch."

AMATEUR VOCALIST.—The syllables, *ut, re, me, fa, sol, la*, are said to have been taken, by Guido, from the commencing words of a Latin hymn to St. John the Baptist, *ut queant laxis* for his system of solmisation. *Ut* was afterwards changed to *do*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NANETTE ARNOLD.—There are forty named species of the tobacco plant, but there are only eight cultivated, the two principal varieties being known under the names of Orouokoo and sweet-scented tobacco. There is an extraordinary difference between the American and the German, Dutch, French, Manilla, and Havanna tobacco, the various kinds depending not only on the variety of the seed, but on the soil and cultivation. Your plant is probably the sweet-scented tobacco.

JUNO.—The stamp is of no value, so far as we know, but if you are near a stamp-collector you might inquire if he knows of any private collection of the kind, and perhaps the owner might give you a few pence for them.

AMY MARY WEBB.—There is evidently a lack of air in your aquarium. Read "Our Aquarium at the Seaside," page 531, vol. i., and find out where yours is in fault.

SNOWDROP.—Moles have been much admired, and are called "beauty spots" in some countries. Do not worry yourself about them, and by all means leave them alone.

GARIBALDI, SWEET SEVENTEEN, and OTHERS.—It would be better to obtain the printed rules for lawn tennis, which would give every information on these disputed points, as the questions require explanations too long to be given here. The handwriting of "Sweet Seventeen" is excellent, and we thank her for her kind letter. Who said that she was "sweet"?

ELSINORE.—We are sorry that we cannot return your "compositions," but think you should have taken a copy of them before sending them to us. We cannot help you with regard to the quotation, which is too fragmentary.

A. D.—"They also serve who only stand and wait" is from the sonnet by Milton on his blindness.

L. J.—The goat-skin rug is evidently improperly cured. Make a strong solution of alum and water, and rub over the back, not on the fur; let it dry in the sun, and rub it to soften it with your hands, if hard. This may perhaps prove satisfactory. We have read your letter with much interest and pleasure. May we have many more such from equally good and industrious daughters.

WANTED.—"The Land and the Book," by Thomson, would be a great assistance to you. Also "The Temple," by Dr. Edersheim, price 5s., and the "Bible Handbook," 5s., both published at 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. From any of these books you could draw fresh, interesting lessons.

THE REWARD OF PATIENCE.

LITTLE DAISY.—The martyrdom of St. Peter is a matter of tradition, which says that he suffered at Rome about the year 65 A.D., under Nero, the Roman emperor, being crucified with his head downwards.

YNNAF.—Strong tea is said to take the white mark from the necks of water bottles. You are right as to the origin of the custom you mention.

LIVE AND LEARN.—Ariel was enslaved to the witch Sycorax, who overtasked him, and in punishment for not doing what was beyond his power shut him up in a pine-rift for twelve years. When Sycorax died, Ariel became the slave of Caliban, who tortured him cruelly. But he was liberated by Prospero. See Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

MINNIE E.—We cannot inform you, nor can anyone else. Read "Summer Drinks," page 547, vol. ii.

ENSIGN.—The meaning of the name "Annie" is "grace." It is the same as Hannah.

VICTORIA BUS.—Read "Coughs and Colds," at page 702, vol. iii.

PERCY FURNIVALL.—Use a little lemon-juice or a piece of pumice-stone, and they will make your fingers quite clean.

MUSK.—During the moulting time birds should be carefully protected from draughts and bad smells. The diet also should be liberal, a little hard-boiled egg being added to the usual food, and the cage should be occasionally placed in the sun.

STUPID ONE.—The bristles of hair brushes may be made stiffer by soaking them in a little alum and water. We should think that the use of dumb-bells, if not too heavy, might do you good, as far as the stooping is concerned.

MARIAN S.—We advise you to purchase some insecticide powder, either English or French, from a chemist.

H. O. C. LA.—You had better purchase the powder; there is nothing to be gained by making it yourself. A little lemon-juice may perhaps remove your freckles. Consult our indices about them.

LILAC.—We could not give you a remedy unless we knew the cause of your trouble. You had better consult a doctor, as the origin is probably indigestion. Your writing is neat.

TRUE TO MY WORD.—The post-office annuities or Government security offer an excellent way of saving money. A person putting in 8d. a week, between the ages of 19 and 60, would secure a pension of 5s. a week for the rest of his or her life. The papers concerning these annuities can be obtained at any post-office. The "S.S. collar" is said by Meyrick to be the initial letter of Henry IV. when Earl of Derby (Souveraigne), but as many conjectures have been made on the subject as would fill a volume.

H. E.—We know of nothing else, except doing as an eccentric friend of ours did—*i.e.*, picking the slugs off the strawberry beds and garden walks by night, supplied with a lantern and a basket. The writing is too large and coarse to be pretty.

M. M. G. S.—Brown, and all kinds and shades of grey, seem to be fashionable this season. We think that 16½ years of age is far too young for a girl to "come out," and also that she would be too inexperienced to be trusted with the management of £100 a year for any purpose.

HEARTEASE.—The lines are from a poem by Longfellow, "On the River Charles." Do not attempt to cure any young girl of innocent sentimentality; hardness and lack of romance come soon enough in life. Good books, high thoughts, and tender leading will do all that is needful at such an early age.

SOVEREIGN. — It has no value beyond its intrinsic worth.

KISMET.—The address of the St. John's Ambulance Association is St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

IGNORANCE.—You have our warmest sympathy in your trouble. Thank you for so kind a letter. Your handwriting is very legible.

BOADICEA. — Bathing with a little weak alum and water occasionally may help you. Alum, being an astringent, tends to close the pores of the skin.

LITTLE HISTORIAN writes to tell us that "She considers THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is under very bad management, for she has written to us and received no reply." She wishes to know what we think of her writing, for she has "just turned thirteen, and it does not seem to improve." Alas! that writing does not improve, like good wine, with age, but requires both painstaking and thought to better it. 2. If we go back to first causes, we shall probably blame the witches primarily for the murder of King Duncan, for their prophecy was certainly the temptation to it. If you read scene 3, act i., carefully, beginning at "Two truths are told," you will find the suggestion of the witches expressed in words.

TRAVELLER.—Quite proper; ladies of that age may go together with safety and ease. Take as little luggage as possible; one dress beside your travelling dress being quite enough. Many prefer a half-worn black silk to any other material, and with a light tweed waterproofed ulster and a dust-cloak to protect them they would not take any other dress for the time. Washing is done with great rapidity at the hotels, and the more you reduce your travelling impedimenta the more you will enjoy your summer holiday.

DENISE HAMILTON.—Such a tale would not be an original one, as it would be founded on one written by another person. The 3rd September, 1864, was a Saturday.

BLUE RIBBON.—"The Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would give you full directions.

MABELLE.—We should think you were suffering from a weak digestion. Leave off beer, keep your feet and hands warm, and sit perfectly quiet for at least half-an-hour, or, still better, for an hour after dinner, eat slowly, and if not better, consult a doctor as to your state.

A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—We think the hymn from which you misquote the two last lines will be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," No. 259, new edition.

A. M. H.—You must give notice of your marriage in both cases to the Post Office and the Building Society, and they will tell you the proper steps to take to register in your own name for your separate use. We do not see why you should make a secret of it, if you are going to marry an honest and honourable man.

AN ARTIST.—We will remember your wishes, but we think that many good cookery-books contain hints on carving. It is better to use water-colours on vellum with a little prepared oxgall.

ATHANEE DE MORTIMAR.—The kilt-plaiting round the skirt might be of the darkest shade of the red which you are using for the flower. We do not know what flower the design represents, unless it be a very much enlarged jasmine.

GERALDINE S.—We will look for the poem from which you quote, but as it is not from one of the standard writers it may take some time to find it, if even that may be done.

EURYDICE OF THE WOODS is thanked for the information she gives (which we have already supplied); and still more so for writing so kindly and telling us that the "Grandmamma appreciates our paper as much as the young people."

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.
Author of
"The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER CHANCE.

"IT is so good of you to come!" Faith said, as she took her uncle's arm. "And you must have had such a weary journey!"

"No fear of me," he answered, cheerily; "I've been ashamed of myself for enjoying it so well, in spite of thoughts of you. And has anything new happened since that sad letter you wrote me?"

"No, uncle," Faith replied. "Of course, Denzil is very miserable. He does not say much. Naturally he thinks there is not much use in repetition of the regret and repentance he showed at New Year tide, though they might be much more sincere now."

Faith's recent anguish concerning her brother had had one curious effect—it had made her entirely forget that the remorse and repentance he had shown at that earlier date had not then altogether satisfied her.

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"SHE CLASPED HER HANDS ABOUT HER UNCLE'S ARM."

"His one safety is to be put into constant and strictly-regulated employment, which will leave him scarcely any leisure or energy to waste," observed Mr. Alleyne. "There are one or two of my friends who might be induced to take him into their offices or warehouses, and to keep an eye on him."

"It is so dreadful to think that his own life may suffer for these early follies!" said Faith; "he is only eighteen."

"Many lives have to suffer far more than his life will, and for faults not their own," rejoined Mr. Alleyne, rather sternly. In youth he had had his own wishes for an university education, and stern necessity had forbidden the accomplishment of his desire.

"I know that," Faith assented, very timidly; "but each of us can only think of what is best to be done for those within reach."

"But what is best is not always what seems pleasantest for them to take or for us to give," returned Mr. Alleyne. "I tell you at once, Faith, that I shall not consent to Denzil's robbing you in any form. He really owes you his maintenance during the last seven months, and I shall treat this as a debt against his portion. That will, at the offset, leave him scarcely enough to complete his course, even if from this day he kept to thrifty courses and to hard work, and so passed his examinations in proper rotation. And there is no use in laying out the future on the basis of such wild hopes as I fear these are. We must face facts."

That was Faith's own determination. She had felt the bitterness of her recent disappointment so keenly that she was ready to face the gloomiest outlook rather than be disappointed again. Perhaps she was the more courageous because her new plan, if she might only succeed in working it out, could bring them to the haven where she wished them to be, in spite of much disheartenment and delay.

"I think we must not now expect Denzil to pass his examinations in proper rotation," she said, gently, "for I fear he has lost his time so far, and therefore is behind in the race already."

"Of course, of course," assented her uncle, rather puzzled by her calm admission of the fact. "So he could only go on by preying upon you still further. It must not be thought of for a moment."

"But if my money could be repaid to me, and the supply kept up without my losing anything, you would not see any reason why we should not give Denzil at least one more chance?" said Faith. She tried to speak very quietly and steadily, but her voice shook with restrained eagerness.

Her uncle began to suspect something.

"It might alter the case," he said, judicially, "but I am not sure it would alter it for Denzil's good. It may be well for us all that we need not take into consideration what we should do under circumstances which do not exist."

"It is a terrible thing for a lad to make a false start at the beginning of his career," pleaded Faith; "it is apt to give him a sense of shame and defeat, and so to chill and dull his efforts for the future."

"Denzil has made a false start already," decided Mr. Alleyne. "That is done, and we cannot undo it."

"Ah, but I mean a false start in the sense of not being allowed to try again," pleaded Faith; "a false start seems to be annulled altogether if one may return to the starting-point and run well the second time."

"The second time!" echoed Mr. Alleyne. "Did not Denzil get a second time at the New Year?"

"Well, then, the third time!" cried Faith. "You know, the song has it, 'Try, try, try again!'"

She clasped her hands about her uncle's arm and looked up into his face. There was a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes.

"Now, Faithie," said her uncle, "you have clearly got some scheme of your own for the benefit of this scapegrace brother of yours. What is it? Out with it!"

The girlish hands clung deprecating about his strong arm. The girlish head was humbly bowed.

"I know somebody who is just about to advertise for an English daily governess," she faltered. "They will give forty pounds a year, and I think they will take me!"

Her uncle was silent for a moment.

"Let me do it!" she pleaded. "Let me do this for Denzil! Father and mother are gone, and there are only we two together in the world. Let me do it!"

"Faithie, child, I have no right to hinder you," said her uncle. "And Denzil must be a heartless scamp if this does not take a hold of him for good. But I approve of your doing it, chiefly for your own sake, for as you've once seen your way to it, you'd never rest content unless you did it. You are your father's daughter, Faith. May God bless you and give you the desire of your heart!"

As Mr. Alleyne's visit was necessarily a very short one, all explanations and instructions had to be made and received as quickly as possible. Faith, who well knew how few and far between had been the vacations of her uncle's life, could not help bewailing to herself, and once or twice audibly, the dreariness of this one. She and her uncle both suffered for Denzil more probably than he suffered for himself. They scarcely knew how to bear the weight of shame which it seemed to them must oppress him.

Because Faith was so determined to stand between Denzil and the last and direst consequences of his wickedness and folly, her uncle was the more resolved that their lesser consequences — and those, too, most likely to be deterrent — should be allowed their full course. Faith henceforth was to have the sole keeping of the purse, all bills were to be directed to her, and Denzil was to forego all society which she could not share.

"Is not that almost too much to require?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"It ought not to be required," replied her uncle, promptly, "for it ought to be quite voluntary on Denzil's part—and no great sacrifice either; except for a little comradeship with his fellow students, in which we certainly cannot trust him now, he should never have dreamed of going his way and leaving you to go yours."

Faith felt herself fortunate in being able, during her uncle's visit, to secure her hoped-for engagement as governess.

It was in the family of a Captain Gordon, a younger brother of Miss Gordon's father. She had often seen the captain and his wife in her visits to the Murrays' house, but she did not find that this degree of acquaintanceship made her professional arrangements any easier. Miss Alleyne, the pretty, graceful, complimented English visitor, was not recognised in Miss Alleyne, the aspirant teacher.

Faith could scarcely refrain a sad smile to hear what different criticisms her best drawings evoked, compared with those which had been bestowed on slight designs which she made, as an amateur, for the Misses Murray's needlework and china painting. It seemed to her, too, as if in conversation more pitying or half-contemptuous allusion was made to women "who had to toil for their bread." Perhaps it was only that this had not so much struck her before. And the little Gordons, who used to run to greet and kiss her, now called her "the governess," and were not at all glad to see her. It was only as time passed on that she discovered that women, who did not know what personal economy or industry was, now considered themselves competent and entitled to criticise her expenditure and advise on the arrangement of her time, for was she not a woman "doomed to toil for her livelihood"? Faith half smiled to notice how they seemed to think themselves exempt from the universal fate—the merciful fate assigned by a wise Providence for the discipline of humanity—"in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread," though it did seem to her, when she noticed their *ennui*, and discontent, and restlessness, that they had chosen the world's treadmill in place of God's sunny day-labour. And the most ready to regard her with a slighting pity or an irritating patronage were some women who not only would never have dreamed of taking up such a task as she had undertaken, but who were ever watchful to escape from any burden of responsibility, and to secure their own luxuries and idleness at the cost of anybody, however reluctant. For the good old word "lady"—"the giver"—which may be won by every honest woman who enriches the life about her, as the bees do their hive, is now shamefully perverted into "the taker," and shamelessly seized by gentle paupers preying on the well-being of the community like moths on a garment.

But these things did not hurt Faith very much. She felt their pricks, to be sure, but she felt them with some of that interest and curiosity with which on entering a strange country we feel the stings of insects to which the natives are

quite accustomed, and which we will soon know how to guard against, and cease to heed. Was Faith "strong-minded"? What a pity that phrase has grown to signify a spirit which is not sweet or lovable; for surely its opposite, "weak-minded," is no virtue, and is apt to be terribly oppressive and cruel! If to lose all thought of self in a sisterly service, a high purpose, and a devoted love is to be "strong-minded," then we fear poor Faith must plead guilty. And we suspect this is the only womanly strong-mindedness which wears well and does real duty.

Perhaps Faith felt all these things less because she had some very real troubles and sorrows. It was found necessary that she and Miss Milne should part, not because Miss Milne's patience failed, nor because she was not anxious to second Faith in her last strong endeavour for Denzil's good. But the new and larger house which Miss Milne took was further out of town, and nearer the old cathedral than the former one had been, while Mr. Alleyne advised Faith that now it might be better to keep Denzil as near as possible to his class-rooms, both for the saving of time and the averting of any excuse for wandering about. Faith's own daily engagement, too, lay actually across the whole town, in the suburbs on its southern side, so that if they had remained living in the same quarter, she would have had nearly double the walk which Denzil had been used to have.

So the change had to be made, and Faith felt it very like a second going away from home. She had grown attached to the narrow rooms, and the homely kitchen, and the "sunset over the kitchen garden," to say nothing of Miss Milne herself. But then if she had been able to keep with Miss Milne she must still have left these. And though an end had come to what the great Saint Augustine aptly calls "the dear and sweet habit of living together," Faith knew she still had Miss Milne as a sure friend and a trusty ally. Faith schooled herself to remember that if she and Denzil had not had to make changes themselves, change would still have come to them. Not only change of house, but change of inmate, too. For Robert Finlay was going away, though he might return next winter, "if," as he said, "Miss Milne has a room for me." To which remark Miss Milne gave no answer but a knowing wag of her head. Robert's college course would not be complete till next year, but the classes which he had to attend did not sit in the summer, and he could prepare for them anywhere as well as in a university town, and so he had got a situation as tutor in a family living on an island in the western Highlands, having preferred this appointment to one or two more tempting in a pecuniary sense, because it offered the best prospect of a quiet life, and no distractions from study except his daily duty to his pupils.

"That's aye the way," commented Miss Milne; "those who are least likely to yield to temptations are aye keenest to avoid 'em."

Faith could not bear to own to herself how much she should miss Robert. She had seen him in his hour of anguish; she had been strengthened by the sight of his patience and fortitude; he had stood beside her in her own day of pain and misery for Denzil's sake; his face had grown a "kenned" face, that had always a kindly look for her; he was one of the first beings who had come into her life and her heart after the desolation of her father's death. If only he had been her brother!—though not instead of Denzil, poor Denzil!

As for Robert himself, he did not utter a single word of regret concerning his departure, but neither did he breathe one of self-gratulation on his release from academic rule, and his first step into practical life. He seemed only intent on doing the duties and speaking the words which would give most satisfaction to everybody during those parting days.

Woman-like, Faith longed for his opinion of Denzil's position, and for any encouragement or hope which he might hold out to her. Yet, somehow, a sense of sisterly loyalty and pride held her back. Robert seemed to guess her feeling, for on the very last evening before he started he responded to her unspoken wish.

"You must not get disheartened about your brother," he said; "no, not though for a long time he does not seem to throw any enthusiasm into his work, or into other matters which are good. He has been through a great deal of baneful excitement like a fever, and we know that these too speedy signs of strength are not always the surest. You have secured him leisure and peace in which to come to his true self. In fact, you must never get disheartened about Denzil," he added; "never, let happen what may; for things may come right at last, in ways we can't reckon on. Look at Miss Milne's friend, poor old Mr. Monteith!—it was early middle-age with him before he steadied himself."

Poor old Mr. Monteith! For one moment Faith felt an angry pang at being invited to see consolation concerning Denzil in such a stranded, helpless wreck as he was. But in the next moment her sweet nature recognised the justice and true kindness of the remark. All that Denzil still was, Mr. Monteith had been—aye, and better born and more highly gifted—and those who had once loved Mr. Monteith as she loved Denzil would at last have been well content to hope that he should be so safely and harmlessly stranded as he was now.

It struck Faith that no severest condemnation or commination could have conveyed such a warning to Denzil as the quarter whence they were driven to turn for hope and consolation concerning him.

"I only wish Denzil could get a friend of the right sort," she said, forlornly.

"He might not like such yet," Robert answered, kindly. "He might imagine an inequality in the friendship and resent it. He will see nothing to resent in your sisterly affection, and it will prepare the way for his accepting friendship of similar tendency by-and-by. Some of the old temptations are removed at any rate. Since he left at the vacation Edgar Cheney has not returned to college."

"How is that?" asked Faith, looking up, with surprised interest.

"Nobody knows," said Robert.

"And Marcus Drummond?" Faith went on, "is he still here? Or what is he doing?"

"He is still here," answered Mr. Finlay, "but nobody sees much of him. There is some most unlucky gossip about him, but whether it is true or not cannot be ascertained. Unfortunately his own word cannot be taken, especially while some of his actions belie it. I think it has not been the worst side of his character which has led him astray. Marcus Drummond was meant for better things," he added, kindly.

"But if the evil have gone," said Faith, "the good are going; for I am sure you have been a true friend to Denzil, as he will appreciate some day."

A faint flush tinged Robert Finlay's pale cheek. "Oh, but I shall come back," he said, "and you will always hear of me."

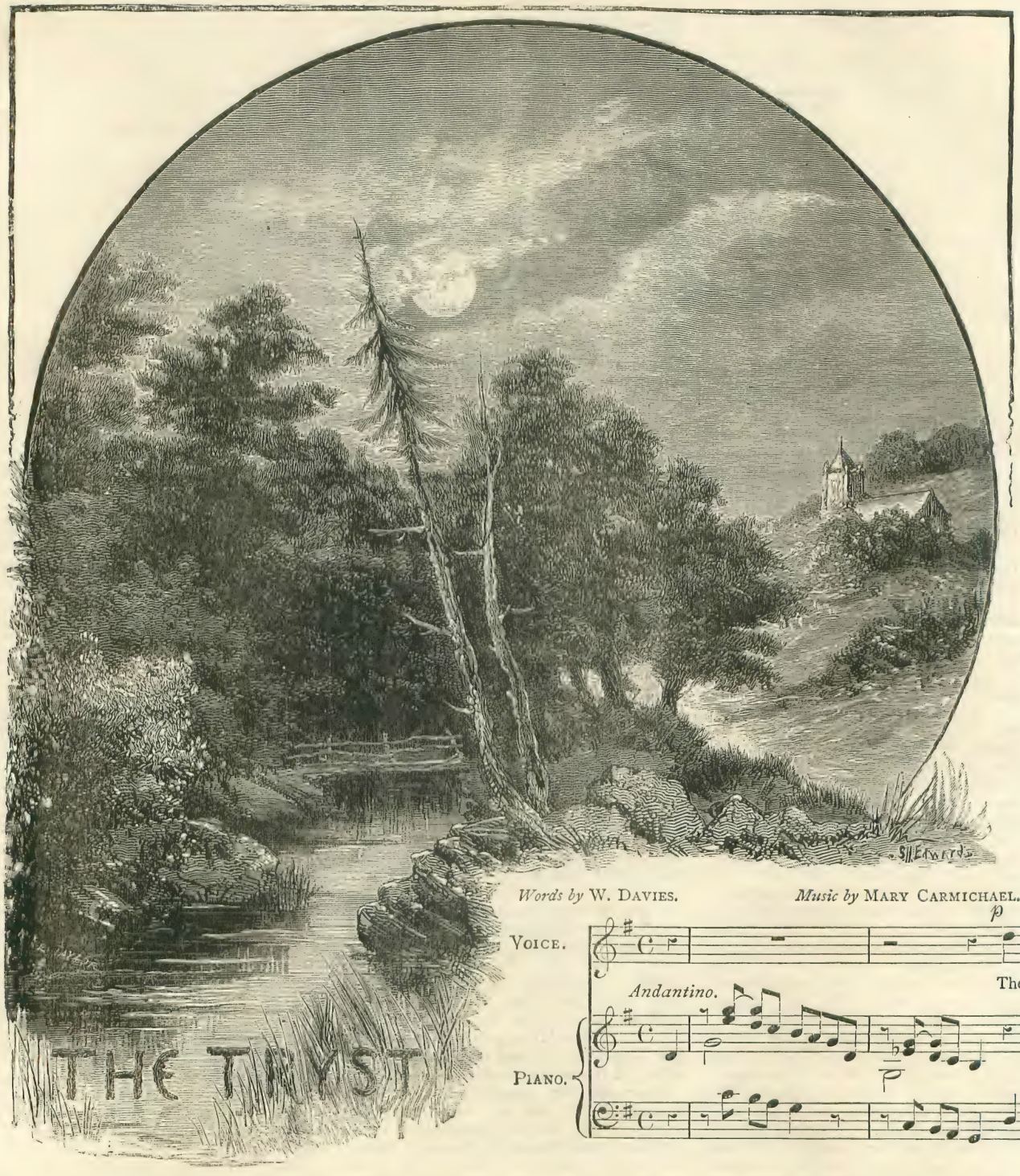
"I hope we shall," Faith answered, quietly.

"I shall write at once when I reach Scravaig, and tell you of my safe arrival," he said. "May I? And if Miss Milne wants any advice concerning her new house, or anything of that sort, you understand, will you be sure to let me know?"

Faith promised. So they parted, for those were their last words together. The final good-bye was said next morning in great haste, in the presence of Miss Milne, and of two or three friendly students who had come to escort Robert to the station.

And when he was gone Faith went up to her bedroom, and kneeled down by her little bed. No words of prayer came to her lips, but there is a time when we instinctively fall on our knees. It is when we feel ourselves alone with God.

(To be continued.)



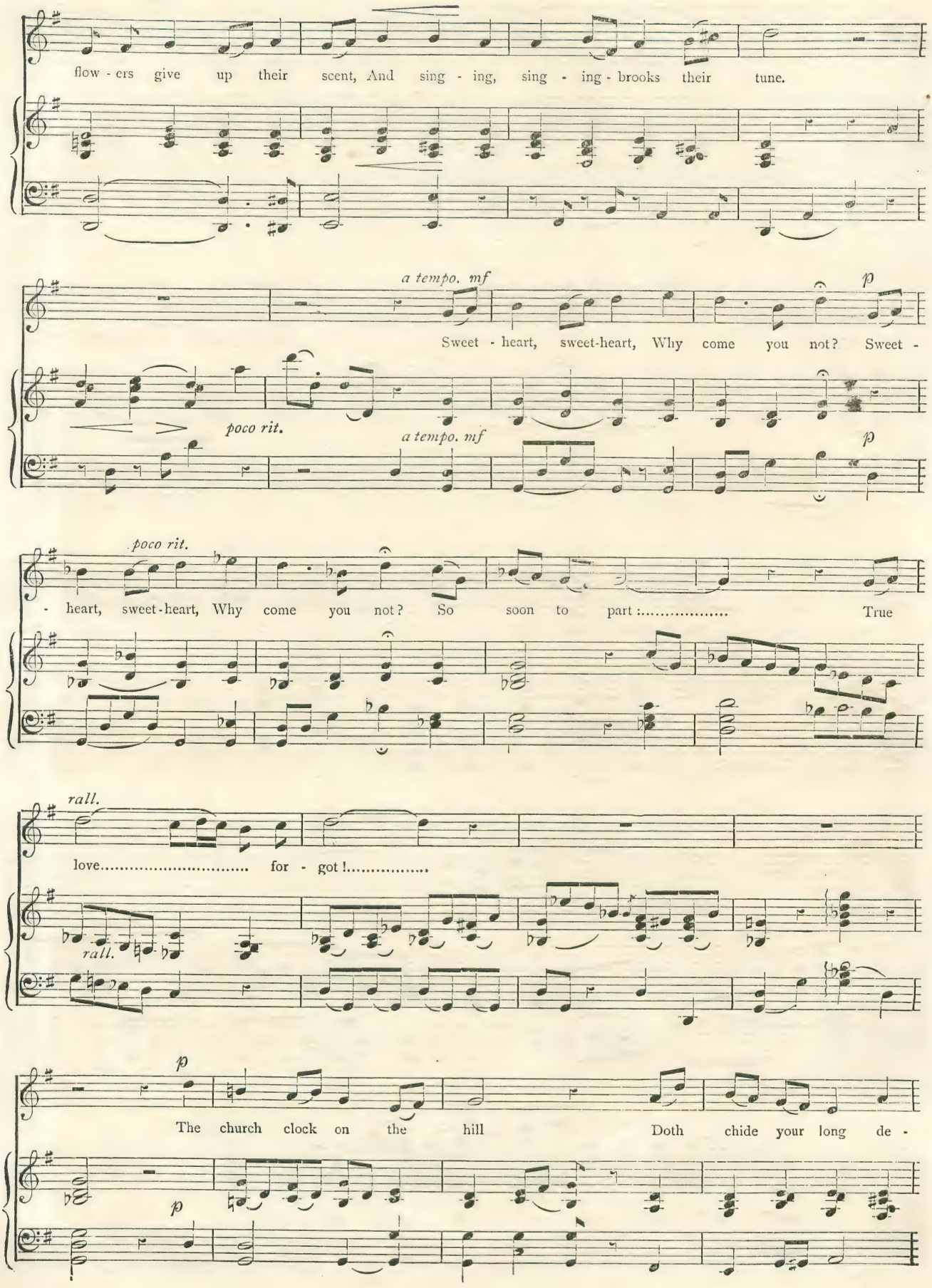
Words by W. DAVIES. *Music by* MARY CARMICHAEL.

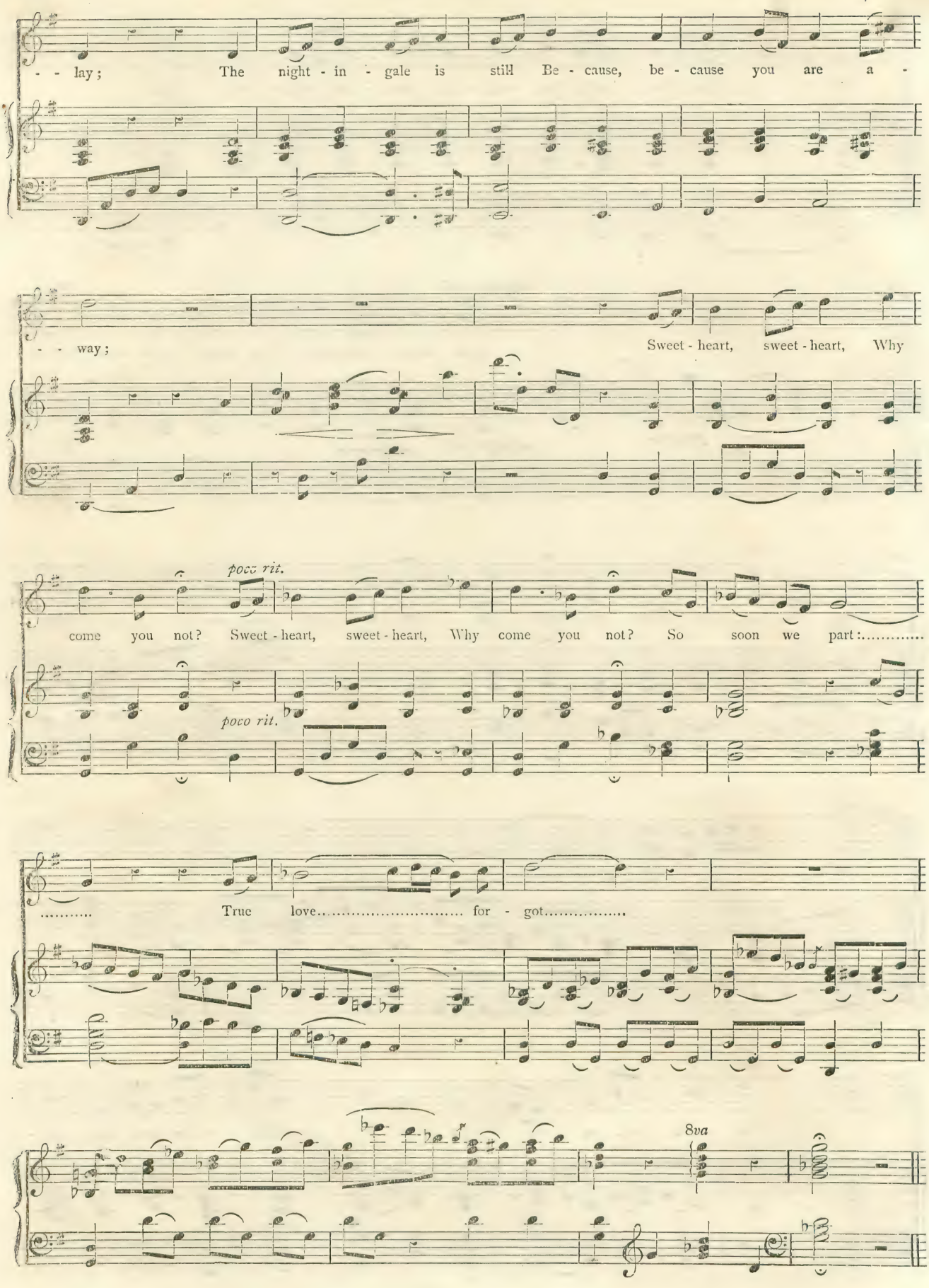
VOICE. PIANO.

p

Andantino.

The earth now doth pre - sent Her beau - ty to the moon; Sweet


flow - ers give up their scent, And sing - ing, sing - ing - brooks their tune.
a tempo. mf
p
Sweet - heart, sweet-heart, Why come you not? Sweet -
poco rit.
a tempo. mf
p
poco rit.
- heart, sweet-heart, Why come you not? So soon to part :..... True
rall.
love..... for - got !.....
rall.
p
The church clock on the hill Doth chide your long de -
p


- - lay; The night - in - gale is still Be - cause, be - cause you are a -
- - way; Sweet - heart, sweet - heart, Why
poco rit.
come you not? Sweet - heart, sweet - heart, Why come you not? So soon we part:.....
poco rit.
..... True love..... for - got.....
8va

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Section Ninth: The Siskin and Canary.

"Who could mere transient beauty prize
Above melodious art?
Bright plumage still may charm the eyes,
But song affects the heart.

Thy charming strains do doubly please
And more my bosom move,
Since innocence attunes those lays,
Inspired by joy and love."

SUMMER has fled. Far too soon, many of us no doubt think. The brightness has faded from the flowers, the green is already dying on the trees, leaves begin to fall, and from the woods, from the copse, and the forest there rings no longer forth the joyous melody of birds. But the mellow mavis comes closer now to human habitations, and it will have gone hard indeed with him, if we miss sight of his speckled breast as he hops on the lawn, or his sweet song as he perches on the leafless rose trees, from now till springtime comes again.

Listen. What happy, gleesome lilt is that? Ah! how well we know the voice! It is the robin's. He has been playing at peep-bo with us among the laurels for the last half-hour, but now he comes boldly forth on to the garden walk. He becks and bobs to us in quite a friendly way.

"Here I am once more," he seems to say. "Come back for the winter months. But oh! what a pleasant time I have had of it in the woods. And now, if you please, you may throw out the crumbs every day as you used to; it will be quite like old times again, and I'll sit and sing to you, aye, even when the powdery snow is on the lawn, and every other bird is obliged to curl up to keep his toes from freezing."

You will thank the bonnie wee bird, and promise faithfully to supply him with crumbs; for what lawn would be complete without a robin, and how dreary would the winter be without his song!

Indoors, though, you doubtless have a pet of some kind—if not one of the many beautiful birds I have been writing about for some months past, perhaps it is a siskin or a canary.

The siskin is sometimes called the Aberdevine, and sometimes the Scotch canary, because it prefers building its nest among the pine trees of the North, to breeding down here in merry England. Its bright plumage of yellow, siskin-green and black is very taking. It is a bright, happy little bird, too, always singing and twittering, except when asleep or paying attention to its seed box. The siskin, indeed, is on excellent terms with itself, but is nevertheless very affectionate, and becomes quite attached to its owner. The bird is usually to be found in most of the bird shops, being, as a rule, imported into this country from Germany. It has been known to breed in confinement.

It eats the usual seeds, the staple being canary, with lint and a little hempseed. It is a bird I can highly recommend to girls as a pet.

From siskin to canary the transition is easy.

I have as yet written about no foreign birds, but I do not look upon the canary as an alien by any means, and so I treat of it here. Canaries are so common now in this country, and so altogether charming and nice, that everyone ought to know how they should be caged and fed, in order to keep them in health and song.

There are so many different kinds of canaries that it is difficult to advise which to have. But if you take a walk through a bird shop you will be able to pick and choose for yourself, or, what is better still, take, if possible, someone with you who knows a likely bird. At all events, you must get a bird that is young, and one that will sing, else only disappointment will follow.

You must, however, prepare your pet's home and all his comforts ere ever you purchase him. About these I shall now say a few words, purposely leaving the subject of the breeding of canaries alone, as entirely beside the mark, at present, at all events.

What kind of a cage should your canary have? At the shops you will find a dozen different sorts to choose from, and you can suit you fancy; only do not, I pray you, let elegance and beauty of workmanship be considered before size and utility. A bird must have room, and the old-fashioned oblong cage, made of wood and wire, is often to be preferred to the gaudily painted domicile made of wire and tin.

The former generally has a long drawer for the seed, and this does very well, so long as it is kept perfectly clean. If there is no drawer, then a seed hopper will be required. The ordinary wooden, sloping, glass-topped hopper, hung on outside the cage, does very well. The glass top is a great convenience, because you can see when it needs replenishing or cleansing, and the bird has not so much chance of scattering the seed about, to the detriment of the carpet beneath or the furniture on either side.

Water is supplied to the bird either in tins hooked on outside the cage or in glass fountains. The best kind is the conical glass fountain, the little trough of which goes inside the cage.

These are all the utensils necessary for the bird, but you must see that the perches in the cage are thick enough, and that they are securely fastened. They ought to be so thick that the canary can get a good grasp of them, and so be able to rest in comfort.

Water.—This must be given to your pet every morning fresh and pure. Make it a habit to supply the wants of your bird previous to sitting down to your own breakfast, so will

"—— good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

Filtered rainwater is better for a canary than that procured from well or spring.

Canaries not only need water to drink, but for bathing purposes as well. The bath may be given once a day in the forenoon in summer, and twice or thrice a week in winter. For many reasons it is as well not to place the saucer in the cage, but on the floor, when you may put down the cage and then open the door for your favourite to hop out and splash away at its own sweet will.

Food.—How to feed a canary so successfully that it will be always bright and cheerful, is a question that has been, and continues to be, much argued. For my own part I have always found those birds thrive the best that were plainly fed, and had dainties given to them with a sparing hand. As a staple of diet, therefore, I advise canary and rape seed. Both should be of the best, and procured at a food shop. They usually go by the names of black and white birdseed. They should both be clean and free from grit and dust, the canary seed being thick and wholesome-looking, with a good gloss on it. Buy them separately, and keep them so in two dry, clean, well-corked pickle bottles, and supply them to the bird in the proportion of two or three of canary to one of rape seed. There is no doubt that a change of diet is good for all animals, so you may now and then—say once or twice a week—give your bird a little hard-boiled yolk of egg, mixed with a morsel of grated milk biscuit, and just a suspicion of cayenne pepper by way of a whet to the appetite.

Green food should be given sparingly whenever procurable, especially in summer. The kinds they prefer are groundsel, watercress, chickweed, lettuce leaf, or young dandelion leaves.

A tiny scrap of stale bread, with the butter spread very thinly over it, may be given occasionally by way of a treat if the bird will look upon it in that light, and a morsel of sugar may be placed between the bars of the cage, but beyond this give no luxuries. *If you feed* your pet in this way, it will live to be a comfort to you for many, many years.

I have in a previous paper spoken about birds in moult. It is during that critical time that they require the egg and bread or biscuit crumb most, and great care should be taken to keep them warm and comfortable, and free from draughts.

Not only should you see that your canary has plenty of food and fresh water every morning, but that the cage is properly cleaned. It does not require washing very often, perhaps, but whenever it is so treated, it should be rendered perfectly dry before the bird is restored to it. The seed hopper should be frequently washed, and the water fountain rinsed out every morning. After the cage is cleared out and freed from dust, the remains of yesterday's green food, and filth of every kind, some nice dry sea sand should be placed on the floor of it. The bird will not retain health else.

Fresh Air and Sunshine.—The more cleanly the room in which the cage is hung the better will the bird thrive. A canary never does well in a close, badly ventilated apartment. There is nothing like fresh air for bird or beast. So open doors and windows wide for some portion of every day. But do not hang the cage right in the draught. A sunshine bath is very good for a canary. It should be given with discretion, however, and the whole of the cage should not be exposed at one time to the rays of the sun, but part of it covered with a cloth, so that the little songster may have the chance to retire into the shade when so minded.

A canary comes in time to be very fond of its cage, but that is no reason that it should be constantly confined therein. On the contrary, the more freedom it gets the better; it will thus be able to obtain exercise and be healthier on that account. Birds that get plenty of exercise beyond the doors of their cages become very tame and most affectionate, and may easily be taught many pretty tricks.

Never hang the bird's cage too high up in a room where either paraffin or gas is burning; it is most prejudicial to the health. The steam of water is also injurious to canary life, and I have known of birds being killed by being hung near a washtub.

If the cage is kept perfectly clean, insects or vermin will never congregate in it, but it is as well now and then to damp the woodwork with tincture of quassia. A little morsel of camphor, rolled in tissue paper, may also be hung in the cage, or flowers of sulphur dusted into the seams.

TOO LATE.

By REGINALD BARNETT.

I HAD a heart to give, and gave it whole—
  A little, fluttering heart made up of sighs,
But I mistook for jewels in the soul
  What were mere jewels set in human eyes.

(Drawn by Arthur Hopkins.)

Now, like some pagan who from Christian learns
  The teachings of the One Faith and One Truth,
No longer from my heart the incense burns
  In honour of the idol of my youth.

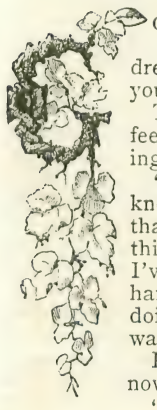
And in the whirling waters of my grief
  I cling to duty as my saving plank;
But bitter are the waves of lost belief,
  And oh! so desolate their boundless blank!

The locket that I chose because it shone,
  And placed against my heart with happy thrill,
Has proved base metal: all its gloss has gone—
  Yet though 'tis tarnished I must wear it still!

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl, &c

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*



"Go away, Ted, go away," she sobbed. "Oh! you dreadful boy, whatever will you do next?"

Ted jumped up on to his feet again, his face flushing indignantly.

"Well, Kats, I don't know what you mean by that. I've been doing nothing bad to-day anyhow; I've been working away as hard as if I were a man, at doing something that papa wants done."

Kate sprang up again now.

"Wants done!" she exclaimed. "Papa wants this done that you have been doing, you mean to say you think, Ted?"

She flourished her hands with a grand air of disdain and despair towards all the four quarters of the room, and Ted, turning about as his sister did, for the first time took in the whole scene of confusion. The confidence of his expression faded, and gave way to a quickly deepening one of helpless dismay.

"I didn't know that I'd got quite such a big muddle about," he muttered at last. "But you know, Kats, it has taken an awfully little time to make, so it can't take long to put to rights again, especially if you'll help me."

"Help," repeated Kate, mechanically. She had seated herself on the floor again, looking over a fresh heap of volumes that Ted's heedless feet had just tumbled into a mixed muddle.

"Here is papa's pet Elzevir with the back broken, and the title-page a mass of dust smudges. Oh! Ted, Ted, what will you do next, I wonder—whatever will you do next?"

Ted gave a practical answer to the question.

"Put these books back in their places, I suppose," he sighed, rather disconsolately. "I wonder what the treat was you were going to give me, Kats?"

Kate had forgotten her afternoon's engagement in her consternation at the condition of her father's library.

"Ah!" she said, when thus reminded of it by Ted. "I wonder if you are to be trusted to run over to Florence Elmslie, to tell her that we cannot come to her to-day; she is expecting us to tea?"

"Oh—h—h!" ejaculated Ted, with a lengthened face, and an accent of the most vivid sorrow.

He knew the treat now for which he had been working with such misapplied zeal, and he knew also—every instant of the past five minutes had made him comprehend it more—that he and his sister had no time to spare that day for going out, thanks to his recent handiwork.

"Can't the servants——" he began once. But he interrupted himself in the middle of that question, for he quickly recollected its uselessness.

Cook and the parlourmaid, two sisters, had gone out together for a day's holiday, and the raw, half-taught young housemaid, Ann, had never yet been admitted into her master's precious library, even to sweep or dust it, much less to lay hands on one of the books.

"What were you going to do with the books—make a bonfire of them?" asked Kate at length, with a grim little attempt at a smile.

But Ted felt no inclination to smile back in return, as he replied—

"I told you, Kattie, I was going to make papa an inventory."

"A catalogue I suppose you mean?"

"I don't know. The man at the sea-side house last year told mamma he'd made an inventory of the books there."

Four o'clock struck at this point in the discussion, and taking that dreadfully dirty little brother of hers into the kitchen, to be washed and dusted enough to go through the streets without attracting the wondering notice of all the other dirty and clean little boys in the town, she despatched him to the Elmslies, and then, with the additional company of horror-stricken Ann, and a whole armful of dusters, she returned to that most deplorable-looking, dust-darkened library.

"Oh, miss!" ejaculated Ann, as she entered the usually jealously-guarded room. "Oh, miss, whatever will master say, and whatever will Master Ned do next!"

"What, indeed!" sighed Kate, as she began to gather up the volumes, and make some attempt to restore them to their right places.

CHAPTER IV.

"IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH."

THINGS look so different to different people, and under different circumstances. When Kate Carmett entered the library in search of her brother, a little after half-past three o'clock, she thought it looked the most dismal, disheartening spectacle she had ever beheld; when Florence Elmslie entered it at half-past four, hand in hand with Ted, she said cheerfully, and with a merry light in her grey eyes—

"What fun!"

"'What fun,' do you call it," said Kate, wearily. "I call it very, very good and kind of you to come over and help us in our misery, but I certainly don't think that a spoilt afternoon has any fun in it."

Poor, vexed, anxious, worried, disappointed Kate spoke so dolefully that Ted was quite vanquished at last. He drew his hand from Miss Elmslie's, and stooped to hide his face by helping Ann to pick up the books he had scattered over the floor. Ted was soon the only really thoroughly miserable person in the room, for with her gay-hearted friend to help her, and with the gas and fire lighted, Kate began in no very long time to recover her own wonted happy temper, and to work with clever will at putting things to rights again.

After all, although it was popularly believed that Mr. Carmett loved his books next to his wife and children, still it was at any rate only next, and with a long interval between, so that, although there were half-a-dozen volumes with loosened covers, and two with torn pages and broken backs, there was very little chance that Mr. Carmett would condemn Master Ned to a week in the coal-cellar, or to a month of bread and water, or would visit Kate herself with very heavy displeasure for having left the small man long enough alone for the perpetration of this present bit of mischief.

And as for the dust and litter, the emergency brought out more quickness and ability from Ann than that underrated maiden had ever been supposed capable of attaining to if she lived to the age of Methuselah. By half-past six things began to look so very nearly shipshape again that Kate declared she and Miss Elmslie could finish the rest, and she accordingly despatched Ann to get tea ready for them all, and sent Ted off to put himself tidy in preparation for the meal.

Ted came up to her as she stood on the steps by the refilled shelves.

"Are you sure that I can't do anything more to help, Kattie—quite sure?"

"Quite sure, Ned. Run away, and give your hair a good brushing now."

"Yes, Kattie."

But still Ted lingered by the steps for a few moments until his sister came down. Then he whispered quickly—

"Give me a kiss, Kattie."

"Two if you like, you little bother of a boy," was the smiling answer, as the two kisses were bestowed.

"Poor little man, for once in his life he looks as solemn as a judge," said Kate, as the door closed behind him.

Miss Elmslie smiled.

"Yes, indeed. I never saw him look so thoroughly dejected in my life as when he came to tell me the scrape his eagerness to do something useful had got him into. But he'll wear a different face after tea, you'll see."

"Oh! he must," was the energetic answer. "I wouldn't have poor little, old Ted look dismal like that if I had to sit up all night to tell him tales to prevent it. Here, if you don't mind, I will leave you to work alone for a few minutes, while I run and hasten tea and get out some things we shall want. We are so much later than usual, that I daresay it is partly hunger makes him feel so miserable."

The library was in very tolerable order again now, and pity for the little culprit had become the strongest sentiment in his sister's mind. It was more for his sake than for the guest's that strawberry

jam, as well as marmalade, was placed upon the table, and a plateful of gingerbread-nuts added to one of cake. Meantime Ted's preparations for the meal were decidedly peculiar.

On reaching his own room little Carmett proceeded to give his face and hands a thorough good washing, and his hair a thorough good brushing, in obedience to his sister's injunctions; but then, those operations performed, he pulled his night shirt from under the pillow, and proceeded to undress himself ready for bed.

That business was performed even more quickly than the others had been, and then Ted dropped on his knees by his bedside, and with one sorrowful little sob blurted out—"Oh! dear. I do wish, please God, you would teach me how to do things to please people instead of to bother them. And bless dear old Kats, and make me a good boy——"

After that burst of impulsive prayer there was a short pause; Ted laid his cheek down for a few moments against the counterpane. The room was all in darkness; there was no one to see him if two or three tears did roll down his fresh washed cheeks. At last he got up from his knees with the muttered remark—

"Oh! well, I think that must do just now. I'll say my regular prayers after papa's come home."

And so with tear drops wetting his face, and a heart heavier than he had ever felt it in his life before, poor young, hungry, tired Ted put himself into bed two hours nearly before his usual bedtime, and without his tea. When that meal was ready, and Kate, and Florence Elmslie, with clean hands and faces ready for it too, the girls remarked with some surprise on the immense time it was taking Teddy to put himself tidy.

"He is in such a penitential mood that I suppose he is taking extra pains to make himself spick and span to please you," said Florence Elmslie, as she sat herself down on the hearthrug, and amused herself with turning the great wooden log about to make it sparkle.

Kate thought her friend's suggestion most likely a true one, but she considered he had had quite time to make himself the very pattern of neatness by now, and accordingly putting down the teapot she had just lifted to pour out the tea, she ran upstairs again to fetch him, calling him as she went.

But as in the afternoon, so now in the evening, her calls received no answers. She reached his door. It was shut. She knocked.

"Yes, Kattie," came a very grave young voice.

Kattie turned the handle, and looked in, or rather peered into the darkness. "Why, Neds, laddie, where are you? What are you about up here in the dark?"

"I'm in bed, Kats."

Kate Carmett had been coming forward towards the bed, or rather towards the point whence her brother's voice had come; but at that answer she stood still suddenly as if she had been struck. She clasped her hands tight. "Ned," she gasped scarcely above a whisper. "Ned, are you ill?"

The answer came quickly enough. "Ill! Oh, no, Kattie, of course not! Why, I never am ill, you know. But I've given you such a bad time to-day by thinking all wrong, when you'd been hoping to have a good one, that I thought just for once I'd put myself to bed and go without my tea, to see if I couldn't teach myself not to be quite such a bother of a boy another time. Are you there, Kats? — do you hear me?"

But Kats' answer was not so quick in coming as her brother's had been, for Kats was crying again. None of the Carmetts were as a family much given to crying. But the invasion and topsy-turvyness of the semi-sacred library, the long letter-writing business, and the loss of a pleasure she had been looking forward to for some days, had rather overtaxed Kate Carmett's self-restraint. Two hours ago, the sight of his sister in tears had overtaxed Ted's manliness, and this last self-inflicted punishment and confession was altogether too much for the sister's feelings. She fairly lifted the young penitent in her arms and sobbed over him.

"Oh, Teds, laddie, my dear, darling old Teds, how could you?" she stammered. "What a cross-patch of a sister I must have been to make you think of punishing yourself like this!"

"No, you weren't," contradicted Ted, sturdily. "You are a jolly old sister, and you couldn't be a cross-patch if you tried. And I expect I did a little bit remember that I hadn't better touch the library, though I did mean to please papa, for I know I did try to make the handle go softly when I first went in, and I haven't never shown you that big——"

But at that point the confession came to an end for the present, for there was a sound of carriage-wheels, and Kate flew downstairs to welcome her father and mother home, to explain the presence of the young guest, and the cause of Ned's absence from the scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Carmett had come home earlier than was intended, because Mr. Carmett had met a bachelor brother at their friend's house, and he had invited himself to return with them for a couple of days' visit. Under these circumstances a room must be got ready, sheets aired, and a fire lighted, and so Mrs. Carmett had brought herself and her companions back betimes, and it was not seven o'clock when Ted was sitting on his father's knee in the dark telling him the full, true, and particular account of that afternoon's proceedings, with the wind-up of his own self-inflicted punishment.

"And don't you think that was rather a good thought, papa, to make me think for another time?" he ended, anxiously.

And Mr. Carmett clasped his arm rather more tightly around his child as he replied—

"Yes, my boy, I think it was such a good thought, that I thank God for giving me a little son who can long so earnestly to walk in the right path. And now, my boy, suppose you pop yourself back into your clothes, and come and have some tea with us all?"

But as both mamma and Ted made objections for different reasons to that proposition, Mr. Carmett ended by bringing a tray for two up to the bedroom instead, and there for a while Uncle Edward joined them, and made better acquaintance with his godson and nephew than he had ever done before.

"Mind, William," he said on leaving, "when Kitty comes to me for her Christmas visit three weeks hence the youngster is to come with her."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Carmett. "What!" exclaimed Kate. Mrs. Carmett did not make a third to exclaim "What!" but she said gently—"Nay, Edward, indeed that cannot be. Teddy is a dear, good, honest-hearted little boy as ever lived, but he would be like a little bull in a china shop in your beautifully furnished, beautifully ordered home."

"If you don't send him you will put me to the trouble and annoyance of fetching him," said Uncle Edward. And with that resolute reply he said good-bye, and went.

(To be continued.)

REBEKAH;

OR, THE EASILY BESETTING SIN.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

ABOUT three years had passed after the death of Sarah when Abraham, feeling the infirmities of age press heavily upon him, sent for the eldest and most confidential servant of his house, that he might entrust him with the choice of a wife for Isaac.

This servant was most probably Eliezer, the Damascene. The lady must not be of the Canaanites, for the curse of future slavery rested upon them; neither must a worshipper of the true God be united to one who worshipped idols. Abraham, by the most solemn oath, bound his steward to go to his own country, Mesopotamia, where his brother Haran had settled, and where he had lived for some time with his father Terah. "Thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac."

The difficulty that Eliezer foresaw in this undertaking was one that must have presented itself to any ordinary mind.

"Peradventure the woman will not be willing?"

In that case what was to be done? Must the bridegroom-elect be brought back to the land of his fathers, that he might, like a certain hero of later days, speak to the maiden for himself?

To this Abraham would not consent. He assured his faithful servant that if the woman were not willing he would be clear of any further responsibility, but he did not apprehend such a consequence. He believed that his intentions concerning his son were in accordance with the Divine will, and that God would send His angel before Eliezer to prepare his way and to guide him to a right choice.

On hearing this Eliezer, who seems to have been deeply imbued with his master's reverent and pious spirit, raised no further objections, but set forth on his delicate enterprise in a manner worthy of its dignity and importance. He took ten camels of his master to carry his retinue and what was to be dowry for the bride—it being customary in those days to give a dowry and not to receive one—and he journeyed on until he came to Mesopotamia, and to the city of Nahor.

There by a well of water he made his camels to lie down. It was in the cool of the evening, and presently the maidens of the city would be leaving it and coming with their pitchers to draw water. He hoped that amongst them he might see one who should appear desirable as a wife for Isaac. But he did not trust in his own sagacity, or in his ability to read character. He knew that the wisest man may be mistaken in the outward appearance, and that only God can read the heart. Nor did he regard the errand on which he had come as one of mere chance. He believed that God saw him, that He knew why he was there, and that he had the interests of his master's house at heart. So while he waited for the event he prayed—prayed with a reverence and simple trust which we should all do well in our life concerns to imitate: "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray Thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham." And he asked that God would condescend to direct him by a sign. The sign was a very simple one, but the beauty of it was that it was natural, and that it furnished a sure test of the kindness of heart and the youthful activity of the young girl who should unconsciously furnish him with it. Some ignorant and presumptuous people have asked God to go out of His way, and guide them by the supernatural; but this is to tempt Providence. We must not expect to have decided for us what we may decide for ourselves by the use of the faculties God has given us.

Eliezer had not long to wait for the answer to his prayer. Almost while he was speaking a beautiful girl came in sight, whose grace and freedom of movement was in no way impeded by the pitcher which she carried on her shoulder.

Eliezer watched her as she went down to the well, filled it, and came up again. He wondered if this could be the maiden God had chosen to go back with him. He hoped it might be, but he had only to seek the sign he had asked for that he might be sure, and know also that a kind heart went with the face it was so pleasant to look upon. He ran therefore to meet her, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher."

Immediately the pitcher is removed from her head and held in her hand, while in terms of Eastern courtesy she makes him welcome to the draught

Then she thinks of the poor, tired camels, and in her bright, overflowing kindliness declares that she will draw for them till they can drink no more. Clearly she did not mind taking trouble, for though the camel can go for a long time without water, it drinks a great deal when it has the opportunity.

It seems strange that Eliezer should allow her to put her benevolent intentions into execution, but though he wonders at her he makes no proffer of assistance. He waits to see if she will do as she has said. She may have promised more than she has the will or the energy to perform. Enthusiastic people who give great promise of what they will do are not always the most reliable; but Rebekah kept at her fatiguing task right cheerily until the last camel had satisfied its thirst. Perhaps in her uneventful life many opportunities for refreshing and helping the stranger did not arise, and she was enjoying with keen relish the luxury of doing good.

But a great surprise awaited her.

This dignified, gently spoken man, who can so coolly look on while she waters his camels, approaches her, not to tender his thanks, but to put on her earrings and bracelets of great beauty and value.

As he did so he asked her who she was, and if there was room in her father's house for him and his attendants to lodge.

With all the confidingness that his age and appearance justified, and that is natural to youth and innocence, she assured him that he could be hospitably entertained at her mother's.

How it must have thrilled Eliezer's heart to learn that she was of the same family as that to which his master belonged!

With deepening respect he bowed to her, and then either silently, or with the outer signs of adoration, thanked the Lord for having so unmistakably prospered his errand.

Rebekah, learning that he was Abraham's servant, ran in surprise and delight to her mother to tell her of her strange adventure, and to bring to the spot her brother Laban, whose care it was to welcome Eliezer and to provide for his attendants and his camels. As in the whole transaction, Bethuel, Rebekah's father, does not appear, we may conclude that he was dead, and that his son Laban stood in his place as head of the family.

It is quite refreshing, now that steamboats and engines bring us all within such a short time of each other, to read of the joy with which Laban received his visitors as soon as he knew of their relation to Abraham. Emigrants, who, far away from their native land, meet with or hear tidings of some of the friends whom they have left behind, may have similar feelings; but they are not the feelings of every day, they cannot be called forth by the ordinary events of life.

The camels were unladed and disposed of for the night; water was brought to wash the feet of Eliezer and his men, an ample feast was spread before them ere there was an opportunity for Eliezer to deliver the extraordinary message that he bore to that house. Many would have delayed it still longer, but he was a man whose heart was fully set upon his business. It was his first concern. Though he was hungry, he could not eat until he had done his duty. So, resisting the kind importunity, he said, "I will not eat until I have told mine errand," and Laban, full of curiosity, no doubt, replied to him, "Speak on."

The manner in which he discharged his commission was in harmony with the character and conduct of the man. He told them who he was, and how God had blessed his master Abraham. He showed them his worldly prosperity, and that the son born to him in his old age was to be his heir. This he did to assure them from a worldly point of view of the young man's eligibility as a husband for Rebekah. He was also anxious to impress upon them the religious reasons which influenced his master to send among his own kindred for a wife for his son, and to convince them that it was by God's own hand Rebekah had been led to the well at that particular moment, where she was unconsciously to work out before his eyes the very sign for which he had entreated. As the mother and the brother listened to the simple recital, they became convinced that it was not for them to speak either for or against. They may have felt sorry to have Rebekah taken a long way from them, but they were not unwilling to bestow her in marriage upon Isaac, so the banns were published, and the parental sanction given by the emphatic declaration—

"Behold, Rebekah is before thee; take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken."

Again Eliezer worshipped the God whom he had acknowledged in all his ways that He might direct his steps. And now choicer gifts than the friendly tokens of respect Rebekah carried on her person were brought to view, and were offered, part of them to the bride, as her dowry, part to the mother and brother, in acknowledgment of the treasure they were bestowing upon Isaac. Among them were vessels and instruments of silver, costly changes of raiment, with exquisite fruits and delicacies.

Then the feast that had been spread was entered upon with all the rejoicings of a marriage supper. But they were not prolonged too far into the night, as Eliezer and his men wanted rest, and he had no idea of delaying his return. When the morning broke he arose and asked to be sent back to his master. In this he showed that he was mindful of the obligation he was under as a servant to use all possible despatch on any errand he might undertake; it also proved his consideration for the venerable patriarch who would feel with his son some anxiety as to the result of the journey.

But this haste did a little violence to the feelings of the mother and brother of the affianced bride. True, there were no anxieties as to trousseau, but they pleaded hard that she might stay with them for a few days, at the least ten. After that she might go.

Yet even to this very natural request of theirs Eliezer did not feel that he was at liberty to accede. He begged them not to hinder him, and to reconcile them to the abruptness with which the partings must be made, reminded them of the Providence whose leadings they had all discerned so far. A Providence

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind"

he might have said if he had had Pope to quote from.

Seeing that his mind was made up, they determined to refer the matter to Rebekah, who, to their inquiry as to whether or not she would go with Eliezer, replied at once that she would.

Rebekah must have had no little decision of character. She had confidence in the staid and courteous stranger with whom she had made acquaintance at the well. She believed that it was God who was calling her from the home of her maidenhood, and with this faith in her heart she was not troubled with misgivings. She was willing and obedient.

The final arrangements were quickly made, the farewells more quickly spoken.

In the sweet, fresh morning the bride went forth mounted upon her camel, Eliezer and her nurse Deborah beside her as her natural guardians, and the damsels who would form her household following in the rear. Warm, fraternal words of benediction had been solemnly pronounced over her youthful head, and doubtless her own heart said "Amen" to them. For while the world was so sparsely peopled, the springing up of families, the increase of population was *thought so* desirable that the birth of every child was looked upon as a token of God's favour and goodwill to the parents.

It is sad now to reflect how many heirs of immortality are born for whom there seems no room and place in this world's crowded inns, yet they do not outnumber God's care and oversight, whatever doubts sundry guesses at the sum of human misery may suggest to our minds.

"Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them."

Now, as the bridal procession moves on through palmy groves and over sandy tracts, we may pause to fill the mind's eye with the picture it presents.

It is one called

"From the depth of days, when earth yet wore
Her solemn beauty and primeval dew."

Now as these our long departed sisters grow into life and loveliness before our backward gaze, and then recede from it again as if swept from us by the roll of the ages that have come between, we may say—

"Your tents are desolate; your stately steps,
Of all their choral dances, have not left
One trace beside the fountains: your full cup
Of gladness and of trembling, each alike
Is broken. Yet, amidst undying things,
The mind still keeps your loveliness, and still
All the fresh glories of the early world
Hang round you in the spirit's pictured halls,
Never to change!"

* * * * *

Evening was cool as its dews when the bridal retinue came into the south country.

Isaac had gone into the fields to meditate, his thoughts, we should imagine, being less occupied with his prayers than with speculations as to the kind of lady Eliezer might be bringing to him. He stood beside the well where poor Hagar had once flung herself down in her forlornness and her misery; the well that she had consecrated to the "Everliving One who seeth me." Lifting up his eyes in the direction where Eliezer and his party might become visible, he descried them, and the recognition was mutual. In answer to Rebekah's eager inquiries, Eliezer told her that her future lord and master was at hand. Immediately she alighted from her camel, her shyness and her Eastern instincts prompting her to cover herself with a veil, which to her was the emblem not only of modesty but also of subjection. Thus the man and woman whom God designed for each other met; Isaac receiving her from Eliezer's hand, and hearing from his lips a full recital of the events which had transpired since he set forth on his important mission; after which he took his bride into his mother's tent. So he was no longer lonely; he loved Rebekah, and was comforted by her for his mother's death.

(*To be concluded.*)

HONORIA SPENCER'S MISTAKE;

OR, DUTY VERSUS LOVE.

By S. L. GIBBS.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT is your name, child?"

"Kate Morton, please, ma'am, but dear mamma always called me Kitty."

"Just like Alice! She was always so excessively foolish!"

Little Kitty was striving so hardly to stifle her sobs that she did not hear this remark, or an opinion so freely expressed of her dead mother might not have been soothing to her already troubled feelings.

Who would not pity her as she sat there, trying with all her childish might not to cry, and watched meanwhile by those two hard faces? And yet, perhaps, Miss Honoria Spencer and her maid Hannah deserved some pity, too.

Miss Spencer had, when one and twenty, "come into" a comfortable fortune. She went at once to the manor house, part of her property, and there she had resided ever since.

No one knew if she had ever loved; if so, the feeling had long been over, and she seemed now to have no heart left. Her religion and her charity were alike cold and stern. She however prided herself upon being strictly just.

So, when a letter came to her from her sister Alice in India, telling her that she was about to join her dear husband, that she was glad to go, her only sorrow being in leaving her dear little daughter, but that she left her to her sister's charge, knowing that she would care for her as she herself would do—when this letter came, accompanied by one from the lawyer saying that Miss Morton was already on her way to England, in the care of a lady who was returning to her native land, and who would see her safely to her aunt's home—then Miss Spencer felt that her cup was indeed full, and that all contentment—enjoyment she never thought of—was over.

But she would do her duty! When Kitty arrived, which she did late one evening, there was a very nice supper laid for her, a bright fire and lights, but there was no love nor real welcome.

Children are quick observers, and though no unkind remark was made by her aunt to her, yet even on that first night Kitty felt a little chilled, and feared this new home was not to be like her old one, and when she went to bed she cried herself to sleep.

When Hannah went to take the light away she saw the tear-drops on her long lashes, and felt a little sorry for her in a vague, far-off sort of way.

Miss Honoria was waiting for her when she came down, and desired her to take a seat.

"I foresee," said Miss Spencer, in a calm, decided tone, "we shall have trouble with that child. She has no self-control, a quality so necessary to possess. If Alice had had it, she would not have fretted so over her husband's death as to die too. It is very hard, but we must do our duty in this heavy trial. We must do our duty, Hannah!"

Ah! how much better than a bushel of duty would have been a grain of love!

CHAPTER II.

THE next day was Sunday, and Miss Spencer felt almost sorry that Kate did not become a trial at once. But she did not do so.

She came down early, gave a bright glance and nod to Hannah, stepped up to her aunt and kissed her (which act so surprised that lady that she almost dropped her cup), and then sat down to the table.

The breakfast proceeded for some time in silence, Hannah standing behind her mistress's chair and waiting on them. Presently Miss Spencer said, in a very cold voice—

"You know to-day is Sunday?"

"Yes, aunt," replied Kate.

"Well, Katherine," coldly, as though the child were an heathen, "we go to church in England on Sunday——"

"Of course, aunt; so we did in India. We had to go three miles——"

"I really must beg, Katherine, that you will not interrupt me. In England it is customary to go to church. I wish you to accompany me; so, if you please, you will get ready."

Kate jumped up at once and ran out of the room. Once outside it, the tears would flow, but, being naturally a merry little thing, they were checked before she got upstairs.

"What a silly goose I am!" she thought; "it is only aunt's way, and I was going to make myself unhappy, fancying she did not like me! Well, I am silly! I do wish, though, she was more like dear mamma," here a few more tears fell; "but of course she will be kinder when she knows me better."

She was soon ready, and went down again.

"You see, Hannah!" said Miss Spencer, as Kate left the room, "she is bad-tempered and self-willed. Did you see how she ran away? She could not bear to be told of her faults. Well, well, we must do our best!"

Kate and her aunt went to church. This, to the child's surprise, seemed to be no more than a whitewashed barn, so plain, dull-looking, clean, but very cold was it. She was so little she could hardly see over the high pew, and the clergyman who read the Psalms and Lessons seemed to be reciting the Funeral Service.

When he ascended the pulpit, and she could see him, he preached the sermon, but drew such horrible pictures of the grave and death, that poor Kitty felt her flesh creep, and thought her hair was rising.

This was dreadful enough; but presently he looked straight at her, in her black dress, and spoke of losing those we loved (not in the way her mother had done, of a parting with a sure, blessed, and pleasant meeting together by-and-by), but as the most terrible thing that could happen.

When he went on to speak of those with no hope, then Kitty looked wildly round for a means of escape, and would assuredly have disgraced herself by screaming or fainting away, had not Mr. Green been good enough just to finish his discourse.

The congregation was dismissed after singing a most doleful hymn, and the child found herself in the open air again, but with the preacher's words still ringing in her ears.

Kate looked up to her aunt for comfort, but that lady looked so coldly self-satisfied, and so firmly agreeing with all that had been said, that she dared not speak.

They reached home, Hannah walking behind them like a grim sentinel. Kate went to her room to take off her things, but the remembrance of that sermon was too much for her.

Hannah came in to help her. She sprang up suddenly, and throwing her arms round the old servant's neck, cried, "Oh, Hannah! I am *so* frightened!"

To her own great surprise, Hannah found herself taking the poor child on her knee and saying words, which she greatly feared were heresy, to comfort her.

"Maybe Mr. Green said more than he

knew, dearie, seeing he ain't dead yet. (No loss if he was, perhaps," she muttered to herself). "Anyhow, you have no call to fret. You seem a good little lamb."

"Oh! but, Hannah, mamma said it was nice o die, because she would see papa and be always well and happy, and ——. But that gentleman said——," cried Kitty, still trembling and crying bitterly.

"Never you mind what that gentleman said!" interrupted Hannah, huskily. "You mind what your ma told you. Here's a bit of cake for you, my dear. Wipe your eyes, and make haste down, or else your aunt will be cross."

From that time Hannah was kind to her in her rough way, and the only specks of brightness in her dull, uneventful life were those the old servant created for her.

Miss Spencer would have been righteously indignant if she had been accused of being unkind to her niece.

She would have answered that she did her duty by her, that she was fed, clothed, and cared for as carefully as her own mother could have done. What more would the child have?

Had Kate been asked the question, she would have said, "A little love, a little praise when I do well." But, then, she was not consulted, and such a reply would have been thought most unreasonable.

When Kate Morton had come there, she was only eight years old, and naturally a happy, merry child. Her only grief had been her parents' death, and though that loss had been a very heavy one at her age, the feelings are elastic, and had she had a pleasant home, she would have been a thoroughly cheerful girl.

As it was, as she grew up she became a quiet, reserved, but accomplished young lady.

Her aunt had been her instructress—a position for which she was excellently fitted, as her talents were of a very high order.

Very few persons visited Miss Spencer. Of these, the gentlemen were like Mr. Green, the ladies like her aunt, and of each and all of them Kate was much frightened.

They greatly pitied Miss Honor for having the care of so strange a girl, and did not scruple to say so, but felt they had a perfect right to criticise her conduct.

As these remarks were invariably made in Kate's presence, they did not tend to make her less strange or quiet, but they did make her very unhappy.

Kate lived entirely in a world of her own. She peopled her dull surroundings with radiant splendour, and wove bright fancies of a fairy prince coming to free her from her bondage.

She wondered, sometimes, how it would have been if anyone had loved her, and sympathised with her, or tried to be kind to her, and hoped for happier hours to come.

But as that time did not come, only the weary days dragged on in the same monotonous way, without any great trouble, but without the slightest joy, her dreams faded; she simply became a handsome machine, doing whatever she was told to do in a listless manner that would have warned anyone who cared for her that there was something greatly amiss.

But at this sad time a change was coming, and brightness was, at last, to enter into her dull life.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE SINGLE LIFE.

THERE are precious and beautiful things that are enjoyed by but a limited number, such as costly jewels, rare pictures, rich stuffs; there are other things, which are very fair and sweet, which bring blessing and profit to many, such as the herbs or flowers whose extracts are used to make medicines or perfumes; the sunbeams, which creep into desolate, gloomy places; the breeze, that carries health to palace and to cottage alike. Such a part in God's world as the healing herb, as the kindly, warming, cheering beam of light, as the refreshing breeze, does the single woman play, if her heart and mind are right, if they are true to the pure and the noble; she is, or should be, the salt of society, which is scattered broadcast by Almighty love through the length and breadth of the land.

In these days, when so many men have only small incomes, which almost prevent their marrying, at least for many years; when money losses are so frequent, even in families of limited means, that the daughters, as also the sons, have often to

"'WHAT IS YOUR NAME, CHILD?'"

shift for themselves; when, above all, so many fields of high and useful work for God and men are open to women, we should be doing at once very foolishly and very wrong if we did not educate our girls in such a manner that they may be able, if needful, to lead single lives, contentedly, bravely, and for the good of others, and their heavenly Master's glory. Let us tell our girls, from their very childhood, that very likely they will never marry. Let us keep out of their young minds, as we keep a poisoned plant out of a wholesome herb-garden, the pernicious, old-world idea that there is anything lowering and unfortunate and worthy of pity in a single life for a woman. Let us teach them such things as will enable them to stand alone, and, if needful, to gain their own livelihood, and we shall be laying to their characters deep, firm foundation stones that will, perhaps, bring wondrous strength, and blessing, and profit to both themselves and others in their future story; for who can say, amid life's varied scenes, where the lots of even our tenderest, and fairest, and best-guarded blossoms may be cast?

We would dwell very earnestly for a moment on one point we have named above. We mean the resolute crusade which all of us who have the cause of Christian womanhood at heart should make against the notion and the feeling that to remain single is, in the remotest degree, a disgrace to a woman. We should try to instil into our girls, and to spread abroad through all classes, the plain, Christian truth of the fact that a single woman stands just as high in the sight of God and a right-minded man as a married woman; that there is just as much beauty and dignity in the single life as the married life. That the single woman, as well as the wife and mother, has her own special appointed place, her own special fields of work, her own special duties in God's world. If mothers, and governesses, and schoolmistresses, and elder relations, and friends in general would but talk to our girls in this true, simple, straightforward, sensible, healthy way about the married and single states, if they would always put before them rationally and naturally this view of the matter, then would that most degrading and disgusting sight to all lofty, Christian womanhood pass gradually away from among us as a dark, ugly thing of the past—the sight of the girl who is resolved, come what may, to be married. There is nothing to our mind so unwomanly and undignified as the language of many mothers and aunts who talk of their daughters or nieces as of so many articles for sale that they will part with to the highest bidder; who speak of those young women who are growing old in their maidenhood as having failed in life. While our elder women think and speak like this, our girls *will* lower themselves and their sex by trying, at any price, to rush into the married state.

A single life, even if it is an exceptionally solitary one, is a far, far happier condition for a woman than an uncongenial, loveless marriage. No Christian girl should scruple for a moment to remain single all her days if she does not receive an offer from a man that she can love and honour, if the man to whom her heart is secretly given does not happen to return her attachment. The single life has many sweets, many duties, many noble arenas of action, and no woman of sense and high principle need fear to enter upon it. When some relation or friend tells an English Christian girl that to make what is called a good match is to be the one object of her life, let her lift proudly her fair young head and say that such a rule of conduct may be suitable to women in Mahomedan lands, where the name of Jesus is not known, where the crown of woman's royalty is cast into the dust; may do well enough in Roman Catholic countries, where, if a girl does not become a wife, she must, almost of necessity, pass into the shadow of the cloister; but that she, by a God-given right, is above all such laws. It may be her queenly will and pleasure to live a single life till the end of her earthly pilgrimage, and if this is the case, let her take fearlessly her Christian woman's privilege, and as a single woman do brave, good work for God.

When a woman leads a single life, she must be careful that she does not fall into the temptations which especially beset it for women. One of these is narrowness of interests and feelings. She who is single must enlarge her sympathies and affections, must broaden her views, must be many-sided in her tastes and work; must keep wide open the doors of her heart to let many in—the erring, the sorrowing, and the suffering. And besides narrowness, another common failing of single-womanhood is the growing small and trifling in aims and pursuits; the deliberate, apathetic wasting of time and powers. The single woman must remember that she has no more right than the wife and mother to sit idly down by life's highway, or to squander precious hours and minutes in useless fancy-work and petty gossip. She must be up and doing—here in the school, there in the hospital, now in the class-room, now at the desk, now at the easel—according as the gifts given her by God call her.

A single life, also, often inclines a woman to become self-absorbed and selfish. She makes for herself a warm, soft nest, full of her own ease and comfort and convenience, and shuts herself up in it, to the exclusion of all the world besides. Outside the nest she frequently builds, to justify herself fully in her own eyes for her proceedings, a high fence woven of prejudice and bigoted opinions, and, thus entrenched, she leads a life of calm, self-complacent indulgence, without the smallest bit of work done for her Master in heaven, without so much as a kindly thought given to her fellow-men and women who are in the midst of the struggle and the noonday heat.

Very different from this is the picture of Christian single-womanhood. The single woman who is a true servant to her heavenly Master places herself, of her own free will, in the midst of the thickest trouble and trial of the world, that she may bring help, and healing, and comfort. To her, bruised hearts are brought for binding up; at the flame of her burning Christian love and charity cold, weary hearts are warmed; to her those that have erred and failed come to confess their wrong-doing, for they know that they will receive in return mild warning and gentle guidance; to her soft, yet strong and queenly hands the fallen look up that they may be raised; to her troop the boys and girls for counsel; towards her patter the feet of little children, who know well that they may ask and ask again for the tale, and the caress, or the sweet Bible story.

It must be owned that single women themselves have, in some measure, to answer for the sneer and the shrug of the shoulders, or the hard, outspoken contempt and dislike with which the term "old maid" is so often used among us. A single woman should always be very careful not to accustom herself to small peculiarities, and prim-set forms and habits, and little eccentric whims and fancies, and self-imposed rules of life; all these things, harmless, perhaps, in themselves, tend towards separating her from her neighbours, towards making others look upon her with mistrust, towards waking up ridicule, towards raising a barrier between her and those around her. Why should a single woman make herself, in these ways, unacceptable and ungracious and unlovable, more than wives and mothers? There is simply no reason, except that the single women themselves choose to let themselves slip, in the course of their daily lives, into all sorts of little grooves, and contract all sorts of strange, foolish notions. When a single woman feels that she is beginning to form any habits of this kind, she should instantly and resolutely root it out of her life. Doubtless she has a stronger tendency, through her solitary life, than those women who live in the midst of a large family, towards such ways and ideas; but all the more must she struggle against them; the best cure for her is, in general, constant contact with others, free circulation of thought around her, rousing up of her sympathies for everyone and everything in the world except herself.

In these days there are many careers open to single women, and our girls' educational training should tend towards fitting them for one or the other of these, according as their talents and qualities of character and mind may lead them. There are all the arts—music, painting, literature—by which a single woman, if left alone with a small income, may place herself in easy circumstances; if, therefore, a girl shows a decided vocation for any of these, let her talent be carefully cultivated by herself and those who overlook her education. Then there are the callings of teachers to the young and sick nurses, both of which need more and more to be undertaken by highly-cultivated, large-hearted Christian women. There are the doors of several public offices open to give employment to female industry. There is untold work for God to be done by women-workers in Eastern zenanas, in the homes of our own poor, in the back alleys of our towns, in ragged schools, in keeping classes for and instructing men and boys among the lower ranks of society, over whom their influence may be of the holiest, and most lofty, and most beautiful order. The single woman, however, who resolves to devote herself to any especial calling or work, must remember that, to be successful in them, methodical, punctual ways and habits are necessary. It is not unusual to hear men and women say that such ways and habits are not needful for girls to acquire, but such a notion is a fatal and great mistake; we should be just as anxious to bring up our daughters to business-like, practical modes of thought and action as our sons.

It is an entirely wrong and very unjust line of conduct when the single woman of a family is regarded as a sort of universal slave and drudge, on whose shoulders may be laid all the unpleasant, uninteresting work that some one has to do, but every one, if possible, leaves undone. While we use our single women in this manner, it is vain, and worse than vain, to expect them to take any good and fair position in the community. Let all single women employ calm but steadfast strength of will against those who would thus take away from them their right to freedom of action; they should always retain in their own hands the power of choosing their own arena of work and usefulness, and of dedicating themselves, if they have the talent for it and the energy, to any special vocation.

A single woman should never be careless of her dress and appearance, and rude, and uncourteous, and unprepossessing in her manners. There is sometimes a tendency in single women, who are intrinsically good and noble, utterly to neglect their exteriors in these respects. At first sight this may seem a small matter, but in reality it is far from an unimportant one. A single woman is just as much bound as a married one to be sweet and gracious in her ways, and looks, and words. For women always have been, and always will be, somewhat more judged by outward and visible signs than men, and that especially by men themselves. However high a position a

single woman may reach by her own talents and industry, it ought never, in the slightest degree, to make her unwomanly. Her manner and words, especially towards men, should always be gentle and modest, and she should never think it beneath her to please and to charm.

Single women who have won a foremost place in the world have sometimes neglected to follow this rule, and the result has always been that they have caused intellectual women, and women of work and thought, and themselves especially, to be spoken of with dislike, and looked upon as a sort of social excrescence. Moreover, when a clever, active woman is careless about such external things as those of which we have been speaking, she is sure to lose, at least partially, one of womanhood's highest and most effectual powers of usefulness—the power of influence. An ungracious, harsh-voiced, abrupt-mannered, unwomanly woman, who affects in dress, and tone, and bearing as far as may be to imitate a man, will never gain the sweet and queenly sovereignty of influence, which is one of womanhood's best prerogatives, and which the single woman has opportunities of exercising more than any of her sex. The young girls whom she meets daily in society, the children who sit on her knee, the men who are her friends, wives just beginning married life, mothers in their cottage homes, artisans in their workshops, lads in field or stable—all these may come under the spell of a sweet, gracious, Christian single woman's influence, and thank God that they have known it as being one of the highest blessings of their lives.

To the share of the single woman falls all the woman's work in the world which the duties and position of the wife and mother must and ought to prevent their taking in hand, unless it is in very exceptional cases. The single woman, however, as she follows her calling, whatever it may be in the world, must never be without the modest grace which makes the wife's fairest ornament, or the tender dignity which floats around motherhood. Motherhood is, indeed, a part of every true woman's nature, whether she is married or single, and this is what makes the noble, thoughtful, working Christian single woman's heart a refuge for all the weary and lonely; this is what makes her gentle hands so strong to raise the fallen.

Above all, let the single woman give herself to the service of Him whom Martha loved to serve, who praised the meek teachable faith of Mary. Let her work in the spirit of His gospel, in the strength of His love, whatever her calling or vocation may be; let her rejoice in that she is able, more than a woman who has family cares, and ties, and worries to distract her mind, to devote herself to His service; let His mark be upon all she does, or writes, or speaks, and hers shall be abundant riches of love, and joy, and peace, afforded her in this life, and laid up for her in the next.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

Daisy.—There is a very good and instructive article in "Silver Sails" on "How to Preserve Flowers and Leaves." Of course they must be pressed first before being fastened on to the cards.

Lou.—We think the pressed ferns would look very well as a border, but would prove a great disappointment later on, by wearing badly, and making your screen shabby. Thank you for the recipe you so kindly send us.

Cheviot.—Make the bird's plumage with long stitches one over another of various lengths, and use French knots for the heads. See instructions for making lawn tennis nets on page 478, vol. iii. We suppose you mean "macramé" lace by "cramone" lace.

Scotch Rose.—Re-trim your black jacket with moiré silk. Were the lace cleaned, it might be replaced upon it. You write a very queer hand. It is too large, and not legible, which is a still worse defect. But we could decipher your kind remarks and good wishes, and thank you for them.

A Scholar.—We do not know of any society that "supplies necessitous ladies with needlework," but there are many that endeavour to dispose of their work. There are two societies at Clifton—one at 6, Portland-street, the other at No. 2 in the same street. For the first apply to Miss Walker, 4, Buckingham Villas; for the second, to Miss Read, 2, Pall Mall.

Busy Fingers should inquire at shops where she or her friends deal for sample-scraps of ribbon, silk, or other materials. In some places they will give them away for charity; in others they sell them. At a dressmaker's small scraps may be obtained. Surely you might obtain a good many from friends.

Viola.—We do not know what you could do with your ring, save to take it to a good working jeweller, and see if he can re-polish it.

Obscura.—Work the boots with two needles only.

G. O. P. sends us a very good idea for making use of old stockings and socks, by unravelling them, and winding the ravellings round a book and tying them at intervals as you would do fringe, then cutting them and sewing them on in tufts to some coarse stout material like sacking, to make rugs, mats, and bedroom carpets. If a pattern be desired, it should be marked out on the foundation before beginning, and the colours must be sorted so as to carry it out.

Ginx.—We cannot help you to procure the carpet thrums, but we think the recipe given above by G. O. P. might be very useful in the same way, and would be quite as pretty if task and skill were both used. The consecrated oil is furnished by the Royal Apothecary, who receives £100 as his fee. The sacred oil had four ingredients—myrrh, cinnamon, calamus, and cassia, with olive oil. We suppose that all consecrated oils are made after the one pattern given in the sacred Scriptures.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Ivy Spray.—See page 615, vol. iii., for an answer to your first question. Psalms 25, 34, 37, 111, 112, 119, 145 are called "alphabetic psalms," because in some of them every line begins with a different and new letter of the alphabet, while in others a longer interval intervenes between the succession of the letters.

A Naturalist.—"The Home Naturalist," price 4s., and the "Chain of Life in Geological Time," price 6s. 6d., would both be useful books to you (published at 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.).

A Subscriber to The Girl's Own Paper.—Insect powder may be purchased of all chemists'. A bunch of "feverfew" is also very good to spread on the shelves, and will help to rid you of any kind of insect-pest.

Lady Maud Lisle.—You may leave off mourning if a year has expired since your mother's death, and you may wear any jewellery you please. Try and write copies to improve your hand.

Mad Hatter and March Hare.—Put a little unsalted butter on the tar, to take it off, and then use a little turpentine to remove the butter. If any mark round the place be left, some spirits of wine will take it out. "March Hare" should read "Bright Eyes, and Teeth Like Pearls," page 390, vol. i.

Madge G.—It was, we suppose, a picture of his own son at which he was looking. Your writing is neat.

Lily.—Many thanks for your kind letter, and also for the trouble you have taken on our behalf.

A Girl in White.—How can you expect us to find fault with so kind a letter as yours, even if the writing were really very bad? We think you do not write on an even surface, and that you stoop when writing. If we be right, correct both drawbacks, and you will probably see an improvement in your writing.

Queen Bess. — The best solution of the custom of "April fools' day" is said by Brewer to lie in the fact that March 31st used to be New Year's Day, and April 1st was its octave, or the day on which the festivities culminated and ended. Your writing is large and ugly, and you use too much ink and too coarse a pen.

Marguerite Merrell.—The correct way of commencing would be "My dear Annie," but we suppose that a little pleasantry is intended when the surname is added. The name Ralph is pronounced as either "Rafe" or "Ralf." Both are right.

Woodbury.—The letters "I. H. S." are a Latin corruption of the Greek, meaning "Jesus;" the long "e" being mistaken for a capital "H," and the dash perverted into a cross. The letters being thus obtained, St. Bernadine of Sienna, in 1347, made a suitable representative in the words, *Jesus Hominum Salvator*. We think you had better not use the instrument named to the upper lip.

Frank R. W.—The top of the filter is a large flower-pot, and the lower vessel is of earthenware also, in which it may fit. You may use a plate or a cloth to cover the top if you like. There is no difficulty whatever about making the filter.

Academy.—"Banns," in the Feudal law, were a solemn proclamation of any sort, hence arose the present custom of "asking banns" or "calling banns," and giving notice before a marriage, which is said to have been introduced into the English Church about the year 1200. Accent the first syllable of the name Tadema.

M. R. P.—We should advise you to try St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., where nurses and gentlewomen are trained for one year, or fifteen months, if required by the matron. They serve as "assistant nurses," and are paid at the rate of £10 a year, and the uniform supplied. Write to the matron and make inquiries.

Moyola.—All who bear the Queen's commission, officers of the Army and Navy, &c., are entitled to use the cockade.

Ellice.—A lady should leave her husband's card when calling at a house where there was a gentleman; and if there were two gentlemen, she would leave two cards. You have been misinformed, we think.

H. J. R.—The staple diet of all parrots should be bread and milk. Use stale bread cut in slices, and steep them in warm water for a short time; then take them out and squeze as dry as possible; after this pour over them as much scalding milk as will make it soft, without being in the least degree pappy or watery. You may also give them nuts, biscuits, and almost any kind of fruit. Never allow them meat, or they will pick their feathers out. Give them plenty of coarse clean gravel, and of clean drinking water. You had better get a little book on the care of parrots. The 31st of March, 1864, was a Thursday.

Wild Rose.—Warm the grease spots on the leather, and apply blotting-paper until you have nearly taken it all out. Then with a flannel touch the spot with turpentine lightly; if this should leave a mark, use a little spirits of wine.

A Lover of Reading.—Spanish white is the softest and purest white chalk, elutriated, made into balls and well dried. It is used as a cheap white paint.

Semiramis and Cheops.—Stains may be taken out of mahogany by applying a mixture composed of 3 oz. of spirits of salt and ¼ oz. of powdered salt of lemons. Drop a little on the stains and rub them well with a cork, until they disappear, when you may wash it off with cold water.

Pansy and Tulip.—The coloured blinds should be cleaned by a proper cleaner. They should never be wet, we believe, but the process is not generally known.

Alice Irene.—1. There is no reason why you should not have "Christmas Roses" or "Silver Sails" bound with the yearly volume if you so wish. 2. "Time is finished, or "ended," is the translation of your Latin quotation.

Kelsonians.—There is no satisfactory explanation of the verse you name in the 11th chapter of 1st Cor., though many commentators have offered one. In fact, the very nature and functions of the angels are a mystery, and we learn of them by implication, not by direct teaching. If you select all the texts about them from the Scriptures, you will see this at once. Had it been needful for us to know more, we should have been told more.

M. Bennett.—The address should be very legibly written at the top of each and every letter and note, and the envelope should be fully and clearly directed, not omitting any particular that will enable the postman to find the owner. The neglect of the first-named rule is constantly leading to trouble and loss.

Red Lavender.—We quite agree with you, and are glad to hear that you, like ourselves, always stop to kick or push the orange peel off the pavement. Judging from some recent accidents we must now begin to look for other slippery things, like gooseberries and apple peel. We should like to know that all our girls attended to this matter, and were careful to beg everyone with whom they have any influence to avoid throwing dangerous things of this kind about.

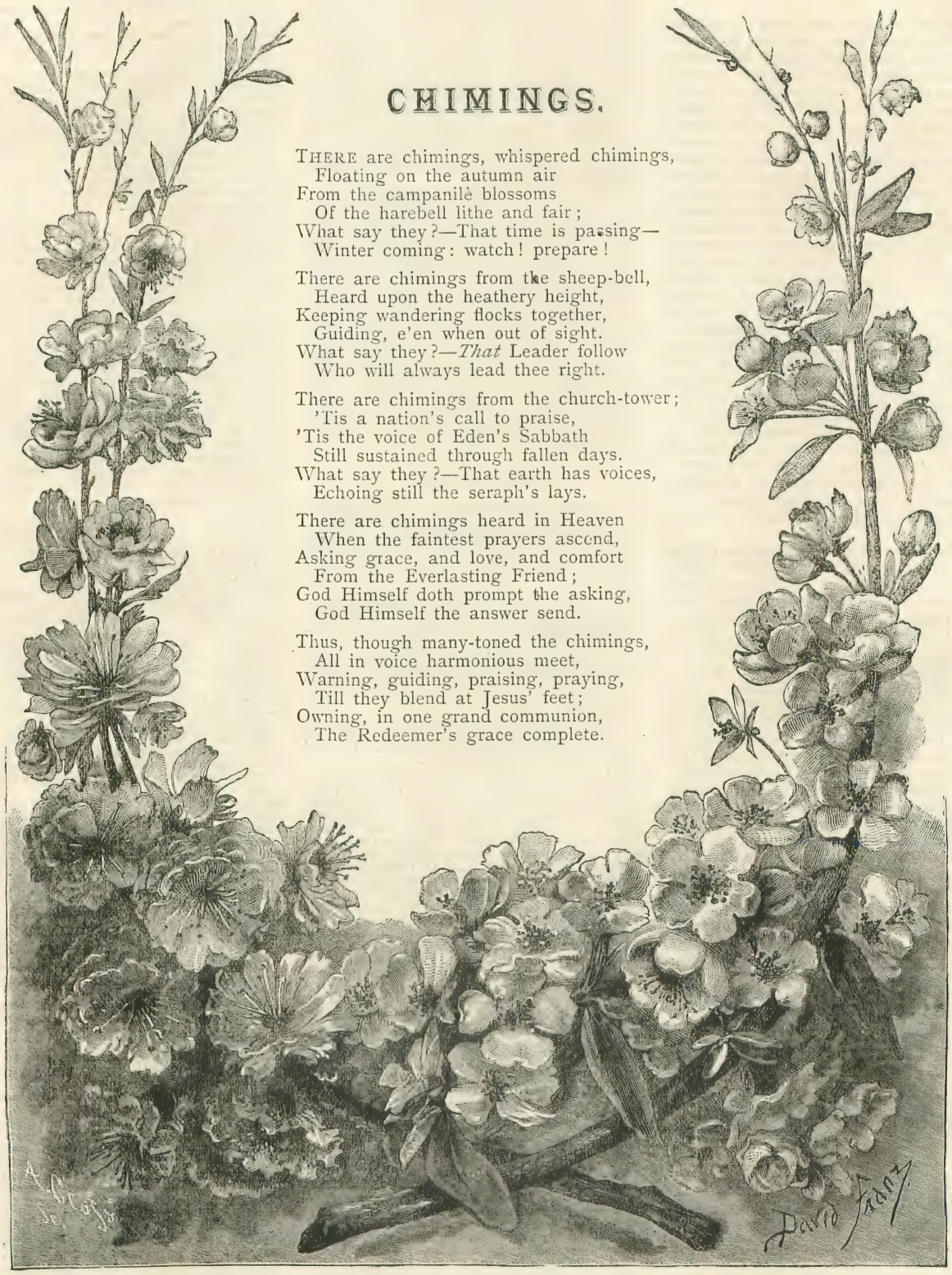
St. Aubyns.—Those entitled to use the cockade are Ambassadors, members of the royal household, officers of the Army, Navy, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, as well as the Lord Lieutenants of counties.

Adieu.—Gentlemen do not raise their hats to each other. Cards are always printed, not written, and the address should always be placed on the card. Do not omit the prefix "Mr." or "Miss." It is quite unheard of in society. Young ladies do not have separate cards; their names would be printed on their mother's card.

J. B.—To bleach straw bonnets, wash them in pure water, scrubbing them with a brush. Then put them in a box in which has been set a saucer of burning sulphur. Put on the cover of the box so that the flames may bleach them. Remove the wire before washing. They are sometimes washed over with the white of an egg to clean them. You would have to serve a regular apprenticeship in the art, we think.

Psycho.—The initials Q. P. mean *quantum placet*, meaning "the quantity may be as much or as little as you like." Q. S. means *quantum sufficit*, meaning that as much is to be added as is required to make the medicine up to the quantity desired. These letters are appended to the prescriptions, as instructions to the chemist who makes them up.

A Fresh Subscriber.—You should have used the word "new," instead of "fresh." White seems to have been in all ages peculiarly sacred to the priesthood; it denotes purity, simplicity, and candour, innocence, truth, and hope. It was worn by the Jewish priests, by the Druids, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, and the robes of the Magi were white.



CHIMINGS.

THERE are chimings, whispered chimings,
Floating on the autumn air
From the campanilè blossoms
Of the harebell lithe and fair;
What say they?—That time is passing—
Winter coming: watch! prepare!

There are chimings from the sheep-bell,
Heard upon the heathery height,
Keeping wandering flocks together,
Guiding, e'en when out of sight.
What say they?—*That* Leader follow
Who will always lead thee right.

There are chimings from the church-tower;
'Tis a nation's call to praise,
'Tis the voice of Eden's Sabbath
Still sustained through fallen days.
What say they?—That earth has voices,
Echoing still the seraph's lays.

There are chimings heard in Heaven
When the faintest prayers ascend,
Asking grace, and love, and comfort
From the Everlasting Friend;
God Himself doth prompt the asking,
God Himself the answer send.

Thus, though many-toned the chimings,
All in voice harmonious meet,
Warning, guiding, praising, praying,
Till they blend at Jesus' feet;
Owning, in one grand communion,
The Redeemer's grace complete.

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

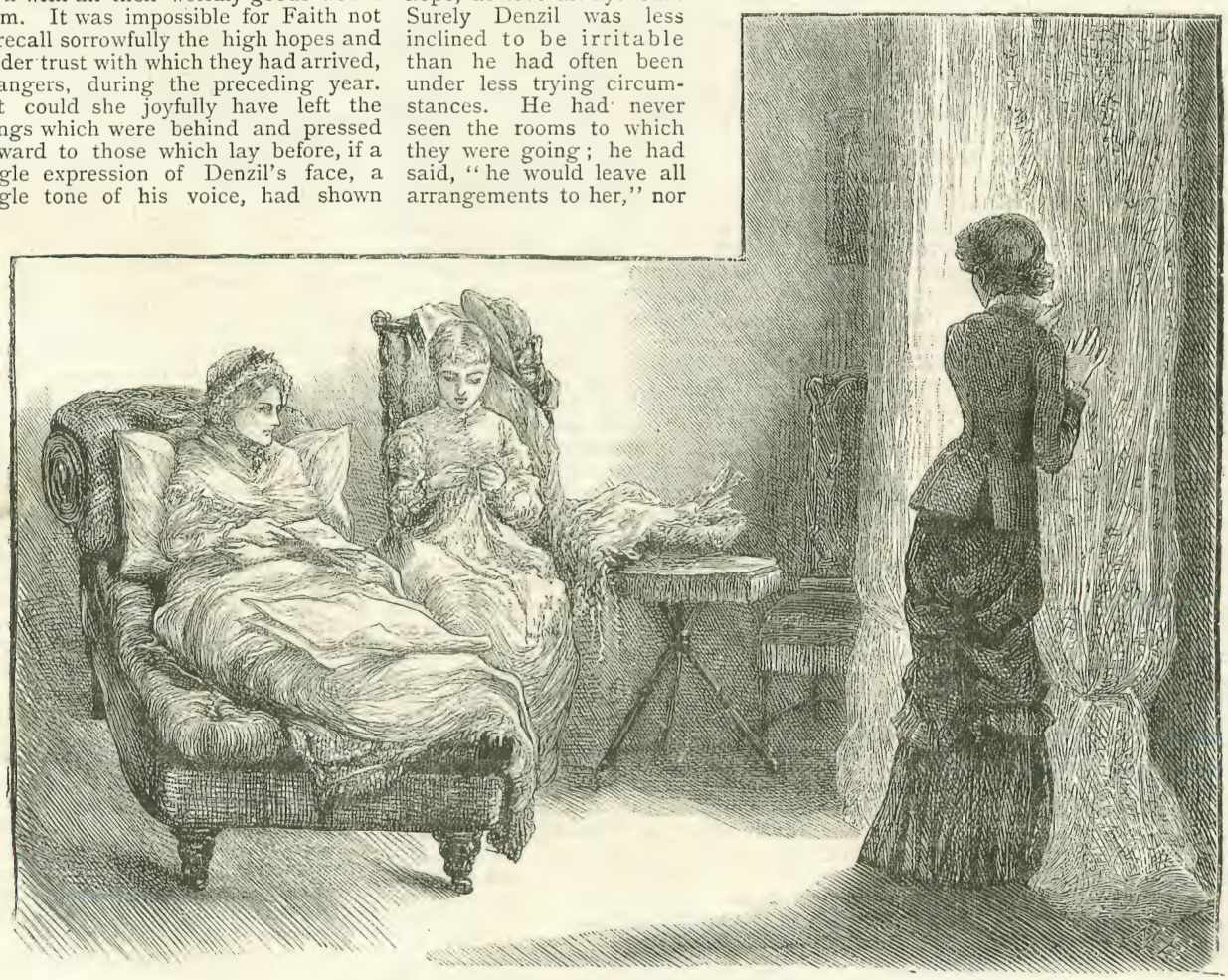
By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INTERESTING WEDDING.

ONLY a few days after Robert Finlay's departure, Faith and Denzil once more found themselves driving across the town with all their worldly goods about them. It was impossible for Faith not to recall sorrowfully the high hopes and tender trust with which they had arrived, strangers, during the preceding year. Yet could she joyfully have left the things which were behind and pressed forward to those which lay before, if a single expression of Denzil's face, a single tone of his voice, had shown that he, too, remembered, and regretfully resolved that this new departure, this going forth sadly, if not despairingly, should end in joy and peace.

Yet she would gather hope, as love always can. Surely Denzil was less inclined to be irritable than he had often been under less trying circumstances. He had never seen the rooms to which they were going; he had said, "he would leave all arrangements to her," nor had he manifested any curiosity as to what those arrangements might be. Therefore, when Faith ushered him into their new home, she felt a little



All rights reserved.] "'AND NOW HERE'S FAITH ALLEYNE,' PURSUED KITTY."

anxious as to what he might express. He looked round, and did not express dissatisfaction as he had when first entering Miss Milne's. He expressed nothing at all; and Faith tried hard to believe that he was cheerfully and bravely submissive under the sense of all that his folly had brought upon them both.

Certainly the change they had been forced to make was no change for the better. They had to go into the heart of the town, so as to be equally near Denzil's classes and Faith's teaching, and there lodgings were in great demand, and consequently there was but little choice to be had for the same rent which they had paid Miss Milne. The street on which Faith's choice had fallen was very clean and very respectable, but narrow and gloomy. The house was old, full of steps and dark corners, but without any of the picturesqueness generally associated with these inconveniences. The windows were small and awkwardly set in the rooms, but this mattered less, since what was visible from them was mainly dead walls and blind gables. Nor was the furniture simple, solid, old-fashioned goods like Miss Milne's. It was weak and rickety, and might chiefly have been bought from folks who, when removing, found it not worth the trouble and expense of taking with them. What troubled Faith most was the frowsiness of all the textile fabrics, so suggestive of long use by unknown hands and feet. She would have liked to get all the table-covers and chair-covers, and bed hangings, nay, the very carpets, gathered together and washed. But the house-cleaning season was over, the terms proposed were moderate, and the landlady did not look very amenable to hints, however delicately thrown out. And now to receive them there was only her poor little drudge, a broken-hearted looking girl in a frock without form or colour. Faith began to feel as if she could not have made a worse choice, and yet over how many staircases had she tramped, and from how many hard bargains had she turned, before she had wearily decided on this!

According to college arrangements then existing, the students of medicine had at least three sessions of class work, and one long vacation for possible study, before going up for their first professional examination. One of these sessions—and an important one—Denzil had absolutely wasted. Another was fast advancing. Much of it, however, remained, and by working with extra diligence through it all the holidays and the next winter session, it would be reasonable to hope that Denzil might yet present himself at the next spring examination, and pass, if not in all, yet in some of his subjects, and get through the rest at the end of the short summer session. If he did this, he would once more start fair with his compeers. Mr. Alleyne had consulted with the professors and had ascertained that this might be expected from his nephew, without any undue strain, either on mind or body. Therefore, he bade Denzil set this goal before him, and remember that unless he reached it, or was, at least, very near it, his way of life must be finally reconsidered and reset.

Denzil had consented without a word of doubt or objection, equally without an expression of hope or endeavour.

Faith had set aside the best and most cheery of their newly-hired rooms as her brother's bed-chamber and study. But dingy and dull was even the best. Faith's irrepressible instincts for home-making started into action at once. But the materials she found to work among here were very different from Miss Milne's fresh whitewash, sober chintzes, and brown druggets. Turkey red and macramé lace, and slight hand-made frames and brackets were worse than ineffective in rooms with magenta curtains, emerald green table-covers, purple carpets, and claret-coloured wall papers, whereon sprawled a yellow pattern resembling nothing so much as transfixed crabs! Faith was ready to despair of effecting any improvement, yet she felt she must do something, lest Denzil should imagine that she had grown disheartened and hopeless concerning him and their future.

She found, however, that it would be easier to improve by exclusion than by addition. She ventured on asking for a crumb-cloth for the carpet, which the landlady, thinking it was asked with a view to saving her furniture, gladly supplied. She got quit of the magenta curtains by saying they found the room shady enough without them, and she obtained a clearance of the hideous Brummagem glass on the mantel shelves by saying that she wanted to supply their place with a few stronger crocks, in which she could keep flowers, perhaps even a root or two. The landlady looked with wondering contempt on the ordinary Chinese ginger jars and common brown "honey pots" which Faith produced, though she added, conciliatorily, that "to be sure they were good enough to mess with water, and flowers, and things."

By diligently collecting in her weekly half-holiday walk to the woods or moors near the city, Faith managed to keep these well supplied. She also set herself to store wild cotton and dry grasses for the winter ornamentation, and she got a rough, unglazed earthenware pan and made a fern-case of it, which stood in the sitting-room window, and sent up its graceful greenery to disguise the bare wall outside. She had to put away her photographs and her little water-colour sketches, for they were only worse than useless against the rampant horrors of the wall-paper. But she produced sundry ancient pencil-sketches of her girlhood, mounted them on large sheets of plain pale-grey cardboard, got glass to fit them, and made passe-partouts for them herself.

Faith kept a rigid account of the tiny expenditures she thus made bit by bit during the first weeks after their change of abode. The whole did not amount in the end to more than twelve shillings. Though these had in reality been spent in purest love for Denzil's sake, Faith could not but feel in her mind that she had been indulging her own love for homeliness and beauty, and perhaps unjustifiably, considering all their circumstances, and what might yet lie before them. So she devoted a few of her Saturday afternoons to making a few water-colour sketches of sundry favourite resorts in their neighbourhood, and sold them to a dealer for five shillings each, thus not only redeeming her innocent extravagance, but finding another opportunity for slight emolument in the future.

Those might have been happy days enough, but for a misgiving which lay unuttered in Faith's heart. Nay, there were some times, especially on summer evenings, when her teaching was done, and she sallied out with her sketch-book and camp-stool, when Faith nearly forgot that misgiving in the interest of her work and her delight in her success. It takes a great deal to make busy people miserable. But the misgiving always came back, often checking her midway in the little bursts of song into which she would sometimes unconsciously break as she sat on some lonely hill-side, striving to render on her easel some scene of silent beauty stretching far away before her. Why was Denzil never with her? Surely he would have worked but the better for a ramble in the sunset glory, or an encounter with the strong breeze blowing in from the sea. Her own experience told her that it must be so. But when she would seek her brother's room, hat on head and paraphernalia on arm, if so she might wile him to give himself an hour's respite, he would only observe coldly—

"Why should you tempt me, Faith? It is my business to pore over these books. I have lost enough time, you know, and have no right to think of my pleasure or my comfort. Leave me alone."

The words might be the words of a bitter remorse, and when Faith thought that, her heart would yearn with an infinite tenderness and pity. But there was something contradictory in the tone! And so the misgiving always returned, in spite of love and patience, and a constant thought which was nothing less than a life-long prayer.

But when the days grew shorter again and the afternoons grew chill, Faith might have found her existence a little dreary. All the burdens of life had grown heavier since last winter, and all its sunshine dimmer and fainter. But with each new lapse of time and shift of circumstance hope found some new ground to spring in. Surely, when Denzil was once more going to and fro to his classes, he would grow cheerier and more open-hearted. And then Robert Finlay would be coming back—that faithful friend, Robert Finlay, whose few sensible letters—all about the flora of Scravaig, and the society there, and its quaint phrases and customs, with perhaps a quotation from a pathetic ballad, or a sentence extracted from the last philosophic work he had read—lay treasured at the bottom of Faith's desk. And for immediate, stirring interest there was the event over which the whole town was at present talking.

Mr. Galbraith was to be married at last!

And like all sensible men, he was not

going to marry to gratify society, but to satisfy himself.

His choice had fallen on Madge Cowie!

The charm begun in Miss Milne's kitchen on that memorable last night of the year had worked on through all the woe of Hugh Duthie's death, and many a long quiet evening since. The secrets of two eventful lives had been opened up to each other. In each there was an old story of false love, and of bitter wounds borne in uncomplaining silence, with results possibly of added mental power to Mr. Galbraith and of added spiritual sweetness to Madge.

"We may well forgive," Mr. Galbraith had said, "for I don't think we have been at all injured."

And Madge had looked up swiftly, with something in her eyes which he had interpreted thus—

"Possibly we have only been taught how to love and value each other."

Faith could not help hearing and being amused at the comments uttered by "society," according as the individuals were inclined to blame or excuse Mr. Galbraith for an action which nearly everybody seemed to feel called for either blame or excuse.

"The person actually eked out her living by needlework," said Miss Gordon.

"Mr. Galbraith's own father was a working mason," observed Professor Murray. "I remember talking to him when I was a boy—quite a character; with education might have been all that his son is."

"But he made money, and put his son in a position where he might have done well for himself," said a lady of uncertain age, who prided herself on her birth, and would have liked to make a good bargain for it!

"But Miss Cowie was well brought up. Her father was a farmer in fairly comfortable circumstances," said a minister's wife, who was a farmer's daughter herself.

"And her uncle, Mrs. Cowie's brother, is parish schoolmaster at Blayne," added her husband; "a very worthy and able man. And he has told me that his sister and her daughter had never sought a shilling's help from him. They had borrowed once or twice during the poor brother's lifetime, but they always faithfully repaid, and with many thanks. He said he supposed that was their reading of the text, 'Owe no man anything but to love one another.'"

"A rare and commendable trait," said a bachelor professor, who had many nieces of his own, mostly indigent.

"The brother was as mad as a March hare long before he died," cried Kitty Scott. "Mr. Galbraith must be cracked himself to think of such a match. He could have found many nice girls ready to take him, though he is getting old, as he is pretty well off."

"The brother's insanity was caused by a dreadful accident," said Mrs. Murray, coldly; not being fond of Kitty Scott, though she tolerated her because she had professional and ecclesiastical connections.

"Miss Cowie is quite a lady in manner, and very sweet-looking—really pretty," observed somebody.

"Pretty!" shrieked Kitty Scott. "Why, she must be fully thirty!"

"The period when many good judges think that a woman's looks are at their best," said a mischievous assistant professor.

"Mr. Galbraith is a genius," observed a "chronic" student, "and geniuses always do queer things."

"In the estimation of simpletons!" snapped a little local laird, whose own sanity had been often called in question.

And all the while the quiet wedding preparations went forward. Neither bride nor bridegroom had any prejudice against marrying in church, now growing into fashion even in Scotland; but just because his bride's old home had been lowly compared with her new one, Mr. Galbraith would not even seem to put an affront upon it, but would keep the ancient custom and take her from her own hearthstone, and not from parish church or public saloon.

"Remember, it's but a little place," warned Mrs. Cowie.

"Large enough for our truest friends, and those are all we want," smiled Mr. Galbraith in reply.

And Madge made her own wedding dress of softest Indian muslin. And Miss Milne was invited as a guest, and accepted the invitation, as she said, "to help Mrs. Cowie," for there was to be no hired service on that day, as there had been none in the household.

"Fancy! There goes in the old lodging-house keeper!" said Kitty Scott, posted behind the blinds of an opposite window, she and Miss Gordon having paid a well-timed visit to an invalid relative of the latter. Miss Gordon, being far too well regulated a young lady to candidly take any interest in such an absurd and vulgar romance, kept at the back of the room, and went on with some crewel-work, spoiling with her heavy stitches a beautiful design which she had bought, daintily commenced a few days before. Both design and commencement of work were Madge Cowie's. But Miss Gordon did not know that, and would not have cared if she had.

"And now here's Faith Alleyne," pursued Kitty. "Yes, she's going in. She's in a costume of lavender sateen and white cambric—not a very swell get-up. I suppose she is to be the bridesmaid. I wonder what Mr. Galbraith will give her? He ought to come down with something handsome. That is the only fun I can see in being a bridesmaid."

"I doubt if my aunt, Mrs. Captain Gordon, will be gratified by her governess's mixing herself up with all these people," said Miss Gordon, with cold dignity. "As my aunt says, she is a very presentable little body, but one can never trust the instincts of anyone who is not a lady by birth."

"I wonder whether she really believes people are not laughing in their sleeves at her stuck-up humbug," mused Kitty. But aloud, she only said, "Here comes the minister. I wonder who it is? I don't think it's anybody I know. La! Georgina!" she exclaimed. "If it isn't Dr. MacTavish himself!"

"Oh, I don't believe it!" said Georgina, forgetting her manners, and hastily advancing to confirm or contradict the other's statement.

But Kitty was right. The girls were both too familiar with Dr. MacTavish's portraits, and even with his presence in pulpit or on platform, to leave any doubts as to the matter. Dr. MacTavish was a man whose fame had grown out of his parish, over Scotland, and beyond Great Britain itself.

"I always knew he was very thick with Mr. Galbraith," said Kitty. "He must have come to this city on purpose for this occasion."

"Oh, he was marrying Lord Strathcarron's daughter last week, so he has been in the near neighbourhood," answered Georgina Gordon, slightingly.

"And here's a grand carriage coming!" cried Kitty, adding mischievously, for she did not suppose it, "is it bound for the Cowies', too?" But lo, she had scarcely uttered the words before it stopped, and they could see the Strathcarron arms on the panel, and an old lady within preparing to alight.

"It's old Dowager Strathcarron herself!" screamed irreverent Kitty.

"Hush!" said Georgina, impatiently. "She always did patronise Mr. Galbraith. The late earl had him invited up to Carron Castle directly his first book came out, and began to make a stir. She has chosen to keep up the friendliness."

"The Carrons are all queer," decided Kitty. "Always have been for generations. That's the worst of old families—you can see the crack all the way down."

"The Dowager Lady Strathcarron is by birth an Ingleswode, and they never lacked brains," said Georgina, with cold propriety. "But her father, old Lord Ingleswode, made a romantic marriage himself—married in middle life some poor curate's daughter, from whom his parents had separated him in youth. That may give Lady Strathcarron a kind of sympathy with these things; but she ought to see what a different case this is!"

"And now here's the bonny bridegroom," interrupted Kitty. "And who, I wonder, is this strange-looking fellow with him?"

"Some clod-hopping country cousin, doubtless, whom he has persuaded to countenance him," said Miss Gordon. "I expect this is the last arrival. There will be nothing more to see. You may as well leave the window, Kitty."

"Oh, I'll stay on here, if you don't mind," persisted Kitty. "I want to see them go away. Do you know where they are going?"

"I understand Mr. Galbraith has rented a manse in the Highlands—out of sight," said Miss Gordon.

Another carriage drove up presently. It was empty—evidently intended to take away the married pair. By-and-by they came out, arm in arm, and passed down the little garden path in the sweet late autumn sunshine, which

seemed in such harmony with the happy Indian summer of their lives. They went off. Lady Strathcarron went next, but in no undue haste, for she had got into an animated conversation with Mrs. Cowie over a certain Scotch phrase which her ladyship had never heard before. Miss Milne and Faith were to remain to cheer Mrs. Cowie. But the "strange-looking fellow," whom Miss Gordon had pronounced "a clod-hopping cousin," came out, and crossing the road, made for one of the professor's houses. He paid a lengthened visit there, much to the astonishment of the girls, but they had the satisfaction of seeing him return to the Cowies' house just as they brought their own visit to a close. Going down the street, they met the professor whom he had just left stepping from his own door.

"Taking a kindly interest in the wedding, young ladies?" he said.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Kitty, "and we could make out all the grandees except," she added, saucily, "the very aristocratic one who has just visited you."

The professor caught her insolent tone.

"Ah, he looks a rough diamond," he said, "but he's a gem of the first water. There's a man for our city to be proud of as her son. That's Galbraith's old friend, the great sculptor, Wardie. He's wanting to found a university scholarship in memory of his parents, and I'm going to tea at Mrs. Cowie's to talk it over with him, as his time is short and he had promised to spend the evening with her. He says she was the kindest and truest friend his widowed mother ever had, though he had lost sight of her for years till Galbraith found the Cowies out. Good evening, ladies."

"Georgie," said Kitty, "do you think now that your aunt will dismiss Miss Alleyne through her being mixed up with all these people?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE SPIRIT VISITANTS.

"Hark! they whisper! Angels say--
'Sister spirit, come away!'"

POPE.

ON a closely curtained bed
Rests a maiden's sleep-crowned head;
Young, and beautiful, and fair,
Sorrow hath not battled there.
O'er her clear and open brow
Care hath never drawn his plough;
And her glossy hair is laid,
In a dark and lustrous braid,
'Gainst a cheek of gleaming snow,
Spotless as the mind below;
And her parted lips are wreathed
By the prayer she smiling breathed
For protection from mishap
Ere she sank in Slumber's lap.
Oft pressed on her downy cheek,
As in wild and random freak,
Hebe's wine-stained finger-tip
Mocks her wan and pallid lip
With the crimson flush of health;
But it fades away by stealth,
And no trace is left to show
Where these transient roses blow.
Who are they that watch her rest
With such thrilling interest?
Why are tears within their eyes—
Why those frequent smothered sighs?
She is dying—and they wait
The crisis of a daughter's fate.

Gentleness hath marked her life,
Never mingled she in strife;
Innocent, and free from guile,
Shunning every secret wile,
Gay and cheerful in her glee,
Like to magic minstrelsy
Sweetly rang her lute-toned voice,
Bidding mourning hearts rejoice;
Calling hope to vanquish fears,
Luring sadness of its tears.
Ne'er to others' merits blind,
Still to others' weakness kind;
Shy, retiring as a dove—
Loving *all*—she won all love.
All the virtues life hath known
Marien hath made her own.

Eighteen summers scarce have sped
O'er the lovely maiden's head,
When her footsteps fainter fall
In the old ancestral hall;
And her voice is never heard
To mock the carol of the bird.
Sickness twines his bony arms
In envy round her glowing charms,
Plucks the roses from her lips,
And her breath enamoured sips;
And his final throne of rest
Fixes in her sinless breast.

Can ye marvel that they weep
O'er the maiden here asleep?
See with how benign a smile
Peace hath graced her face the while.
Angel-forms are round her now,
Angel pinions fan her brow;
Hymns of heaven, songs of earth,
Offered bliss and promised mirth,
Call the struggling soul to choose—
Which accept, and which refuse:—

SPIRIT OF HEAVEN.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; I call thee hence
To a region of calm delight,
To a day whose brightness is never dimmed
By the shadows of sullen night.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; thy golden harp
Is awaiting thy seraph hand;
Thy bright robe and crown have been long prepared
In our happy and peaceful land.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; a shining car,
Of ethereal make and mould,
Will bear thee away from this grosser sphere
To a realm of delight untold."

SPIRIT OF EARTH.

"Come back, come back, thou beautiful one,
Thou art too young for the grave—
Pleasure is launching her bark for thee
On Gaiety's sparkling wave.

"Come back, come back, with radiant smile;
I've treasures of cream-white pearls
To place as foils on thy whiter neck,
And 'prison thy raven curls.

"Come back, come back to the festival,
The cressets are gleaming bright;
Yet thy brighter eyes, thy lovers ask,
To illume the halls to-night.

"Come back, come back to the saraband,
With thy sylphide form and feet;
Thy voice is missed from the evensong,
With its warblings wild and sweet.

"Come back, come back; thy worshippers yield
Their homage on bended knee:
What! heedest thou not the burning vows
Which thy captives offer thee?"

SPIRIT OF HEAVEN.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; the world has joys,
But in sickness they fade away;
Its gold and gems are but glittering toys,
And their owner is dark decay.

"Come away, sweet Spirit, ere Sin hath seared
Thy young brow with his burning brand;
Ere giant Grief crushes thy gladsome heart
With his cold and leaden hand.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; Earth's festive scenes
May be chambers of vice and sin;
And the pleasures that Earth hath promised thee
Are oft hollow and void within.

"Come away, sweet Spirit;—to God alone
Are all vows and all worship due;
And the homage thy flatterers offer thee
Is vain, insincere, and untrue."

SPIRIT OF EARTH.

"Come back, come back; thy kindred entreat
Thy return to thy wonted place;
E'en thy vacant chair expands its arms
To welcome the absent face.

"Come back, come back; a fond mother's tears
Solicit thy stay on earth,
And thy sister's joy-toned laugh is hushed—
Thy illness hath marred all mirth.

"Come back, come back; the deep sighs that burst
From thy father's manly breast
Appeal most eloquently to *thee*;—
Come and soothe his soul to rest.

"Come back, come back; thou art dearly loved,
Forsake not thy friends *as yet*;—
Thy star of life hath scarce arisen—
Must it so early set?"

SPIRIT OF HEAVEN.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; thy kindred wait
Thy return to thy native skies;
The sinless and pure are thy sisterhood,
And their love an unfading prize.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; thy Father calls
To a mansion not built with hands;
He will comfort and soothe the mourner's grief,
And rend Sorrow's fettering bands.

"Come away, sweet Spirit; angelic hosts
Are crowding the portals of light,
To greet the return of a sister soul;—
Delay not thy heavenward flight!"

* * * * *

See! she awakes and lifts her head
Meekly from her cushioned bed—
Bids her parents calm their fears,
And restrain their gushing tears;
Smiling through her bitter pain,
Breathes her hopes to meet again—
Meet again, to part no more,
On a blest and boundless shore.
Impatient for the starry crown,
She lays her mortal vesture down;
Resigns to death her bonds of clay,
And soars on seraph-wings away.

REBEKAH;

OR, THE EASILY BESETTING SIN.

By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

NINETEEN years passed quietly over the heads of the married couple. We only hear of them being agitated by the one event that happeneth to all—the death of the aged patriarch. He was one hundred and seventy-five years old when he died, and was gathered to his fathers; Isaac and Ishmael forgetting all their early animosities that they might unite in doing the last honours to his memory.

All this time no token had been vouchsafed that the benediction pronounced on Rebekah would be fulfilled, and that Isaac should, according to promise, be the father of a mighty nation. We see that we are not the only people whose faith is tried. In all ages God has tested the faith and patience of His people. At last Isaac puts God in mind of His word to Abraham, and in answer to his prayers Rebekah becomes the mother of twins.

These twin children were named respectively Jacob and Esau. They were dissimilar in every respect, but God had made known to their mother the ascendency that the younger was to obtain over the elder, and the prophecy of their future did not concern them only, but the nations that were to descend from them.

The Edomites were the descendants of the wild, red Esau, but in Jacob the Jewish line begun in Abraham was to be preserved.

God dealt very kindly and tenderly with Rebekah in making known to her the destiny of the two brothers. The knowledge ought to have prepared her for much that she had to endure on their behalf as they grew into manhood, and it ought to have effectually prevented her from taking any steps to advance her favourite, Jacob. But God's "eternal thought" moves on too slowly for impatient men and women. We are all anxious to help it on in our own eager way if we think it to our interest, and this brings us into many troubles, and often, alas! into much sin.

The birth of these remarkable children brought their parents as much sorrow as it did joy. They had little in common. The elder, Esau, was full of rude health and careless spirits. Covered all over with red hair or down, he furnished a curious contrast to the smooth, plastic, quiet Jacob, and between the two brothers there was no ground of sympathy anywhere. Esau took naturally to the field, and was a cunning hunter; Jacob preferred the tent, and devoted himself to the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture. He and Esau were never in accord, and even their parents were not agreed in their regard for them. Rebekah loved the thoughtful, contemplative Jacob. It irritated her to think that one so amiable and religiously disposed should have to yield precedence in his family, and the right to minister to it as a priest in holy things, after its natural head should be taken, to the thoughtless, care-for-nothing Esau. And all for the mere accident of birth. It was bitter to Rebekah, and she did not conceal her bitterness from her son. He soon learned from her to covet privileges that his free-hearted brother but too lightly esteemed, and so the seeds of future discord were sown with a diligent hand. For Esau, with all his faults, was dearer to the father's heart than Jacob with all his excellences. People like their opposites, and it may be that a certain generosity of temper and a nobleness that mingled with the reckless daring were what recommended Esau to Isaac. Then he was not superior to the gratification to be derived from the rich spoils of venison which the young hunter delighted to bring to him, preparing it for him with his own hand.

These facts show us, not a united family but a divided house. Favouritism, partisanship on the part of the parents putting aversion and distrust between their offspring.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand."

There was a breach in the wall here which should widen some day for a calamitous downfall.

One sad instance is left upon record of Jacob's ability to take a mean advantage, and of his disposition to overreach. Jacob in his tent sod pottage. He had upon the fire a reddish, chocolate-coloured stew of lentils and beans, when he was surprised by a visit from Esau, who had come to him for rest and for refreshment. He asked for some of that "same red pottage," but, faint as he was, Jacob refused to give him any unless he would make over to him his birthright.

The demand was a most extraordinary one. If exhaustion had not put Esau completely in Jacob's power, such hard terms could never have been proposed to him.

Esau ought indignantly to have spurned them. He should have died rather than cede for such a trifle the privileges of the firstborn. But his spirit failed him. The gnawing hunger was stronger than his pride. "I shall lose my birthright in either case," he gloomily reflected. "Without food I must die, and then of what use would it be to me? Having consented, Jacob gave him bread and lentils, and after he was rested he went his way.

Though he showed no sign of resentment, his designing brother had not raised himself in his respect, no nor in his own.

This sin with others came back to Jacob's memory one day. There was a moment, too, in Esau's life when a deeper wrong having wrung from him an "exceeding bitter cry," he brought up this transaction of the birthright as a sin against him in his hour of weakness and of need.

And though God never went back from His promises to Jacob, the time came when he had to propitiate Esau as "my lord," designate himself "his servant." He had once relieved his brother's almost mortal hunger on the hardest conditions, but he was glad to send the best of his possessions to him to win his favour, kneeling afterwards before him as a suppliant, not only for his own life but for all the lives bound up in his. Yet while we see a retributive Providence in all this, we must not forget Esau's culpability. Practically he despised his birthright, and instead of having his name in the glorious roll of those who died in faith, it is handed down to us as that of a "profane person."

It is possible that after the forfeiture of his birthright he grew more reckless. He had two wives, daughters of chiefs among the Hittites. The Targum says that they were idolaters, and that they rebelled against, and would not hearken to the instruction either of Isaac or of Rebekah, so fresh elements of discord were introduced into this disunited family,

"Which were a grief of mind unto Isaac and to Rebekah."

* * * * *

Years passed on. Isaac grew old and feeble, and was no longer able to take as active an interest in the affairs of his household as Rebekah was, for she was in all probability by many years his junior, and the period that found him in the winter of old age found her in the full rich autumn of her days.

As his failing sight and senses cut him off from much communication with those around him, she became more anxious about the way in which her pet son Jacob might be affected by his death. Jacob, it was true, had got possession of the coveted birthright, but the blessing of primogeniture, that prophetic benediction which must be spoken by the patriarch before his end, and once spoken was irrevocable, if only that could be diverted from Esau to Jacob's more worthy head! Yet she could not make her wishes known to her husband, since his preference was for Esau; besides, he might have made the injustice of them recoil upon herself.

Rebekah nursed a wish in her heart that became parent to a very sinful thought. Marring the fine traits in her character was an inherent capability for deceit. It was "the little rift within the lute," and we may be sure that it had made "much music mute" for her before she accomplished the masterstroke of diplomacy which gained her her object, but agonised her husband on his sick-bed, and threatened to make her childless in a day.

From her Jacob inherited the disposition which made him by nature what he was by name—a supplanter and deceiver. We have every proof that deceit ran in the veins of her family; for was not the biter bit when, having fled for protection to his uncle Laban and entered into his service, he was frequently imposed upon and compelled by his own cunning to outwit his older and more experienced kinsman? With such tendencies, Jacob was much to be pitied for having a mother who would foster them. Had she, by prayer and penitence, uprooted them from the ground of her own heart, she would have been doubly watchful over her son while his mind was still plastic to her influence.

But, with the night of death coming on apace, as she thought, for her husband, she could plot and plan how she might deceive him and procure for Jacob Esau's blessing. Her opportunity came at last. Isaac called Esau to him, and she overheard the communication that he had summoned him to hear. His sight was so dim that he could not see, and he said—

"Behold, now I am old, I know not the day of my death."

With this solemn reflection was suggested to him the advisability of putting his house in order and fulfilling the last duties that remained to him while he had a little strength. The most important of these was the bestowal of his parental benediction on his sons, especially on his firstborn. This benediction must be confirmed, like all religious covenants, with appropriate ceremonies, and among these ceremonies eating and drinking formed a part. It ought also to be explained here that the benediction was preceded by prayer and looking up to God, and by a few moments of solemn pause. Then the words spoken were supposed to be by the direct inspiration of the Most High, and as such never to be controverted and annulled by the will of man. All this must be kept in mind if we would understand Esau's bitter grief when Jacob had taken from him his blessing, and Isaac's own inability to unsay what he had said or promise equal prosperity to Esau.

Isaac told Esau to take his weapons, his quiver and his bow, and to prepare him a savoury dish of the venison he took therewith, that he might be tempted to eat.

The feast he contemplated was a sacramental one, over which he might bestow upon his firstborn his peculiar blessing. Rebekah

heard it all. She saw Esau depart upon his errand, and knew that it would take some time. She immediately went to Jacob and bade him bring her two kids of the goats, and she would prepare some savoury meat which Jacob should carry in under the guise of Esau, that he might receive the blessing. Jacob seemed not a little alarmed. The deceit of the proceeding did not daunt him, but he feared detection, feared, too, that in case of it he should bring upon himself his father's curse.

"Upon me be thy curse, my son," was Rebekah's confident rejoinder. Being strongly under her influence, Jacob yielded, and was soon invested, not only with Esau's best raiment, but with the holy robes which were kept in a perfumed chest, and in which he must have had the right to sacrifice after his father's death had he retained the privilege of the firstborn. The skins of the kids fastened on his arms made him to the touch like Esau.

It is shocking to read what follows. If one lie can be more debasing to the moral nature of a man than another, surely it must be a lie spoken to a blind and venerable parent whose days are nearly numbered.

Isaac was confused; he was in doubt. His ear was not so dull that he could be all at once mistaken in the voice. He wondered, too, that the venison had been procured so quickly, but unabashed Jacob wove a whole tissue of falsehoods to perfect the deception.

The plot succeeded. The smell of the sacred garments that he wore occasioned, perhaps, by the aromatic herbs used to preserve them through many generations, reminded the patriarch of a "field that the Lord had blessed," and his touch having lost its acuteness, he did not discern the difference between the skins of the kids and the rough arms of Esau. So over Jacob's head he pronounces Esau's blessing.

Rebekah by unholy means had gained her end, and God did not interfere or deprive Jacob of the privileges promised to him. But oh, how clearly retribution followed on the deed! The triumph of the mother and the son was but short. No one can read of Esau's agony and Isaac's great fear—for he trembled very exceedingly when he learned the imposition—without being deeply touched.

Esau was so wrung; he wept so bitterly, and in impassioned accents entreated his father, "Bless me, even me also, O my father."

"Thy brother came with subtilty," said Isaac, "and took away thy blessing."

"Is he not rightly named Jacob? He took away my birthright, and now he would take away my blessing. . . . Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father!"

Was not such a scene enough to shake the last sands in the old man's hour-glass? We cannot wonder that Esau hated Jacob. His resentment was strong and deep, but from regard for his father he determined to postpone his revenge, not only while he still lingered, but till the days of mourning for him were accomplished, "And then," he said, "I will slay my brother Jacob."

The frankness of this avowal was very unlike the secretiveness and diplomacy that characterised Jacob.

Rebekah, hearing of it, took the alarm. She had initiated a series of troubles that were only to end with her life. "The wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

She felt the necessity of getting Jacob out of the way, and entreated him at once to flee to Laban, to Haran. She thought, and there she was mistaken, that Esau would soon forgive and forget; but at present discretion was the better part of valour. "Why should I be deprived of you both in one day?"

To hide her real anxieties from Isaac, Rebekah spoke to him of imaginary ones. She was sending Jacob away, she said, in the hope that he might meet with a suitable wife.

"I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth; if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are in the land, what good shall my life do me?"

Appropriately advised by his father, Jacob set forth upon the weary pilgrimage that was to find him on his stony pillow consoled with a vision of angels.

From this time no mention of Rebekah occurs in the sacred writings. Even the spot where the remains of her nurse Deborah were committed to the earth is recorded as a place of weeping; but Rebekah's lamp of life here goes out unnoticed. No one knows the time of her death and the place of her sepulture. Contrary to all expectation, Isaac's life was prolonged for twenty years, but Rebekah lost her son in the day when she tried to secure his advancement by unfair means. Jacob's subsequent history till his return from Padan-aram was a tissue of vexations. The personal benefits resultant to him from both blessing and birthright were only apparent, the loss to Esau was only apparent. It was by their posterity the inequality between them was to be felt. Yet had Rebekah trusted that God would work out His purpose in His own way, how much better would that way have been than hers, and how much suffering and remorse must have been spared to herself and her children!

Let us visit Jacob again in thought at the time when, after long years, the fear of his brother, who was coming out to meet him, drove him to God in prayer beside the brook of Peniel.

"And there wrestled a man with him till the break of day," who revealed himself as the Angel of the Covenant, and imparted to him a new name and a new nature. What were the memories that must have pressed upon Jacob's mind? He had passed over Jordan, poor and penniless, a forlorn and despised pilgrim, having no guide to direct him, no friend to cheer him, no beast to carry him. He had lain on the ground with the heavens for his canopy, a stone for his pillow, the darkness for his curtain. Yet the Lord had preserved his life and had prospered him. He was now spread into bands. The hand that had punished had sustained him, and the same Almighty hand would punish and sustain him even to the end.

At the moment that he bowed his head in shame and said, "My name is Jacob—supplanter! deceiver!" he knew the Divine *why* of all he had had to suffer.

Dear young friends, there is a Divine *Why* working through the conditions of your lives and mine. God is willing to take great pains with us. Let us be careful how we draw down upon ourselves the severer evidences of His love. Compensation and retribution are still too great forces in His moral government, for—

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds He all."

NEW MUSIC.

J. AND W. CHESTER, and STANLEY LUCAS. WEBER, AND CO.

Three Romances, arranged for violin and pianoforte by Ferdinand Praeger.—No. 1, in the key of G, is a short andante movement, both instruments harmonising together. No. 2, in the key of C, is a graceful composition. No. 3, in four sharps. The theme is played by the violin, and a flowing accompaniment is sustained by the piano, each requiring great care and attention in the execution.

Three Scherzos, for the pianoforte. By John Gledhill.—No. 1, before us, is a charming drawing-room piece, and will be welcomed by our young friends. The sostenuto movement is most effective, coming in as it does between the vivace of the first and third parts.

GODDARD AND CO.

Sunless the Skies. Words by T. Smith, Esq. Music by Henry Stiehl.—We are much impressed by the words and music of this beautiful song, which is quite out of the common style. The mournful tone throughout the first verse is contrasted vividly with the bright change to the major key in the latter part, when the skies are no longer sunless, but—

"Bright is each landscape with love."

Cradle Song. Pour Piano. Par Henry Logé.—A little and easy piece, suitable for unpretentious players.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Romeo and Juliet. Fantaisie brillante sur l'opéra de Bellini, *Montecchi e Capuletti.* By Sydney Smith.—An extremely well arranged piece, commencing and ending with the well-known march. The variations on the different melodies are brilliant, and the air well sustained throughout; being fingered, it is within the capabilities of an average pianoforte player.

Also by the same popular and versatile composer, *The Minster Tower.* Gavotte and Musette. Both worthy of notice, and suitable for moderate players.

La Tristesse. A charming drawing-room piece.—The melody is taken in the left hand, the right hand forming an accompaniment. With expressive and feeling playing, "La Tristesse" would become a favourite.

Polonaise. For the pianoforte. By Boyton Smith. — A characteristic piece, brilliant without being difficult. We recommend it to the notice of our girls as suitable for musical evenings.

Rigaudon. By the same composer.—This extremely pretty and well-arranged piece takes its name from a lively dance of bygone days. We can recommend it.

WEEKES AND CO.

When the Day is Dark and Dreary. Words by George Weatherly. Music by Harold E. Stidolph.—A fine song treated in a most masterly style; music and words well combined; requires good singing and playing.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Prayer on the Waters. Words translated from the German of Moritz Graf Strachwitz by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. Music by Carl Reinecke. Canon by inversion, for two voices. —A wonderfully clever piece of writing, erring only on the side of brevity. These duets of Reinecke's, in addition to their undoubted merit as vocal compositions, will amply repay the careful study of the theorist, and will abundantly show what beautiful music may accompany a strict observance of dry contrapuntal rules when these latter are applied by such a thorough master of the subject as Carl Reinecke.

CHARITY.

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

Pretty little maiden,
  Fair as any rose,
Roving o'er the meadows,
  Knitting as she goes.
Not a thought of sorrow
  Fills her heart to-day;
Smiling as she blithely
  Takes her happy way.

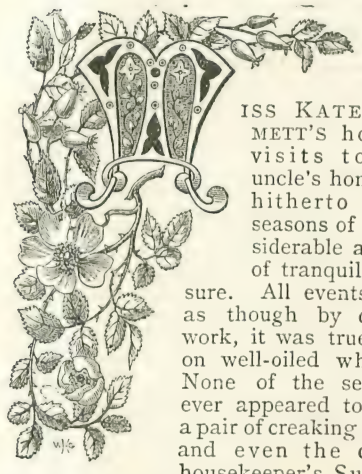
Bent upon some mission
  Certainly is she,
P'r'aps to soothe the weary
  Dwelling o'er the lea.
May her good work prosper
  Where distress is rife;
Charity's the surest
  Sweetener of life!

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER V.

TABLE-CLOTH MAPS, DONE IN BROWN.



MISS KATE CARMETT'S holiday visits to her uncle's home had hitherto been seasons of a considerable amount of tranquil pleasure. All events went as though by clockwork, it was true, and on well-oiled wheels. None of the servants ever appeared to have a pair of creaking boots, and even the cook-housekeeper's Sunday black silk seemed to have been especially trained not to rustle. But as a short change to her own gay, bustling home, Kate had found the calm, unaccustomed atmosphere very refreshing. Fond as she was of her brother, she was not altogether thankful to have him with her now, and so she half-unconsciously decided on the third day of their visit, as she heard Master Ted sliding downstairs, with a running accompaniment of shouts and stumbles.

"What a nuisance the winter is, and the frost is, and everything is," grumbled Mr. Carmett, testily, as he came into breakfast on the morning of that day. He had been out into the back-yard to pay his respects as usual to his favourite dog, and he had carried Lion a bone in testimony of his affection. And that big, faithful, stupid old Lion, in its hurry to show appreciation of its master's kindness, choked itself. Then in its contortions its next proceeding was to knock over its tin pan of water.

"Poor old fellow!" said Mr. Carmett, picking up the pan and carrying it to the tap in the yard to refill. But frost, or rust, or disuse, or something or other, had set the tap fast. He tried the handle both ways, half a dozen times, from right to left, and left to right, but it was no good. Move the tap he could not, and so he came indoors, ordering his man James to fill the tin pan for Lion, who had got over his choking fit by now without the water; and then his master entered the breakfast room growling at the season and everything else about him until he caught sight of his niece's pretty smiling face, when his frowns suddenly melted away, and he exclaimed—

"Pshaw! what a grumbling old bear you have got for an uncle, my dear. I shall have you running off home again in terror of me, if I don't take care. Just pour me out a cup of coffee, Miss Katie, and see if that will act like oil on troubled waters, or balm to a bruised temper."

Kate complied with the request laughing, and bringing the soothing draught round to her uncle with her own hands, she asked the present more immediate cause of his vexation.

"I expect I could turn it," shouted Ted, springing to his feet.

"Ah! to be sure, of course, and turn the table over at the same time," said his uncle, coolly, as every cup and plate rattled with a sudden jar, and half his coffee was spilt over into the saucer.

"Perhaps, Katie, my dear," he added, "you'll carry this back and make it tidy again for me, and then pray fill your obstreperous youngster's plate with a good pile of everything you think he likes best, that you and I may have a chance of ten minutes' peace."

"While I am eating, do you mean, uncle?" asked Ted.

"Aye, young man, while you are eating. You don't talk while you are eating, I hope?"

Ted's head went on one side in its thoughtful attitude.

"N—no, I don't believe I do; not when the things are good. But I kick my feet up underneath the table sometimes—at least, Kattie and mother say I do—and you can't think how that sets the things jumping and jingling, you know. Like this!"

And before that poor, sorely-tried sister Kattie could exclaim a warning, or fly round the table to her brother, the speaker had suited the action to his words, and given a practical demonstration of his information. Mr. Carmett started up with an expression, for one moment, of dire wrath upon his face; Kate stood still with clasped hands, and trembled. The delinquent gazed with solemn eyes at the contents of his cup streaming along the table-cloth, and remarked gravely, in a tone of grieved disapprobation—

"Oh! uncle, what a dreadfully jiggetty table. You are older than father, and father wouldn't think of having a tottery thing like this in his breakfast-room, I'm sure!"

"Ted! how dare you," breathed Kattie, gasping. Fears mingled in her breast at her young brother's audacity, and at the condign punishment with which she felt sure her uncle must certainly be about to visit it. To see Ted impudent, untidy, and daring was terribly trying, but to see him punished and miserable was almost more than she could manage, anyhow, to bear. She glanced across once more at her precise, particular uncle. She had scarcely done so than she was more startled by him than she had been by her brother. Literally gasping for one instant, as Kattie herself had done, Mr. Carmett's wrathful indignation appeared to be literally startled away, and he burst into a perfect explosion of laughter. At that utterly unexpected sound Kattie sank back again into her seat with a half-hysterical sob and giggle, while her uncle exclaimed—

"Well, Master Ted, I've heard of impertinent mortals, and I've met with a few, but I've never yet met with one to call himself your equal! First of all, of your own deliberate malice to kick my poor table, and convert my beautifully white table-cloth into the bed of a murky brown river, and then to abuse my furniture!"

Ted raised his head with a sudden jerk.

"But I'll never abuse you, Uncle Edward," he blurted out, hastily. "You're a brick. I thought you'd box my ears, and—and—"—and there was just the suspicion of a quiver in the sturdy young voice—"I almost wish you had. That's a horrid mess on the clean cloth. If I knew a bit how to wash, I'd try to get it out for you."

"Pray don't then," said his uncle, with a rather husky laugh. And then he rose, and, on the pretence of changing his troublesome young guest's coffee-filled plate, bent over him, and for the first time in his life touched the smooth forehead with his lips. His nephew might be mischievous and bold, and with a terrible want on the top of his head where the bump of reverence ought to be, but bad-hearted he evidently was not, and, as Mr. Carmett had a generous glow somewhere about himself, in spite of his outward preciseness, it was just possible that there might grow up a closer bond of union between him and his godson, as the years went on, than if Master Ted had been the most deferential, pretty behaved of nephews, cut out after his godfather's own pattern.

However, the proofs of that in the future; and meantime breakfast proceeded and came to an end without any more events worth recording, with the exception of a short, half-whispered conversation towards the end of the meal between the brother and sister. Mr. Carmett had pushed back his cup and plate, and was reading the *Times*, apparently deaf to all around him.

"I say, Kattie! What's that for?"

"What's what for?" in not quite ingenuous interrogation.

"Why, moving the marmalade over there? I should say you'd be quite tired enough pouring out the coffee, and all the rest of it, without giving yourself trouble for nothing."

"Oh! it was not very much trouble moving that glass over here."

"No—but then there's the passing it back again, you see."

The utterance of that short and peculiarly significantly-spoken speech was followed by such a very demonstrative rustling of the newspaper, that Kate waited a minute before she replied with overstrained calmness—

"Ah! of course I should not have put it this side of the table so long as it was likely to be wanted on the other. I did not move it until I saw that you had had enough."

"Saw that, did you?" said Ted, with a grave shake of the head. "Then I can just tell you this, Kattie, that if you thought you saw that, that's where you make the mistake. I haven't above had half enough yet, and so as I'd like to have the other half, I'll give you the trouble just once more to pass the glass back again where it was before."

Kate shook her head. "Couldn't possibly. That extra bit of exertion might just be the last straw, you know, and make my overworked arm ache."

"All right," said Ted; "then I'd best get it myself, only you know you told me uncle didn't like me to get up from my chair during meals."

"Neither does he," said Kate, driven into a corner at last, and obliged to speak openly. "And it is no use your getting up now excepting to run off and play, for you have had quite as much and more marmalade than is good for you already."

"No; now, Kattie, that's another of your mistakes," remonstrated Ted, anxiously. "I've got a regular hole inside me still—and you know uncle said that I was to enjoy myself."

Down went that rustling *Times*, and up jumped its reader, with another burst of laughter. "You monkey of a youngster, why can't you let your old uncle read his paper, hey?"

"I'm very sorry, uncle," came the penitent answer. "But it is bad of Kattie, isn't it, not to let me do as you told me?"

"Of course it is," was the hearty assent. "Next bad to being disobedient herself. But as I told you to enjoy yourself, and your obedience to that order appears to consist in eating marmalade, suppose we come to some understanding on the matter, while Katie lets you have just one spoonful more out of that glass."

Ted's eyes brightened, and he held out his plate to his sister. "All right, uncle. Your understandings are sure to be jolly—not scrimchinny, like girls. Oh! Kats!! you might have let that long bit of peel tumble on to my plate instead of back into the jar. A man wouldn't have done that, I know."

"And a man would not be quite so sorry if you got a bad sick headache," said Kate, reproachfully. "Indeed, uncle, I am afraid that we shall have him ill if you indulge him with such a host of luxuries. We live so simply at home."

Mr. Carmett tried to look solemn, and smoothed the bright hair on the anxious young sister's head.

"Well, Katie, my dear, you hear Ted and I are going to come to an agreement, and then, as I am sure that we shall both keep to it, there can no longer be any need for your fears. Your visit here, you know, Ted, is to last eleven more days if all goes well, so I shall tell cook to put aside six jars of marmalade especially for you—Katie and I will have ours separately. As long as those six jars of marmalade remain unfinished you shall stay; they shall be under your own free and absolute control, but if they are all finished before the eleven days are ended, so will your visit also be finished."

"I should hope they won't be!" exclaimed Kate. "More than half a pot a day!"

"And lots upon lots of other things besides," came the contented sigh from Ted.

"Aye," agreed Mr. Carmett, "of course, lots upon lots of other things besides, only—you understand—no other jam of any kind."

"Oh, no. Of course, I know that," answered Ted, thoughtfully. "But six pots for eleven days—I'll manage to make that do. And then I'll just speak to cook about it, too. She's sure to pick me out good big ones, when she hears that it's for an agreement. She said yesterday that a bit of a feasting by way of a change was good for growing lads, now and again. Your cook's nicer than ours at home, Uncle Edward. She quite makes up for your having a more jiggetty table!"

"Teddy, you little goose, hold your tongue!" exclaimed Kate.

Uncle Edward said nothing; he vanished.

"It's jolly having an uncle, isn't it, Kattie?" ejaculated Ted.

"A good deal jollier than having a sister, I am afraid you think," said Kate Carmett, with a half sigh. And then she also left the room, to try to get a private word with over liberal-minded cook before her brother.

Kate need not have been in such haste. Ted's small rough head had been full of another thought during the past twenty minutes besides that of enjoying his breakfast, and to do him justice this other thought had been to him far the more important of the two. He would have even given up his last two helpings of marmalade for the sake of carrying it out more quickly, if he could have got his uncle and sister out of the way before.

But his new piece of business must have a new chapter.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD AND COOKERY.

Part II.—Cooking and Digestion.

In a former article the nature and properties of the materials composing our bodies were shortly described, and the sources from which these materials are principally derived were briefly indicated. But before the various kinds of food can be assimilated they must undergo certain changes during the processes of cooking and digestion, and a brief summary of these will form the subject of the present article.

The chemical changes which occur during these processes are often very complicated, and in some instances by no means well understood; but the ultimate object of them all is to convert the food into soluble forms. Every particle of the food we consume must be reduced to a liquid before it can become serviceable for the supply of our wants, for it is only substances which can pass through the walls of the stomach and the other digestive organs which can be utilised, and solid bodies are incapable of doing this.

For this reason a large proportion of water must necessarily be taken directly or indirectly with all our food. Water alone is capable of dissolving the phosphates and other mineral salts required for repairing the waste in the bone, blood, and certain other animal juices. But most of the starchy and farinaceous foods, as well as the fats and nitrogenous materials required for the formation of flesh or muscular fibre, are insoluble in water. Even in the raw state, however, these substances are attacked by the animal juices and secretions, and more or less rapidly changed into soluble forms, so that it is quite possible for man to live entirely on raw food. But these changes are very much facilitated by previously subjecting the food to a certain amount of heat, and thus cooking, in the majority of cases, becomes of great assistance to digestion, besides enabling us to utilise many substances which would otherwise be of very little value as food.

Exclusive of the mineral salts and other soluble substances, food materials contain three important classes of bodies which undergo distinct and separate digestive processes. The most important of these are the various kinds of starches, and bodies of similar composition. These form the chief source of the fuel which supports the bodily temperature, and supplies the force to drive our internal machinery, as well as that expended in muscular exertions. Our supply of these materials is derived exclusively from plants. Roots, stems, pith, and leaves are all laid under contribution, but the chief sources are the seeds, and especially the seeds of graminiferous plants, such as wheat, rice, &c.

A grain of wheat consists of several layers differing slightly in composition, but the interior portion, which is made into flour, consists principally of starch. Under the microscope starch is seen to be made up of innumerable regular-shaped grains, which are, in fact, minute bags containing a fine granular material. These grains are insoluble in cold water, but on boiling they swell up and burst, forming the clear gelatinous mass familiar to everyone. This, also, is insoluble, but the addition of a drop or two of an acid, or a small quantity of malt extract, renders it easily soluble on heating for a short time. It is, however, no longer starch, having been transformed into a kind of sugar by means of a peculiar ferment called diastase contained in the malt. The saliva contains a similar but more powerful ferment—ptyaline—which produces similar changes. Boiled starch is very rapidly changed. Even raw starch is partially converted into glucose if mixed with the saliva, but the change is slow, and when eaten unboiled a large proportion passes through the system unchanged; for neither the acid nor the ferments can act readily till the little bags are burst and the granular matter exposed. Here the advantage of cooking is manifest. A smaller quantity of the boiled material is more useful than a larger quantity of the raw substance, and is also much easier digested. The amount of cooking necessary with the different kinds of starchy foods varies considerably. Rice, cornflour, tapioca, and similar preparations of nearly pure starch require only to be boiled till they gelatinize. Flour, grains, and seeds, such as peas and beans, which contain nitrogenous material, require longer boiling. Roots, such as potatoes and turnips, and especially vegetables, as cabbage and cauliflower, contain in addition to starch another substance called cellulose. Young shoots and leaves consist almost entirely of water, starch, and cellulose. As the plant grows the latter changes into woody fibre which cannot be utilised. Cellulose itself is very indestructible. Prolonged boiling

renders it partially open to the attack of the saliva, and the cooking of these bodies must go on till they are thoroughly soft throughout. But this is not the only useful purpose that cooking serves. The potato, for instance, belongs to a family famed for the deadly poisonous nature of almost every plant it contains. And there can be no doubt that all parts of the potato plant contain traces of the poisonous alkaloids which render the nightshades so deadly. The leaves, fruit, and flowers are extremely nauseous, and the raw tubers are very unwholesome. But the poison is volatile, and any traces of it present are driven off during the cooking process, especially if care is taken to dry them well after boiling.

Manioc root, from which tapioca is prepared, is violently poisonous, but the roasting it undergoes during the manufacturing process dissipates the poisonous body; and other roots and seeds are in a similar way rendered more wholesome by cooking. Some roots and seeds contain oils or substances which, though not, perhaps, actually poisonous, are bitter or otherwise disagreeable, as carrots, turnips, parsnips, and beans. Most of these bodies are driven off more or less completely by boiling.

In addition to the starchy materials, we require for our sustenance a certain amount of nitrogenous food. All grains and seeds, and most other vegetable foods, contain nitrogenous products, and it is quite possible to live on an exclusively vegetable or farinaceous diet. But it is more convenient and more agreeable to vary this with a proportion of animal food. After all, this is but an appropriation for our own use of partially elaborated materials. All carbonaceous food is ultimately derived from vegetable sources, for only plants can convert carbon into organised products capable of being assimilated by our bodies, and it is somewhat remarkable that it is vegetable-feeding animals whose flesh is chiefly, and, among civilised nations, exclusively, used as food.

The nitrogenous constituents of animal food are found chiefly in the fleshy muscular fibres. The effect of cooking on these is twofold. The materials are disintegrated owing to the heat meeting the fat and gelatin which bind the muscles together, and the fibrin and other nitrogenous bodies are coagulated—a change which is a necessary preliminary to digestion, and which it is very convenient to have effected before the food is eaten. The saliva has very little effect on these bodies, and mastication appears to be simply useful in converting the food into small pieces, and moistening it so that it may be easily swallowed. When the coagulated material passes into the stomach, however, it is attacked by the gastric juice. The active agent in this gastric juice is another peculiar ferment called pepsin. This can only act properly in the presence of an acid, and the acid generally employed is the hydrochloric or muriatic acid derived from the common salt and other chlorides always directly or indirectly eaten with flesh food. With the help of the acid the gastric juice rapidly converts the boiled nitrogenous bodies into peptones, which differ very little in chemical composition from the compounds from which they are derived, and are chiefly distinguished therefrom by being soluble. Uncooked flesh undergoes a similar change, but more slowly, and thus carnivorous animals require a much longer time to digest their food than we do, though the gastric secretions are more abundant.

Besides the nitrogenous materials animal food contains fatty bodies, and similar substances from other sources (as oils, butter, &c.) form a not inconsiderable proportion of our food. These do not differ greatly in composition from starch, and serve similar purposes in the animal economy; but they undergo an entirely different digestive process. Cooking does not appear to be of any advantage so far as they are concerned, though it is, perhaps, convenient to eat them hot. Neither the saliva nor the gastric juice has any appreciable effect on them. They appear to assist the digestion of flesh food in the stomach, but they themselves pass into the small intestines almost unaltered. Here they come in contact with the bile and undergo a similar change to that produced on tallow by the soapmaker. They are, in fact, converted into soluble soaps, by means, chiefly, of the soda liberated from the common salt in the gastric juice.

From whatever source derived, these three kinds of food undergo the same changes during the processes of cooking and digestion. That digestion may be easy we have seen how useful thorough cooking is in the case of the first two, and especially where vegetables are concerned. As to the different methods of cooking—roasting, boiling, baking, &c.—theoretically it is a matter of indifference. A certain amount of heat is all that is essentially necessary. But moist heat is usually much more effective than dry. With prepared starchy substances and farinaceous grains a certain amount of water is necessary. Starchy bodies when heated dry, are, indeed, after a time, converted into dextrin, but this is not nearly so easily affected by the saliva as boiled starch. On the other hand, many vegetables contain sufficient moisture to cook themselves, if means are taken to prevent its escape during the process. Thus, in bread-making the dough, which the yeast has partially altered, when put in the oven hardens first on the outside and prevents the moisture from escaping, till a high temperature is attained sufficient to coagulate the gluten and burst the starch cells. The potato skin performs a similar function for that article, and there is no better way of cooking the tuber then baking it with "its jacket on." In roasting meat, also, the fibrin on the surface gets coagulated, and, preventing the escape of the juices, enables the joint to be thoroughly cooked. Basting with butter or lard acts in a similar manner, forming an impervious film over the substances being cooked. In roasting and baking the natural juices and other substances are partially retained, which is an advantage, except where the object is to form a soup of the liquid used in boiling. Having been well cooked, the food ought to be thoroughly masticated. So far as the starchy portion of our diet is concerned, we have seen this is absolutely essential, and a good deal of the indigestion that arises from eating vegetable food springs from a neglect of this necessary preliminary.

The digestion of other substances is greatly aided by its reduction to a pulp in the mouth. On its arrival in the stomach it is mechanically rolled about and thoroughly mixed with the gastric juice and the acids, and is soon reduced to the consistence of pea-soup, the greater portion of the nitrogenous and starchy matters being dissolved. Part of these pass directly through the walls of the stomach, but the greater portion escapes to the small intestines, where the bile and other juices complete the digestive process. As it rolls along these canals, the soluble portion is absorbed by a set of vessels called lacteals, and from these it passes into the blood, chiefly just before the return of the latter to the heart.

A certain amount of mineral salts is also necessary, but these are generally sufficiently plentiful in ordinary food materials, common salt being, perhaps, the only case where a special supply is necessary. The red colour of the blood is due to a minute trace of iron, which performs the important function of fixing the oxygen gas of the air and transferring it to the blood for combination with those materials with which the latter has been supplied from the food. A considerable quantity of potash and soda is required to keep the nitrogenous materials of the blood fluid. These are chiefly supplied by greens and similar vegetables, and the practice of eating these with meat is scientifically correct and useful. Many similar combinations founded on long practice are also found to be based on scientific principles. The alkali salts are partially removed from vegetables by boiling, and we therefore attempt to use them uncooked. But these are very indigestible, and to overcome this as far as possible we eat along with them considerable quantities of vinegar. The acid not only itself attacks the food, but it stimulates the secretion of saliva, as do all condiments and pungent appetisers.

Jams and preserved fruit, along with preparations of cornflour, arrowroot, &c., assist digestion, owing to the presence of traces of fruit acids. Vinegar and butter with fish, and the various gravies, &c., with meat, serve similar functions, as well as being agreeable to our taste. Other common combinations are not so useful, and some are certainly hurtful. In cases of persons accustomed to an open-air life, and not exposed to unnecessarily severe toil, it is more than probable that tea, coffee, and the various forms of alcoholic liquors are not only useless, but hurtful. In the complicate life of city civilisation, however, a certain quantity of these stimulants are, perhaps, necessary. It is impossible to venture on the vexed question of alcohol, but we may say that a very small quantity will go a long way for useful results with ordinarily healthful persons, and of all forms of alcoholics mild ale and beer are certainly the best and most nutritious. Tea and coffee are very apt to be abused, and to be drunk at wrong times. In moderation these exhilarate, refresh, and soothe the overworked system, but they are detrimental to the health of children and young growing persons. Taken, as they often are, with meat they greatly retard digestion. Their tannin forms with the gelatin of meat a leathery mass in the stomach which produces dyspepsia and other unpleasant symptoms. The proper time to take them is with bread or starchy bodies, or, as in the East, between meals. Cocoa is much better than either, but most persons quickly get tired of it, and it disagrees entirely with many delicate stomachs.

Sugar and similar bodies require little digestion, and the reason why there is so great a contrast between the digestibility of ripe and unripe fruit is that the former consists almost wholly of sugar bodies and water. Fruit, in fact, undergoes similar changes in ripening that starch does in contact with the saliva; the changes being preliminary to the absorption of the materials by the seeds when they start growth. The sweet juices in such plants as the sugar-cane are produced in a similar way, these bodies being all partly digested.

A knowledge of the functions and properties of the different kinds of foods enables us to select those which will supply suitable proportions of the various constituents necessary for building up our bodies. In a measure, practice has already invented combinations for this purpose. Bacon and greens, pork and beans, apple sauce and goose and bread, meat and potatoes with gravy, are all combinations where all the three great classes of material are mixed in such a way as to aid each other's digestion. So we use milk and butter to supply fat and nitrogenous material in our pastry, eggs with rice and sago, cheese with macaroni, butter with bread, oil and eggs with salad, and numerous other mixtures.

Guided by moderation and common sense, persons of ordinary intelligence do not usually greatly violate scientific laws in regard to their food; but a knowledge of the chemistry of the subject would tend to correct some common errors, and conduce to the invention of new, tasteful, and easily digested dishes.

"DICK IN THE MIDDLE, HOLDING THE MARKET BASKET."

HONORIA SPENCER'S MISTAKE;

OR, DUTY VERSUS LOVE.

By S. L. GIBBS.

CHAPTER III.

KATE was seventeen when her Uncle Henry wrote to his sister as follows:—

"DEAR SISTER HONOR,

"It is a long time since I wrote to you. I now do so to ask a favour from you. My dear wife has been very ill for some time; the physicians give no hope of permanent recovery unless she leaves here immediately. We therefore start at once on a rather long tour, beginning with Algiers. The favour Ellen and I ask from you is, will you take care of our Millie till our return? We hope, as you have dear Alice's daughter with you, our girl will be little extra trouble. Millie starts this evening with Mrs. Glenny; she is mad with delight at the thoughts of seeing her unknown relations. Ellen is in no danger if she is moved at once."

This letter fell on Miss Spencer and Hannah like a thunderbolt.

Kate was bad enough, but her aunt owned that she was quiet; while the only remembrance she had of Millie was of a noisy little girl of five or six years of age, with a great deal to say, a determination to say it, and a decided will of her own.

"A hateful child!" Miss Honor had pronounced her to be; and was this child to become an inmate of her well-ordered household?

Kate looked forward to seeing her unknown cousin with as much joy as her aunt did with dread, and would have asked many questions about her only she knew it would be useless, as her inquiries would not be answered.

Hannah could give her very little information, as she had only seen her once, when she had been quite a baby.

The eventful day arrived. Millie could not be there till very late. Kate ventured to ask to be allowed to sit up for her, but was sternly told that "it could not be thought of for a minute."

She heard a carriage drive up, a pleasant voice speaking; then all was quiet, and she fell asleep.

The next morning she was aroused by feeling a pair of hands placed over her eyes, and by hearing a clear voice bidding her "Get up, and guess who it was."

Kate guessed at once "Cousin Millie," and the hands being removed, she sat up and looked at her visitor.

She saw a piquant little lady of about eighteen years, with black hair fastened in a coil at the back of a well-shaped head, clear, grey eyes that were now looking in honest admiration at her, and such a pleasant expression, that, though she was not really beautiful, all her friends thought her so.

"How glad I am to see you, Kitty! May I call you Kitty? Papa always does. I am so glad you are so nice! I was afraid you might be after Aunt Honoria's pattern! Oh dear! I should not have said that, but I couldn't help it—it slipped out. I beg your pardon, but surely you don't do your hair like that! It don't suit your face at all. May I do it for you? Felicie—that's mamma's maid, you know—says I am quite a grand hairdresser. Let me do it for you. I promise I won't pull it."

Kate sat down by the glass rather overwhelmed by her cousin's brisk chatter, and too shy to make any objection, waited results patiently.

Millie brushed the long beautiful hair, bidding her hastily not to move nor look till her work was finished. As she arranged it she continued talking busily.

"It could have been no one but you who placed the flowers in my room. I am so much obliged to you. Now you only want a rose in your hair and you will be perfect." She fastened one in quickly. "There, mademoiselle," she remarked, making an elaborate courtesy, "deign to look at your countenance in yon mirror, and tell me if I am not a deft lady's maid to 'the fair one with the golden locks'?"

Kate rose. The little excitement—a great one though to her—had sent a faint colour to her cheeks, usually so pale; her eyes sparkled. Her hair was dressed becomingly, the white rose just showing behind her tiny ear. Altogether she saw in the glass a very pretty picture.

Kitty stared in such evident surprise at herself that Millie laughed delightedly.

"Why, Kitty, I do believe you never knew you were pretty before! Just put this pink

ribbon round your neck and you'll do nicely. I shall laugh when I see Dick's surprise, because, you know, we both thought you would be like Aunt Honor."

"Dick?" said Kitty, nervously; "who is Dick?"

"Who's Dick?" echoed her cousin, "why, my brother, of course. Who did you think he was?"

"I didn't know he was coming, but—but I don't think I like boys."

"Didn't know he was coming! No more did I till three days ago. And he isn't a boy," she continued, half angrily; "he is more than twenty! Not like Dick! Nonsense! Everybody likes Dick!"

With this conclusive argument, she linked her arm in Kitty's, and they went down to the parlour.

Kate was so nervous and timid that she would almost have been relieved if the stairs had opened to swallow her up, for, in passing from her room door, she stepped into the arms of a young gentleman, who was also descending the stairs, and who gazed at her in undisguised amazement.

"I beg your pardon," said he, recovering himself, "but are you Cousin Kitty?"

"Didn't I tell you he would be surprised?" said Millie, mischievously. "You don't know what a flattering portrait we drew of you as we came here. We expected to see a Gorgon in spectacles with a perpetual frown——"

"Spectacles at seventeen!" cried Kate, with a rippling silvery laugh, the first that had been heard in that dreary house for many a long day. "And have you altered your flattering opinion?"

"I should think we had, indeed," said Dick, so earnestly that it brought the colour in floods to her face.

"A race! a race!" cried Millie. "Let's see who will be down first."

She rushed down the stairs, taking the last ones with a jump, and ran against the breakfast-room door out of breath.

Dick quickly, and Kate more slowly, came after, Kitty laughing merrily till the door opened, and Miss Spencer looked out.

Kate's merriment stopped suddenly, and the rest went in quietly enough.

After prayers they began breakfast, and then Miss Spencer noticed the difference in her niece's appearance.

"Katherine," she said, coldly, "pray what have you been doing to yourself? Why have you done your hair in that unbecoming manner? You must alter it directly."

Kate coloured; the tears sprang to her eyes. She was about to rise to obey her aunt, feeling deeply mortified at being scolded before comparative strangers, when Millie exclaimed—

"My dear Aunt Honor, surely you don't think it unbecoming! Why, she was going to do it like—like her grandmother might have done. Of course, I could not allow that, so I did it for her, and it looks ever so much better; don't it, Dick?"

"I do not admire it," said Miss Spencer, decivisely, "but you need not alter it just now. I am sorry to see you so vain."

The subject was not allowed to drop till a long tirade had been preached about the evils of vanity and the unbecomingness of it in young persons.

When the uncomfortable meal was over, they rose with a feeling of relief. Millie asked Kate to show her the garden. Miss Spencer graciously allowing her to do so, they went out.

"Poor Kitty!" was all she said, with a caressing touch of the hand.

This touch was too much for her over-taxed feelings. Kate burst into a flood of tears. "I am so very, very miserable," she sobbed.

"I should think you were, indeed," said Millie, indignantly. "Is she always like that? What a disagreeable old thing! Never mind, Kitty, I mean to love you very much, and while we are here you shall enjoy yourself. Oh! here comes Dick. What shall we do, Dick? Where shall we go? There is not much to see in this garden, is there?"

"Do I observe in the far distance a primeval forest?" asked Dick, with mock solemnity, pointing to the wood near them. "Would it be possible to reach it in a day's journey?"

"Well, if we walked fast we might get there in five minutes, but I don't think aunt would let us go."

"Wouldn't she! I'll go and ask her." Millie ran in quickly and a little noisily, and began her request, but was checked by Miss Spencer, who remarked, "Millicent, is this a ladylike mode of entering a room? I am sure you know it is not. Sit down and state your wishes quietly."

Millie sat down, and, as quietly as she could, stated her wishes.

"It cannot be thought of for a moment! I cannot go with you, and Hannah is busy."

"But, aunt, surely Kitty knows the way, and Dick will take care of us."

"The garden, I am sure, is large enough for recreation. Katherine never walks anywhere else. You cannot go."

"Poor Kitty," she sighed, involuntarily, and was going away, feeling that she had failed in her mission, when Dick came in at the window.

He guessed immediately how matters stood, and acted accordingly.

"Well, Millie," he said, rapidly, "I hope you have been long enough! You and Kate go on; I'll catch you. I want to ask you a favour, aunt. Please will you lend us a market basket, because we are going nutting. What, Millie, not gone yet? You need not wait for me; I'll fetch the basket. We won't be late, aunt. By the bye, what time is lunch?"

"Two o'clock," said Miss Spencer, "but——"

"All right, we won't be late, and we'll bring you lots of nuts. Good-bye, aunt. Make haste, Millie."

He hurried his sister away before either she or her aunt had time to speak.

As soon as they were out of hearing, he burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Oh, Millie! what a caution she is! 'You cannot go!' Can't we? Didn't I do it well? Don't tell Katie; it would only vex her, poor little thing! We must make her as jolly as we can while we stay. Do you know, Millie, I do believe that if we had not come, she would have gone melancholy mad."

"No doubt of it, and enough to make her!" replied Millie, indignantly.

They procured the basket — Dick kissing Hannah as payment, on which the old lady shook her head and wondered "what the world was coming to."

They went merrily to the wood.

On reaching it, they were thunderstruck to find that Kate had never been through any part of it but the path that led to the church.

They declined to walk there, and went down to the depths of it, amongst the closely growing trees and ferns, where they spent a most happy morning, and it was not till after one that they thought of returning.

"What sort of visitors have you here?—pleasant ones, I mean, of course."

"I hardly know," said Kate, doubtfully. "There is Mr. Green, the clergyman, but I don't think he is pleasant; and there are Mr. Barton, Miss Lesling, and a good many more, but they are not at all nice."

"Lively companions, indeed! Then we shall have to depend on ourselves for society, and I, for one, am glad of it."

While they were returning, Miss Spencer was talking to Hannah.

"Yes, Hannah, actually carried them away against my express command! I do not blame Kate." ("I should think not," murmured Hannah, quietly.) "It was not her fault. She has always been a severe trial to me, and still will be so, of course; but I foresee they will be far worse. There is Mr. Green coming down the road; I am sure he will feel for our trouble. Look, Hannah!" she exclaimed, "there is a disgraceful exhibition to appear before a clergyman's eyes!"

Millie, Dick, and Kate were coming down the winding path leading to the house. Dick in the middle, holding the market basket heaped high with nuts in his two hands, the girls hanging on his arms and eating the nuts as fast as they could, laughing heartily at his pitiful entreaties to them not to steal, or, at least, to give him a share.

Millie had crowned Kate and herself with wreaths of wild honeysuckle, and made posies of wild flowers. Above the bright sun shone, and lit up the little happy party of joyous young people.

Hannah looked out, as she was told to do, and thought it a prettier sight than any she had ever seen, and so replied, rather tartly—

"Well, miss, I should think as Mr. Green must be pleased to see such an exhibition. It is a fine sight, surely. I beg your pardon, ma'am, for being so bold, but Miss Kate hasn't looked so happy as she does now since she's been here. Maybe, miss, girls want sunshine, and I misgive me she ain't had much."

She hurried away to let the visitors in. Miss Spencer repeated the words, "Girls want sunshine!" and a slight misgiving crossed her mind for the first time that, though she had done her duty, she had not done all that was required.

This thought was banished immediately, but it left her heart softer than usual, and the culprits were received without the severe scolding she had meant to administer.

The days and weeks passed by, each one brighter than the last to Kitty, who had quite regained her former good spirits, till the time came for her cousins to return to their home.

She would have been puzzled to tell why she felt so cold and miserable when she heard that they must go.

Her aunt had changed for the better. The idea that perhaps it was not wrong to be happy presented itself often to her mind, and seeing how much more good and cheerful Kitty was through her happiness and content, she tried the experiment herself.

At first it was very difficult. Difficult for a smile to come on her hard, stern face, to put a pleasant tone in her cold voice, or to think for others; but the effort was made, and after each attempt it was easier to be kind.

In the beginning of this Kate looked at her aunt in amazement at the change, but she found it so pleasant that in a short time she almost forgot that she had once been so different.

* * * *

It is some years later, and a cold winter's night. By a bright fire on a wide, old-fashioned hearth two elderly ladies and an old gentleman sit.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, and our old friend Honor.

Miss Spencer is playing with a little, golden-haired girl, who runs continually from her to her baby brother, resting on his mother's knee.

That mother, whose hand is held closely

by her husband, is Kate, as merry and happy as it is possible to be; her husband, of course, is Dick.

Millie is married, and will visit them to-morrow to spend the Christmas season with them.

"Come to me, little Honor," says Miss Spencer, and as the child runs to her and nestles in her arms, she continues, softly, "Ah, Katie, you will never make the sad mistake I did in thinking duty would do instead of love."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GERTIE.—Write to the secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, W., and give a full account of your capabilities and ask for advice.

MADGE.—You had better procure Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," price 5s., from the publishers, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Your writing is very neat and legible.

ONE WHO IS GREATLY IN NEED OF ADVICE.—You will find all the information you need in "How to Improve One's Education," vol. ii., page 794. The 3rd of February, 1866, was a Saturday.

LILY E.—The salary of clerks in the Post Office commences at £65 and increases by £3 per annum to £80. We do not think your writing would be good enough for either position.

MISSOLONGHI.—There is no such word as "somewhen" in the dictionary. Your writing is neat.

IONA.—See pages 454-5, vol. i.; there you will find an article entitled "Nursing as a Profession," which will supply you with all the information you require.

AILEEN.—We do not act as educational agents, nor do we obtain situations for anyone. We should advise you to stay at home, as you have failed in your application to the address we gave

ROSE.—The translation of the Latin motto, *Quo fas et gloria ducunt ubique*, is, "Wherever duty and glory lead." You gratify us by calling our paper "inestimable." You deserve all the help we can give you.

JUDY.—There are several branches of the Women's Emigration Society. Until last spring only one local branch existed. There is the branch for South Devon, managed by Miss Studdy, Waddeton Court, Brixham; one for Dorchester, by Miss Pearce, Somerleigh, Dorchester; one for Stepney and Whitechapel, by Mrs. Ross, St. Philip's Vicarage, Stepney, and 5, Cannon Place, Whitechapel-road, E., and a fourth has been opened by Viscountess Strangford, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W., managed by Mrs. Blanchard. Ladies recently sent out as governesses have obtained situations in the colonies worth from £70 to £100 per annum. The shop-keeping class and servants sent out have mostly met with equal comparative success. For some, free passages have been given, others have had loans or assisted passages, and others were paid for by friends. Two-thirds of these emigrants passing through this society's hands during the past year went to Canada and Queensland. Satisfactory arrangements have been made for their reception in the principal Canadian towns, and the society has correspondents at Townsvill and Roehampton, Queensland; good arrangements at Sydney, a correspondent at Adelaide; and in New Zealand, correspondents at Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin. The description of women most needed in Canada are middle-aged working housekeepers and nurses for the sick.

ART.

MARGUERITE.—Read the articles on terra cotta painting, at page 225, vol. ii. We know of nothing better than white paint; add a little gum, and be careful not to rub off the outlines.

NELLA.—The trustees of both would be the proper authorities to apply to. If the picture be valuable, it would perhaps sell better at Christie's.

K. E. H.—The drawings you quote are intended for engraving.

THE FAMILY DISHCLOTH.—Water-colours are used for painting on satin. "Writing" is spelt with one "t" only, not two.

EUYCLEA.—Enamel colours are used for metallic surfaces, and are purchased at the artist's colourman's ready for use. The enamel on copper, and on gold and silver, must always be burnt.

SEAFORTH.—The usual charge made by shopowners for the sales made by commission is five per cent., but you will have to make your own bargain with them. They will require to see what you can do, and specimens must be shown to them. The idea that "ladies" cannot earn their living by their work without "losing caste" is one now quite exploded. People have come to their senses at last on this subject, and have only been too long in so-doing! The natural quickness of perception and steady perseverance of their sex make them singularly successful in their undertakings. We wish you may prove a good example!

ADA.—"Stippling" is a process for getting graduated tints, or softening their edges, in painting and engravings, by the use of irregularly-shaped dots or very tiny oval touches. Have you read "Sketching from Nature," a series of valuable articles in vol. ii., by John C. Staples? You will find every process clearly and distinctly explained in them.

ATHALIAH.—The nearest school of art to you is, we think, that in Miller's-lane, Upper Kennington-lane, Lambeth. All applications for admission, prospectuses, or other information should be made at the school. White some roundhand copies to reform your writing.

SOBERSIDES (Beyrout).—The knives should be covered with boiled oil, or a cheap varnish, to prevent rust, and should then be put in the driest place in the house. The picture should not be varnished before some months, or perhaps a year has elapsed.

H. L. T.—You did not say whether you had drawn your cards from nature, but if you did, they show some promise for the future. Study the series on "Sketching from Nature," in vol. ii., which will help you. Your writing is legible but very large. Many thanks for your kind letter.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MILLINER.—The same directions are suitable for painting on any other material—card, canvas, or the prepared-paper. For "Frames," see page 46, vol. ii., also page 139, vol. ii.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MATER.—We were glad to hear from you again, and regret to find that illness was the cause of your silence. We subjoin the subject of your letter. "The number of persons I have to provide for on my weekly allowance of £2 5s. is nine, five of whom are children, from fifteen to eight. My expenditure is nearly as follows:—Baker, 6s.; meat (Australian, and bones for soup), 9s.; groceries, 7s.; bacon, 2s.; vegetables, 4s. 6d.; lentils, oatmeal, &c., 1s.; eggs, 2s.; milk, 3s.; flour, 1s. 6d.; butter, 3s.; marmalade, 3s.; fruit, 1s. 3d.; washing, 9d.; sausages, 1s. The sausages are for sausage rolls, for the Sunday breakfast. For bacon, I generally buy what the shopkeepers call 'end pieces.' I use the best slices to fry in the Dutch oven, and the rest, it matters not however shabby the pieces, I fry in a plain batter of cornflour and one or two eggs, which forms a very nice breakfast with fried potatoes. The bacon rind, scraped, goes into the stockpot. Oatmeal porridge, and Indian-meal porridge—made in the same way, but needs longer boiling—are favourite breakfast-dishes with my children. Lentils and haricots I use largely for soup, which almost invariably forms a part of our dinner—pudding always." Many thanks for answering us so clearly.

AN UGLY DUCKLING.—Your butcher's and grocer's bills appear to be very high. Read "Mater's" method of managing, which will help you to lower both. Tableaux and charades are a great amusement; reading aloud, scrapbooks, crest albums, and any natural history craze should all be encouraged in boys. Take in the *Boy's Own Paper*.

COOKERY.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—You will find recipes for Everton toffee on pages 15 and 176, vol. i. Your writing is very good, though rather too full of flourishes.

A CONSTANT READER (Woodbine Cottage).—The dried vegetables you speak of can be purchased at any good grocer's, or shop where jams and dried fruits are sold. They are about 1s. a pound, we believe, and are excellent for soup. In some countries peas, roots, beans, potatoes, and beets are dried for a short time first and then exposed to the gentle heat of an oven to preserve them. When wanted, they are soaked for a short time, and they will be found as good as fresh vegetables.

OSDHUN.—You will find the recipe on the outside of the package of cornflour.

E. B. B.—Many thanks for the recipe, which we gladly insert:—Rice, boiled, 2 pounds; currants, ½ pound; sugar, ½ pound; suet, finely chopped, ½ pound; mixed peel, ¼ pound; half a nutmeg. This pudding is mixed with the rice after it has been boiled, and the whole is placed in a large pie-dish and baked. Sufficient for eight people, price 1s. 4d. The white of an egg well beaten is said to revive leather chair covers.

A PUZZLED COOK.—Many thanks for your letter. We do not understand where your difficulty lies, unless you added too much tallow when melting the resin. We never knew the recipe fail before.

HARRIE WALTON.—Take the shells carefully off the shrimps, and pound them in a mortar, adding a very little butter and cayenne pepper to them. Press into pots and cover with good butter, melted and poured on while warm.

MATER.—To make peas-pudding. Dry a pint of split peas thoroughly before the fire, then tie them up very loosely in a pudding cloth, put them into warm water, boil them two hours, till quite tender. Then take them up, beat them well in a dish with a little salt and butter; when quite smooth return to the pudding cloth, tie it up, and boil for another hour.

YOUNG KITCHEN-MAID.—You may find out whether lobsters, crabs, and crayfish are fresh by pressing the horny projecting eyes. When no muscular movement in the claws is thereby produced they are stale.

DOROTHEA LAWSON.—The recipe which you require for making "snow-eggs" is as follows:—Take one pint of water, one teaspoonful of salt, four teaspoonfuls of vinegar, four fresh eggs, half gill of cream, add pepper and pounded sugar to taste, and more salt if desired, also one ounce of butter. Put the vinegar, water, and salt into a frying-pan, and break each egg into a separate cup. When the liquid in the frying-pan reaches boiling point put the eggs into it carefully, not breaking the yolks. After simmering for about three or four minutes, at most, remove them (with a slice) to a hot dish, and trim their edges. Then throw out the contents of the pan, and replace the liquid with the cream, seasoning it with pepper, salt, and sugar. Bring the mixture to boiling-point, and then add the butter cut up in small pieces, moving the pan round and round till they be melted. Lastly, pour the liquid over the eggs, and serve. Were the cream and the butter warmed before the eggs were poached, so as that they could be poured over the eggs the moment they were dressed, you would ensure their not being spoiled by waiting for the sauce. We have great pleasure in hearing that our paper and especially the recipes have been so useful to you.

VICTOR EMANUEL and FRANCES VON STRAWBENZEE.—Scotch shortbread is made as follows:—Take of flour two pounds; of butter one pound; of powdered loaf sugar quarter of a pound; of caraway seeds half an ounce; of sweet almonds one ounce, and a few pieces of candied orange-peel. Beat the butter into a cream, dredge in the flour gradually; blanch and cut in pieces the almonds, adding them, the caraway seeds, and sugar. Then work the paste thoroughly, and when of an even consistency throughout, divide it into six portions, place each on a separate piece of paper, roll out the several cakes to the thickness of about an inch, and pinch them on all sides, prick well, and decorate with strips of orange-peel. In a good warm oven they will take from twenty-five minutes to half-an-hour in baking. Of course the addition of the caraway seeds should depend on taste, as their use is not essential.

A TRAVELLING SUBSCRIBER.—Strawberry cream is not necessarily made from fresh strawberries; a pot of good strawberry jam answers quite as well, and is infinitely less trouble. The jam must first be passed through a hair sieve, and then add to it an ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little milk, whip a quart of cream to a froth and add to it, putting the mixture into a mould, and if possible laying it on the ice to set. If very firm when needed, dip the mould in hot water for a moment and turn out.

SMYRNA.—The following is a good recipe for dessert biscuits, which may be flavoured in a variety of ways. Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound powdered sugar; the yolks of six eggs, and ground ginger, for example, as flavouring. Warm the butter in a basin—but not so as to allow it to turn to oil—and beat it to a cream. Add flour gradually, then the sugar and flavouring. Beat up the yolks of the eggs, and moisten the paste with them. Then, when the whole has been well mixed, drop the mixture from a spoon upon a sheet of buttered paper, leaving some space between each cake, on account of their spreading when warm. Place in a rather slow oven, and bake for twelve or eighteen minutes. You might flavour half this quantity with ginger, and the other half of essence of lemon or currants. Do not allow the biscuits to become very brown. We feel obliged by your kind approval of our magazine.

CHERRY.—"Cheese toast" is what you are trying to describe, we think, not "Welsh rarebit." The "Cheese toast" is made as follows:—Grate, or scrape some rich cheese finely, and add pepper to your taste, and a beaten-up egg, with enough milk to make a mixture of the thickness of cream. Warm it on the fire, and when quite hot pour it over slices of hot buttered toast, and serve.

RHODA.—We agree with you in thinking that to make any dish look inviting, by a pretty method of garnishing it, is worth the attention of the cook and the nurse. Pickles, such as gherkins and red and green capsicums of small size, look pretty round boiled meat and stews. Mint, as well as parsley, round hot or cold lamb or mutton. Olives look well round stewed beef, and slices of Seville oranges round wild ducks, teal, and widgeons. Barberries for game, and slices of beetroot for either boiled beef, salt fish, or any kind of cold beef. With carrots and turnips, of course, you can do much in the way of decoration. Lobster coral and parsley suit boiled fish, and for salmon and mackerel you may use fennel, either pickled or fresh. Of course you know that for the trimming of the dish for boiled fowls, turkeys, roast veal, calves'-head, or sweetbreads, and any kind of fish, slices of lemon are always correct. Watercress and red and white radishes—the long and the round—are very effective. For turbot fried smelts form a suitable garniture. That scrapings of horseradish go with hot and cold beef I need scarcely remark. When joints of meat are served hot, let all the gravy be served in a sauce-boat, and then neither the

table-cloth nor the decorations of the dish will be spoilt by it.

WORK.

H. JENNINGS.—Workmen's and other exhibitions are always advertised in the newspapers. We have not seen any notified lately.

BEULAH.—The best method of obtaining a pattern is to unpick a well-fitting bodice and take out the lining, paste it on a sheet of brown paper, to keep it flat, and cut your new dresses from it. Any dress-maker would cut you out a pattern for a small sum, we imagine. The initials "R. S. O.," following the name of any place in the kingdom, denote that the office is called a "Railway Sub-Office," or one which receives its correspondence direct from a travelling post office, and not through a post town. The initials should always be appended to the address for such places, in order to facilitate the delivery of letters.

ELEANOR RASE. — Every girl should darn her own stockings, of course. Why should she leave them to be done by anyone else, unless she have a lady's maid? A medical examination must be gone through both for sight and hearing. It would be impossible for us to say how far the doctor might take exception to short-sightedness.

F. M. NORTH. — Many thanks for your kind offer. We do not intend, however, to illustrate any more examples of ancient samplers at present.

MUSIC.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—You can procure the song called "Pestal" at any musicseller's. You quote the first line incorrectly. It runs thus :—

> "Yes, 'tis come at last!
> The turbid dream of life is waning."

We thank you for so kind a letter, but do not undertake to describe characters from handwriting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NORTHEATHEN.—The legend is that St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, who died 862, desired to be buried in the churchyard of the minster, in order "that the sweet rain of heaven might fall on his grave." At his canonisation the monks thought to honour the saint by moving his body into the choir, and fixed the 15th of July for the ceremony; but it rained day after day for forty days, so that the monks saw the saints were averse to that project, and wisely abandoned it. The rainy saint in France is St. Médard, in Flanders St. Godiliéve, and in Germany the Seven Sleepers.

VENETIAN GIRL.—The name "Beauchamp" is pronounced "Bee-cham," and "Khedive," "Ked-deve." Try Novello's music primers.

HEATHER BELL. — For instructions in making all kinds of bread, see "Bread and Bread-making," pages 350 and 439, vol. i.

A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW. — There are Homes for the Aged Poor at Anerley, with weekly income from 4s. 6d. to 6s. Address Hon. Secretary, Miss Harrison, 5, Grandacre-terrace, Anerley, S.E., also St. Cyprian's Home for the Aged Poor," 10, Little Park-street, Dorset-square, N.W. Address the lady superintendent.

A SUGAR PLUM.—There is a stall for "popped corn" at the Crystal Palace Bazaar, Oxford-street, where, we believe, you can obtain the cover and the small wire case for "popping" the corn.

GRAHAM.—September 22nd, 1857, was a Thursday; September 16th, 1866, was a Sunday; December 28th, 1864, was a Wednesday; January 23rd, 1870, was a Sunday; August 13th, 1859, was a Saturday; August 13th, 1871, was a Sunday; July 18th, 1862, was a Friday. We think we deserve a great many thanks at your hands.

E. L. WESTON.—The name of the author is right, and the name of the book, we think, is "Anne Hereford." Certainly, use the music when and where you like. We are glad to hear that you think it may be useful.

FANNIE H.—A very good insect powder is now sold by most grocers, which will help you to get rid of black beetles. A crumpled newspaper placed in the plant will act as a trap for earwigs. They should be shaken out of it into boiling water.

F. M. F.—See "Pot Pourri," page 335, vol. i.

FILLE DE CHAMBRE.—We think you had better ask a doctor whether the baths at Buxton would not do your aunt good. Use tincture of myrrh in a little water for the teeth.

COLINTRAIVE.—We think your eyes are of such importance to you that you had better make any sacrifice to consult an oculist as to their state. If there be a good hospital in Glasgow, where out-patients are seen at certain times, we should advise you to go there. You can easily find out at what time the oculist attends. The best opinions may be obtained by those who are not able to procure them otherwise in this simple manner. Read "Our Mutual Friend Pussy," pages 456 and 518, vol. ii.

H. E. H.—It is not legally compulsory on a mistress to give a discharged servant any character, and no action can be maintained for the refusal to do so. If a character be given it must be a truthful one.

GERTRUDE. — The 5th September, 1866, was a Wednesday. We should certainly have both the summer and the winter numbers bound with the rest of the volume. Your writing requires much improvement, for it is still irregular and unformed.

SWISSE BERGERONETTE. —The Women's Emigration Society, Mrs. Walter Browne, Hon. Secretary, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W., is now employed in helping educated women and girls, like yourself, to emigrate. Write and make inquiries, enclosing a stamped envelope.

GOVERNESS.—We regret to decline your kind offer, as such literary work is not at all in our way. Perhaps if you applied to a publisher you might succeed better.

MCCLINTOCK. — The accounts of the "Jeannette" expedition have appeared in the newspapers and in the American magazines; you could consult them for information. At about the time that the unfortunate survivors were discovered there were long accounts of the origin of the expedition in the illustrated papers.

PINK MAY.—Leave the grey hair alone, and do not trouble yourself about it. Both your writing and grammar need attention, and are of far more importance.

QUEEN MAB.—The yolk of an egg, or purified oxgall, would take out the stain of milk from your navy-blue cashmere. Proceed with care, and do not wet more material than absolutely needful.

DOROTHY TRAVERS.—1. We have read your letter carefully, and we are not prepared to offer any opinion on the societies to which you refer. One thing we do know, that, as Shakespeare said :

> "He who of great works is finisher
> Oft does them by his weakest minister."

2. Consult "Seasonable Dress;" wear the tan-coloured gloves instead of black. We are glad you "love earnestness and trueness," but do not let your love lead you into self-will or disregard for the feelings of others, who do not speak so much of these things as you do, yet perhaps, for all you can see, feel, and act far more. We quote your last sentence to show you a slight lapse in your grammar and good manners. "What does the editor think of my stupid mistakes, do excuse them, but it is so fearfully hot, I am thinking more of that than anything else, I can assure you."

PENRHYN.—Many thanks for your kind note, which is very neat and legible.

LOCHLEVEN and SYNOVE LOLBAKEN.—We could not give such an address. The description of drying the moss is given at the top of the first column on page 35, in "Silver Sails." Any blotting paper may be used.

ELDANI ADA OSMANS.—Read the articles by Medicus on health, and try to follow his advice as to exercise and bathing. Eat very slowly, and avoid heavy meals at night. Green diagonal would be the best material for you to use for your mantel border.

MADELINE.—The explanation of the "Three Balls" is given at page 335, vol. i.

INQUISITIVE.—Your letter is impertinent and insulting. Have you quite realised the fact that you have first asked a favour at our hands, and secondly have accused us of falsehood of the basest sort, and have joined to all a threat of "what you intend to think of us, if we do not answer your question and give you the help you seek." Now that you have been shown your faults, we shall be glad to receive a letter of apology from you. We regret to hear you are 15 years old, as we had hoped you were not more than 9.

EDITH J. ALDRIDGE.—Edith means "happiness," or "rich gift;" Jane is the feminine form of John, and means "the gracious gift of God;" Zella is probably a corruption of the Hebrew name Zobina, "bought;" it is found amongst the gipsies. Crewel-work washes very well; rinse it in salt and water, and pass it through a wringing-machine.

NELLIE,—You had better wear your ring on the finger that it fits best; it is not a matter of great importance. Young girls usually wear their first rings on the third finger of the right hand.

LENA.—Write a polite note and make the inquiry of the clergyman of the parish.

STELLA BRANSCOMB. — Use Judson's dyes for the purpose. Your writing seems unformed and careless.

DAISY.—We hear "vaseline" much commended, also one part of petroleum to four parts of ordinary pomade is thought a wonderful mixture to make the hair grow. You will find the recipe for "Madeira Cake" at page 669, vol. ii.

DOROTHEA. — You must procure a set of English weights in order to compare them with the Dutch ones. If you have an English chemist in the town he would be likely to help you in the matter, and would perhaps tell you the exact difference. Your letter is beautifully written.

BEETROOT.—Read "Comedones," page 172, vol. ii., by "Medicus," and wash the face with soap, rubbing well with a towel.

LAVINIA.—Your cat appears to be suffering from mange, or some kind of skin disease. Compound sulphur ointment may be used to anoint her with, and she should have one to three drops per day of Fowler's solution of arsenic in milk. If the sulphur ointment does not succeed, the following may be used :—Take of creosote, two drachms, solution of potash, half an ounce, and olive oil, three ounces and a half. Mix the creosote and oil, and add the potash and shake well. Keep the cat warm and well fed.

E. M. B.—Rubbing with the inside of the shell of broad beans is sometimes advised as a cure for warts. See also page 14, vol. ii.

PYTHIAS HERBERTA. — We do not give addresses, which may be found by our girls for themselves in the directory. Bow the first time you meet, and if the second time you meet the eye of your friend, smile, or make a courteous inclination of the head. A gentleman would raise his hat each time, of course.

KATHARINE MARGARET.—Not to wash the face on rising in the morning is a filthy habit. No milder term could be applied to it. Of course, in a case of small-pox the nurse must be guided by the doctor's orders. But even then the eyes, mouth, and nostrils may be sponged. Not only should you wash your face in the morning, but you should do so again at night when retiring to rest. Were there no other reason, the choking of the pores would soon destroy the skin.

DUDGEON.—The primary use of a table-napkin is to serve as a means of keeping the lips clean when eating; the second use is to preserve the dress from any accidental stains and grease—spots that may fall upon it while at table.

PERPLEXED.—Your right in any property, goods, and chattels left in your father's house will have to be established before a magistrate, and a document signed which will identify it—should there ever be a cause for proving your ownership. Make a list of all, and label each article with your name, and the magistrate will witness and sign the declaration drawn up, both on your mother's and your own account. We advise your at once consulting a magistrate about it, and think it your wisest plan.

AMY H.—There are a million millions in a billion. We do not understand what you mean by saying that "If Adam had counted until now, it would have taken him four years more to reach a billion;" and that "it is very annoying that" you and your brother are "contending, and we don't know what about." When your mighty minds are a little clearer about what you want to know, you may write again.

SCHATZ.—You had better write to G. E. Baker, Esq., Magdalen College, Clarendon Buildings, Oxford. From him you will obtain the syllabus you require, and all further information that would be serviceable.

EDITH WILSON.—We regret to say that your letter was unfortunately mislaid, and we can only hope that you will be so good as to write another, and tell us what you wish to know. If able to answer it, we shall have great pleasure in doing so. We are glad that you like our magazine, and take very great interest in all our little girls. But there are small mountains of letters from them in our office, and some are lost, like your last. Accept our kind wishes.

JANIE.—The hymn (American) commencing thus—

> "Nearer, my God, to Thee,
> Nearer to Thee!"

was composed by Sarah Flower Adams, 1848. The "Buccaneers" were piratical adventurers—English, French, and Dutch—who made their attacks on the Spaniards of America, shortly after they had taken possession of that continent and the West Indies. The first levy of "ship-money" in England in 1635 was to punish these cruel pirates. Their confederacy was broken up through the peace of Ryswick, September 10th, 1697.

LONELY ONE. —There is an Association for Placing Orphans in Private Families, to which application had better be made. Hon. Secretary, Mr. Walter Senior, 98, Cheyne-walk, S.W. No doubt you will be well advised there.

NON QUO SED QUOMOD.—Serial stories and articles are only supplied by members of our regular staff, amongst whom are those who illustrate for us. Every sketch has to be engraved on wood, and is an item of much expense. Our girls are all free to send us their amateur compositions on the chance of acceptance, but the space allowed for a small selection from them is very limited. You write a very good hand, but we recommend you to cross the "t's" properly, and not make a flourish over their heads instead. We thank you for all the kind things you have been so good as to say about our work.

LADY SARAH.—We advise you to try an application of strong vinegar, by which the mortar may be soaked off after a little time. But this is only a suggestion. You write very nicely, and we are much gratified by your report of all the good which our magazine has effected in your village. You have done a good work yourself in lending it amongst your poor neighbours.

TELEGRAPH CLERK.—There is no objection, of which we are aware, to your wearing a scrap of blue ribbon for any reason you please. Your writing is legible, but is disconnected and slopes backwards, and the "t's" need crossing. We are glad that you like this paper so much.

EDITH.—The name "Romeo" should be divided into three syllables, the first being accented thus—"Ro-me-o." You write very well, and we thank you for the comments you make on the "rudeness" of some few of our readers. We appreciate your own good feeling.

LALLA R.—The small insects in your bird-cages, of which you complain, may be kept away by hanging a little bag of sulphur in them.

M. PAVELY.—We thank you for the poem on the "First Grey Hair," but perceive that yours is quite a different grey hair from what we have already seen, and supplied to a previous inquirer.

PRUNELLA.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The price of the "Handbook of the English Tongue" is 5s. We are glad that you so much value the help given to our readers in our answers to correspondents.

TRUST. — We highly approve of your suggestion that mother and son should endeavour to make a home together. But of course on such very small means, very great economy will be essential. Is your mother competent to carry it out? Otherwise she may bring your brother into difficulties out of which his exertions may not be equal to extricating him. This is a question which we are not in a position to answer. We rejoice that you feel we are "true friends" to the girls.

CLAUDIA HELMUND.—If you mean to accept your friend's proposals of marriage, accept his presents; but otherwise it would be better to tell him, in a polite and kindly way, that while much obliged by his generous wish to make you so handsome a gift, you prefer not to accept any from gentlemen. But, first make up your mind as to the question of whether you could share the partiality of your mother and brother for him sufficiently to give him so much encouragement as to accept his gift. It is a serious matter to give such encouragement—so, beware.

E. M. P.—We are already so overstocked with MSS. of all kinds that we must decline your offer of more.

MISS FUSSY, NEURALGIA, and BLACK BEETLE.—"Medicus" has promised an article on neuralgia and toothache. As a general rule we think everyone should pay a visit to the dentist when they suffer from toothache. We are sorry "Miss Fussy" remained unanswered so long, but we are glad to congratulate her on being both patient and polite.

SPEEDWELL.—See page 48 in "Silver Sails." "Green Lanes and Meadows" will be a great delight and help to you in your "walks abroad."

BROWNIE.—Many thanks for your kind and cheerful note. Your writing is rather irregular, and we fancy your hand shakes.

PANSY.—She probably means the "Heir of Redclyffe." There are many periodicals which give reviews of books, which everyone can consult if they wish.

MARY AMELIA BODEN. — Many thanks for your interesting story and your well-written and tidy little note.

JEWEL OF THE FAMILY.—We think your eyelashes will grow again, but if not apply to them any stimulating lotion you may use to your hair to make it grow—only using, of course, greater care in applying. We do not recognize the name as belonging to any religion we know, and think you have written it wrongly.

PASSION FLOWER.—1. Your quotation is incorrect. It is taken from *King Richard II.*

> "For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell sad stories of the death of Kings."

2. The 10th of March, 1864, was a Thursday.

F. M. C.—Apply to the Women's Emigration Society. You will obtain all the information and advice you need from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. This society grants loans, and otherwise facilitates the emigration of educated women to the colonies. We should recommend Canada in preference to any of the other colonies. There is also the Female Middle-class Emigration Society, of which the secretary is Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C. We are glad you appreciate so much our answers to correspondents. Only those amongst them who write themselves, in a rude, vulgar, and ungrateful manner take umbrage at the sharpness of the replies which they have deserved. Henceforth, such letters will be destroyed unnoticed.

TIMID LILY.—You are perfectly right in the view you take respecting the duty of every girl to assist her mother in any and every species of honest labour in which that mother may need to be occupied herself. What is suitable for the parent is equally suitable for the child. We should entertain a very bad opinion of any girl who thought otherwise. We are glad that you "think THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER perfect," and that our efforts to help our readers are appreciated.

R. H. C. B.—We gladly take advantage of your kindness in giving two prescriptions, one for the cure of wasp-stings, and the other for the alleviation of a burn. We give our readers the benefit of both, and thank you for the approbation expressed of our paper. For a wasp-sting, apply common salt moistened with water. If in the throat, swallow, in small sips continuously, a strong solution of salt and water. For a burn or scald, apply carbonate of soda damped, well covering the whole of the injured part with it.

DUMPY DAISY.—1. The Greek words, "*Kyrie Eleison*," should be pronounced "Kee-re E-le-i-son." 2. You should go to bed at nine o'clock and get up at seven. Pronounce the "A" as if written as "Ah!" in the words you name.

ERIN. — 1. Pronounce "Beethoven" as if written "Bey-toe-ven." 2. We should prefer removing cherry-stones when making cherry jam, but it is not always done. Your praise of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is gratifying.

PILL GARLIC.—1. The expression, "giving a Roland for an Oliver," means the same as "giving tit for tat." Roland and Oliver were Paladins of Charlemagne, who distinguished themselves in arms in so very similar a way that it was difficult to distinguish between them. At length the two met, to decide which was the superior in valour and skill, but although they fought together for five days successively, they were so equally matched that no advantage was gained by either of them. 2. Employ a solution of glycerine and water at night to your hands.

H. E. T.—Write to the secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London, W.

A HOPEFUL ONE.—Apply to the matron, St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W., for information. Nurses and ladies are trained at this hospital for one year, serving as assistant nurses, being paid at the rate of £10 per annum, and uniform supplied.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING. — We have answered your question twice before. Take your photograph to a photographer and have it transferred to paper. There is no other way of saving it.

AMEYE.—You will find the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 4s., of great use to you.

J. E. T.—You will find an answer to your question at page 638, vol. iii.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—The finding of the four and five leaved clover is supposed to be "lucky," but we can find no origin for the fancy. See page 448, vol. iii.

MARSH PEAS.—We fear we could not value the pictures without knowing more about them than you tell us. Age does not always give value, unfortunately. We will inquire about the books if you will write and remind us so to do a short time hence.

ANXIETY.—What has become of your family that they do not interfere for you? You have amply sufficient grounds for appealing to a magistrate for protection. You should write at once to your doctor, and state your case to him, and get him also to interfere for you. To be "strapped down to a board for seven hours daily, without power once to get up, because you have rather a habit of stooping," is infamous treatment, and will end in producing curvature of the spine. We should be glad to hear from you again. Let your doctor be shown in to see you when you are strapped down, and your clergyman also, who will give you the information you desire. The poor girl, of whom you speak, should take her drawings to publishers of Christmas cards, and procure orders if she can. She will see who these are by looking at the names printed on those already issued.

DAISY.—We advise you to clean the fur rugs by rubbing them well with either plaster of Paris or flour. Do not use soap and water, or the skins will become hard. We do not think that your hand is formed.

MAUD and MINNIE.—Lay the rose petals on sheets of paper and dry them in the sun. When quite dry, sprinkle the salt over them. Any large jar will serve your purpose having a cover.

KITTY O'HARA. — Spiders swing themselves across great distances, and so attach the cords of their webs in many directions. Then they climb up their own cords and continue swinging, dropping down, and climbing, until they have a foundation for walking upon, so as to complete the formation of the web.

GRACE.—If you send your bottles to a glass shop, or a china and glass mender's, they will cut the old bottles so as to make them available for flower-vases. Your writing is of too careless a character. It does not seem "masculine," but irregularly formed.

JUNIUS.—Our young correspondent imagined that the two passages quoted were antagonistic to each other. We believe our explanation was sufficiently clear to set her right! We thank you for your letter.

DULCIE and LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE. — The saying respecting the "pouring oil on troubled waters" is a metaphorical way of expressing the statement that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." But it had its origin in a fact, which has recently been tested in the Royal Navy and proved to be true, but discovered some time ago by Professor Horsford and Commodore Wilkes, of the United States. In a violent storm off the coast of the Cape of Good Hope, the latter witnessed the sudden calm produced in the raging sea by the leaking of oil from a whale ship.

C. A. G. and WHITE ROSE had better apply, or get a friend to do so, to Mrs. Marshman, 2, Ladbrook-square, W., for admission into the Female Convalescent Home, Marine Parade, Brighton. Applications should be made before 12 daily. Although the weekly charge amounts to from 8s. to 15s., those admitted by either letter or nomination are taken in free of cost. So you had better procure a letter from your doctor, and send it, or take it, to Mrs. Marshman: and if you could also procure a recommendation from your clergyman, it would be all the better.

ANXIOUS ADA.—Probably to your state of health the loss of colour in your hair is to be attributed. It is a lack of power in assimilating your nourishment, we should imagine, or it is the result of headaches. Sometimes early greyness is hereditary. Magnetic and electric brushes are recommended by "Medicus," and esteemed by many who have tried them.

BEDROSS.—1. The Psalmist meant to describe in strong oriental and metaphorical language that when he restrained any expression of his feelings in words, he felt the want of a vent for them intolerable. 2. Moab was compared to wine that had been allowed to settle properly, and not ruined—as wine would be if left to evaporate and lose all its aroma, from being poured "from vessel to vessel." You should read some good commentary on the Holy Scriptures.

MARIA S.—The four fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua, on the Mincio, and Verona and Legnago on the Adige, constituted the famous Italian Quadrilateral. The German Quadrilateral are the fortresses of Luxembourg, Coblentz, Sarrelouis, and Mayence.

ROSA.—The verse is by Miss Havergal, not by Longfellow.

JE NE SAIS QUOI.—Try the fumes of a burning lucifer match to remove fruit-stains. Your writing is too large. If reduced, you might turn it into a nice hand.

SUNFLOWER.—Pumping cold water over weak ankles strengthens them. Wear high boots, with broad, low, leather heels.

IGNORANCE.—No law of this country, and none in the Holy Scriptures, forbid you marrying a "first cousin once removed"; nor even a first cousin, which is still nearer in relationship.

WHITE MOUSE.—There is no difficulty about examining a will, provided you know the year of the testator's death. The wills office is in Doctors' Commons and Somerset House, Strand. Write the name required on a slip of paper, and give to the clerk, paying a shilling at the same time; you will then be entitled to search the index volumes for the name. When found you are handed the will for perusal.

ARCHIMAGO.—While making the crystoleum paste, add a drop or two of oil of lavender, bergamot, or aniseed, and keep the bottle in which the paste is placed always corked; this will keep it good for a long time.

EVANGELINE.—The net should be steeped in boiled linseed oil, which ensures its preservation from damp for a long period.

IDONEA is, we regret to say, most dissatisfied with our articles on "Seasonable Dress," which she considers the "one weak spot" in our otherwise perfect paper. We do not quite gather what her objections are, except that she thinks "the dresses are such as are worn by people 30 years of age," and that "no one could either make or alter anything from our magazine." We hope "Idonea" will look more kindly on our efforts when we tell her we do not aim at taking the place of any of the fashion magazines or papers, and we hope when our girls want paper patterns and designs which our space forbids our giving them, that they will purchase the paper they consider the best for the purpose. In the meantime, while enjoying her holiday, which we trust will be blessed with smiles and sunshine, "Idonea" might perfect herself in the spelling of the following words, "excelent," "litriture," "varaing," and in acquiring a few capital letters and stops, so that she may write with more enjoyment to herself and to others.

IGNORANT DAISY. — The meaning of the word is "engaged" or "betrothed," and the card sent you was intended to announce it to your family.

CLARA.—Spring begins when the sun enters Aries, summer when it enters Cancer, autumn when it enters Libra, and winter when it enters Capricorn. According to this, spring commences on March 21, summer, June 22, autumn, September 23, winter, December 23.

"A MIDSUMMER EVE CHILD."—*The Leisure Hour* is published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and is an illustrated weekly paper, price 1d., monthly 6d. We think you will enjoy it much, as it is excellent in every way, especially as to illustrations. We feel much for you in your affliction, and are much indebted to you for all the kind things you say of our paper in your pleasant and wonderfully correct and well-written letter. We can hardly believe you had English lessons for so short a time as one winter. You must have been most industrious and attentive.

SNOWDROP.—The leaf has dried so very badly that we cannot guess the plant from whence it comes, but it may be from a small creeper used for hanging baskets.

HEALTH SEEKER.—We have heard that Denver City, Colorado, in the United States is considered the most wonderful place for asthmatic persons, as when they arrive there they suffer no longer, but we cannot say if the story be true. Write to Messrs. Hatchards, Piccadilly, W., and inquire for the works you want.

CURIOUS. — Pronounce "Penelope" as if written "Pe-nel-o-pe"; the accent is laid on the second syllable, but the final "e" is sounded. Reduce the size of your hand, and it will look better.

M. C. S.—It is said that the Bishop of Rochester applied the revenues for keeping the Sandwich Haven clear to the building of Tenterden Steeple. But there also exists a tradition that a quantity of stones collected for the purpose of strengthening the sea wall were used for the building of the church tower, in consequence of which that portion of the mainland now called the "Goodwin Sands" was submerged.

SPARKIE. — We think you have quite mistaken the character of our paper. We cannot repeat too often that we do not give addresses. Your question is a foolish one.

FIDDLESTICKS.—To restore rusty black lace, see page 303, vol. ii. The meaning of the name "Frances" is the feminine of "Francis," and means "free." "Fanny" is the diminutive.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

FAST FRIENDS.

AND then the autumn passed and the winter wore on. Faith was not wholly cheerless: those who love and work are never that. Yet sometimes she was driven to count her blessings very closely, to save herself from feeling that they were not outnumbered by her cares and anxieties. Denzil seemed giving himself to his work with a zeal which left no time to smile or speak about any other topic, even at meal-times, and though Faith long strove bravely to maintain a one-sided conversation, her efforts flagged at last, as all such efforts are sure to do.

On the wintry Saturday afternoons, when the weather would permit, she often walked over to Miss Milne's and had a little "crack" with that worthy woman, whose venture in the way of a larger house had proved successful beyond her hopes. Mrs. Cowie was installed in Miss Milne's best rooms, having persistently refused to accept Mr. Galbraith's proposal that she should share her daughter's new home. "I'll come and see you as often as you like," she said, "but you can't make an old snail live happy in a tortoiseshell. Then Miss Milne also had an assistant professor, Robert Finlay, two other students, and a grammar-school boy, to say nothing of Mr. Monteith and his grand-daughter. Though the latter was showing herself very bright and efficient in household work, she and Miss Milne could have never managed the establishment if Mrs. Cowie had not persisted in putting her own shoulder to the wheel, and not only giving no trouble, but rendering every help she could. This vexed Miss Milne at first, because it disturbed her sense of equity.

All rights reserved.] "IN FEAR AND TREMBLING FAITH WROTE THE EVIL NEWS TO HER UNCLE."

"You do so much that you ought to be receiving wage, instead of paying a good rent," she said.

"You can't keep a good hunting cat from catching mice, however much milk you give it," was Mrs. Cowie's rejoinder. "And because my son-in-law chooses to give me a nice little income, that is no reason why I should sit still like a Strasburg goose till he has to pay big doctors' bills for me into the bargain. He means me to enjoy myself, and this is my way of doing so. Don't be so terribly just to people that you won't allow them to have a bit of mercy on themselves," she added, and Miss Milne was silenced.

Robert Finlay crossed the city sometimes to visit Faith and her brother; he certainly did not come very often, for he was very busy, and besides Denzil somehow raised a sense of apartness about himself, so that in his presence Robert and Faith felt as if they were somehow doing him an injury. They saw each other occasionally under happier circumstances at Mr. Galbraith's house.

Faith could never sufficiently admire Madge in her new character of house mistress. She managed to extend her husband's hospitality without in the least changing the character it received from his individuality. She never allowed that which is intended for the relaxation and charm of existence to degenerate into a task and a bore. She made no show of indifference to the polite advances of those who, being her husband's social equals, would in a conventional sense have been regarded as her superiors until she became his bride. She conformed to all the rules of etiquette just so far as they did not doom her to a round of wearisome engagements, a deadly swamp of acquaintances, wherein the piquant or refreshing fruits of friendship will not grow. She found interesting people in society as well as out of it, and these were none the less attracted to her house when they found they met there other interesting people of whom they had never heard before, instead of the train of vapid fops and pert misses whom they met everywhere else. But somehow Madge's kindest smile and daintiest dish and most delightful guest were reserved for the evenings when those were bidden who could not bid her again. The rising artist or the struggling missionary met the rich merchants or the clever advocates and their wives, whose means or wits might be interested in their service. But when Dr. MacTavish was there, with his wide influence and inspiring energy, or Wardie the sculptor, with more commissions on hand than he was likely to execute in his lifetime—then the lonely student, the humble art-pupil, the hard-working teacher were summoned, to get a red-letter day written in their monotonous calendar. And nobody were better pleased with the arrangement than Dr. MacTavish and Wardie themselves.

Said the latter, with his offhand frankness, "That's the kind of people I grew clever among. It is my native air, and that is always wholesome!"

When Faith went to these little gatherings—where her sober black merino and white frills were never out of place, though sometimes there were present one or two equally sober costumes of silk velvet and Mechlin lace—Robert Finlay always escorted her home. But Faith did not often allow herself these pleasures, for Denzil would never share them, always repelling every invitation with the same chilling remark with which he had met her suggestions for a summer ramble.

Faith and Robert Finlay were fast friends. To him she could speak out all her anxiety about Denzil, as she could not to anybody else in the world—not even Mrs. Galbraith. And they discussed their views of many things, and the philosophy of the experiences they were gathering in. Robert talked over his own future with Faith. During his mother's lifetime he had looked forward to the life of a Scottish schoolmaster, with all its modest ambitions and serene successes. And for the same career he now looked, but he had changed the field in which it should be lived out.

"There are too many of us here," he said. "I remember how I used to tremble to think that probably I should be driven to accept some post so remote from my mother that I should scarcely ever be able to see her, for she must have remained where she was, being too much of an invalid to move. I think it is part of the direct life duty of some of us to take ourselves from these overcrowded fields, where human feelings and hopes are being trodden underfoot, and to go elsewhere, where there is more room."

"But who should feel that this duty falls to his share?" asked Faith, with a flutter at her heart.

"I think it should be carefully considered by members of large families, where the going away of one or two does not leave the old folks forsaken," he said, "and still more by the utterly lonely, like me, whose going away leaves none desolate."

Faith was silent.

"I believe, too, that it should be well considered by those who feel that they may be able to rise above some of the prejudices which entangle many people, who feel that they may be able to live as just and kindly neighbours with native races of traditions and temperaments different from their own, and to have courage to refuse support to a white man in his sin or oppression towards an alien in his weakness or ignorance. As the effete or barbarous nations under our sway are absorbed into ourselves they will acquire our vigour and our subtlety, but the feelings we aroused in their forefathers, who first came in contact with us, will remain beneath these, their animating force, so that we are really training for ourselves either friends or foes. Every Englishman who inspires affection and respect in a Hindoo or a Zulu is contributing his share towards the future well-being of his fatherland."

"I would not have believed that there was so much race-pride and animosity to be found among us," said Faith, "till it has been revealed to me over the story of Marcus Drummond. I have scarcely heard one person speak of his going wrong, and of all the falsities in which he has been detected, without some contemptuous allusion to his mixed blood, as if that made an inferior character a necessity. They say, with a superior and disgusted air, that nobody ought to have anything to do with 'these creatures,' or to expect anything from them."

"And yet some of our steadiest, best, and cleverest students have come from among them," said Robert, warmly. "But these instances are conveniently forgotten when an insolent prejudice demands a wholesale condemnation. And in the cases of those unfortunate foreigners who appear to justify it, I have not known one shortcoming which I could not match among the sons of the best British county families!"

"But I suppose the answer would be that among these the average of failures is greater than among our own people," said Faith.

"I doubt it much," returned Robert, "if the comparison was made, as it should be, in fairness, among the corresponding class—those with plenty of money and little supervision. I doubt it altogether if it was made, as in strict justice it should be, among the young Englishmen who go abroad! But poor Marcus is spoken of with disgust and contumely, while Edgar Cheney is alluded to with interest and concern. And yet, if indulgence is to be extended anywhere, it should be in the other direction."

"Certainly," said Faith, eagerly. "For those who are made to feel themselves helplessly under a stigma of any kind are sorely tempted to deceit, and when they are hounded back from the fair contests of life they are well nigh driven to overreach. A sense of inferiority is apt to degrade anyone to pursuits and pleasures below himself. And if a Christian civilization shrinks from receiving these people into its own bosom, where it sits at home secure, how can it dare to think that it may overrun whole continents of them by sending out a few poor missionaries?"

"It is no Christian civilization which feels such shrinkings," answered Robert. "It is but a selfish atheism masquerading in the name of Him whose life and death it denies!"

Happy is the man who feels and speaks thus warmly of wrongs not his own! Making himself thus partaker of their woes, he makes himself also partaker of their joy—and those are transient and fading, while that is growing on into everlasting sunshine. Frigid Miss Gordon or heartless Kitty Scott would have smiled superbly or scoffed flippantly at his enthusiasm, but Faith's heart glowed beneath it, as the heart of a true woman always does.

"My attention was first drawn to the matter by the tone I found was adopted concerning poor Drummond," he went on presently, "and it was riveted by Dr. MacTavish's account of his own Indian experiences. Do you remember how he said he was constantly told that 'the natives hate us and we them,' and that young English officers and civil

servants describe gentlemen better bred and educated than themselves, and of a race which was civilized when we were savages, under the general name of 'niggers'? While as to the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, so wickedly exaggerated at the time, the best informed among our own countrymen declared that 'if a balance were drawn between the cruelty of the natives and of our soldiers and officers in India, there would be little mercy to our credit!' As we are sowing, so shall we reap, Miss Alleyne; and if we are true patriots, this is our business—mine and yours!"

"Mine?" cried Faith.

"Yours," he answered, "for now, as ever, woman, not entering the lists, sits by and gives her judgment, and teaches it to the generation which is to come. And woe is never decreed against a nation until her women call the oppressor a hero, and simper their admiration of deeds of injustice and violence, and do not shrink from bloodstains on hands which offer them cashmere shawls and coral necklaces!"

It was the outburst of a strong reserved nature—the sudden lifting of the cover from the fire which burned white within. It was closed down as suddenly.

"There is plenty of work in the world," he said, in his ordinary tone. "More work than can be done. We have only to find out some little bit where we can begin, and we don't know where it will end—perhaps in failure!"

"No, never, surely!" said Faith, sweetly. "God will not pay His workers thus. But those who have done the sowing may not be out in the sultry fields when the corn is ripe; they may be in the Master's pleasant house, awaiting the home-bringing of the gathered sheaves."

Robert Finlay repeated those words of hers to herself years afterwards.

Next spring proved to Faith one of those seasons of mingled pain and pleasure, disappointment and pride, which are almost more trying than sunless storms, and which are often the first to bring a furrow to a young brow or to lay a silver thread among the brown hair.

At the old college by the sea Robert Finlay was "capped." One stage of his life was successfully ended, and the next one would not be here, but far, far away. "His going away could leave nobody desolate!" And yet, in that moment of his triumph, it was well for Faith that the place was shady, and that the rich old glass in the windows cast quaint colours on the faces below.

And at the other college Denzil was plucked in every one of his subjects for examination. In fear and trembling Faith wrote the evil news to her uncle. She did not know how to say that Denzil bore his disappointment. His seeming apathy might be indifference, or it might be despair. She could never get near her brother now, could never interpret with any feeling of success what might be passing in his heart.

Her uncle's letter came back. "We did not expect him to pass in everything this time. Therefore, if at the end of the next summer session he does pass in everything, all may yet be well. There is still this possibility, if he makes the effort."

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

VI.—The Secret of Purity.

When the old story-teller wrote the history of a girl who was made of crystal, so that one could see all the thoughts that were in her heart, I have no doubt he meant to teach this lesson: that we should live always with such innocence and uprightness that, if the secrets of our minds were really revealed to the world, we should neither blush nor feel uneasy. The most beauteous characteristic of maidenhood certainly is purity. Nothing makes a girl more attractive, and nothing makes her happier, whilst an easy recipe for growing unattractive and miserable is to take to the cultivation of deception, lies, and intrigue. "Corruptions," says an Arab poet, "are largely rewarded, but greater are the advantages of purity." Keep that saying, girls, in mind; it may give you courage when temptations press on you and you catch a glimpse of the successes which often fall to the lot of those who are not everything they should be.

Purity, it must be pointed out, is by no means ignorance of vice. Those who live in the world must meet with evil, and we cannot hope to be always like children who know nothing because they have seen nothing. But to encounter vice and to let it become a part of our natures are two very different things.

This, however, is certain: the less we know of vice the better. If a book is bad, shut it up; if a companion proves of doubtful morality, avoid her; if conversation ever verges on impropriety, give it another turn. Better go through the world with eyes closed, and ears closed too, than encourage that familiarity with vice which will first breed indifference and afterwards may land us in positive wickedness.

But, about evil thoughts. You say these are more difficult things to manage than either books or companions. Well, as some one remarks, the way to deal with evil thoughts is just to treat them as birds of bad omen which will insist on flying through our minds but must not be permitted to roost there.

If any girl has begun to wander from the ways of innocence, I wish I could make her see that she is walking on the edge of a precipice that hangs over a gulf of misery. There is no joy, no peace, and no safety but in the paths of purity. Beware of the first steps in the wrong direction. Alas! Maria, how we loved you once, and made you a type of womankind, but the holy and innocent charm of youth is gone, all your friends are alienated, and those who spoke of you with esteem now mention your name with scorn.

There is a special attractiveness in innocence. "The first time I saw Clara," said a friend to me, lately, "I was drawn to her, for in her I felt that I should have the companionship of a pure, young soul to help to preserve my own from the defilements of the world."

But one may go on a long while without finding any whom he can thus take to his heart. "Thou All-loving," said Jean Paul, years before his happy marriage, "send to my thirsting soul that being, that as an eternal pole-star rises above me, and that, alas! I never reach." In the same spirit, a great many are now, no doubt, plodding through life, and it will be a charity, my friends, to pause for a moment here, and wish that those who in the long run throw their glamour over them may be girls in whose hearts there are well-springs of purity.

Some, however, are pretty sure to be deceived, and fall in love with characters as unworthy of affection as can well be imagined. And saying this, Ruth, reminds me of you. There must be a great change, almost a revolution, or whoever marries you will make shipwreck of all his happiness. Does Tom think as I do? Not he: though he has heard that about you which would make him pause were he not so infatuated.

There is an aphorism which I have had a long time in my note-book, whence obtained I forget, but that does not matter. It is this, and I give it without comment, but as an aphorism on which you can make a hundred comments for yourselves: "The purity of woman's character is the foundation of all domestic happiness."

To be pure is not to be colourless and characterless, though some appear to be under the impression that it is. One of the leading features of innocence is simplicity, but I never thought that stupidity was another, and to be colourless and characterless is to be essentially stupid. No doubt, the innocent life is quiet, but we do not ordinarily measure the importance of things by the noise they make.

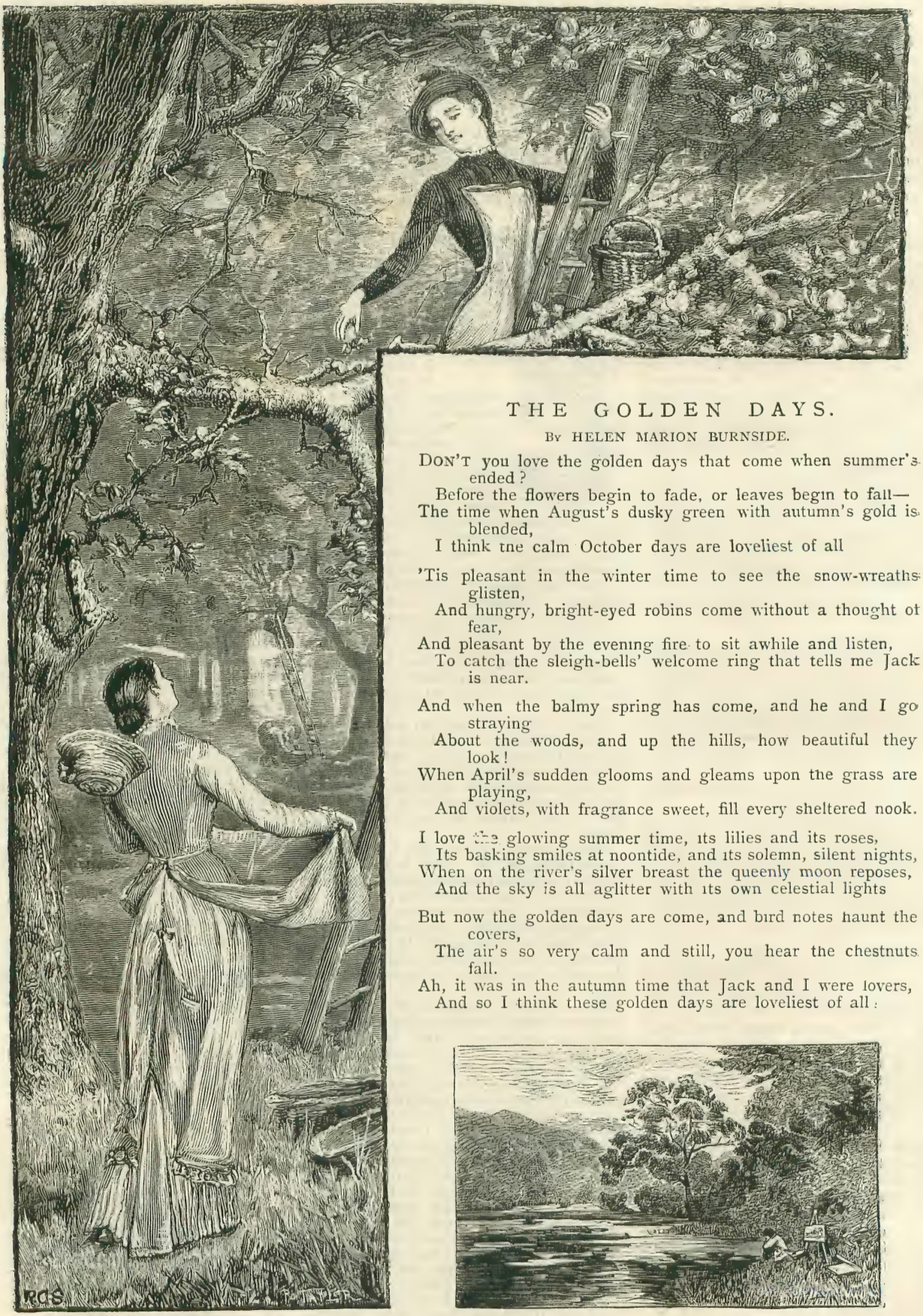
What inducements there are to strive after purity! It is only the pure who behold things as they really are. All others are surrounded as it were by a mist through which they cannot make out anything or at best see only distorted images. "Blessed," indeed, "are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

As a source of strength, too, there is nothing like purity. "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." Cheered by such a thought as this, we are ready for anything, undismayed by opposition, and regardless of pain. The innocent are more than a match for any evils that may cross their path. They have no reason to fear daylight, and may well smile on everything because they feel that Heaven has first smiled upon them. The guilty, as we know, mistake every bush for a policeman, but the innocent are in dread of nothing.

I entreat you then, girls, by the regard I have for you to be careful of yourselves. We want to live in the sunshine of happy thoughts and pleasant experiences, and to be light-hearted, and in all other ways fortunate, we must be innocent. That is the only plan for getting rightly through life.

"With motives pure and heart that's gay
Man travels quickly on his way."

James Mason.



THE GOLDEN DAYS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

DON'T you love the golden days that come when summer's ended?
Before the flowers begin to fade, or leaves begin to fall—
The time when August's dusky green with autumn's gold is blended,
I think the calm October days are loveliest of all

'Tis pleasant in the winter time to see the snow-wreaths glisten,
And hungry, bright-eyed robins come without a thought of fear,
And pleasant by the evening fire to sit awhile and listen,
To catch the sleigh-bells' welcome ring that tells me Jack is near.

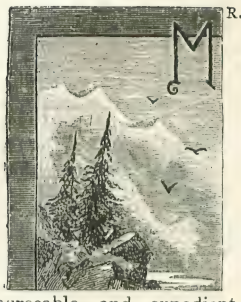
And when the balmy spring has come, and he and I go straying
About the woods, and up the hills, how beautiful they look!
When April's sudden glooms and gleams upon the grass are playing,
And violets, with fragrance sweet, fill every sheltered nook.

I love the glowing summer time, its lilies and its roses,
Its basking smiles at noontide, and its solemn, silent nights,
When on the river's silver breast the queenly moon reposes,
And the sky is all aglitter with its own celestial lights

But now the golden days are come, and bird notes haunt the covers,
The air's so very calm and still, you hear the chestnuts fall.
Ah, it was in the autumn time that Jack and I were lovers,
And so I think these golden days are loveliest of all:

MARGARET TRENT, AND HOW SHE KEPT HOUSE.

By DORA HOPE



MR. COLVILLE at length made up his mind to return to England, for some months at least. Tired of wandering about on the Continent on a fruitless and almost hopeless search for his son, he thought a visit home would be agreeable, and expedient also, for it was evident there was nothing to be gained by a prolonged stay abroad. Thus it came to pass that the autumn found him settled for a time with Margaret and her husband.

"Don't it seem rather early, ma'am, to be taking down summer things, only September? Though it's cold enough for Christmas," asked Dorcas, shortly before Mr. Colville's expected arrival. Her mistress was making arrangements for his reception by putting up winter curtains, and looking out thicker blankets for his room.

"It is rather early, but being quite cold enough, I do not see the use of delaying it, especially as my father will not like to be disturbed when once he is settled in the room."

Amongst other preparations for Mr. Colville, the one and only feather bed the house contained had to be moved into his room. Margaret had theories which she had often tried to instil into her father's mind about the great superiority of sleeping on a mattress. She assured him that a very soft bed was enervating, and that there was no form of bed so comfortable, and at the same time so restful, as a spring mattress, with one of soft horsehair over it; the next best being a wool mattress over a hair one. But as she knew her arguments had not in the least altered his opinion, she was only too glad to provide anything that could possibly conduce to his comfort. She would have given him a bed of rose-leaves if she had thought he would like it.

Her next care was that the bed should be thoroughly aired. The room had been unoccupied rather longer than usual, so instead of only putting hot bottles in the bed, which she always did the day before she expected a visitor, she had it placed before the kitchen fire and left there for some hours, and repeatedly turned, till there was no possibility of damp.

The winter bankets, too, having been put away for some months, were hung up in the kitchen for a whole day before being put on the bed. Clean sheets were never used without airing, so they needed no special precautions.

Dorcas had been rather inclined to be cross on the day all these preparations were in progress; not that she objected to the work, for she was a willing girl and really attached to her young mistress, but she had made up her mind on that day to clean her "brights," as she called the tin cooking utensils displayed in the kitchen. These brights were rather an affliction to Margaret, who, much as she liked the kitchen to be kept clean and nice, objected to its being considered of *first* importance, and the other rooms only secondary. Her patience had been tried several times when she had wanted any work done, and Dorcas had objected on the ground that she had just begun to clean her kitchen, or her brights. The previous servant had left them in a very dirty condition, and Margaret was delighted, after Dorcas had been there a few days, to see her set to work to clean them, first washing them with soap and water, and then rubbing them with oil, and afterwards with whiting, till they not only regained but almost exceeded their original brightness. But after this Margaret protested that they did not require perpetual polishing, and she had to insist at last that Dorcas should content herself with polishing them with a soft cloth every week, and only give them an extra cleaning with the oil and whiting occasionally.

When Joanna came to visit Margaret a short time previously, she had brought her a present of a hamper of apples, the only fruit their garden produced in any abundance, and told her they must be used quickly, as they were not a kind to keep well; accordingly she had cooked them in a great variety of ways. Amongst others some were peeled and cored, and, when baked, served in a glass dish with custard poured over them. Or they were made into dumplings, the core being taken out without dividing the apple, and the cavity filled with marmalade. These dumplings were generally boiled in coarsely knitted cloths, so that when turned out they were covered with a pattern. Another favourite dish was apple fritters made thus:—The apples were pared and cored as for dumplings, then sliced the full size round the apple, and the slices dipped into batter and fried a light brown, and served on a napkin sprinkled with white sugar. The batter they used on ordinary occasions was a very inexpensive one; the ingredients being half a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and, as the old cookery books say, "a discretionary quantity" of salt. On special occasions Margaret added an egg, but it was very nice without this addition.

As Margaret was coming out of the room, after putting the finishing touches preparatory to Mr. Colville's arrival, her dress swept over the mat at the door, and turned it up. "Oh, Dorcas," she said, as she stooped to straighten it, "you have not sewn on those weights I gave you!"

"Yes I have, m'm, all but that one as I hadn't time to finish. Look here, m'm, at these others—they're as firm as a rock, no dress can't sweep 'em away now," and lifting one up she showed Margaret how she had firmly stitched on to the under side of the mat, at each corner, a leaden weight, covered with black material. They were heavy enough to make the mats lie quite firmly on the ground, and so prevented the turning over which so annoyed Margaret.

Mr. Colville's return to England was in many ways a comfort to Margaret. Miserably unhappy as she was at the cloud which had arisen between herself and Wilfred, she seemed to cling with redoubled affection to her own beloved father, though she knew she was deceiving him cruelly too. "But then he doesn't know or suspect how wicked I am. Wilfred does, and despises me for it," she would moan to herself, after listening with pain and bitter self-reproachings to the ever recurring consultations about Tom, which was indeed the one topic of conversation during the first part of Mr. Colville's visit, for he seemed to have no interest in anything else. It smote him to the heart to note the change in his daughter, who used to be the sunshine of the house, and was now so pale, so apathetic, and so melancholy. He thought that besides Tom she had perhaps been fretting for her father. She had always been such a loving daughter to him, and the sudden severing of all home ties had perhaps been too much for her, even though she was most tenderly cared for by the best of husbands. The father's heart yearned over his child, who looked so like her mother had done when her earthly days were drawing to a close, and he resolved to remain in England, and not to go out of reach of his children again.

Margaret felt, too, besides the gladness of having her father near her again, that with him there, something or other must soon bring to light the secret which weighed her down so sorely. In his searches through London, which he prosecuted most vigorously and untiringly, she thought he must surely come across Tom, or some trace of him which would lead to his discovery. She never saw Tom now. She went to his rooms for the last time the day before Mr. Colville arrived, and finding him in, told him of her resolve to see him no more, for the present at least.

"You do not want my help now, Tom," she said, looking round the comfortably furnished apartment which his improved circumstances enabled him to occupy. "You are getting on well, and do not need me, and I will not be any more deceitful than I can help, so after father's return (he comes to-morrow), I do not want to see you any more. I shall know where you are, and if you should be in need of anything, or come to your senses you can let me know." She spoke coldly and firmly, but her manner softened before coming away, and she took a most affectionate leave of her brother, for, with her, love was often stronger than reason. When it came to a struggle between affection and judgment, the former generally conquered, and overpowered the resolutions made in her cooler moments.

"It *must* come to an end soon," she said to herself desperately, as she reached home. "It is very certain that I cannot bear it much longer, and unless something happens quickly, I shall die."

Poor girl! she sometimes thought it would be a good thing if she were to be really dying, for then she could have courage to confess all her folly, and Wilfred would surely forgive her then, though she knew how utterly he despised any underhand dealings, and Tom could not mind her telling his secret so as to enable her to die in peace.

Margaret was right. Something did happen soon which was the beginning of the end to their troubles. One morning after Mr. Colville had spent a few days with them, she received a letter with the Edinburgh postmark, and directed in a strange handwriting, delicately small and neat. Turning to the signature she read "Laura Lea." This too was unfamiliar, and full of wonder she began to read. The letter ran as follows:—

"Madam,—I apologise for the liberty I take in addressing myself to you, being a complete stranger; but when you hear my message you will, I think, pardon the intrusion.

"Though you have probably never heard my name, yours is very familiar to me, and many times have I heard you spoken of, always with the greatest affection and admiration, by your brother, Mr. Tom Colville, and it is in connection with him and the sad

trouble which befel him and you a few months ago that I now write.

"I must tell you that I am an orphan, and have been for some time in delicate health. I have lived with and been supported by my only brother, who, whatever his faults, has always been full of goodness and tender kindness to me. This unhappy brother of mine, it wrings my heart to tell you, has fallen into temptation (for my sake, as I firmly believe), and has appropriated to our use money which belonged to his employers. He has been found out, and now lies in prison, awaiting his trial.

"But this is not all. How can I tell you the dreadful truth! But you, who have a brother whom you love, will believe the shame and misery it is to me to write this, to write it to you who have suffered for my brother's sin. He confesses to me now that when Mr. Colville was suspected of a similar crime some months ago, he, my own brother, was the guilty one. I must force myself to tell you all. He placed the bank notes in Mr. Colville's desk, and thus caused suspicion to fall on him, the innocent, while we, the guilty ones, have been holding up our heads as honourable people. Oh! why did he not stay and face the trial? He *must* have been cleared! Everyone knew how honourable he was, how incapable of such an act.

"If you know where Mr. Colville is, will you let him know that he is cleared of this horrible imputation, and that we, his friends, who never received anything but unceasing kindness at his hands, are the miserable ones who have caused all his trouble and shame.

"I cannot say a word of sorrow or regret. Words are too poor and weak to express my shame and grief. I only pray you not to think too harshly of us (for I feel the guilt and disgrace equally with my brother, since I have been, as I believe, the unconscious cause of it). My brother is so young, his temptations have been very great, and he could not bear to see me lacking any comfort which my weak health seemed to need."

Margaret read no further, but rose to her feet and leaned heavily on the back of her chair.

"Wilfred, father," she said, huskily, looking from one to the other, and holding the letter towards them. "It is all cleared up. He didn't do it. He must be fetched at once—in Beevor-street. I've known it all the time, the thought that——" She stopped suddenly, as though her strength had failed; the reaction was too great, and she dropped fainting to the ground.

They laid her tenderly on the sofa and in vain applied all the restoratives that the house boasted; save for the faint breathing there was no gleam of returning consciousness.

The doctor who was summoned immediately looked grave, and asked if there had been any anxiety or suspense to trouble the patient for some time past, and receiving an affirmative answer, he went on to say that he feared there might be an attack of brain fever, the result of a long strain upon the mind.

Happily their worst fears were not realised. Margaret's constitution was a strong one, and she threw off the attack far sooner than they had dared to hope. Joanna, who had come to London immediately on receiving a telegram from Wilfred, nursed her tenderly, reproaching herself greatly all the while that she had been too much absorbed in her own happiness to notice how much her sister had been suffering.

For some days Margaret's serious illness monopolised all their thoughts, and Tom was for the time forgotten, but with the news that she was out of danger came the remembrance of the letter that had come on that sad morning, and Margaret's few words, which were the only clue to Tom's whereabouts, for though she was much better, the doctor had entreated them, as they valued her life, to avoid any allusion to the subject which had distressed her so much.

Beevor-street was ransacked from end to end, but only with the discovery that Tom had moved some weeks before. Then another trace was found and lost, and their hearts grew sick with hope deferred. It was not till Margaret was so far recovered as to be carried downstairs to her bright sunny little drawing-room that Tom was actually found, and brought triumphantly home.

It was clear that the boy at first felt himself something of a hero, for he came into the room erect and proud, with nothing of the air of a repentant prodigal in his bearing.

"My boy, my boy, how could you do it? How could you mistrust all of us so?" asked the father, mournfully.

"Why, father, haven't you guessed the reason? I am not ashamed to own it. I love Laura, and hope to make her my wife some day, and to shield her from a week's suffering I could go through it all again. Of course I knew all along who had taken the money, but the only way I could clear myself was by convicting her brother, and I would have gone to gaol to save her that; but as I had the chance to escape without throwing the blame on to anybody, I thought I might as well. I always intended to come to tell you I was all right as soon as possible, but I soon found out that none of you but Madge believed in me; and I was not going to demean myself by telling a long tale to clear my character to my own family if they had made up their minds I was a common thief. I do not regret anything I have done, since it has saved Laura all these months of trouble."

"You don't regret it, you heartless fellow!" broke in Wilfred, furiously. "You have no sorrow for your father's grey hairs and bowed form? You have no sorrow for having brought your sister, the truest sister that ever lived, to death's door? Look at her, and think of the trouble she must have gone through to bring her to that state, and if you can bear that, knowing that it is all your doing, without regret—well, I have done with you for ever."

"No, Wilfred, do not lay it all on Tom. It was my own fault too; I ought never to have consented to deceive my husband and my dear father," said Margaret, in her faint voice, "and he *is* sorry, and God knows how long and how bitterly I have repented my share in it; and," she went on, taking Tom's hand and drawing him towards her, "we both do beg you all to forgive us, if—if you can. Tom, darling, say you are sorry—indeed, we have both been very wrong, and I know you feel that we have."

Tom, who had hardly heeded what Margaret had said, but since Wilfred had spoken had been looking, with sorrow and astonishment in his face, from his father to his sister, as though a veil had dropped from his eyes and he saw for the first time the consequences of his act, now fell on his knees by the sofa and throwing his arms round his sister, cried in a voice husky and broken with emotion, "Oh! Madge, Madge, how blind I have been! I thought I was doing something so brave and noble, and here I have been killing you. Can you forgive me?"

Margaret's loving smile reassured him as she whispered, "Do not think of me, dear; I have brought it on myself; it is father and Wilfred who have cause to feel angry; you do not know what trouble they have been in about you."

"Father, I am very sorry; I see now how wrong I have been; I thought you did not trust me, and that it was only proper pride to keep away from you till my character was cleared. I did not know—I did not think—you would care so much. Was it really worry about me that——"

"That made my hair turn grey? Well, I suppose it was, my boy; but no matter, I can laugh at my grey hairs now I have my son back safe and well," and the tears stood in the father's eyes as he looked lovingly at his lost son.

"And Wilfred, can *you* forgive me?"

It cost the lad something to say this, but he did it bravely, and the hearty handshake he received in reply testified to the sincerity of the reconciliation.

It was arranged that not a word of Tom's clearance should be reported to the authorities at Edinburgh till after the trial of the unfortunate young Lea, for the knowledge that this was not his first offence would probably tell against him in the verdict.

It was not till the close of the eventful day of Tom's return that Wilfred and Margaret were really alone, and he came and sat by her couch.

"Oh, Wilfred," she cried, "why did you let me get better? Why did I not die? I know I wanted to."

"You did? Why, my darling, are you so miserable with me as that?"

"Oh, no, no, only in my miserable self," she cried; "it is only that you can never trust me again, and I could not bear to live and feel that you could have no confidence in me."

"Is that positively *all*, Madge?" and he raised her thin pale face and looked earnestly into her eyes. "Is that the *only* cause of your being unhappy?"

"You know it is. If I thought you could ever forgive me, and feel really the same to me as before, I believe nothing could ever trouble me again; for no power on earth shall ever tempt me again to have a thought secret from you."

"Dearest, it was cruel pain at first to know you so completely mistrusted me, but I know now you felt yourself bound by your promise, and if there is anything to forgive—why, darling, it is entirely forgiven and forgotten, as I hope for pardon myself. Only trust in me with as perfect faith as I shall trust in you, and with God's blessing nothing can shake our happiness in the future."

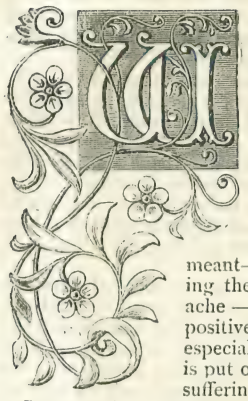
Tom elected to stay on in his present position, for he had made a good start and was going on well. It may as well be said here that when he ventured to try his fortune with the gentle Laura, he soon won her love, for, in her eyes, anyone who had acted as Tom had done, and spared her poor brother for so long from disgrace, must be worthy of all admiration and esteem. Nor was she allowed to remain friendless when left without her brother, for Mr. Colville, finding that his son's love for her was deep and sincere, though it had led him to act thoughtlessly, made arrangements for her to live for a time with a widowed sister of his, who was lonely and wanted a companion; and till that arrangement could be carried out, Wilfred, anxious to make some amends for his hasty condemnation of Tom, invited her to pay them a visit, making it appear a favour to themselves that she should come and keep Margaret company during her convalescence.

Thus ended Margaret's first and last deception. Her mistake brought its own punishment, as wrong-doing always must, sooner or later; but having learnt the lesson it taught her, that there can be no happiness without perfect openness and sincerity, she and Wilfred live on, happy in one another's love while Tom, sincerely regretting the selfish pride which induced him to keep his father so long in ignorance of his whereabouts, and caused all his friends so much needless sorrow, is untiring in his efforts to please his father, and, as far as he can, to repay him for his care and trouble.

THE END.

TIC-DOULOUREUX AND TOOTHACHE: PREVENTION AND CURE.

By MEDICUS.



HY don't you go and have it out? I would if I were you. I would not suffer as you seem to be suffering, for anything in the world."

How very easy it is to give advice like this! Kindly as it is meant—to anyone enduring the agonies of toothache — the words sound positively heartless, more especially if an emphasis is put on the "*seem* to be suffering."

Seem to be suffering, indeed! Just as if that poor swollen cheek of yours meant nothing at all, just as if you were merely holding your hand to your head, and pressing the sorely throbbing temple in order to obtain sympathy. Just as if any girl were so silly as to play at having toothache. No girl who reads our paper could be guilty of that, I am convinced.

Now, I often feel angry at those nerveless, boisterously-healthy people who, simply because they themselves never suffer from this complaint, treat lightly the sufferings of others. I may be wrong to feel angry with them, it is true, but having been myself a martyr to toothache, I have that fellow feeling for others that makes one wondrous kind. Probably for this very reason I am the better able to give advice to those similarly afflicted.

I do not mean to say that anybody would be intentionally unkind to a friend or sister in pain, but I think I can prove that a person with tic-douloureux or toothache merits more sympathy than she usually receives. The sufferer wants no nursing, perhaps; begs for no pity; on the whole, she would probably prefer to be let alone entirely; still, she cannot help wishing that those around her would maintain a feeling demeanour, and abstain from such expressions as the following, which are far too common, I am sorry to say:—

"Oh! it is only the toothache."

"The toothache isn't a deadly complaint."

"You'll be all right in a day or two."

"Keep up your heart. Try to forget all about it."

Proposing remedies to the sufferer are often as jarring to her nervous system as anything else.

"Try this," "try that," and "try the other."

"Hold brandy in your mouth till it blisters your cheek."

"Fill your mouth first with hot water and then with cold."

"Try an onion poultice."

"Try a roasted fig."

"Go to bed and try to get a good sleep."

The amount of brains possessed by the individual who proposes some of these remedies could easily be contained in a walnutshell.

Well, now, one remark we referred to was, "The toothache isn't a deadly complaint." No, certainly it is not; but there are three very good reasons why the toothache should be got rid of as speedily as possible. 1. The relief of present pain. This is a reason which will commend itself to everybody. 2. Because while toothache is present mischief is going on in the tooth itself, which will result in the death of it, and the spread of decay to adjoining teeth; and because the want of sound teeth results in improper mastication of food and consequent indigestion, which may undermine the health and sow the seeds of future troubles, to which we cannot see an end. 3. Because one fit of toothache predisposes to others, owing to the extreme shock to the system causing injury to the nerves, from which one may not be able to recover for months."

I shall have to speak about teeth-extracting in this paper, so the sooner I do so the better.

"Go and have it out," is the advice of your friend—advice which is, as I said, easily given, but somewhat hard to take. Nor is it always the most judicious advice. Were anyone to invent a dentist's chair, of such awe-striking appearance that the very sight of it would scare the toothache away, he would indeed be a benefactor to the human race; but although cases have been cured by one glance at the dentistic throne, or even by lifting the surgeon-dentist's door knocker, still, as a rule, toothache is not so very easily frightened away.

But one cannot always afford to have a tooth pulled. It is not the loss of the half-crown for the operation, but the loss of the tooth itself. If it is one of your second set of teeth—ironically called "permanent" teeth by the physiologist. Would they were permanent!—before having it extracted you must remember that nature gives no third set, that art alone can fill the vacant place, and at the best but clumsily.

As to the pain of extraction, that is simply *nil* in these days of nitrous oxide gas, generally called laughing gas. Only it is very important you should go to a really good dentist, one who has had long experience.

Talking about experience reminds me that about ten years ago I had an experience which is likely to last me all my life. It may amuse you, and at the same time teach you a lesson. It became necessary for me to have a back molar removed, one of my wisdom teeth of all teeth in my head. It had always been a trouble to me, and I wished it far enough. I rose from a sleepless couch one morning and resolutely buttoning my coat as I sallied forth into the fresh air, "I'll have no more of this," I said.

On my way down the street—it was in London—I met an intimate friend, and confided to him the burden of my woes.

"Oh!" he cried joyfully, "go to S—— in B——street. He'll only charge five shillings, and as he is a rising young fellow, just newly started, it will be a positive charity to him."

"Ah! but," I replied, "does he know his business well?"

"Beautifully!" exclaimed my friend. "He took one out for me in two seconds, and I haven't had a touch of the toothache since. Do go, and say I sent you."

"Well," I thought, "I may as well do this rising young fellow a good turn as not." So I went.

The young dentist was delighted to see me, handed me to the chair, and proceeded to get his tools out with an alacrity I have never seen equalled.

"Don't you administer gas?" I faltered somewhat nervously, seeing no preparations in that way.

"My dear sir, no," he replied, "it really isn't necessary in your case. It will be all over in a mom——"

"In a mom——" He had grasped the tooth, and didn't finish the word. I was grasping the chair.

"In a mom——," he continued, pulling and hauling away with all his might. He evidently meant to bring out the "ent" along with the tooth. What a miserably long moment it was!

"In a mom——." But the "ent" did not come out, nor did the tooth. And the moment became a minute, and the minutes finally ten, during which time he had tried three different sets of forceps, besides the key, and finished up with smashing the tooth in two. When he coolly proposed using the punch, I remembered an appointment, paid this rising young dentist the five shillings, and fled.

No, one cannot be too careful in the choice of a dental artist whether for extracting a tooth or for stopping one. A handy man will take a tooth out under the influence of gas literally before you know where you are. I myself had one so extracted, a large molar. I do not think the operation lasted many seconds. I thought I heard someone knocking at the opposite wall, and cried, "Come in." I awoke to hear the dentist saying, "Come out, you mean."

I asked him when he meant to begin.

"It is all over," he said, smiling.

Painless dentistry at one time used to be a meaningless term, but it is not so nowadays.

At the same time I would not advise a young girl to part too readily with a tooth, even if it did ache, because if it be not altogether decayed it is capable of being stuffed, and, so treated, it will remain good a lifetime.

As to stuffing teeth, let me again give you a word of warning. Go only to the best dentist you can find. Do not visit him when the tooth is aching in the slightest, or even inclined to ache. Go when you feel strong and well, and if the tooth be then carefully cleared and filled it will save you many a miserable hour of torment in the future.

The American people are exceedingly careful of their teeth. The English ought to take example by them; if they did we would see fewer old men and women with receding jaws or artificial teeth.

A kind of false modesty prevents some people from availing themselves of the skill of the dentist in supplying the place of a tooth that may have fallen or been knocked out. I talk now not exclusively to young girls. With few exceptions—that miserable wisdom tooth being one—my own are sound, but should occasion demand it I would speedily visit the artist. Nothing is more disfiguring than the absence of front teeth.

But it is time to speak about toothache more directly. I will do so first, and then give a few hints about the prevention of this distressing malady. The relief of present pain is what is wanted most. And this, I am sorry to say, no medical man in the world can always insure. If, however, it be a decayed tooth that is causing the pain, the cautious use of chloroform may be tried. You must not attempt to take this yourself, but go to a chemist. He must let you inhale several whiffs—it will not send you off, you need be in no fear of that. To induce unconsciousness, chloroform needs to be inhaled for many minutes. But it will deaden the pain, and if you at the same time ask him—say that a medical man advises it if you choose—to dip a piece of cotton wool in the chloroform and

let you hold it in the mouth between the teeth on the painful side, the mouth being closed at the time, much relief may be obtained. The chloroform will burn a little, but you must not mind that. The application of the chloroform on cotton wool may be repeated two or three times, at intervals of four or five minutes.

As soon as partial relief is found the sufferer should get away to bed and endeavour to induce perspiration, which may be followed by sleep. But some medicine should be taken internally, and at once. I may advise one or two of the ordinary family pills, followed in a few hours, on an empty stomach, by a dose of Epsom salts.

Hot flannels to the jaw often do much good. If the pain seems to begin about the front of the ear, belladona or aconita ointment may deaden it. The chemist will give you that, and if he has a too strict eye for business, he may at the same time try to get you to buy some "infallible remedy for toothache." I pray you keep your money in your pocket.

If the toothache be all along the jaw, what is generally called rheumatic toothache, then a trial of sal ammoniac may be made; the dose for a grown-up person is ten to thirty grains, medium dose twenty grains, repeated every two hours until four doses have been taken, then thrice a day. I can only say that it sometimes acts like a charm. The dose for a girl depends on her age. Do not imagine you can get much relief from sleeping draughts; they are at all times dangerous.

Should the toothache arise from a gum-boil, it ought to be brought to a head as soon as possible by hot fomentations and linseed-meal poultices.

If the toothache is of a neuralgic character, one or two large doses of quinine may check it. But an intelligent chemist must tell you what *is* a large dose, for it depends on your age.

Those girls who are subject to attacks of neuralgia or toothache cannot be too careful of their health. Not only will exposure to cold, but even a fit of indigestion will bring on the painful complaint. They must be very careful, therefore, to live regularly and take plenty of daily exercise in the open air. Tea and coffee should be avoided, and milk and cocoa or chocolate taken in lieu thereof.

It is important that good sleep should be obtained. The evening of the day ought therefore to be free from any kind of excitement, or anything that worries the brain.

I do not think I can recommend a safer or better tonic than the citrate of quinine and iron; dose, from two to five grains, three times a day, in water, according to age.

The dialysed iron drops do very well with many girls. But whenever iron is taken, it should be remembered that if it heats the blood too much it may do harm, or if it causes pimples about the face or body. In either case reduce the dose. Tonics should never be taken longer than a fortnight without a few days intermission.

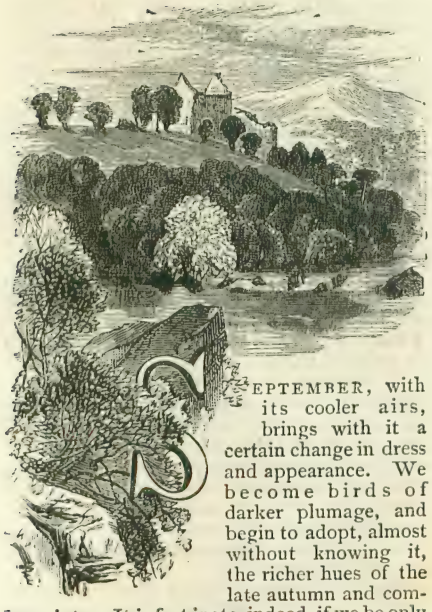
Cod-liver oil from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful three times a day after meals—like the other tonics I have mentioned — often acts wonderfully well. But cod-liver oil should be taken regularly, and kept on with for six, nine, or even twelve months.

The cold sponge bath braces the nerves well and should be used regularly when it can be borne, and some sea salt may be added with advantage.

The *rationale* of the treatment of neuralgia or tic-douloureux, and continued toothache, it will be gathered from what I have written, consists in making every endeavour to keep the blood pure, the digestion healthy, and the nerves strong. As the mind acts for weal or woe on the body, girls afflicted with the complaints I have been discussing should do everything in their power to avoid worry of all kinds, and study to maintain a cheerful temper and kindly disposition.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.



SEPTEMBER, with its cooler airs, brings with it a certain change in dress and appearance. We become birds of darker plumage, and begin to adopt, almost without knowing it, the richer hues of the late autumn and coming winter. It is fortunate, indeed, if we be only quick enough to do this in season, before we become cooled down by the September winds as they merge into "chill October." In England we are not very wise on the subject of clothing. When the month is called "July," we insist on wearing thin dresses, be the weather what it may; and yet it is quite amazing to watch the many wearers of sealskin jackets on warm days in the early autumn and winter, when cloth would be wiser and healthier wear. The extreme prevalence of coughs and colds is a sign of this lack of wisdom.

In most cases it is to be feared that the underclothing is in fault, and that those who ought to be wearing flannel and merino imagine themselves sufficiently well clad if they wear calico, and cotton stockings. Nothing in the way of dress has ever been introduced which is more valuable than the union, or "combination," under-garments of merino and lambswool, or the under-vest and drawers united in one. Thus covered from the throat to the wrists, and nearly to the ankles, the wearer can dispense with heavy petticoats, and march about with ease and lightness. Although perhaps a little expensive to buy at first, these "union garments" wear well, and will last at least three winters. Their price varies, I believe, from 12s. to 15s., according to size. The doctors have, many of them, been recommending silk underclothing in preference to any other, on account of its peculiar properties, which are supposed to be beneficial for invalids, and especially those suffering from gouty and rheumatic affections.

Coat-bodices, of a different material to the skirt, continue to hold their own, and probably will do so for some time yet, as they are admirably economical, becoming, and useful, and in these points they suit every one alike. Satin, *satin merveilleux*, plush and velvet, brocade and velveteen are all fashionable, and those of my readers who have their last winter's dresses in good order as regards the skirt portion, with a new coat-bodice of some kind, will find themselves provided at a small expense with a new and fashionable winter dress.

In dresses for mourning wear, the usual bodice selected is also the coat-bodice. The basques appear rather shorter in front and at the sides; but the back portion is longer, and is arranged in folds like a fan, with a view to producing more bunchiness and fulness. The only mourning at the present time that can be called "plain" is widows' mourning; all other descriptions follow the prevailing fashions in style of making, showing that in this matter we are adopting the French ideas instead of holding our own. There seems also an ever-increasing dislike to going into mourning where it can possibly be avoided; and I hear of families leaving town and going away for change of air, so as to be out of observation during the period of wearing crape at least. The fact seems to be that, unless for the nearest and dearest, no one appears to be able to afford the expense entailed in providing mourning for an entire family, especially if it happen to be when the winter season has either just begun or is half passed over, and every member of it has already purchased their winter outfit. In this case the girls, who are on allowances, must be helped, and poor "paterfamilias" finds that £40 or £50 is soon spent, even in the most careful of hands. So we frequently find the house shut up in town after the death of grandmamma, grandpapa, or uncle or aunt; the family have migrated *en masse* to some quiet resort, where no one knows nor cares whether they wear mourning or not, and the servants are either sent home or put on board wages; while the time of mourning, cleverly spent in retreat, becomes one of quiet and retrenchment.

A change in regard to the cutting of plain skirts has taken place, and many of them are not gored at all, but are sloped away at the selvedges on each side of the breadths at the top, and have two front pleats like darts as well, so as to bring the front breadth and sides into the waist. This sloping is hidden by the panier trimming, which is all but universally worn. Thin materials when made-up for slight people are not even cut at the top, but are gathered in to the figure, and there are several other drawings in the skirt to gather it up, which can be let out when the skirt is washed.

The newest ulsters and jackets for the autumn are rather inclined to be gay in their colouring. The cloth is generally a mixed one, and the shape worn is still the tight-fitting "Newmarket coat," with the seam at the waist, and sufficient fulness at the back to allow for the increasing dimensions of the skirt draperies. Plain gold or gilt buttons are

AUTUMN COSTUMES.

used for trimming them; and this, together with a gay kerchief at the throat, makes them both conspicuous and gaudy. But I cannot tell how much better we shall like them when we all begin to be oppressed with the fogs and gloom of the dull November which will soon be stealing upon us.

Black is more worn, if that were possible, than ever; but it is always relieved by sashes, bows, and ruchings of the brightest hues—pink and canary colour, yellow shades, and all kinds of red are used, and the same bows or flowers ornament the black lace bonnet or hat, and the parasol. For those who are obliged to consider their dress, and the expense to which they go about it, nothing is more happy

than this fashion, and the extra amount entailed by the sashes and ribbons is well expended when it turns, with a little management, an old gown or bonnet into a new one.

Tan gloves are more worn than black ones, and all are made "*à la mousquetaire*," to button at the wrist with two or three buttons, and to pull over the sleeve, which latter is made very short indeed. As the winter draws nearer we shall probably wear black gloves more than the tan, on account of the London ever-falling blacks and the smoke.

The artificial flowers, which take the place of the natural ones as these grow more scarce, are of immense size, one poppy being as large as a small-sized sunflower; but then, fortunately, one flower answers where several would be required if they were of smaller dimensions.

The newest aprons are made of white muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbons, and are so daintily pretty that I know our girls will adopt them gladly. They have bibs both in front and behind, and cover the back-breadth of the dress like a twine.

The costumes called "tailor made," of cloth, tweed, and serge, are very plain and severe in style, and are exceedingly useful as every-day and all-day gowns, both in the country and the town. They are, some of them, made with striped underskirts, and should fit very well in the bodice, as they are generally worn without a cape or mantle of any kind.

The "sailor hats" that have been so popular amongst the young people this season continue to be worn. The trimming consists of a velvet band round the crown, and a cluster of flowers at the side; and also the "Patience" hat, which is a kind of sailor hat in front, but with the brim pressed in flatly at the back just over the knot of hair. Two extremes in trimming are to be met with: either the entire trimming is placed in front, leaving the back plain; or else the trimming is placed quite at the back, leaving the crown and front plain. A very finely-gauged crown of satin or crape is often worn, and with this a wreath of flowers, and another half wreath under the brim. The shape, which is called "Ours" by some people and "Langtry" by others, appears to have become immensely popular. It also is trimmed in two distinct ways. One is to place a series of straps from the top of the crown all round, in a circular shape, reaching downwards to the brim. A few flowers finish the back, and are also placed under the brim. The other is a large bow of broad satin ribbon, arranged with three loops on each side, drooping over one another, centred with a knot and three ends, two of which are short and fall towards the back. The third end is brought across the crown and fastened in the centre with two small gold-headed pins. At the back there is a cluster of large flowers, and under the brim is a small half-wreath of the same. Very small "capote" or "princess" bonnets of lace, in black, cream, brown, or even red and green, to match the dress, are very pretty, and are so easily made that after our girls have once seen them they will find no difficulty in copying them. The only ornament they require is a tuft or *aigrette* of feathers, which are generally of a bright hue—coral-pink or poppy-red being both of them popular shades, which look well with all the coloured laces that I have named.

The benefit of these little black lace bonnets is that the *aigrette* can be changed for a flower, and an entirely new effect can thus be produced. All red flowers, especially the poppy, are still sought after; and all the shapes that admit of a coronet of flowers under the brim are more liked than any other. As the season advances, however, we shall return to the pretty close shapes that have such an air of comfort about them, and are becoming to both old and young faces. The fancy for pins goes on increasing, and gold, pearl, steel, silver, jet, and even garnet-headed pins are placed in any and every part of the last new hats and bonnets. "Toques," for young ladies' wear, of beaded lace, are very popular, and are both inexpensive and easily made. They have a small *aigrette* of colour at one side.

Brown continues to be the fashionable colour, and there are some very pretty brown straw bonnets, trimmed with brown silk gauze, relieved by small sunflowers, buttercups, cornflowers, and coral-pink geraniums, and pansies are also much used, especially the large yellow ones. These bonnets are tied with brown gauze strings, and a knot of flowers to match the bonnet is placed at the throat.

The three figures which form the illustration this month are excellent examples of the dresses worn by young girls at the present moment. The figure with a sailor hat wears a plainly-made costume of serge, cashmere, or tweed; the skirt is kilted to the waist, and over it is worn a plain, well-cut, short polonaise. The next figure evidently clings to the apparel of summer, and still wears the pretty-figured sateen, muslin fichu, and plain, unicoloured skirt. This style of making dresses will be much used for thicker materials during the coming winter.

The third figure wears the hat I have mentioned as the "Langtry," or "Ours," a most charming hat for a young girl. The dress is a plaid fancy material, the trimming *passementerie*, embroidery, or ficelle lace. The skirt is plain, with a double box-pleated ruche at the edge. The sash tied round the waist, as shown in this picture, is much worn, especially with black dresses, where a pretty colour, such as pale blue or dark red, is usually chosen as a contrast; bows of the same ornament the sleeves, the neck, and sometimes the skirt.

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen" "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

"A FRIGHTFUL STATE OF THINGS."

THE Academy Exhibition of 1881 contained a picture by a French guest of the Royal Academy, bearing the title which heads this chapter. The subject—a small child eating bread-and-milk, suddenly besieged in its high chair by an immense invading army from the poultry-yard—in very truth, "A frightful state of things."

But if the clever artist of that graphic picture wanted a second subject for a "frightful state of things," it was a pity that he was not in the back yard of Mr. Carmett's house three days after that gentleman had, with such ignorant rashness, insisted on having his yearly invitation accepted by his godson as well as by his niece

Mr. Carmett had come into breakfast grumbling over an obstinate water tap, and although the subsequent troubles and disorders of his hitherto most orderly and scrupulously exact breakfast-table had put the affair out of his mind for the time, such was not the case with his nephew. Eggs and bacon, and marmalade and new rolls were all very good, but their goodness was as nothing when compared with the goodness of a promised struggle with that tap, and a final triumph over its stubbornness. Water was an element for which Ted had a perfect passion. He was not yet four years old when his love of water led to his having to be fished by twelve-year-old Katie out of the pond at the bottom of the garden, a dripping, half-drowned little mortal. And many a scrape it had led him into since, one of which has already been related, by the bye, in a former chapter. Now it led him into another scrape.

From the breakfast-room Kate Carmett went to the drawing-room, to have a half-hour's practice at a song her uncle had given her the previous evening, and Mr. Carmett himself went away to his stables.

"And there he'll stop for a pretty good time, as usual," decided Ted, in self-commune, and with a sagacious shake of the head, as he obeyed his sister's entreaty to keep out of mischief by flying out to the back yard, and the promisingly obstinate tap, the instant he heard the drawing-room door close behind her. He was generally anxious to do his uncle a good turn, but experience had taught him that those about him were very prone to interfere with his benevolent intentions, if they discovered them before he had time to put them into practice.

"Uncle will be glad enough when he finds that I've made the stupid old tap turn for him, there's no doubt of that," soliloquised Ned, as he paused beside it a few moments before commencing operations. "But, if I'd said anything about it first, he or Kats would be certain to think that I was going to hurt that or myself, or something or other, quite certain."

And Ned was undoubtedly right. Lion had taken rather a fancy to Ned, but

even he dragged himself with a rumbling of chain out of his kennel, and lay with his great shaggy head between his two great shaggy paws, gazing with great, round solemn eyes at the intruder as he began struggling away at the tap-handle.

"Ugh! it is an obstinate old thing," panted Ned, after ten minutes' fruitless exertions, and as red in the face as an angry little turkey cock.

He straightened himself, and took a short rest to get his breath back, and as he waited before resuming operations he looked about him, looked at Lion, looked at the kennel, looked at the ivy on the wall, and it would have been well if he had looked no further. Unfortunately he took a fancy to look also into a tool shed, in the further corner of the yard, and there he saw, as he exclaimed eagerly—

"The very identical thing he wanted."

On a shelf just inside the shed door lay a large, heavy old hammer, and Ted seized it with delighted, eager hands that made less of its weight than might have been expected. As he returned out of the place thus armed Lion's eyes expressed more decided disapprobation than before, and he even uttered a hint of a growl, as of warning or remonstrance. But his companion was deaf to all such checks.

"Now we'll see who's to be conqueror, old tap, you or I," he exclaimed, with the glee of one already sure of victory. Too sure, for after all the tap came off winner in the struggle. He marched up to it, raised the hammer with the intention of using it against the handle, but—as has been already said—the tool was one particularly unwieldy, both by size and weight, for the hands now endeavouring to make use of it.

Up, over his shoulder in true workman style went the hammer, and with all his energy, and the utmost use of his force it was brought down again—but not against the handle.

In its descent the heavy tool swerved somewhat in the unaccustomed hands that wielded it, and it came down crash—not against the handle, but on the pipe itself.

"Oh—h—h!!" burst from Ted, as the hammer fell from his nerveless hands with a second crash upon the pavement. For once in his life he was alarmed at the effect following his act. That the lower half of himself was already wet through was a small matter. What would his uncle say, what would Kats say, what would his father and mother say when they heard what he had done? Those were the questions that rushed through his mind like a lightning flash as the water from the pipe rushed over him.

The hammer had set the water free, at any rate, for it had dashed away handle, tap, and a good piece of lead pipe altogether, with that unlucky blow, and the water was pouring out as if to empty the very reservoir itself. In the desperate longing to stay that resistless, mocking flood, Ted clapped his hands, one over the other, over the gaping broken pipe, but he might just as well have tried to choke it back with a bit of old sponge. He only succeeded in diverting the course of the outpour sufficiently to make it squirt up over him, so that from being half wet through, he was now thoroughly soaked from head to foot with the ice-cold water.

With a second growl, which soon changed into a dreary whine of misery at the uncomfortable aspect of affairs, poor old Lion lifted himself up from the flooded flagstones, and retreated into his kennel, just as Kate came to the back-door in search of her brother.

"Oh, Ted," she exclaimed in astonishment, as she looked at the streaming court, "whatever have you been up to now?"

"It wasn't me, it was the hammer," came the doleful answer. "Come and see."

And unsuspecting Kate, acting on the impulse of the moment, obeyed the invitation, and, running up to Ted, in her turn ejaculated a startled "oh!" on being deluged with an unexpected shower bath. The flood underneath she had braved as of necessity, but she was by no means prepared for the soaking she got as Ned suddenly withdrew his hands, and remarked, with the calmness of despair—

"There, Kats, that's what that horrid old hammer's been up to now, and I suppose it will just have to go on for ever."

For a few moments Kate's startled wits appeared to echo the hopeless supposition; mechanically she did as her brother had done, and tried to stem the tide with her hands, and reaped the same result of getting dripping wet. But at last one sensible thought did struggle into the midst of her dismay.

"Go and call someone, Ned, and ask them to bring some tubs and pails as fast as ever they can. Oh! what will uncle say!"

"That's just what I'm thinking," muttered Ted, with a calm gloom on his face that looked as if he had made up his mind to a lifetime of bed and bread-and-water.

Meantime he started off to do his sister's bidding, but instead of entering the house by the way he had come out he ran round, to avoid carrying his dripping self across a greater length of hall than necessary. He had just turned the corner of the house when he saw a man, and, without waiting to give him a second glance, at once shouted anxiously—

"Oh! just go round to the back yard quick to help Katty; her hands will be half frozen off else, like mine, I expect."

"All right," called back a voice in answer. But the voice was neither the voice of John nor James, nor of any of the servants about the place with whom the restless young visitor had yet made acquaintance. However, whoever he was he had already disappeared when Ted stood still a moment, and turned to give the man, whom he had sent to his sister's help, a keener inspection. He ran on to the servants' entrance. There stood two more men in conversation. Once more his words were quicker than his eyes.

"Take a lot of pails to the back yard," he shouted sharply; "a lot, ever so fast, or Lion'll be drowned, and—and Katty, perhaps—and everything."

The next moment, as he was about to turn, and fly back to the scene of his disaster, he was seized firmly by the two shoulders by one of the two men in the doorway, and found himself in the hands of his uncle. Dripping wet, with a woe-begone face, numbed hands, and blue with cold, he looked a deplorable little object.

"Whether Kitty is drowned or not, it seems you are," said Mr. Carmett, somewhat sternly, but rather from the effects of consternation than anger just that moment. After an instant he turned, and called in at the door—

"Cook, come here."

Cook hurried to the door.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, aghast, as she caught sight of Ted. "The dear lamb will catch his death."

"He has gone the right way to do so, at any rate," answered her master; "so just take him and get him into a warm bed at once, and don't lose sight of the tiresome young rascal one single moment until I give you leave."

"But the luncheon, sir!" ventured cook, doubtfully.

"Must cook itself," was the hasty reply. "James, bring some pails to the back court."

And with that order Mr. Carmett hastened thither himself, supposing that the pails were needed to catch the water until the handle of the tap could be turned back, which he concluded that his ambitious young nephew had succeeded in turning on. Of the extent of the misfortune he little dreamt.

CHAPTER VII.

A BUTCHER OR A DOCTOR?

"ALL right," responded the clear, brisk voice of the first person to whom Ted Carmett applied to go to the help of his sister; and when the owner of that voice said, "All right," he meant "all right," and took the quickest and cleverest means, as a rule, to make anything all right that he put his hand or mind to. Ted could not possibly have directed his appeal more cleverly if he had had the whole of his fellow creatures to choose from. At the same time, if the affair had been in Miss Katie's management it is perfectly certain that she would rather have been twice as miserably wet and cold as she was, than have this suddenly-summoned individual come to her aid while she stood in that sloppy back yard, with her soaked garments clinging about her soaked feet, and her besprinkled hair blown about all over her cold, pale face by the winter wind.

Kate was still stooping over the broken pipe, with the palm of one hand pressed as tightly into the opening as its numbed tremulousness would permit, when a voice just beside her said, in tones of most genuine pity—

"You have no right to be standing in this freezing water, and in this bitter wind."

She had been pale enough when the speaker's eyes first fell upon her, but it was no small relief to him to see the rosy

colour that now flushed her cheeks as she raised her startled gaze to his face, and in her confusion drew her hand away from its office of stopper to the pipe.

It was a stranger who stood beside her, a gentleman, evidently, from his appearance and manner, and young and good-looking. Moreover, the very pink of neatness, as Miss Kate perceived even in that first glance of dismay. Compassionating her confusion and surprise, the stranger hastened to apologise for his presence on the scene.

"Your brother—I presume it was your brother—sent me to your assistance."

"Oh!" ejaculated Kate, adding the next moment, as though the words would come out, "He always is such a bother of a boy!"

The stranger laughed in spite of himself.

"Not for being good enough to give me a chance of being useful to you, I hope?" he asked, as he, in his turn, proceeded to forage in the tool-house.

In five seconds he returned with a tool in his hand as useful for his purpose as Ted had awhile ago considered that the hammer was for his. And in another five seconds a strong pair of pincers used by a very strong hand had already nearly squeezed the broken lead pipe close enough together to stop the further flow of the water. Nothing but a little trickle was dripping from the two corners when Mr. Carmett came round, and stared at the whole scene as if the very power of speech had been taken from him by surprise.

"Kitty," he exclaimed at last, "what is the meaning of all this? You and Ted looking like drowned rats, and the yard in this state. And—and—" he added, in consternation — "why, where's the tap?"

"I don't know, uncle," murmured Kate, trying furtively to shake out her heavy winter dress to look as if it were not sopped with water, and to get her hair put behind her ears.

Mr. Carmett noticed the attempts sufficiently to make him turn from her to the gentleman, with the still more wondering query—

"And how, in the name of patience, do you come here, Russell? I had no idea that you knew my niece."

"Neither do I. Or rather"—with a little smiling hesitation—"or rather did I, until three minutes ago, but misfortunes are splendid things, I believe, for transforming acquaintanceship into friendship, and since that is the case, and Miss Carmett and I are therefore friends within five minutes of first seeing each other, may I take the privilege of a friend, and beg her at once to leave us for the purpose of getting rid of those wet shoes and garments she has on? They are really dangerous such weather as this."

While he spoke he looked, not at blushing Kate, but at her uncle, who instantly took the stranger's advice, and gave the welcome order to his niece to hasten indoors at once.

"I have ordered Ted off to bed," said Mr. Carmett, "and I really think it would be the most prudent thing to give the same order to you, Miss Kitty."

"Yes, uncle," murmured Miss Kitty, as she moved away through the flooded courtyard to the door, which seemed to be more yards away now than in reality it was feet. She had many a time told Ted that he was a bother of a boy, but never had she felt before the full force of her declaration as just then, when she made vain efforts to get herself with some degree of dignity out of range of the stranger's bright eyes. Going slip, slop, plish, plash, through water, with a dress persistently twisting itself round one's ankles, and a pair of sodden shoes that threaten to tumble off at every step, does not inspire onlookers with reverential sentiments. In fact, Kate felt a sort of scornful self-contempt for her draggled condition. She was a very neat and dainty damsel as a rule, and to have those other keen glances taking in the details of her present appearance, she considered a very great aggravation of Ted's latest piece of mischief. Being sent to bed served him well right for once.

"Eh! but, miss," exclaimed one of the maids, in consternation, as she entered the house, "why, you are nigh as drowned like as Master Edward. Cook has gone up with him and has taken the warming-pan. And what will master say, miss, if you go up the stairs in them dripping things? I beg your pardon, miss, I'm sure, for mentioning it, but he is that particular, is master."

"Yes, yes," said Kate, hastily, "I know. I will go in here." And as her uncle and Mr. Russell stepped into the hall, she sprang into cook's own little sitting-room on the ground floor, pulling the maid in with her, and closing the door until the gentlemen had gone past. Then she despatched Sarah up to fetch her another dress, and whatever else she needed, and turning cook's apartment into an extempore dressing-room, in a quarter of an hour or so betook herself to the usual morning sitting-room, with her ordinary colour considerably heightened by exposure to the cold air, and tremor at again meeting the stranger whom Ted had sent to her aid, little to her thankfulness.

"Hullo, miss!" exclaimed her uncle, as she entered the room where the two gentlemen were engaged, as the saying is, in keeping the fire warm. "Hullo! is this your obedience to my injunction, pray? But that reminds me: Mr. Russell, here, said that your demure, 'Yes, uncle,' meant nothing less than going to bed."

The young man sprang up, and moved his chair back from the fire, as he exclaimed deprecatingly—

"Oh, Miss Carmett, pardon me, pray, as your uncle also must pardon me, if I venture to remind him that I only acquiesced in his expression of his own opinion on the matter."

Mr. Carmett laughed.

"Well, well! you did agree, at any rate, in believing her a true representative of her wilful sex. The boy, you see, with all his bad reputation of inventing mischief where no one else could see a chance of it, has behaved in a much more exemplary manner as to going to bed."

"Yes, Uncle Edward, of course I have," came a shrill voice, in decided assent to this declaration, and not only Mr. Carmett but Miss Carmett and Mr. Russell all started, and stared at each other at the sound.

Before anything more could be said the door opened again, and Mrs. Cook put her head just inside, with the nervous ejaculation—

"Oh, sir—miss—please, he's gone again!"

"I should just think he has, cook," answered her master, coming forward. "But how came you to let him go?"

"Why, sir, he was that shivery, as I thought to make him a fire, and I'd not been gone, not a minute, for the wood and coal, when he'd slipped off, nobody knows where."

"Oh, yes, but they do, cook!" came that shrill young voice again. "Uncle said I was to go to bed, but he didn't say where, so I've just put myself to bed under this table. It's awfully nice here, and warm and comfortable, and saves you a lot of trouble, too, you see."

Cook stooped down for a moment to look under the table, then, with a half-choked, "Dearie me! bless the boy!" she beat a hasty retreat from the room, to shake herself almost to pieces with laughter outside in the hall.

Meantime, Mr. Carmett and his companions also stooped and looked under the table and all made comments according to their separate sentiments.

"Yes; decidedly comfortable," quietly remarked Mr. Russell.

"Oh, Ted, you dreadful boy! how dare you?" breathed Kate, almost awed, now, by his astounding audacity. How he could venture upon being comfortable anywhere, with that broken pipe in the yard, she could not imagine—but comfortable wrapped up in a blanket under the sitting-room table! No; Kate had not imagined even Ted capable of a deed so bold as that.

"Come out, you young monkey," said Mr. Carmett, with a very poor pretence of sternness. "Were you not afraid to play any more of your impudent tricks just now, you mischievous monkey, eh? Tell me."

Ted raised himself on his elbow and peered out of his lair.

"No, uncle; I wasn't afraid of you; not after the coffeed tablecloth this morning, you know, and the six pots of jam for me. Besides, when Sarah said to cook, just now, 'Oh my! whatever will master be doing to Master Edward?' cook said, 'Well, he can't eat the lad, anyways, so you needn't to look like that.' And that reminded me, you wouldn't eat me, even if I didn't go to bed upstairs, before dinner, or before feeding the rabbits and the pig, or anything nice. And, please, uncle, don't you think it might be better for keeping me from catching cold if I came out from under the table now, and lay down on the hearthrug instead?"

The innocent gentleness of this question was so touching that Mr. Russell turned to his friend with the remark—

"Surely it would take a heart of stone

to reject such a pathetic, humble appeal as that? I am sure I have your leave to help the petitioner into a more sociable position?"

And, so saying, and taking Mr. Carmett's, "Well, I'm sure!" for a cordial consent, apparently, he knelt down and drew forth a bundle of blanket and boy, with which he seated himself in an arm-chair before depositing it on the hearth-rug.

"Am I not rather heavy, done up in this fashion?" asked Ted, considerately, as his new friend pushed the blanket down from his face, and put the tumbled hair back out of his eyes. "I really think that you'd better put me down. I weigh a goodish lot, I know, even without this thing round me."

"Yes," said Mr. Russell, in a tone of serious consideration. "Yes, now you mention it, you are tolerably solid; but, you see, if you weigh a goodish lot, you are also a goodish sort of a curiosity, and quite worth something of an arm-ache to examine. What did you mean by being up to mischief for your own amusement, and then leaving your sister to freeze her hands and feet off in your service, while you ran indoors to wrap yourself in blankets under the table? Wasn't that just a trifle or so mean?"

Ted wriggled himself out of the blanket and out of the stranger's arms, finishing by a roll over on the floor before he could pick himself up, whilst Kate leaned forward quickly on her chair, saying, with just a touch of indignation in her voice—

"Oh, no, indeed, you have no need to take my part, thank you. Ted never does anything mean; he never did in his life."

Ted looked round, with one of those rare smiles which at rare times he bestowed upon this dearly beloved sister of his. Then he turned back to the stranger, with its grave sweetness still lingering on his mischievous young face.

"Isn't it awfully jolly to have a sister like that?" he asked, simply. "You wouldn't think that I could be mean to Kats if you only knew what she is like. I only came away from the tap because she told me, and I thought I'd given her more than enough bother for one while. And then, you are bigger and cleverer than I am, and I sent you to her quick enough."

"For which Miss Kitty gave you small thanks, you small imp of aggravation, I can tell you," said his equally aggravating uncle, with a hearty laugh, as he looked round at each of his companions in turns, making the blushes in his niece's cheeks burn more hotly than they had even done in the yard. But precise as Mr. Carmett was popularly considered, and solemn and staid, he had his mischievous moods, now and again, as well as his nephew, Ted. Perhaps, also, he thought damask roses suited his niece's style of beauty; at any rate, he contrived to make her cheeks wear them a good long time. Still laughing, he continued, after a few moments' pause—

"You learnt deportment at school, did you not, Kitty my dear?" Miss Carmett raised her downcast eyes with an instant's gaze of surprise at the question, but she very quickly lowered them again when she caught the gleam in her uncle's, who went on, heedless of the want of any answer—

"It would be worth a present from a dancing-mistress of a twenty-pound-note or so, to put her up to the hint of practising her pupils, now and again, in walking in sopping wet serge frocks. It induces a slow dignity of progression that is very impressive. Don't you think so, Russell? I saw you considered it worth a good deal of notice."

One swift glance was shot across at the downdrooped crimson cheeks at the opposite side of the fireplace, before Mr. Russell said, with an honest, bright frankness in his tones that charmed, at any rate, one of his hearers—

"Really, Mr. Carmett, you are too bad. Don't you remember how many weeks you drove me away from your presence once by your love of teazing? I did watch Miss Carmett, that is true, as she left the yard, but only because I was in momentary fear that she would fall, and although I like practice well enough, I don't want to have this day's holiday taken up with setting broken bones."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Ted at those last words, and looking at his new friend with a fresh sort of interest—"Why, then, if you've got anything to do with broken bones you're a doctor, I suppose. Butchers have to do with bones—breaking them—but you aren't a butcher."

Mr. Carmett gave a small chuckle, but his niece and his friend shivered as Mr. Russell answered rather hastily—

"No, I'm not a butcher, young man, small thanks to you for the suggestion. I prefer to mend bones to breaking them."

"Still," persisted that dreadful young Ted with earnest interest, "you do sometimes saw off people's bones, like a butcher, don't you, Dr. Russell?"

"I am not *Dr.* Russell, I am Mr. Russell," said the young surgeon, by way of turning his questioner's thoughts into a new channel. And Ted's inquisitiveness took the bait.

"Why, how's that?" he demanded instantly. "I thought all physicky doctors were called doctor?"

"But I am not a physicky doctor."

"What a pity for Ted!" laughed Kate, who had recovered her composure and her usual colour, and was able to raise her head once more. "No doubt he has been hoping that you could oblige him with a dose of something or other, to help him do penance for his morning's work."

"Ah—h—h! To be sure, that is it," assented the visitor with a pleased look in his eyes that might be at the suggestion, or might be at finding that the young lady had regained self-possession.

"No doubt, Miss Carmett, you have hit upon the real reason of his curiosity about me. But after all, although I am not, as a rule, a physicky doctor, I expect I can oblige him with something in the way of a horrible draught. Just hand me the ink-bottle, will you, please?"

And the next moment Master Ted was lying on his back across the young surgeon's knees as the preamble to the noisiest game of romps that had ever yet taken place in Mr. Carmett's house.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WHAT COMES OF QUARRELLING.—Quarrels of anger ending in tears are favourable to love in its springtide, as plants are found to grow very rapidly after a thunderstorm with rain.

GOOD SENSE.—Good sense is as different from genius as perception is from invention, yet, though distinct qualities, they frequently subsist together. It is altogether opposed to wit, but by no means inconsistent with it. It is not science, for there is such a thing as unlettered good sense; yet, though it is neither wit, learning, nor genius, it is a substitute for each when they do not exist, and the perfection of all when they do.—*Hannah More.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—Our happiness depends less upon the art of pleasing than upon a uniform disposition to please. The difference is that which exists between ceremony and sincerity.

THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.—Not to laugh when Nature prompts is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's face.—*Pope.*

SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF OTHERS.—"What I have known with respect to myself," says Dr. Priestley, "has tended much to lessen both my admiration and my contempt of others."

UNFADING CHARMS.

He who loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away;

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined
Kindle never-dying fires.
When these are not, I despise
Lovely cheek or lip or eyes.

Thomas Carew.

WISE ENOUGH ALREADY.—It is one of the hardest things in Nature to make any girl as wise as she should be who imagines herself wise enough already.

A SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A distinguished scholar says he owes his success to the faithful observance of this rule—always to believe that whatever could be done by any person could, if he would take sufficient pains, be done by him.

HEARING AND ANSWERING.—To hear patiently and to answer precisely are the great perfections of conversation. One reason why we find so few persons who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is that there is scarcely anyone who does not think more of what he has to say than of answering what is said to him.—*La Rochefoucault.*

THE HEART AND THE HEAD.—"Woman is the heart of the family if man is the head," and the head is of no value without the heart to influence it.

THE READER'S NOTE-BOOK.—It is impossible to read to the highest advantage without using the pen much. Sir William Jones well says, "Writing is the chain of memory." Dr. Franklin, writing to a young lady, says, "I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful, for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation if they are rather points of curiosity."

DO YOUR BEST.—Always do your best, and every time you will do better.

A MORNING RESOLUTION.—When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one at least to one fellow-creature.

THE EARNEST STUDENT.—With few exceptions (so few, indeed, that they need scarcely to be taken into a practical estimate) any person may learn anything on which she sets her heart. To insure success she has simply to discipline her mind so as to check its vagrancies, to cure it of its constant proneness to be doing two or more things at a time, and to compel it to direct its combined energies simultaneously to a single object, and thus to do *one thing at once*. This we consider as one of the most difficult, but one of the most useful, lessons a young person can learn.

QUITE CONTENTED.

Why need I sigh or strive for wealth?
It is enough for me
That heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free:
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymns at morn and eve.

HANDSOME AND GOOD.—A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel and the other is a treasure.

THOUGHTS, WORDS, AND DEEDS.—To think kindly of each other is well, to speak kindly of each other is better, but to act kindly towards each other is best of all.

BUYING WEALTH TOO DEAR.—Let us not envy some men their accumulated riches; their burden would be too heavy for us. We could not sacrifice, as they do, health, honour, quiet, and conscience to obtain them. It is to pay so dear for them that the bargain is a loss.—*La Bruyère.*

MIRTH AND CHEERFULNESS.—I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised to the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through the gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—*Addison.*

HAPPY FORTUNE.

Grant me, heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's cords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

PODJEV.—For directions in reference to the cleaning of ivory, see page 511, vol. i., and page 240, vol. ii. Your writing is fairly good.

INA.—We have heard lately that some insect powder, such as you may obtain at any chemist's, will kill the worms which infest wood, but we have not tried it. January 10th, 1858, was a Sunday.

BUSY-BODY.—Your alabaster vase, if much discoloured, should be covered with a paste made of quicklime and water, and remain so covered a whole day or night. Then wash off the paste with soap and water, taking pains in the rubbing of any parts more stained than others. You may employ the following method, if preferred, viz., the application of dilute muriatic acid after a thorough washing with soap and water. If there be a carved design upon the vase, beware of rubbing the fine edges of the former, or they will lose some of their sharpness, and the article will be thus deteriorated in beauty and value. Remember that alabaster is a soft substance, and to be treated with a delicate hand. Have one room at a time thoroughly cleaned and the paint washed with soap and flannel every week. We do not approve of what is called a "house cleaning," which means that the family is driven out of doors, what with the whirlwind of draughts in all directions, and there being no available room in which to take refuge and to find a chair. These yearly and wholesale "cleanings" are an intolerable nuisance.

YOUNG WIFE.—We believe the rule is to restrict your expense in house-rent to a sum not exceeding the eighth part of your whole income; yet in large towns it is very difficult to obtain a well built and well drained house of four or five rooms under a rental of about 30s. per month. At all events, bear this rule in mind, and do your best to obtain one to suit your limited income.

CLARIBEL.—If you have but one servant you will greatly economise her strength and her time by having all the floors of your house stained, and polished with beeswax and turpentine. Of course, any rough boards must be planed smooth, and the whole well saturated with "drying" linseed oil well rubbed in, and then follows the walnut staining and the waxing. When the floors are thus made to look like old oak they are not only handsome but far more easily kept clean and a thousand times more wholesome than a carpeted floor, or one perpetually reeking under the scrubbing-brush. Of course, your maid must renew the beeswax as required; but the daily cleaning must be accomplished by rolling a damp duster round a T-shaped broom, and rubbing the whole floor with it, passing it under every bed and article of furniture standing on feet. Miss Nightingale says, "The only clean floor I know of is the old-fashioned, polished oak floor, which is wet-rubbed and dry-rubbed every morning, and I hope the day may come when any other floor will cease to be used."

MAGGY will find it very easy to make polishes for furniture at home, viz., taking of linseed oil, turpentine, spirits-of-wine, and vinegar equal parts, and shaking the whole well together to blend them thoroughly before being used. There is another good furniture polish made thus: take of linseed oil and vinegar quarter of a pint each, of spirits of salts one ounce, and muriatic antimony half an ounce. This also needs a good shaking before used.

H. K. BURY.—See page 655, vol. ii., for the recipe for cleaning plate.

MARY POLITHER.—1. Rub the handles of the knives with the grain of the ivory (not across it) with a little wet whiting on a pad of flannel, clean it off well and polish with chamois or washleather. 2. For the etiquette of card leaving, see pages 211 and 407, vol. i.

CONSTANT READER.—From the account you give of the streaky and greasy condition of your rosewood piano we should advise you to send for a French polisher and let him undertake to restore it. We fear he may have to remove all the former polish with fine glass-paper before it is polished afresh.

COOKERY.

JESSIE H.—The tarts must be placed on the top of the range hotplate, in order that the fruit may be properly cooked. When the pastry is done, move the tart directly outside. We do not think you will find any trouble in keeping your pastry nice in this way.

M. A. HUNTER.—Wash and pick nicely an ounce of Carrageen moss, and, in order to make the jelly, boil it in a pint and a half of water for twenty minutes; strain it, and pour into a basin to jelly. It may be mixed when taken with warm milk, and sugar may be used if preferred. Is your last question intended for a foolish jest? Because, you must be aware that we should never give advice which was rude and ill-bred.

DE VERNCOUIL.—You will find a recipe for making vegetable-marrow jam at page 399, vol. i. Your writing is legible and good.

E. SISLEY.—For a recipe for Cocoa-nut Cakes, see page 111, vol. i.

BIRDIE.—You will find a recipe for making almond cakes at page 540, vol. i. We think your hand promises to be a very good one by-and-by.

INEXPERIENCED COOK is thanked for kindly sending us a recipe for a simple yet good dish for breakfast or supper. It was procured from her Swiss maid, and is as follows: "Fondu aux œufs et aux fromage.—Melt a piece of butter of the size of a nut in a small frying-pan, over a very brisk fire, gas, or spirit-lamp. Add four eggs well beaten; two ounces of cheese, cut in flakes or grated; two tablespoonfuls of milk, and pepper to taste. Stir the mixture well, until the cheese be melted and the whole just curdled. It must not be allowed to become hard. Serve very hot on toast." This amount of ingredients is sufficient for two persons.

ELLEN ROBERTS.—Amongst the best biscuits for eating with creams are "almond wafers." For these you will require a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, one ounce of flour, and two eggs, to half a pound of blanched almonds. Cut the latter small and moisten them with the yolks and whites of the eggs (previously beaten-up). Sift the flour and sugar into them, and add two drops of essence of lemon-peel, and mix all together. Then slightly butter a tin and pour the mixture thinly into it so as to spread over the surface, and bake it until of a light brown colour. Before cold and brittle, cut the wafer cake into long squares and roll them immediately on pieces of wood, so as to make them like cylinders—hollow and round.

MUSIC.

ROSETTA BERTINI.—Read the article by Miss Mary Davies on "How to Sing in Public," page 408, vol. ii. We do not advise you to make a constant practice of taking lemon juice.

LADY MARION SEYMOUR.—The Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., has three terms, and thirteen weeks of vacation during the year. The hours are from nine to four in winter, and two to five in summer. The admission is by examination, the fee for which is one guinea, which is remitted on the admission of the candidate. The entrance fee is £5, and the instruction fee £10 per term. The classes for "languages and deportment" are extras. Candidates at a distance may be examined by one of the twenty-four examiners, who reside in different parts of the country. Apply to the secretary.

A WOULD-BE PLAYER.—We are surprised at the dulness of the music-sellers of whom you have made fruitless inquiries! Amongst others, there is a little dictionary of musical terms, &c., by Dr. Hiles, Mus. Doc. Ask them whether they never heard of it, and have no means of procuring it for you.

CLOCHETTE.—We regret we cannot find room in our columns for anything so very well known and which would not be of any interest to our other readers.

APOLLO.—Many thanks for the suggestion. Your writing is rather untidy.

CONFIDENCE.—Many thanks for your kind letter. For the song you require, you must ask at a music-seller's, who will no doubt get it for you.

CONDOR.—1. The author of the hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," is Luke. 2. We do not think there is any meaning in the book; the title is a composition of Mr. Lewis Carroll's own—the "snark" being an imaginary bird.

GALATEA was a sea nymph beloved by Polyphemus, but being herself in love with Acis. The latter was crushed under a great rock by the angry giant. Galatea, unable to restore him to life, changed him into a fountain. This is the story of Handel's cantata of *Acis and Galatea*. Galatea is also a favourite name for ships in the British Navy.

"SECRETARY TO A CHORAL SOCIETY" seems anxious that our readers should be informed that "S. A. T. T. B." means "Sopranos, Altos, Tenor, Tenor, and Bass," there being a first and second tenor in many glees, &c. The "secretary's caligraphy" is scarcely suitable for such an office.

ROSE and MAGGIE.—At the Harrow School of Music Mr. John Farmer's system is carried out. The Hon. Secretary is Clement Templeton, Mount Vernon, Hampstead, N.W. The members are entitled to advice and examination three times a year, and to play occasionally at fortnightly recitals both at Harrow and in London, as well as the use of the library. The members practise according to written instructions.

IONA and CATHERINE SEATON.—Write to the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London, W., for information. There are three terms yearly; the hours are from two to five in the summer, and from nine to four in the winter. Admission by examination. Fee, one guinea—remitted on admission of the candidate. Entrance fee, £5. Fees for instruction, £10 per term. Classes for languages and deportment are extras. There are thirteen weeks of vacation during the year.

ART.

BERENGARIA.—We fancy that you did not remove all grease from the chair before painting it. You may improve it by varnishing it, and had better make the experiment.

DOLLY.—They can be obtained of any carpenter. We do not give addresses.

MARGUERITE.—There will be an article shortly on the subject of painting on satin and other materials. Wash the stockings in cold water and rinse in alum water, and blue them well.

GOOSEBERRY.—A coat of white paint would probably give the effect you wish to the background.

MURIEL.—We think that your mantelpiece would look very well painted a dark olive or sage green, and varnished; and we see no reason why you should not varnish the mantel and over mantel yourself, using a broad, flat brush. It would, we think, be as cheap and more satisfactory to buy a little dressing-table ready made, rather than to have one made expressly. But we do not know why you want to have "sprawling legs." We think they would be very much in the way of people's feet.

BARREMMAN.—1. Indian ink is employed for "spatter-work" drawing. 2. Cuttings of designs on Créton should be appliqué on other materials by sewing over the edges in buttonhole stitch, or simply hemmed round.

CATTY (Toronto).—See page 399, vol. ii., for the answer to "S. O." (Charing Cross) on the subject of "Smoke Pictures." You write a pretty hand, and we shall be glad to hear from you again.

CRYSTOLEUM.—We advise you to order all the articles requisite for crystoleum painting at any artists' colourman's, and he can procure them in London; if not, in Manchester. We regret that it is contrary to our rules to give addresses.

QUEEN BERTHA and A BOOKWORM.—Skim milk is used to set pencil drawings, mixed with a third of water. Hold the drawing by one corner over a flat dish, and pour the milk over it carefully. Then pin it on to a shelf and let it hang there till nearly dry, when it should be laid on the table and slightly pressed when dry. The sportsmen of the Middle Ages invented a peculiar language, with which it was needful to be acquainted when speaking of things belonging to the chase. Some of these expressions have become obsolete, but we still use the following terms—viz., a team of oxen, a flock of sheep, a bevy of ladies, a cluster of nuts; while we have ceased to hear of "a non patience of wives," "a rag of colts," or "a kindle of young cats." Of the same nature is the expression which you quote, as used by Sir W. Scott in "Marmion," "a plump of spears"—"plump" being an obsolete word meaning a number of things closely united—a cluster, or knot, or collection.

CLARIBEL.—You may use cake colours (formed in small blocks) or liquid ones, whichever you please, for painting flowers. Accept our thanks for your kind letter, and we advise you to double the "n" in the word "beginning."

ECILA.—We do not give addresses. We never heard of any mixture being used, though some people say gum arabic will give more consistency to the paint.

EXCELSIOR.—We do not think any colours look particularly bright in painting on muslin, but a certain brightness may always be added by touching up the darker parts of water-colours with a little strong gum arabic.

FRANKINCENSE.—You would find what you want in Messrs. Novello's series of "Primers."

A WORCESTERSHIRE GIRL and HEPZABAH.—You have a very fair idea of drawing and colour, and deserve great credit for your perseverance in teaching yourself. There are some very useful "studies of flowers" published, which may be obtained at most booksellers' and stationers' shops, which would be very useful to you, as your style wants freedom and expression. Do not varnish the cards on any account.

DUCHESSE MARIE kindly writes to say that she has been using a capital drier for oils, called "terrabin," to be obtained at any oil merchant's. The proper allowance is one teaspoonful to a pound of liquid paint, such as is sold in tins. For painting on the palette, dip the brush frequently into the terrabin. Your writing is a little careless.

H. M. S.—We think that your present efforts are rather feeble, but under a good drawing master you would probably improve. There are some beautiful songs by Gounod that would suit you; also many selections from oratorios and cantatas. You have our kindest sympathy.

THREE BLIND MICE and A CARVING KNIFE.—1. You may commence copying plaster casts as soon as you can make a free and accurate copy of any drawing, beginning with outlines and then shading. A profile presents, of course, the least difficulty of the three points of view which you name. 2. We cannot make any promises as to new competitions.

EXCELSIOR.—Both oil and water colours are employed in the decoration of terra-cotta. 2. The name "Edinburgh" is pronounced as if written "Eddinborough." We regard your other observation and suggestion as not a little presumptuous, considering the character of the society from whom this publication emanates. A little more humility would have made you hesitate before you ventured to say that "the Lord led" you "to make it"!

EDINA.—1. Go to an artists' colourman, and procure Judson's black and gold paint, and copy any designs which you may like for your table. But clean the wood well, scrubbing with boiling water, wiping very quickly, so that it shall not become warped; and then cleaning it and making a smooth surface with glass-paper. No paint will hold if there be any remains of grease upon the wood. 2. You would improve your hand by rounding your terminal letters, and not finishing them with an ugly straight line. We thank you for so kind a letter.

BEGINNER.—The wax must be thoroughly melted before the photos are put into it, and these must be left in it, and entirely covered over with it, until it is time to remove them. Wax upon the face of the glass should be wiped away with a rag directly the photo is taken out of the pan, and before the inside part be touched. It is impossible to remove that which gets between the glass and the photo. But if the photo has been properly pressed down this accident will not occur. "Beginner" must have allowed her wax to become too hot before the photos were put in, and, also, could not have allowed for the escape of steam for the accident to have occurred which she mentions in her letter. The wax should never be allowed to boil, and the water in the tin below the wax must be kept well filled up at a high temperature, without the wax above it boiling. Heat the pincers before putting them into the wax. There must, we think, have been a flaw in the glass for it to have flown at their touch. We feel pleasure in giving you all the information you require.

PAINT BRUSH.—See our directions in the correspondence column, vol. i., page 575, on the subject of water-colour painting. We advise you, however, to procure a shilling manual on the subject.

WORK.

ESTHER GREY.—1. See page 768, vol. ii., for a recipe for taking mildew out of linen. When it attacks silk it takes out the colour, and there is no remedy for that but having it redyed, so far as we are aware. 2. St. Hibald.

INQUIRER.—We suppose that you refer to crewel embroidery; if so, see pages 139, 189, and 264, vol i. You write a pretty hand.

TOTTIE.—1. You will find a pattern for a little mat in crochet-work at page 268, vol. ii. See also pages 442, 506, and 596, vol. i. 2. The next book to "Daisy in the Field" is whichever you like to place beside it. We know of no other.

ALICE B.—In making a movable panel to place in a fireplace in the summer, the best foundation which you can procure for your work is mill-board. This may be covered with prepared paper and painted in oil colours. For a large fireplace a wooden board is more suitable. 2. It is true that straw parasols and straw fans, to match the high-peaked straw hats, have been seen this season at Trouville, worn by a French leader of the fashions. We think it a step in the right direction to utilise everything for purposes of dress, so far as it can be done with good effect and economy.

HIGH CLASS will find a pattern of a baby's hood in crochet work at page 149, vol. i. We have not given one in knitting, but a pattern may appear in "My Work Basket." 2. Unless the half-crown you name be quite perfect—that is, not in the least degree worn with its circulation—it would not be worth any more than its weight.

DEVONIAN.—We are much obliged to you for your recipes, but as cardboard grate-screens are now to be had at such very low prices, the time expended on their home manufacture would be thrown away. All kinds of baskets were described in "Christmas Roses," the Christmas number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, including the one which you name. We regret that your idea of printing the pieces of music which we supply in this paper separately could not be carried out, as it would add enormously to its expenses.

CHARLOTTE W.—1. See "Useful Hints," page 463, vol. i., where directions have been given for cleaning black silk without glazing or stiffening one side. 2. The art of preserving objects of natural history, called "Taxidermy," is of French origin. The collection made by Réaumur about 200 years ago was, we believe, only one of dried skins, but was, so to speak, the "starting point" of the art.

JEANNIE.—To stiffen a chip hat you should employ a strong solution of gum arabic. You write very well.

COUNTRY GIRL.—Serge is a good material for a mantel border, but arrasene is also suitable. We should embroider it altogether, either in crewels or silk. You had better make it 2½ yards in length.

ATHOLLE.—We cannot promise to help you very effectually, as the puckering of the velvet is a serious misfortune to the embroiderer. But you might brush the back of your work all over with a thin layer of thick paste, and then cover it with a sheet of tissue paper as a lining. Previously to adopting this plan you might press the work on the wrong side with a warm iron, if the flowers be not raised in too high relief to preclude it.

EDUCATIONAL.

MOTHERLESS.—We congratulate you much on what you have accomplished, judging by the style of your letter. We recommend our article on the "Art of Penmanship" to you, as your hand is too upright. If you have four hours for your daily studies, we should divide three between history, geography, English literature, and drawing; leaving one for studying what you have already learnt, but taking alternate days for these, as, for instance, spelling and grammar on one day, and writing and arithmetic the next. Do not work for more that two hours at a time, or you will become weary, and your progress retarded. Do not write "persue," it is "pursue." This is the one mistake which we have observed.

EVALINDA STANLEY.—1. We always recommend our own grammar, by Dr. Angus, and if you read our answers under the above heading you would see the name of the book. Let your friend order the "Handbook of the English Tongue," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. To clean kid boots, either apply cream with a small sponge, or else procure a kid reviver from any shoe warehouse.

CREIGHTON.—Apply to the Christian Women's Education Union (Students' Branch), 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W.

OSWALD HARKER.—We should regard "the crowd" as singular, not plural; and "the public" in the same way. "The national demands," not "demand." Certain nouns are collective in character and spoken of as one whole, not as divided. There are exceptions, however, to most rules.

BUSY BEE.—We are glad that you liked our instructions in reference to the art of horsemanship, but we cannot make promises of future articles on driving, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TODDLEKINS.—If subject to whitlows, you may feel sure that, from some cause or other, you are in a very low state of health, and should at once consider in what sort of locality you reside, what your diet, and whether bad drainage, or near neighbourhood to some manure heap, horse-pond, or knacker's yard, shambles, or cemetery, be the natural cause. It may not be bad air, but bad water; and the latter may be perfectly poisonous, yet clear in appearance and sweet in taste. There is a "public analyser," to which application should be made to examine it. If none of these can be blamed as originating your troubles, you may trace it to constitutional delicacy. In any case, change of air and high living are essential, and on the first threatening of a whitlow, soak the finger in a solution of vinegar and carbonate of potash—one tablespoonful of the latter to half a gill of the former—made as hot as you can bear, as a bath for it. If, however, you think you could put it back, keep it wrapped in a rag steeped in cold brandy-and-water. Supposing the gathering to be already formed, poultice it well; if that be not quick enough in relieving you, take it to a surgeon to be lanced.

GEORGIE.—The difference between the Militia and the Volunteers is this, that the former are bound to serve for a term of years, and salaried, forming a department in the regular army, but differing from the main army in being ineligible for foreign service. The Volunteers are not salaried, and may retire from the service when they please. The origin of the Militia is traced back to King Alfred, who made all his subjects soldiers—A.D. 872-901.

ELLEN L.—The line you quote is by Pope; it is in his "Essay on Man," viz.—

> "All nature is but art, unknown to thee:
> All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
> All discord, harmony not understood;
> All partial evil, universal good;
> And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
> One truth is clear—whatever is, is right."

ELLA.—We approve of early hours, but they must be early at both ends of the day—not early in the morning and late at night. If in bed by ten, rising at six will do no harm; but if only in bed by eleven, get up at seven. Weakly persons and young children, as well as those who suffer from their eyes, should have an extra hour of sleep. It is calculated that in the course of forty years a person who had risen at six o'clock in the morning, instead of at eight, would have gained three years one hundred and twenty-one days extra of conscious, and therefore valuable, life. And when the body and mind are refreshed with sleep, their labour is more valuable than when exhausted after the day's work should be over at night.

ALICE B.—"Almack's"—the fashionable assembly-rooms of the last and early part of the present century, into which none but persons of the first families and the most highly connected were admitted—were situated in King-street, St. James's, and identical with the "Willis's Rooms" of the present day. They were called after the Scotchman named Almack, who erected them. There has been a revival of this old and exclusive society, which has recently taken place; meeting, not in Willis's Rooms, but, for the first opening, in the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Gardens. The originator of the term "teetotaler" was one Richard Turner, an artisan of Preston, who maintained at a temperance meeting that total abstinence was essential, rather than moderation in drinks, as in all things else. And as he had an impediment in his speech, he said, "Nothing but te—te—total will do!" Hence the adoption of the name.

JOSEPHINE.—The term "Kit-kat" (not "Kit-cat") is applied to portraits of "three-quarter" length, such as those painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for the Kit-kat Club. The reason that they were produced of this size was that they might suit the height of the walls of the meeting-room, being likenesses of the members of the club so-named. Christopher Katt was a pastrycook, and he supplied exceptionally good mutton pies to this society; and so, apparently as a joke, it was called after him.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A butler's duties consist in his care of the wine cellar, keeping the accounts of the same, and his supervision and direction of the footman. He brings in the first dish at dinner, helps the wine, and assists in waiting at table, standing behind his master's chair, and the footman behind their mistress. When the footman is out with the carriage, the butler answers the hall door, but if there be two footmen, he stands behind, while his subordinate opens it, and he precedes the visitors to the reception-room to announce them. He is responsible for the plate, which he gives out to the footman to clean, and locks up at night. He attends single-handed at luncheon, except on extraordinary occasions (when there are many guests). He draws the beer for the servants; and has to "fine," bottle, cork, and seal the wine, &c. He brings up the candles at bedtime, secures the windows and doors, and attends to the extinction of gas, candles, and fires. In limited establishments, he acts as valet and house-steward, has to market, and pay bills. When only one manservant is kept, he is not a butler, but has all the duties of a footman to perform, only out of livery, and is a general servant.

J. L. BEDDOES.—A small home has been started by a benevolent lady in the Alexandra-road, St. John's Wood, which provides a residence for a period of two months for poor ladies of the upper middle-class and governesses out of situation who need a temporary asylum. The charge for lodging is only 2s. 6d. a week, and for board 10s., exclusive of wine or beer. But food may be had at a fixed tariff, to accommodate those who may take some meals elsewhere. Address the hon. secretary *(pro tem.)*, Mrs. Newland, 17, Clarence-terrace, Regent's-park, N.W.

A CURIOUS GIRL.—The word "Ulema" is a term applied to a class of persons in the Turkish Empire, more especially, who are the authorised expounders of the Mohammedan laws, taking the "Koran" and its commentaries as their authorities. From these "Ulemas" the priests are chosen. They have two superiors, called "Kadiasks" or "Kadilesks," but are otherwise subject to the Grand Mufti only. They hold a superior position to the "Mollahs," or superior judges, and, of course, to the "Cadis," who are below the latter again, and are judges entrusted with the administration of the law. The "Mollahs" expound civil and criminal law and the religion of the State. The "Ulemas" pay no taxes, and are exempt from the penalties of deprivation of property or capital punishment, although they can be deposed and banished in extreme cases.

MRS. J. M. C.—Of course, could the fact be substantiated that you gave a harsh and equally false representation of a servant's character, such as must deprive her of a situation, from motives of malice, an action for libel will lie against you. But if, in reply to inquiries, you give a generally unfavourable opinion of her, and state facts derogatory to her which you could substantiate, such confidential communications are regarded as privileged, and may even be made in writing. In fact, if you gave a good character which the hirer discovered to be false, your timidity, in playing into the servant's hands, would probably cost you a summons at the county court, and somewhat inconvenient "pains and penalties." It is not, however, incumbent on you to name all the faults of which you had to complain, or that led to her dismissal, unless inquiry were made, or they were those of dishonesty.

ROSALIE.—Perhaps you may find the following a good wash for removing sunburn, but it is certain that one particular lotion does not suit all skins. Take a drachm each of borax, camphor, and Roman alum, one pound of ox-gall, and half an ounce of sugar candy. Mix the compound well together, stirring for ten minutes at a time, three or four times a day, during the space of a fortnight, when it will become quite clear. Then strain it through blotting-paper, and bottle it for use. We have only employed sage tea, but hear that this is satisfactory.

1 COR. XIII. 13.—Your *nom de plume* is too long. Your idea of organising a subscription, through the combined instrumentality of "our girls," in behalf of both the wounded at Alexandria and European refugees at Malta, can only be brought before them in this reply to your letter—not otherwise by us. There is a subscription list at the Mansion House already opened.

WILD FLOWER.—The month of May is traditionally, yet fabulously, regarded as ill-omened for marriages. The superstition is derived from the ancient Romans (see Ovid, Fast. v., 490). In this month they held the Feasts of the Dead, and that of the goddess Bona Dea. The name is derived from the Latin *Maius*, or *Magius*, "to grow," and used to denote the "growing" or "shooting" month. The 8th of May, 1867, was a Wednesday.

LADY CLARE. — The 24th October, 1866, was a Wednesday. The meaning of the name "Percy" is not given in our reference list as a Christian name. It is an old English surname, and may be a corruption of the French word *percer*, "to pierce;" but this is only a conjecture. Your kind indignation at the "horrid letters," of which you have had specimens, from girls "so ungrateful" deserves our best thanks. We regret that your queries have waited so long for an answer.

FLOSSIE.—We acknowledge your nice grateful letter, and see much of which to approve in the little sacred verses you enclose. On the whole, they run with regularity, but there is a deficiency in feet in many lines, and the emphasis does not always fall on the right syllable. The sentiments are very good, and the writing is very fair.

ANXIOUS RUBY. — Your hand might pass, but the rounder it is, and the shorter the tails, the better. See vol. ii., page 112, respecting clerkships in post and telegraph offices. The information is given in the "Answers to Correspondents."

WURRY WUR'S.—Your mother's hand is better than your own, but the terminations of the "t's" are objectionable; perhaps if her attention were directed to them she would improve them. Your own hand is not formed.

THE COUNTESS OF——.—1. The two lines which you quote were written by Campbell. 2. Delicate skins often suffer from a small rash, apparently under the outer cuticle of the skin, from exposure to the sun. We think that the application of either vaseline or glycerine will tend to its removal.

WITH HER FAVOURITE VOLUME—THE G. O. A.

IOLANTHE.—The first edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," by William Smellie, was published in 1778; the eighth was completed in 1861, and the ninth began in 1875. The volumes are published annually. Order from any bookseller. We cannot give addresses.

FAERIE QUEENE. — The love-bird (*Psittacus passerinus*) is of the genus parrot, and is a native of Australia, Africa, and other warm countries. Their cages should be much larger than those for small birds in general, and they need great care. Their food should be mixed, and fruit should be given them, almonds included, and such like hard food, as otherwise their bills may grow out of all proportion. Your writing is too large.

"FAUGH A BALLAGH."—If you refer to vol. ii., page 811, you will find an article on the subject of the work being carried on amongst our sailors and soldiers by ladies. But the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society was not named in it. We thank you for the interesting papers respecting it which you enclose, and are glad to see such a long list of the stations—both foreign and in the United Kingdom—where the work is being carried on, and that eighty-eight readers are engaged in it. We gladly draw the attention of our own readers to such a well-organised and excellent society, of which the address is 4, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross, W.C.

STUDENT OF THEOLOGY. — Yes, there have been martyrs to Buddhism. In the eighth century A.D., the native devil worshippers drove the Buddhist monks in Thibet away, destroyed their monasteries, and burnt their holy books. After the death of the leader of this persecution this form of early religion revived again and regained wealth and influence. Then rival Abbots contended for the supremacy, and long and severe struggles took place. The spirits of the Buddahs were supposed to be especially incarnate in the Dalai Lama, the "infallible head" of that Church, and when at last the crosier triumphed over the sword, the Dalai Lama became sole temporal Sovereign of Thibet, A.D. 1419. The Lhassa Cathedral, their chief place of worship, is a magnificent building, and all its accessories and much of its ceremonial worship would, at first sight, almost deceive a spectator into the idea that it was a Roman Catholic place of worship.

J. L. WILLIS.—If a tradesman settle property on his wife and children, and within two years subsequently—after the date of that settlement—should become a bankrupt, it will become void. Not only so, but even after ten years, unless it could be proved that he was able to pay his debts without the employment of the property so settled. But the case is different when the settlement is made before marriage, and also even when made after marriage, supposing that the property accrued in the right of the wife, or one made in favour of a purchaser in good faith for a valuable consideration. This, we believe, is the law, but you should take legal advice on so important a matter.

A ROYALIST LASSIE.—1. The list of signatures affixed to the death warrant of King Charles I. amounted to fifty-nine. But even were they all credited with being genuine, and all obtained in a straightforward way (however iniquitous the whole act), such a collection of names would occupy too much space in our correspondence columns for us to give them insertion. Of one thing we may feel assured, from the new light thrown on the history of this terrible crime—that, while some of the signatures were forgeries, others were obtained under false pretences, and only a few were genuine, in deed and in intention. 2. All real silver plate is, we believe, hall-marked, but not silver jewellery. We thank you for all your kind words.

LITTLE TWO SHOES.—The original "Tom Thumb" was a little dwarf who is said to have lived in King Arthur's time. There is a history of him still extant in the Bodleian Library, called "Tom Thumb, his life and death. . . . Which little knight lived in King Arthur's time, and famous in the Court of Great Brittajne." London. Printed for John Wright, 1630. Many fables are told of him.

GERALDINE.—We acknowledge your kind letter with sincere appreciation. We assure you that, our correspondents numbering by thousands, we do not expect good breeding or gratitude from all. At least, we may say, however, that the rude and vulgar letters received come from a very insignificant minority, and do not trouble us, while the vast majority are most gratifying. May 9, 1861, was a Thursday. Your name is taken from "Gerald," which is old German, and means "strong with the spear."

CHARLOTTE and BELLA.—The explanation of the verse you quote is easily given (1st Peter iv. 8). If you possess that "most excellent gift of charity," it will "cover," or hide, "a multitude of sins" in others—not in yourself. The other passage (St. Luke xxi. 32), which at first sight appears perplexing, may be perfectly understood, if—as we can find plenty of examples to show was often done—a whole nation was styled a "generation." Read verse 24, in connection with verse 32, and you could not suppose that the actually existing persons whom our Lord was addressing constituted the "generation" which should "not pass away," but rather the "children of Israel," who, though "led away captive into all nations," should still exist as a distinct people, until the complete consummation of all His predictions. The term "generation" is used to represent a nation, for example, in St. Luke xiii. 49, 50, 51, and 1st Peter ii. 9.

SEA-BREEZE SEEKER.—We cannot speak from personal knowledge, but we hear that "Westward Ho!" has some attractions, as excursions can be made to many places within reach, such as Clovelly, Lymouth and Linton, Barnstaple and Ilfracombe. It has a pier 500 feet long, and all the houses face the sea. It is windy and cold in the winter, as it faces the Atlantic, but is pleasant in summer. Plenty of apartments can be had, and there are boarding-houses and a hotel besides. Your brothers could have trout and salmon fishing in the river Torridge, and wild fowl shooting too. You should take the London and South-Western line to Bideford, and then proceed by coach, a distance of two and a half miles.

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN after years, if there was any season of Faith's life which she never spoke about, which she did not even care to think about, it was that following summer session, the second of her stay in the northern town.

Robert Finlay was gone. He departed to the

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"'DINNA SPEAK TO ME, LASSIE,' SAID MISS MILNE."

first field of labour which opened to him in the quarter where his eyes had turned, taking the post of third master in a school in India, established for the education of native and Eurasian youth. The work would be hard and the present emolument was not great, but it was exactly the position of which he had grown covetous, so that his hardy energies and simple tastes would have accepted it had these been even heavier and humbler than they were.

The parting was got over — with resolute fortitude on Robert's side, and pale submission on Faith's. They neither of them knew what they had got to bear till his train had fairly started, and she had turned to walk homeward with the rest of the party who had attended to bid him God speed. The eyes of Madge and her mother were full of candid tears, but those of Miss Milne and Faith were dry. And these were the two who made some excuse to break away from the rest of the group and go back together.

"Dinna speak to me, lassie," said Miss Milne, in her broadest Scotch; "dinna speak to me!"

And so she afforded Faith the blessed refuge of silence, which she had scarcely dared to seek unbidden.

There is no use saying anything about this terrible pain of parting. It comes into all lives, sooner or later—either the parting in life, with its pang of voluntariness, its far away hopes, its restless longing, or else the parting in death, with its stroke always unexpected, with its hopes lying only within the misty unknown, yet merciful in its seeming mercilessness, so that those whom it has smitten the sorest have ever the strongest assurance that all God's ways are best.

Then came the dreary time of waiting for the next turn of Denzil's fortune, the weary, gnawing uncertainty which had little hope in it. These are the trials which only God can bear with us—and they often make us so unlovely that none but He would share the burden with us, even if they could. If Denzil had only shown a sign of feeling, had only given her a token of attachment, or manifested any real concern for himself, it would all have grown easy, and she could have endured anything without flinching. But as it was, Faith's face grew worn and wan, she often shuddered to detect sharp and fretful tones in her voice, and nearly broke her heart in struggling against an irritability and impatience which, deep seated in the perpetual pain of her soul, would yet find some trivial excuse for manifesting themselves. She never thought of letting the burden fall—of pleading that it was too much for her. She thought only of her own weakness. She felt as if her faith and courage had failed her utterly at the very moment when she needed them, as if the light of God's countenance was withdrawn, and evil and despair permitted to have their own will with her life, and to make inroads on her very spirit. On her knees she cried out, with the afflicted of old, "Oh that it was with me as in times past when the candle of the Lord shined upon me."

Yet times like these are rarely times of real back-slidings. In nature we know that heavy days and nights of mist are pronounced "good growing times." And perhaps there are no pains sharper than "growing pains." Mothers stand aside that their babes may make a first step alone. And God's love is braver than any mother's. Nor do mothers chide angrily if the child cries out in terror as it makes that first step. And God's love is tenderer than any mother's. Some of us would like to remain God's babies forever, rocked in safe cradles by warm hearths. But God wants grown sons and daughters, strong to bear His cross, and patient to follow Him in the dark.

"I don't know what to do," said Mrs. Galbraith to her husband on the day when Denzil's fate would be once more decided. "I cannot bear to seem uninterested in young Alleyne's fortune, and yet I shrink from going down to their place to ask the news from his sister. She has not spoken one word to me on the subject lately, though it seems to me that anxiety about the matter is almost literally consuming her. I have a presentiment there will be bad news, and I cannot bear to make her deliver it herself."

"I will go down to the college and make inquiries there," returned her husband. He had acquaintances everywhere, and never needed to wait long for any information he desired.

Madge's presentiment—founded, as many presentiments are, on some subtle insight into character and circumstance—was true. Denzil had not only failed, but he had again failed entirely and ignominiously at every point.

He would offer no explanation or extenuation of his position. He only said, sullenly—

"I have done exactly as you all wished me to do. I have given myself wholly to my studies. I could do no more."

"He is utterly callous," said Mr. Alleyne, the uncle, who made another long journey from the south, quite determined that some new plan for his nephew's future must be instantly formed.

"He may be despairing," Faith pleaded, faintly.

"Possibly," her uncle admitted, for her sake. "But whatever be the explanation of the state he is in, it is one into which he must not be permitted to harden."

Faith sorrowfully conceded that this was true.

Mr. Alleyne carried out his former idea of placing Denzil in a house of business kept by an old friend of his own. Denzil raised no opposition and expressed no wish. The only arrangement which could be made was that the remainder of his little patrimony (sadly reduced already!) should be paid with him as premium, he to receive a fair salary for his maintenance during the time that he should be acquiring knowledge of the duties of his new position.

This house of business was situated in a midland town, and the young men engaged in it were comfortably provided for on the premises. The days of Faith's personal guardianship were ended.

Her uncle rightly guessed what a blow this was to her. He was secretly glad of the arrangement, for her sake, for he saw how worn and pale she had grown, and whatever burdens we ourselves may wish to carry, those who care for us are not always bound to permit the sacrifice. Besides, he felt that Denzil might first learn the value of Faith's love by missing its daily ministration. For there are many of us who know the full meaning of the pathetic song—

"How could I know I should love thee afar
Whom I did not love anear."

But Mr. Alleyne knew that the only comfort he could give Faith was to lead her to see those aspects of the matter which might be beneficial to her brother himself.

"He will get a new chance among strangers," he said; "they may rouse and stimulate him, and drive away any dispiriting sense of failure he may have. At any rate, as things have not been going well, we may hope something from a change. He may do better thrown on his own resources among those who will not care for him unless he shows himself worth caring for. Cold climates suit some constitutions, you know."

Faith did not rebel. She had long since learned love's last lesson: that what is best for the beloved is always best for the loving. If only it might be for the best!

Again, her uncle renewed his invitation that she should return south with him and make her abode in his home. He did not expect her to accept this at once, for as Denzil would not leave for his new appointment for another week or two, Mr. Alleyne felt perfectly sure that Faith would remain to make preparations for him, and to see him off.

But he found that she was determined to do more than this. While she thanked him warmly for his kindness she added that "whatever she might do in the future" (and she always repeated that clause) she was quite determined to fulfil the whole term of her engagement as teacher to the little Gordons. Faith had her own ideas of loyalty in service, and felt that releases are often given in complaisance, and in a shrinking from seeming to cross family ties and duties, where such release nevertheless causes considerable inconvenience and undermining of domestic discipline and order. If the servant is worthy of his hire, she felt it to be no less true that the employer is worthy of his contract.

And thus, doing the present duty which she felt quite clear, she saw she would gain time to consider sundry plans which had arisen in her mind, and were very tempting to her heart. Suppose she held on her solitary way—then, if Denzil should fail and fall somehow, again and again, and yet again desire and attempt to rise, then she might be a refuge and a resource for him, as she could scarcely be if she had become merged in another household, whose

interests and wishes she would be bound to study and respect. On the other hand, if he held on uprightly and diligently, and if she continued her teaching and sketching, and any other profitable pursuit which might open up to her, she would have resources with which to help and serve him, and so give him the strongest assurance of her approbation and renewed confidence. And these plans, she felt, could be better carried out where she was than anywhere else, for she would again make her dwelling under the safe and kindly protection of Anne Milne, and she was already forming a connection for her modest enterprises. Besides—and it was odd how some subtle feeling of that kind often makes the balance in our considerations—Denzil's failure and ruin would seem less utter and less disastrous if she remained where she had gone with him, until, perhaps, he rejoined her there, his past redeemed by honourable success in another sphere.

And so first her uncle departed, and then Denzil. Faith did not dare to say much to her brother before he went away, for he seemed to chafe under every expression of kindliness as if it jarred him. But her love made mute signs in many thoughtful little contrivances for his comfort when he had gone away.

It was bitter to feel how little the silence and loneliness of her life were deepened by his departure. Her love for him had long been driven in upon its own ceaseless watchfulness and life-long prayer, and these remained, in a way, the same though he was out of sight. She made up her mind to write to him twice a week, and told him the days on which he might always expect those letters. She would not have expected so much from him among new scenes and people. She would have been quite satisfied with a promise of one letter a week. But she could not get that. He should only break it, if he made it, he said. He would do his best; his letters would not be very much worth, he dared say.

The poet strikes a deep chord when he says:—

"There is a comfort in the strength of love
Which makes a thing endurable, which else
Would break the heart."

Love, however neglected, or wronged or insulted, feels only its own pain—the keenest pang being regret that the beloved can be so cruel! It knows none of the stings of pride or malice or envy which fasten on unhappy relationships wherein the love is not true.

And so Faith braced herself for the duty of each day, patient and cheerful in fulfilling little social obligations, diligent in making and saving money "for Denzil's sake," faithful in doing with all her might whatever came to her hand to do.

Months passed into a year, and then the second year went on. Her letters to Denzil never failed: his were brief and few enough. And oh, what a difference there was between his dry, hasty notes, which revealed nothing of the life around him or of the life within him, and Robert Finlay's letters, which, coming though they did at rare intervals, kept one in pace with him in all his advances, changes, and re-considerations!

Faith and Denzil saw each other occasionally. She went south and visited him. She always came back, Mrs. Galbraith noticed, going very softly, and with her cheerfulness damped. But hope ever soon resumed sway, and sweet, strange hope, which somehow God never forbids to those who are doing their utmost to make it come true.

Only, at last, just as Faith was beginning to wonder how Denzil meant to make an independent start in life, and whether they might not again set up a common home somewhere—for which home her industry had made ample provision — there came for her two telegrams, actually handed in at the same time.

"And God forbid that I should ever see such a look on any other face as hers wore when she read them!" said Miss Milne afterwards.

The two telegrams were both on the same subject; the first which Faith read was from Denzil's employers, the second was from her uncle in the south, with whom they had communicated first. And the purport of the telegrams was that accounts had been found falsified, money abstracted, and that Denzil Alleyne was gone, and none knew whither!

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

A Romantic Marriage.—The story of the marriage of Lamartine is one of romantic interest. The lady, whose maiden name was Birch, was possessed of considerable property, and when past the bloom of youth she became passionately enamoured of the poet from the perusal of his "Meditations." For some time she nursed this sentiment in secret, but, being told of the embarrassed state of Lamartine's affairs, she wrote him, tendering him the bulk of her fortune. Touched with this remarkable proof of her generosity, and supposing it could only be caused by a preference for himself, he at once made an offer of his hand and heart. He judged rightly, and the poet was promptly accepted.

In Bookish Company.—"When I am reading a book," says Swift, "whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me." Such is the feeling of every student who appreciates the author he reads.

How to Succeed in Conversation.—Cultivate a talent for directing the conversation in a proper channel. Never change the conversation from a profitable subject. Much is to be learned, both in discipline of the mind and in the collection of facts, by much conversation on the same topic. Never interrupt a person who is speaking, and be silent if yourself are interrupted.

In Pursuit of Gold.—A vain man's motto is, "win gold and wear it"; a generous man's, "win gold and share it"; a miser's, "win gold and spare it"; a profligate's, "win gold and spend it"; a broker's, "win gold and lend it"; a fool's, "win gold and end it"; a gambler's, "win gold and lose it"; a wise man's, "win gold and use it."

GIRLS' WORK AND WORKSHOPS.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER VIII. AND LAST.

Probably the civilized world cannot show a more desolate, ugly, unattractive-looking district than the great mineral fields of Staffordshire, best known and described as the "Black Country." A desert to look upon, a barren waste as regards vegetation; but yielding incalculable riches to those who have penetrated into the deep lying recesses of mother earth.

Of the Black Country it may be said that it is "a land whose stones are iron and out of whose hills thou mayest dig"—if not brass, coal in almost measureless abundance. Wherever the surface is not occupied by mechanical appliances for separating the mineral treasures from the dross with which it is mixed, it is covered with the refuse cast aside in the process. By night its appearance is weird in the extreme, for then the flaming furnaces and glowing ovens show themselves with a distinctness and grandeur which can only be dimly shadowed forth in the light of day.

This land of mining, smelting, puddling, forging and casting; of flame, smoke and clanging hammers; of alternating heaps of dross, and hollows, filled with slimy stagnant water; of ruined dwellings and of buildings banded together and seeming to be engaged in a perpetual struggle to regain the perpendicular—this Black Country seems the last spot in the world where girls and women should be looked for amongst the workers.

Yet here, amongst all the gloom and barrenness incidental to the works which are going on, we may see, as we flit by rail across the country where few of us would care to tarry long, female figures engaged in rude, unfeminine toil.

Further on, when we reach the boundary of the county and stand on either the Staffordshire or Worcestershire side of the Stour, we shall find girls' workshops where we should least expect to see them. Which of us who has noticed the iron chains by which the backs of carts are fastened, the cows attached to their stalls, the posts connected to form a railing, or used in a hundred other ways, would guess that they had been fashioned by the hands of girls?

Heavy to handle and calling forth much strength in the making, formed out of iron rods about, say, a quarter of an inch in diameter and with links an inch in length, they seem strange things to furnish employment for females. A loving mother, as she glances at the fair face of her young daughter, whose fingers are straying over the piano, guiding the pencil, or occupied on some elegant trifle which she calls *work*, would shudder at the idea of her darling's white hands blowing the bellows and wielding the hammer on the glowing iron.

And yet girls—as young and perhaps as fair as she who knows no harder toil than is involved in *getting through her day*, amid all the luxuries that wealth can furnish—bonny, bright lasses work at making iron chains, and sing around the glowing fires, beating time the while with their clinking hammers.

Each worker in the shops I saw had a complete set of appliances to herself. Her own hearth and bellows, her bundle of rods, anvil, and hammers. She has several irons in the fire at once, and taking out the rod which has been longest in—after having brought it to a white heat by a vigorous use of the bellows—with two rapid movements she measures the exact length for a link, cuts it off with a single blow on the sharp edge of the little appliance

attached to her anvil, and seizing the fragment, hammers it into shape, leaving the ends open.

The unfinished link is then slipped through the last completed one and again thrust into the fire, where it is held by the tongs with the left hand whilst the bellows handle is vigorously worked with the right.

When heated it is whisked out, the ends are brought together and welded by dexterous strokes, the end rounded neatly by a grooved hammer used for shaping and smoothing, and then the length of chain is dropped until another link is ready to be added.

Except perhaps sewing machinists, I hardly ever saw more incessant work than that carried on by the young chain-makers. Their movements are so rapid and regular that they remind a looker-on rather of those produced by mechanical action, than of the motions of human workers.

Well may the toil be incessant when we know how small is the amount to be won in the shape of wages. A few, very few shillings a week can be earned by the deftest and most diligent amongst these girl-smiths. Those under fourteen, who begin at seven in the morning, must cease work at the same hour in the evening, but older girls and women are under no such restriction, and sometimes begin at five or six o'clock and continue until seven or eight.

One girl, a very hard worker, said she had earned seven shillings in the week, out of which she would have to pay a shilling for firing, &c., so that her nett wages would only be six. Some of the young workers receive regular pay—half-a-crown a week—but most are paid according to the weight of chain turned off.

The mistress of one of these shops lamented, not that the girls should be employed in such rude work, but that there was not enough of it to find occupation for all the willing hands. "We have not more than half our fires going, and we are stocking all we make at present," she said. "It used to be so nice to see all the hearths ablaze, and hear the girls singing at their work."

The memory of her words about the singing brings vividly before my mind's eye a group of girls who were in one of the shops. They were rosy, healthy, cheery young folk, and extremely cleanly, considering their occupation. Their voices were ringing out in the frosty, November air, as they sang together, "Shall we gather at the river?" the hammers clinking a not unpleasant accompaniment. But there was one exception, one sad face, one silent voice amongst them.

I could not help noticing the expression of that girl's countenance—it was so patient, yet so hopeless. She worked with astonishing rapidity, as if life depended on her speed. And so it did, indeed, two lives—those of her child and herself.

"Poor lass! you would not think it with her young face, but she is married, and to a drunkard," said the mistress, with a glance of pity. "She was as likely a girl as you would wish to see three years ago, and could sing with the best of them. But she married this good-for-nothing, who earns as little as he well can, and spends every penny he gets on himself, leaving the wife to earn bread for their baby as best she can. It is two years old now, but ever since it was a few weeks, she has had to leave it with a neighbour and come back to the chain-making. She is here first in the morning, and is always the last to leave working, and for—bare bread. *He* would take what she earns from her if he could, and never mind if his wife and child were starving!"

No wonder the poor young wife—still a girl in age—looked pale and thin; that her face was careworn and her tongue silent. What young creature would not bend under such a burden? But she had not seated herself with folded hands to weep over what she could not mend, but bravely worked, with all her might, to earn a livelihood and feed her little one.

Girl nail-makers are not so numerous as they used to be, owing partly to the introduction of machine cut nails; but a large number still work at this business.

Girls have their share in connection with pin-making, though the little article which once had to pass through so many hands is now made by machinery. A wonderfully ingenious piece of mechanism *is fed with wire and turns out pins*. By its movements a coil of wire is gradually unwound and made to travel under a kind of chopper, which works up and down with great rapidity. Every time it descends it cuts off the proper length for a pin, which directly afterwards receives a blow that forms a solid head. Another part of the machine seizes the pins in turn and suspends them, a few at a time, so that they are rubbed against a grindstone and pointed, when they are ready to join the stream that is continually running from an opening below into the receiver.

The machines are tended by girls, but, though the shaping of the pin is completed, it must pass for a short time from their hands to receive the bright dress which it wears when ready for sale. Men do the plating or silvering, which is effected by boiling the pins in an acid compound in which tin is dissolved, or, in some cases, silver. After leaving the silvering vats they are dried and polished by being placed for a short time amongst bran in a barrel which is kept revolving. Then they go back to the girls again to be papered, folded, and packed, or weighed out into boxes.

If pins had to be stuck on papers by hand, the work would be extremely tedious; but here again machinery comes in. Another curious piece of mechanism is fed with finished pins, which it in a fashion counts and arranges in rows, so that the attendant girl has only to present her paper for their instantaneous reception. Where the sheet is to be filled with one size only, she presents it until the proper number of rows has been inserted. Where there are graduated sizes, she does her one or two rows at each end of the sheet, then passes it on to receive the next size from another machine.

The folding and packing are rapidly done, the young fingers seeming almost to fly as they go through this portion of the work.

Hooks and eyes and hairpins are all made by other wire-devouring machines. The black ones receive a coat of lacquer instead of being silvered.

In button and steel pen factories, girls do by far the larger portion of the work. Regiments of young females from the age of childhood to womanhood are constantly occupied in cutting out, stamping, shaping, and putting shanks on to metal buttons. Or in drilling the holes, placing the various portions which make up a covered button ready for the stamp that amalgamates the whole, to say nothing of the stitching on cards, sorting, boxing, and packing for sale.

In like manner the pens are cut out from the thin strips of steel, slit, bent into the required form, stamped with the maker's name, ground, point and back, by girl hands. Men conduct sundry intermediate operations which make the steel elastic, as well as the varnishing and polishing; but a girl gives the final slit to the nib which finishes the pen itself.

At Messrs. Elkington's electro-plating establishments, girls attach copper wires to the articles, which are then suspended in vats containing acids in which are placed plates of silver. The articles are kept revolving, and the silver is dissolved and spread upon their surfaces with perfect evenness by the action of a powerful electric current which is constantly passing through the vats. The final burnishing is done by girls.

Delicate and ingenious machinery performs nearly every operation in making the small wares which have been named; but girls find the feeding and directing power. Some machines, notably those for pin making, are excessively noisy, and all factory work is somewhat monotonous. It cannot be otherwise, where the same operations are constantly repeated in one unvarying fashion.

But with the exception of the nail and chain making, which we would fain see wholly confined to masculine hands, the work is cleanly, useful, and fairly remunerative. The girls engaged in it look bright, healthy, and happy, and they have the pleasure of ministering, by the articles which pass through their busy fingers, to the wants, comfort, and convenience of people in every rank of life. The first lady in the land, as well as the most poverty-stricken toiler, must be indebted to their busy hands for the wherewithal to hold her garments together.

Who knows how many human hearts may be stirred to nobler thoughts and higher aims by words that have been recorded through the use of a single pen? One out of that stream of tiny implements, flowing out of the great factories by millions! The young worker who gave it the final touch could not guess at its destination. But, doubtless, the pens have been used to carry back many a precious message to those who shaped them, by recording the thoughts and teachings of the wise and good.

Just a few closing words to express my gratitude to the girl-workers with whom I have been brought into contact. Whilst going in and out amongst them I have received much valuable information and experienced great pleasure. In every case, the girls with whom I have conversed manifested a hearty desire to assist and inform me in every possible way. If by giving some of the time, which to them meant money, they could enable me the better to understand either work or machinery, they cheerfully devoted it to my service. So, as I never entered a workshop in which THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was not known and appreciated by at least some of the young people, I should like to register my hearty thanks to them on its well-known pages.

I will finish with a little anecdote in connection with one of my visits. A particularly sweet-looking girl had conducted me round a very interesting factory, over part of which she had the superintendence. She was a delightful guide; for she told me about one branch of the work, then left me to look at the process and talk to the operatives at will, returning as soon as she saw me ready for something else.

When I had gone all round and was about to leave the place I offered her, according to custom, a little douceur, and thanked her for the great kindness she had shown me.

"No, no, thank you!" she said, "I could not take anything. It has been a real pleasure, and if you have liked seeing what we had to show, that is quite enough for me."

The face looked so bright and sweet, so beaming with kindness and goodwill, that my motherly instincts were stirred, and putting my arm round her neck I gave the rosy cheek a hearty kiss.

"Ah!" said the dear lassie, as she returned the kiss, "*I would far rather have that than money!*"

I know she meant it, and I am convinced that many a one to whom we offer money in exchange for little acts of kindness would rather receive our acknowledgments in kind than in coin, and that a clasp from a friendly hand, though empty, accompanied by words of goodwill coming straight from the heart, would be valued far beyond the gold or silver with which we usually think to settle our obligations.

FOR EVER.

By HARRIETTE SMITH BAINBRIDGE.

(*Drawn by Frank Dicksee.*)

For ever, like a year gone by which never more returneth,
Our visions fade where human eyes no trace of them discerneth;
The bell is tolled, the plaintive dirge of weeping and of sadness
Accompanies the burial rites of anguish and of madness;
When in the grave we sadly lay the bright dreams of the morning,
Too blinded by our tears to see the new day for us dawning

So unexpanded are our minds,
We feel not he who loses finds.
Again in loss, a peace in woe—the fruit of his endeavour—
And consciousness of heavenly rest and peace which last for ever.

For ever! Oh, the soothing thought is far beyond our speaking;
When the glorious infinite of love upon our dark is breaking,
We breathe a fuller, newer life with sweet ecstatic gladness,
And deem it cheaply purchased by a distant conquered sadness

The tears no longer dim our eyes,
Our hearts are faithful now and wise,
For on the mountain of delight the sad dirge soundeth never,
There human hearts sing pæans glad for ever and for ever!

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNLUCKY REMARK.

"I WILL never, never again as long as I live, at least I hope I never will, say in the presence of children anything seriously, or in joke, that I do not wish them to act upon."

So spoke Uncle Edward one day to Mrs. Carmett and her husband, and, to judge by the expression of his face at the minute, he very much meant what he said. Meantime, to go back to Ted, and the day after the water disaster.

Breakfast was just over, and Ted was now standing staring out of the dining-room window, with his head on one side, in a way that his sister regarded as always particularly ominous for future peace and comfort.

"Stand straight, you little old bother," Kate said, coming up behind him, and, with a hand on either side his face, putting it upright as she spoke. "What are you making up your mind to now in the way of badness?"

Ted twisted himself round.

"Kats," he said, seriously, and in a tone of sad reproach, "don't you know my badnesses are things that come all of a hurry. They aren't thought about a bit before they come. I should hope not. When you see me thinking, it's always when I'm making up goodnesses. Don't you understand that yet, Kattie?"

"Well—ye—es," said Kate, somewhat hesitatingly. "I do believe, Ted, that you give more thought to the hoped-for manufacture of 'goodnesses' than 'badnesses.' But then you see, unfortunately, your manufactures do turn out such tiresome affairs generally that——"

"Ah!" interrupted Ted, calmly, "that comes, as papa says about history, from the force of circumstances. And I'm not to be supposed to be able to manage them, you know, Kats."

Kate burst out laughing in a vigorous way that very nearly threatened to arouse one of those "badnesses" that "come all of a hurry." In other words, Neddy was on the eve of great wrath when his sister managed to restrain her mirth, and to ask, with becoming interest—

"But there, laddie, don't be cross at my laughter. It is good for people to have a hearty laugh sometimes, you know, so you ought to be glad to have helped me to one. And now I will be quite grave again while you tell me what idea you were trying to hammer out of your brain."

Ned's face looked doubtful for a few moments. His dignity had been wounded, but still it was horribly disagreeable being cross with Kattie, and inconvenient too.

"Well, Kats, but I don't think you've any cause to laugh so at a fellow, and it's really like not honouring your father too——"

"Wh—what do—do you mean?" ejaculated Kate, again exploding in a short, sharply-suppressed laugh. "Do you really feel so old and venerable, my poor, careworn brother Ned?"

Even Ted himself uttered a smothered little chuckle now before he said, impatiently—

"Nonsense, Kattie. You are a horrid tease this morning. You know quite well that I mean because you laughed at my saying what papa says ever so often. But if you go on like this I shall never be able to get my thinking done, of how I can do something to please uncle, because of his being so good about the water tap, yesterday."

"Oh—h," murmured Kate Carmett, softly, and looking with fresh anxiety at her brother. "Then, polly, I was right, and you were trying at an invention which might turn out dangerous. I'll tell you something much better than that. Just be as careful as it is possible for a boy to be, not to get into one bit more mischief of any kind during the few remaining days we are to be here. That will be a much better way of thanking Uncle Edward than anything else, I assure you."

"Do you think so?" came the soft answer at the end of this little speech, and with the red head very exceedingly polly-like again. "But you see, Kattie, all your plans go for not doing, and I am all for doing."

Before Miss Carmett could express her regret for that latter well-known fact, Mr. Carmett put his head in at the room door, with a hasty—

"Neddy Bray, I am not going to the office to-day, so if you like to pop on your cap instantly you can take a turn with me round the farm, and perhaps get a look in at the school-house after, to fetch Kate back to lunch, and have a peep at the Christmas-tree she is going there to help to decorate."

"Hurrah," exclaimed Ned, darting to the door to fetch his cap. But he paused there with sudden recollection and a rather crestfallen face.

"Oh, uncle, I am sorry, but I have promised Kats to go with her to help her."

"De—ar me," said Mr. Carmett, with a solemn tone, somewhat belied by the expression of his eyes. "That is really very aggravating, is it not, Ted? But don't you think that Katie might perhaps release you from your promise if we asked her?"

Kate came forward with laughing eyes to answer for herself—

"Indeed, uncle, I shall be only too thankful. I mean, Teddy, of course I wouldn't think of keeping you from going with uncle to see all the animals, and I hope that you'll enjoy your morning very much indeed."

And so, with a sigh of relief, the rather harassed sister dismissed her brother, in such safe guardianship that she felt able for once to breathe freely, although he was out of sight. Poor Kattie! A few hours later she was well-nigh crying her eyes out over the remembrance that she had been glad to be rid of her little bother of a brother for awhile; and was trying, with ingenious self-torture, to glean matter for bitter self-reproach out of the reflection.

However, for the present she went off cheerfully to give the very welcome assistance of her tasteful and ready fingers in the furnishing of the parish school Christmas-tree, and Ted ran off with his uncle for a full inspection of stables, piggeries, cow-houses, and fowl-yards, with all the delightful etceteras of feeding rabbits, donkeys, pigeons, and a goat.

The goat was in a field, near the village and at some distance from the house, and before the uncle and nephew had reached it they were joined by the vicar of the parish, who had come to speak about the morrow's festival arrangements with his friend and generous parishioner. Ted marched along beside his elders very sedately, alternately listening to their conversation and carrying on his own thoughts. But, all of a sudden, his own thoughts and his companions' conversation seemed, to his fancy, to fit in to each other so wonderfully that he was quite startled.

"What a splendid old tree!" the vicar had just said, as he stood still beneath a wide-spreading horse-chestnut that looked grand even in its winter bareness, and beautiful, too, with the steel-grey sky shining through its myriad twigs, and a gleam of wintry sunshine glinting here and there upon an ice-sheathed branch, or upon a dripping icicle.

Mr. Carmett, too, looked up at it with approval.

"Yes," he said; "this old monarch

of my fields is one of my most prized possessions. But I am sorry to say that heavy thunderstorm of last summer did not altogether spare it. There is one branch yonder, you see, that was struck by the lightning; it is quite dead."

"Ah! so it is," exclaimed the clergyman, hastily moving a few paces away from the tree. He was rather a nervous man, and the stricken branch was large.

"Don't you think that it ought to be taken down?" he asked, after a few moments' pause, with some anxiety. "In a heavy wind it might prove very dangerous, my dear sir. Don't you think so?"

Mr. Carmett gazed up at it critically; so did Ned.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Carmett; "I have been thinking so several times lately. But, the fact is, my man John is of such a heavy build that I have been afraid to let him go up so high. I suppose I must look out for some young powder-monkey to climb up and throw a rope over the bough. It would soon be down then, with a good strong pull. And I confess that I should be glad, for it is not only unsafe but an eyesore, now."

And, so saying, he came from beneath the tree to his friend's side, too intent upon continuing a former conversation to notice the lingering, eager glances cast by Master Ted at the dead bough which his uncle wanted a powder-monkey to help him in removing.

"I'm not a powder-monkey," murmured Ted, softly, to himself, as he slowly followed the gentlemen; "but I'm a lots better climber than Fred Mackenzie, and I believe even he could get up ever so easily to put a rope round that dead old branch. At any rate, I can."

CHAPTER IX.

BROKEN BONES FOR THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

"AND won't uncle be pleased," murmured Ted Carmett, softly, "when I run back and tell him that the rope is all ready for pulling!"

The polly droop of the head that usually accompanied that soft-toned voice was exchanged, just now, for a bend upwards, for Master Ned was far away up amidst the branches of the splendid old horse-chestnut tree with the stricken bough, and looking to see how much farther he had still to go. He was rather glad to perceive that another foot higher would be enough, for those icy branches certainly were rather "slippy," and, in spite of the exertion of climbing, his hands were beginning to be rather benumbed with cold. He glanced at the rope coiled around his waist, and congratulated himself on not having fastened it in a knot, which would have been difficult to undo. Then he once more stretched up a vigorous small arm, and climbed on.

But while Ted was carrying out his intention to do his uncle some real, active service in token of gratitude for much kindness, and perhaps some little amount of forbearance, the usual inquiries as to his whereabouts were being instituted by those who felt responsible for his welfare and good behaviour.

Immediately after luncheon Miss Carmett had been called away to the drawing-room to have a consultation with the schoolmistress. Mr. Carmett had entered into a grave theological discussion with the vicar, who had returned to share the meal with his friends, and Ted had seized the beautifully favourable opportunity to slip away, and follow his own benevolent devices unquestioned and unhindered.

At last the serious doubts had been decided as to whether the tree should be lighted up before the arrival of the children, or whether they should see it gradually growing into splendour, and whether they should have all the cake at tea, or be regaled with a final piece each before leaving. These matters settled, Kate went back to the dining-room. The inevitable question followed—

"Where is Ted, Uncle Edward, please? Do you know?"

"Ted, my dear?" said Uncle Edward, looking round the room absently at first, and then recalling his scattered thoughts, as he turned back to his niece. "No, Katie; I thought Ted was with you. Did you send him back here for anything?"

"No, uncle; I left him here."

"Master Edward has gone out, if you please, miss," here timidly broke in the young housemaid. "I saw him pass the windows of the kitchen more than ten minutes ago."

"Dear me, wherever can he have gone, I wonder?" said Kate, with an extra feeling of uneasiness from that remembered conversation about negative or active gratitude, in the morning. She did seem so perturbed that her uncle rose from the table with his guest, and said, good-humouredly—

"There, there, niece Kitty, you must not expect to keep that high-spirited small brother of yours always tied to your apron-strings. But I am going to walk back to the village with Mr. Robinson, and I daresay I shall find Ted in the swing as we pass, or feeding those rabbits again. I'll send him in to you for a scolding, if I do."

Kate laughed.

"All right, uncle. I'll make one up in readiness. But please tell him that if he comes in directly I will take him down to see the tree."

"By way of scolding, hey?" asked the vicar, with a smile, and then the friends went out, and Kate, with the answering smile still lingering on her face, sat down to dress half a dozen small dolls, considered necessary for the full ornamentation of the tree, but which, from the force of circumstances, as Ted might have said, never found their way on to its boughs.

Mr. Carmett saw one of his stable-boys as he crossed the back garden, and called to him—

"Has Master Carmett been into the stable to feed the donkey, Sam, since lunch?"

"No, sir," replied Sam, coming forward. "I seed the young gentleman, sir, with one of the clothes-lines in his hands, a-runnin' away down yonder, across the fields, village ways."

Mr. Carmett stood suddenly still as the lad spoke, and turned round with such a strange fixed gaze at his friend, that the clergyman stared back at him with wondering surprise.

"Whatever is the matter, Carmett?" he said at last, anxiously. "Are you taken ill?"

"No; only taken frightened, for once in my life," was the cold, hard answer. "But come, we are losing time. We may catch the young rascal before he reaches the tree, even now, if we make haste."

"The tree!" gasped the vicar, breathless, not from a share of the fright to which his friend pleaded, but from trying to keep pace with his companion's rapid steps. But if he had spoken ever so clearly he would not have received a particularly intelligible answer at that minute, most probably, for Mr. Carmett only spoke the simple truth when he said that he was frightened. He guessed instantly what the clothes-line signified, and the direction his young nephew had taken.

At last, as he came within sight of the tree, he stopped as quickly in his walk as he had set out on it, and pointing towards the tree, said huskily—

"Robinson, you have longer sight than I — tell me, can you see the child?"

At last the vicar understood. But he felt almost inclined to laugh at his friend's fears.

"See the child!" he exclaimed. "Your nephew, do you mean, Carmett? Why, of course not. You surely don't suppose that little fellow would dream of attempting to climb that tree, especially in weather like this!"

Mr. Carmett shook his head impatiently.

"He dreams of attempting most things, and attempts a good many without dreaming. What did he want the rope for, except to carry out my suggestion?"

The two gentlemen had gone on again, and were nearer the tree now. Suddenly two farm-labourers came hurrying over from another field up to them.

"Please, sir, there be a boy o' some sort up in t' tree, yonder. What for, ne'er a one could say, for there beant no birds' nests to get now; but sure-ly he's like to break's legs."

There was no doubt now, and all four rushed forward simultaneously just as a loud, bright, "Hurrah! I've done it!" rang out from the midst of the tree.

The next moment there was a great crash, a cry, a cracking and tearing and tumbling, and, before the runners could reach the spot, little Ned lay beside the stricken bough, white and motionless, with a broken leg, a broken arm, and a bleeding head.

"Where'll we be taken of un, sir?" asked the men as they gently lifted their light burden, and turning to the vicar, rather than to the sorely-grieved relative who was gazing so sadly at the still, white face of the poor little lad. But he heard the question fast enough, and answered hurriedly—

"Where! Why, home of course." Then he added in another tone, and as though to himself, "But, oh! what will Katie say; what will Katie say?"

The repetition of the name struck upon those benumbed ears apparently, for suddenly the fast-closed blue eyes opened, the white lips moved, and then a low cry issued from them, and the entreaty—

"Oh! uncle—don't—tell—Kats."

Mr. Carmett bent his face still lower over the child as he said tenderly, "Why not, my dear boy? Surely you do not fear that she will be cross with you now?"

A momentary flush suffused the pale cheeks, momentary strength came to the pain-racked body, and Neddy exclaimed, "Uncle! how can you!! Kats isn't ever cross. I—I—am," very weakly again, "afraid—of—the pain she will feel—for me—poor Ka——."

And there the voice failed altogether, and Ted had swooned away again into unconsciousness. For a long time after that the small bother of a boy neither knew nor cared who did, or who did not, hear of his accident, or who was made sorry by its happening.

Many a long, bitter fit of crying Kate Carmett had had beside a small shaved head, and a fevered face, before a low, feeble voice whispered one morning unexpectedly—

"Kattie, why are you sitting here?—Have I overslept myself—is it breakfast-time?"

There was a short pause before these questions got answered, for Miss Carmett felt in a curiously breathless state it seemed. Indeed, she gave two half-choking little gasps before she replied with forced calmness—

"Yes, Neddy lad, it is breakfast-time. But you have had a headache, so mamma wishes you to lie in bed a little longer now."

"All right," murmured Neddy, with a quiet sigh of sleepy satisfaction. "Then if that's the case I think I'll go to sleep again for a little while."

And five minutes later, when his mother came into the room to send Kate down to her breakfast, and to watch beside her darling herself, she found him in the first natural and refreshing sleep that he had enjoyed for many weeks. The crisis was passed. The fever had subsided, the broken limbs were healing fast, scratches and bruises had long since disappeared, and that dearly beloved bother of a boy, Ned Carmett, had nothing to do but to get well again as fast as ever he could. Meantime, he evidently considered that lying in bed with an arm and a leg in splints constituted some especial prerogative in the article of tales.

Not only Kate, but everyone else who approached that bedside, was pressed into the service, until at last, one evening, Mrs. Mitters mounting the stairs from her kitchen for the express purpose of paying her respects to the king invalid, was greeted with the delighted exclamation—

"Oh! Mrs. Mitters, I am so very glad that you've come. I begin to think that I have a little used out Kats' head for the present. Her stories haven't been up to much to-day, at least not very bright, you know, so now you can bring up Meg Dods to read."

"And I hope then," said Mr. Carmett, "I do hope, you ungrateful young monkey, that if Mrs. Mitters does, you'll have the memory in your mind, all the time, of the water-tap disaster. Come along, Kate my dear, there's someone in the drawing-room, I believe, waiting to see you, who has not heard too many of your tales as yet, and would not tell you if he had."

"Who's that, Kats?" asked Ted as his sister, with rather pink cheeks, stooped down to give him a kiss for a short good-bye. "Who's waiting to see you?"

"I—I—don't know, dear," was the rather hurried answer, and the true one too, for Miss Carmett did not know, she only guessed. At the same time she escaped from the possibility of further questioning as quickly as she could, and Ted had to address himself to Mrs. Mitters—

"Cook, who is in the drawing-room, do you know, with mamma and uncle?"

Cook hesitated an instant in her reply, and then said slowly, and as it seemed rather reluctantly—

"Mr. Russell came in to afternoon tea, Master Ted. But I don't know if he is here still."

"No, of course he can't be," was the instant and very positive assertion. "If he'd come, of course he'd have come up here, as he'd have wanted to see me more than anyone else."

"And as that assertion satisfied Master Ted himself, cook had no desire to gainsay it.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON GUARD!

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

WHERE the flow'rets bud and blow,
Where the zephyrs whisper low,
See! two pretty songsters rest,
Watching o'er their mossy nest.

Happy in that cosy spot,
Sweet contentment crowns their lot;
Dear the eggs that glad their eyes,
Well they love each speckled prize.

Should a hand that nest profane,
Filling both their lives with pain?
No! 'twere heartless to destroy,
Bringing grief in place of joy.

ON GUARD.

HOW TO STUDY HISTORY.

BEFORE we can decide how best to do this or that in the course of our life's business, it is needful to gain a precise idea of the nature and purpose of the thing under consideration. And these clear, luminous conceptions of that which we are thinking or speaking of are very often just that which we least possess; will it sound a cruel cynicism to add "we women especially"? Nay, we mean no unkind reflection on our own sex, girls; there is no reason why the feminine intellect should not be whetted to a mental weapon as keen, as bright, and of as fine an edge and temper as that of the lords of creation; but it is a painful fact for all that, that logical clearness and systematic perspicacity are not *always* the characteristics of ladies' thinking and reasoning.

Therefore, before we begin to talk of *how* to study history, we shall have to consider a little as to what we mean by the words we are using in that very question. Nor is there any more satisfactory way of ascertaining this than looking into their derivatory signification, and comparing the shapes in which different languages have expressed the same idea. *Historia*, a "narrative," is the easy Latin derivative of our own expression bearing the same meaning; but when we turn to the German tongue we find quite another train of thought followed. *Geshichte*, the German word for history, belongs to the same root as "*schicht*," which means a layer or stratum, the verb *schichter* signifying to "put in layers," to arrange. This would make the Saxon conception of history, an orderly record or well-arranged register of events; while with the Latins it was simply their "story" or "narrative." If we combine these two ideas, we shall come to a definite understanding of that which we wish to "apply our minds to,"* viz., a picture or narrative of Time's events, arranged into *strata*, or an orderly series of corresponding portions.

Having defined this much to our satisfaction, we feel constrained to lay down three prominent rules: the first, to regard history in its true light, as the narrative of living facts and real men and women it certainly is, instead of as the mere dry catalogue of statistics into which it is too often converted; the second, to make up our minds that, being such a narrative—a literal "tale of the past"—it is as ridiculous a proceeding to plunge into the third, fifth, or any other late volume which chances to take our fancy, without having clear ideas of what was in the previous ones, as it would be in the case of any other tale, whether of fact or fiction; and, thirdly, that we must really "study," or apply our minds to it, and take pains to carry out the "*schichtung*," or orderly ranging, in due gradation, of its different "layers" or central divisions. A little sensible application of these three regulations would soon make our historical studies a much more useful and entertaining pursuit than they too often are.

To reconsider the first, for instance: how frequently we read history in the spirit of performing the very driest of tasks, and how deplorably common it is to teach it in such a manner as to make it seem so; whereas, apprehended for what it really is, no other thing comes near it for a fascination of interest. These kings and courtiers and warriors we read of were once really alive upon this globe which we are treading; they were fallible human creatures, just like ourselves. The same motives and hopes and fears animated them; the same responsibility weighted their actions; the same Tribunal will, one day, award to them judgment for praise or blame. They *are*, even while we are conning over what they did and suffered; somewhither they have gone—living, immortal souls like ourselves; somewhere they wait for us to join them. A few years ago the Society of Antiquaries had a dispute as to whether or no Henry V.'s corpse really lay within the walls of Westminster Abbey, and obtained permission to open the stone sarcophagus wherein he had always been said to repose. It was accordingly opened, and a startling sight revealed to view: the king's embalmed body lay within, as absolutely undecayed as at the day of his death, and plainly recognisable by comparison with ancient portraits! What a thing to look upon! The face that had sparkled with fun when he was "wild Prince Hal," and had gazed undismayed, as King of England, upon the dangers and carnage of Agincourt; the stalwart form of the bravest and manliest of all our kings, dead four-and-a-half centuries ago, yet there for his countrymen to behold to this day. Those who witnessed such a sight would certainly realise how English history was a chronicle of things that had really happened, and men and women who lived and moved and acted, and are now awaiting the "reward of those things done in the body." Now, this is precisely the manner in which all history should be studied. We should do our utmost to get a vivid picture of the actors in it as they inevitably were, collecting details about even the lesser matters of their existence—their dress, their food, their pastimes—as well as their more important doings and sayings; the countries they lived in carefully examined with map and globe; the very languages they spoke, and the changes to which lapse of time has subjected them. In these days of public libraries, splendid in their completeness and convenience for study, we have no excuse for not thus thoroughly "getting up" a subject we undertake to learn. After mastering the outline facts of any event or period of history, a few hours might be most usefully spent over encyclopædias and gazetteers, looking out the principal persons and places mentioned in what we have been learning, hunting up facts illustrative of the character of the one and the appearance, climate, &c., of the other. Do not scorn pictures even, if they be either good representations of the present aspect of the places or trustworthy historic portrayals of the people; everything of the kind serves to enliven and at the same time deepen the impression on the memory. To give an example that will make our meaning the clearer, we will recur once more to Westminster Abbey. There is a portrait there of Richard II., on the south side of the altar, which is a genuine contemporary likeness. Now, who, after looking at it attentively, and observing its weak-minded, uncertain expression of face, could fail to grasp yet more vividly the events of that king's reign, and how they were brought about by his feeble and wavering character? But, in truth, all Westminster Abbey, and, in a sense, the whole of London, are as one great historical picture-book to the observant mind; and we would engage to teach a very circumstantial knowledge of English history to a child with no other text-book than a good guide-book to London, well filled with pictures—or, better still, opportunity to take the child to see each place as it came on the scene of the narrative, and point out to it the very spot where Anne Boleyn was executed; the identical palace where Laud lived by the river-side; the Westminster Hall built by William Rufus; the ancient stone used as a milestone by the Romans, which still stands at the top of Cannon-street. A Londoner ignorant of the history of her own country is a rebuke to herself. The very stones and roads and embankments of the river have each their story to tell, and in these days of Cassell's cheap and most entertaining books on the subject it is surely needless that anyone should be ignorant on such a subject. Oh, how interesting it makes our metropolis, once its study has been taken up as a pursuit! The busy, noisy streets of the crowded city become venerable with the associations of a noble and fruitful past — their hard utilitarianism is touched with a glow of light from bygone centuries. We seem to realise the spiritual presence of the ancient Britons and Romans, and of innumerable great men—from Julius Cæsar and Alfred the Great to Sir Walter Raleigh and the Duke of Wellington—around us, witnessing the results of their joint labours; we feel that they are alive though invisible; we long to do our part as citizens of a constitution they helped to build up.

But, secondly, a "story" so interesting and instructive should surely be read in an orderly manner, "beginning at the beginning," as even children will beg that a nursery tale may be told; and, unfortunately, this is a thing too often slurred over, or wholly omitted. Shall we convince you of that fact by a home question, dear girls? As you read just now our remarks upon English history, could you have given us, on demand, a clear outline of the component parts which went to make up our present fusion of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman into our English nation? Could you have told how they came together, and what is known of the British Isles previous to the Christian era; and then sketched out the growth of that vast Roman power which for a time held them in subjection, thereby bringing them so many blessings in disguise? Could you go back further yet, and tell us what monarchies preceded the Roman supremacy on this globe, and who were those Greeks who once surpassed even the Romans for glory, and whence came the Persians who tried to conquer and enslave them? Could you begin *really* "at the beginning," and give a rational account of the origin of the primitive races and the earliest monarchies, and, above all, trace intelligently the growth of that enlightened religion which *has brought* with it all the blessings of civilisation and freedom? If you can do this, you have really learned history in a manner worth the study, and likely to be a source of unending pleasure and profit; if not, you have only dipped into its later volumes, and the full significance of its complete story has been unread by you.

"But," you will say, "this is to set before us a task fit for Hercules, and life itself would not be long enough for its accomplishment."

* This is the literal meaning of the Latin verb "*studeo, studere*"—to *mind* a thing, in the old-fashioned signification of to desire and care for and apply oneself to master it.

Herewith comes to hand our third rule—that history must be *studied* methodically and systematically—"*Geshichte*"—arranged in due gradations of order. An outline must be sketched in the memory first—a ground plan of the whole, briefly worded, but indelibly marked into the recollection with central dates. Don't cry out and turn away in despair at the word *dates*. They *must* be learned, it is true; but the nineteenth century has supplied us with so many modes of rendering it easy to get them by heart that, with the help of one or other of these *technica memoria*, a single date can effectually be stamped into the recollection each day. Never attempt more than one, and only learn five per week; on Saturdays go over the old ones carefully, writing them out from memory, as well as repeating them. If you possibly can, get some tiny pupils—some little brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces—and teach them as you go on; carefully confining your efforts to the mastery of one date and its event each day, and telling the story of it in simple, graphic language the youngest child could understand. Adam naming the beasts, Noah saved in the ark, the Trojans and the wooden horses, Xerxes whipping the waves—you will find an unfailing stock of anecdotes wherewith to amuse the little ones; the history lesson will be a daily pastime, and in three months you and your scholars will know the principal events of history, from the creation of man to the Ashantee war. Five dates a week make precisely 65 in a quarter, and that will include all the central events needful to be remembered. As to the actual dates themselves, little memories are generally rather quick to recollect them, especially if encouraged to notice the recurrence of certain numbers, and to select each one a favourite number for him or herself. We generally commence a chronology lesson to young children, somewhat in this style: "Which number do you like best? I like eight, for my part, it is so nice and round; Johnny likes four? Very well, Johnny shall have *four* for his own, just as I take *eight* for mine; and Mary wishes to have three, and you like two, do you Frank? Well, now, you will each get turns for your favourites: for instance, Adam was created 4004 years before Christ—there are two *fours* for Johnny!" etc., etc. This sort of teaching will fix almost any date in the heads of quite young children; and if a coloured sugarplum of some particular hue and flavour be further appropriated to each of the nine Arabic figures, and an occasional treat, arranged according to dates, be given, there is small fear of the old ones being forgotten. And in thus printing the outlines of history into younger minds, you will fasten them indelibly in your own. England, and the reigns of our kings and queens, should come next, and then France; and the outlines of these three—general, English, and French history—being for ever fixed in the mind, you should then take up some part in which you feel a special interest, or have some reason connected with your other studies for wishing to become better acquainted with. The story of ancient Greece and Rome ought especially to be mastered, they make so many other kinds of literature interesting and comprehensible. But, whichever you choose, keep to it perseveringly, and study it with exhaustive thoroughness; and to make the task easier, adopt some guiding method, such as an investigation of the wars of the country, or a search into the biography of its kings, or its chief men. These systematic readings are twice as useful as desultory perusals of a large surface of subject matter. You will find that in hunting out individual battles, or princes, heroes or tyrants, you pick up a variety of knowledge which gathers round the nucleus of your thought like a snowball, and becomes firm and compact as you go along.

Lastly, recur often to the idea that what you are reading of has really happened and been performed by live men and women, immortal souls yet existing somewhere in the universe. History is the chronicle of God's world and His dealings with it, and our eyes must be dim and our ears dull indeed if we wholly fail to trace therein the workings of His all-wise and merciful providence, or to read there how He does exercise His prerogative of bringing good out of evil, and overruling man's short-sighted folly to His own good purpose. Written across the pages of history in letters of fire is the fiat, "*Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap*," and Time has proved its veracity in innumerable instances during the slow march of centuries. When the heart is sick with injustice and the brain weary with wrong (as the feeling heart and observant brain will sometimes be in this fallen world), it is like a new draught of the elixir of patience to turn to the records of history, and read of the rise and insolent prosperity of one wrongdoer after another, only to fall at last and "go to his own place," leaving a world made ready by his very crimes and oppressions for happier and better days. Thus God is educating mankind, bit by bit, line upon line, for the restitution of all things, when all the earth shall be filled with His Majesty.

NEW MUSIC.

Boosey and Co.

A Knight of Old. Words by Robert Gerard. Music composed by Frank L. Moir.—An excellent song in two keys, C and D; full of life and spirit, admirably adapted to the words. We are much impressed with the few bars of introduction, also by the change of time. At the beginning of the third verse the contrary motion in the accompaniment has a very good effect. This song only requires to be known, and with good singing and playing must become a favourite.

Waiting for the King. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A pathetic and pleasing song, the story of a poor child footsore and weary.

"Last night, in her dream in the cellar,
A beautiful angel came nigh,
And bent o'er the sleeper to tell her,
'To-morrow the king will pass by.'"

As of Old. In three keys: No. 1 in C, No. 2 in D, No. 3 in F. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—We are favoured with another of this popular composer's songs, which will be welcomed by his many admirers. In the fourth bar a minim E has by mistake been omitted.

Sunshine and Rain. In three keys: No. 1 in F, No. 2 in G, No. 3 in A. Words by F. Wyville Home. Music by Jacques Blumenthal.—The song before us is particularly charming, as most of this celebrated composer's are. It requires nice singing; the accompaniment must be attentively studied. We recommend it to our young musical friends.

Moon Daisies. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Stephen Adams.—A pretty and melodious song, telling the story of a lovers' quarrel brought to an amicable close.

"Softly, she answered, 'Our trouble now ends,
For the moon daisies say, Kiss and be friends.'"

Weekes and Co.

Six movements for the harmonium. Composed by C. J. Frost. Written in an easy and pleasant style; being all fingered, the student will not have much difficulty in playing them.

J. and W. Chester, & Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

Two marches by Franz Schubert, transcribed for pianoforte solo by Arthur H. Jackson:—

No. 1, *Marche Militaire*, is a stirring composition, written in two sharps; the soft and melodious trio in the key of G is an agreeable change; the finale is a repetition of the first part. It forms a brilliant solo, without being difficult.

No. 2, *Marche Héroïque*, is an andante movement in D minor. The majestic style of this composition, with its several changes, must be carefully studied, when it will form a pleasing variety in the drawing-room.

J. Curwen and Sons.

A series of cantatas or operettas for ladies' voices; adapted for schools, singing classes, and public gatherings.

The Children's Queen. Libretto by Mrs. L. L. Stratton. Music by G. W. Stratton. Edited and revised by Henry Fisher, Mus. Doc. Cantab.

The Pic-nic. Words by George Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas.

The Twin Sisters. By H. D. Saroni.

The Flower Queen. Written by Miss Frances Jane Crosby. Music by George F. Root.

An Hour in Fairyland. Composed by Henry Schoeller.

We cannot say too much in praise of the five books of cantatas before us; they are well adapted for families, singing classes, &c., the type is particularly clear and distinct, the choruses are well arranged, and the solos exceptionally pretty. We strongly recommend them to the notice of our musical friends. We regret that want of space prevents our giving a more detailed account of them.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Hush Thee. Lullaby. Words and music by Cotsford Dick.—A thorough lullaby, smooth and crooning; suitable for a contralto voice. The compass moderate, and air pleasing. The termination is very effective.

The Star of Home. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by John Francis Barnett.—A sailor's guiding star and cheering remembrance of home affection. No difficulty either in accompaniment or vocal rendering. The song is written in the key of G.

Outside. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by John Francis Barnett.—A song by the same writer, but different in character. The subject of the story may be a little hackneyed, but seems to please. The air with its accompaniment is a good and pleasing exponent of the pathetic tale.

Tell me Why. Words by W. Bartholomew. Music by Clytie. Written in three flats for soprano, compass E to G.—A simple and smooth little song, easily learnt by a young songstress.

The Reason Why. Words by H. M. Burnside. Music by G. Adelmann.—The words describe a happy and cheerful spirit which looks on all around as ministering to the joy of expectation. The music is telling, without difficulty. Written in the key of D, compass D to E.

MY WORK BASKET.

Dainty Spill-holder.

The foundation is of cardboard, a tapered-pointed piece for the back, a semi-circular one for the bottom, and a straight band to be curved for the front. Being first covered with tightly strained silk or satin, the holder is decorated by strips of embroidered velvet, fancy galloon, &c., secured by herringbone stitch. The side supports are willows or bamboo canes coiled with ribbon. Broader ribbon is used for the top-knots and the hanging loop. Fashioned in a larger size, this knickknack will serve the purpose a *vide-poche* or a pendant wall-bracket for flowers, &c.

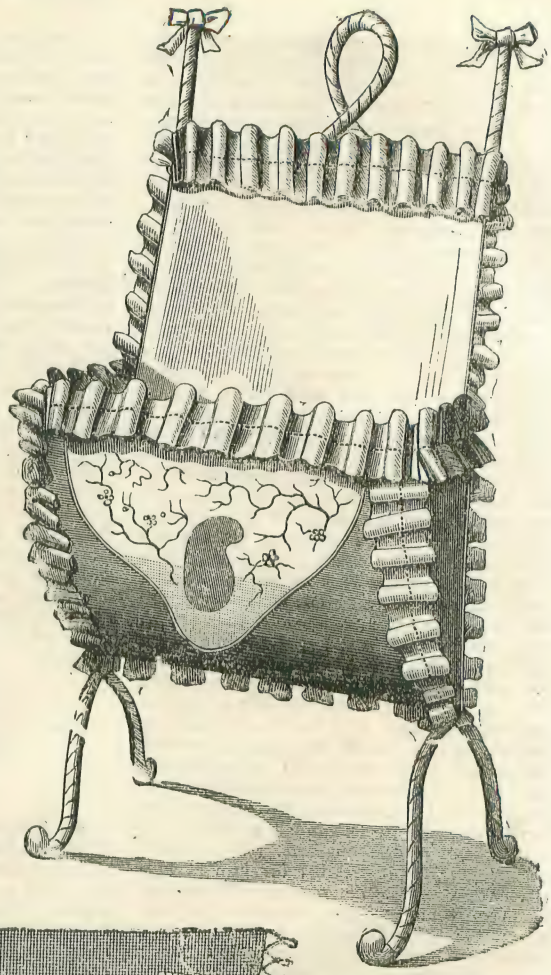
End for Necktie.

This easily worked end for a necktie in Richelieu embroidery is so fully shown in the illustration that but little description is needed.

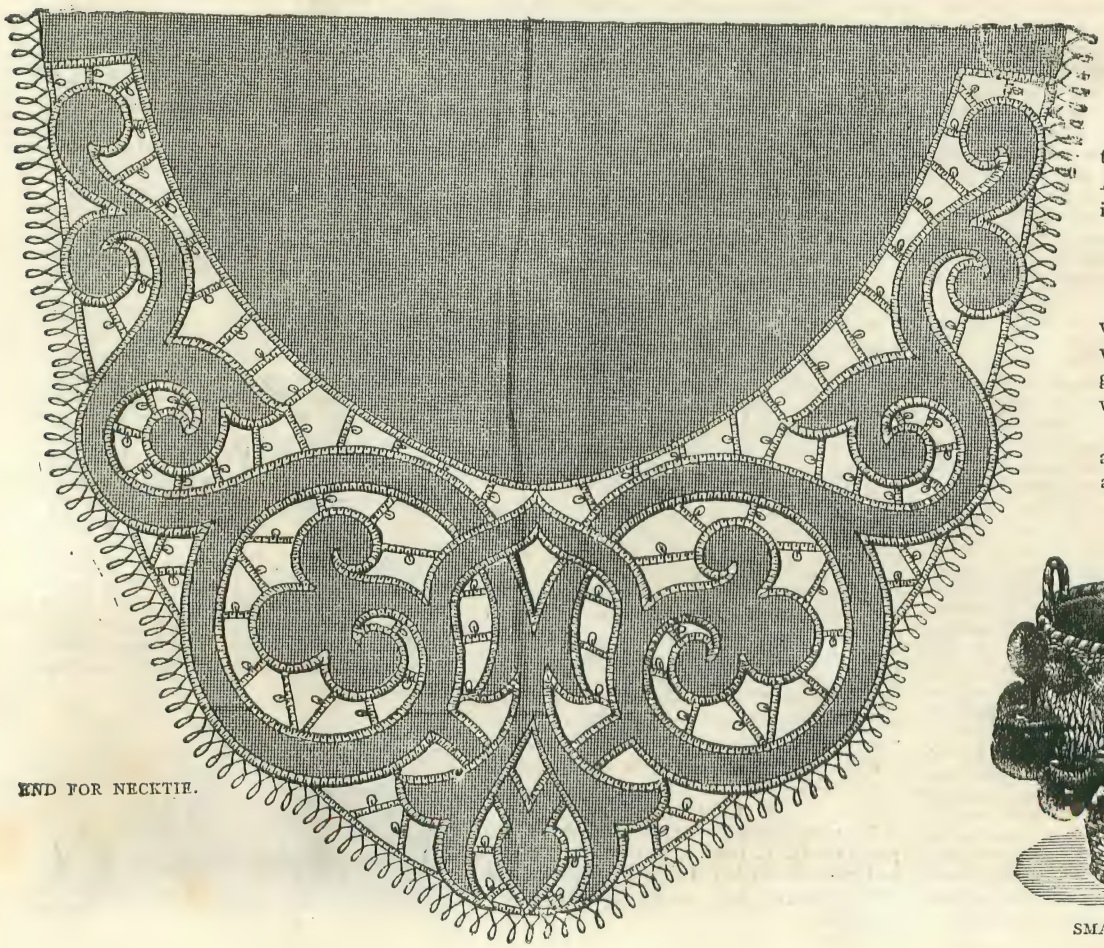
The foundation is in fine cambric. Trace the pattern (which is drawn on *toile cire*, or soft leather) with rather coarse French cotton, and use a finer quality the button stitch on the edges. The bars and *picots* are also worked with a finer cotton than that employed a foundation.

The work is not cut out until quite finished, and taken off the pattern.

Sharp lace scissors should always be used in removing the muslin, and care be taken not to cut the stitches. A rather broad purl edging is sewed round the edge.



DAINTY SPILL-HOLDER.



END FOR NECKTIE.

Small Piece Basket.

A brown wicker basket, well varnished, is lined with brown or red unglazed calico, and trimmed with a crochet valance.

The materials required are a medium-sized needle and a fine dark and light

SMALL PIECE BASKET.

coloured red cord either in silk or worsted. The balls of the two shades of red are sewed to the top edge and points of the crochet.

The work is done as follows :—

1st Row.—A chain the length required to go round the basket.

2nd Row.—One single crochet in first stitch, * three chain, miss two, one single *; repeat.

3rd Row.—* One single on single stitch in last row, three chain, one treble, two double treble, one treble into three chain in last row, three chain, *; repeat.

When the border has been sewed on the basket, the balls of light and dark red silk are arranged according to illustration.

Centre of Cushion.

This design, in Louis XIII. style, is suitable for sofa cushion, chair cover, or footstool. It is in *appliqués* of coloured cloths on thick woollen plush. Olive plush throws up the flowers to great advantage and wears well.

The flower at top, in form of a bell, is in two shades of red; that falling to the right in red and rose colour, whilst the one on the left is blue. The one in the shape of a melon is of pale blue with divisions formed with a cord in a deeper shade; the centre is checked with rose-coloured coarse silk, with spots of a darker shade in each square. The large round at top of melon is spotted with pink, white, and red silks. The daisies are white, with pink shading. All the leaves and stems are dark green, with brown, red, and yellow veinings.

The tendrils are of sea-green cord, fastened on the plush by cross stitches of silk the same shade.

The edges of the *appliqués* are covered with a fine braid the shades of the cloth flowers.

CENTRE OF CUSHION.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

RHODA DENISTON.—We must refer you to page 454, vol. i., where you will find an article entitled "Nursing as a Profession," which will supply you with many addresses and terms; so that you may select the hospital to which you would like to apply.

A. FARLEY.—Apply to the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, London; and if the terms should fail to suit you, doubtless you would obtain the new address of the National Training School for Music to which you have written without success. The address of the latter is given, as we gave it to you, in this year's vol. of the "Englishwoman's Year-Book," no change having been made in the entry since last year, nor any intimation, either of a change of residence or of the closing of the school. Neglect in giving such desirable notices is much to be reprehended.

PENSILVA.—We cannot hear of the book anywhere. You might inquire of a second-hand bookseller.

BERNICE CLIVE.—You will have to go through a regular training in some hospital before you will be eligible to join an ambulance corps. Of the terms on which you may enter a hospital we have supplied all particulars.

TRIBBS BOY.—We think you had better go in for the Senior Oxford Examination by all means. We quite fail to see what your friend has to do with the question, which does not seem to concern her in any way.

"M. THE UNFORTUNATE."—1. Of course, to become the principal of a school would be a far more independent and agreeable position than that of a governess in another person's house. But the responsibilities are many and great; and you ought to have some capital to start with. Your hand is not very good, and your composition is defective. For instance, you should not say . . . . "prevent me getting," but "my getting." 2. We do not understand what you mean by asking, "What does Morris mean?" Do you refer to the name "Maurice"? or did you mean the "Morris dancers"?

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The salaries of female clerks in the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office range from £40 to £150 per annum. The vacancies are filled by competitive examination, conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners The candidates must be between the ages of 17 and 20. Application to be made to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, S.W. We advise you to procure the January 31st number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER of 1880, vol. i., and read the article on "Earning One's Living." You may find some occupation there suggested that may suit you. Do not, however, give up certain work for the chance of finding some more lucrative, after the expense too of a journey and the changing of your residence.

WOULD-BE GRADUATE.—To enter the University of London you must be over 16 years of age. The Matriculation Examinations are held in January and June, and the time when the Degree Examinations may be taken is regulated by the period ordered to elapse between them. You must apply to the Registrar, University College, Gower-street, W.C.

KATIE.—See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. You will then obtain information respecting most of the hospitals in town.

HILDA HITCHINGS and ETHEL LASCELLES. — See "How to Improve One's Education," vol. i., page 794. "Hilda" deserves credit for writing so well with her left hand. We sympathise with her on the loss of the other.

M. F. B.—You should apply for such a situation at a first-class Registry Office, or go to the Society for the Employment of Women, at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W., where you will obtain good advice.

POOR MAY.—If you have a good ear and procure a good instruction book, you might learn to play the violin without a master. But a fine ear is essential, as you have to make all the notes and half tones yourself. If you desire to earn money, we advise you to apply to the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. The secretaries are Miss King and Miss Lewin. Office hours from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. We sympathise sincerely with you.

A LONESOME SOUL.—Yes, there is a school exclusively devoted to instruction in the Kindergarten system. Apply at the college, 83, Gloucester-road, South Kensington, or at the Kindergarten Emporium, 57, Berners-street, W. The lady principal of the Training College is Miss Frost, the trainer Mrs. Holton (Fröbel certificate). Boarders are received. Students wishing to take certificates must have passed the College of Preceptors or one of the Cambridge examinations for English. We feel pleasure in answering your question.

A YOUNG STUDENT.—We think that you will find the information you desire respecting Babylon and Egypt in Rollin's "Ancient History." Also read Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's works of research in the latter country. Have you read those of the late lamented Professor Smith, in reference to Nineveh and Babylon?

EVER LEARNING. — The "Alexandrian Codex," a Greek MS. of the Septuagint translation of the Bible, transcribed by a lady named Theckla in the 6th century, was presented to Charles I. by the Patriarch of Constantinople in 1628, and placed in the British Museum in 1753. It bears the name of Alexandria because it belonged to the Patriarch of that Church in the year 1098. Fac-similes were printed of it in 1786-1821.

SNOWFLAKE.—1. You had better procure "The History of England in the Middle Ages," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., 2s. 6d. It is illustrated. Our catalogue of foreign books may be had on application to Mr. Tarn. 2. Yes, it is quite true that a certain species of the owl family is used as food. They were sold in French markets many years ago, when no siege rendered every description of animal an object of value to the cook, and the Europeans of the fur countries, as well as the native Indians, find the great snowy owl to offer well-favoured and white meat.

JULY, and A NEW ADMIRER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—You will find an excellent article on teaching infants in the Sunday-school at page 730, vol. ii., also "Sunday Scholars out of School," page 436, vol. ii.

MEADOW SWEET, DORA, and JULY.—You will find the Christian Women's Education Union (students' branch), 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W., is what you require. The subscription is one shilling a year, for the general fund, and the same for each class joined.

FLO. — The list of governors of Christ's Hospital having presentations for the year is published annually in March, price 1s. There is a general list also, price 2s. 6d. Write to the clerk of the hospital, Newgate-street, E.C.

CURLY LOCKS and SALLIE.—We do not give addresses. The "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Angus, is the most useful book of the kind. Address the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

GOVERNESS. — We are obliged for your suggestion, which we beg to decline with thanks.

ETHELDREDA.—The Prince of Wales is so created, not so by birth. Thus the King or Queen of England, for the time being, would make his or her eldest son Prince of Wales. You had better obtain the newest rules for lawn tennis.

CLAUDIA THORNTON. — Although your hand is not very free, it is legible and neat, and we daresay would pass fairly well as that of a candidate for a Telegraph Office appointment. We are glad that your mother so much appreciates our paper, and thank you for kindly naming the fact.

AYACONORA.—1. Apply to the Hon. Secretary of the Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, Dr. G. Griffith, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W. Also apply to Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W., for information respecting the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. Englishwomen are trained by this society for Zenana work, and for school teaching abroad. 2. You should slope all your letters the same way; at present, one leans one way and another in the opposite direction, like a set of old tombstones.

IGNORAMUS NUMBER TWO.—1. The passage, "*Lucus a non lucendo*," shows a *jeu d'esprit* in etymology; which, taking for granted that *Lucus*, a dark grove, is derived from the verb *lucere*, to shine, supposes that it must be *a non lucendo* from its not being light. It means, in fact, a light not shining, the name and the thing denoted being contradictory. 2. The large end of the egg should be placed uppermost in the egg-cup.

P. H. HAWORTH.—We named a few books for the benefit of our readers—as we occasionally do—but never enter into such particulars as to advertise the works of other publishers. On making a reference to our answers to correspondents you will find this our rule. We regret that we cannot make exceptions of the three books which you name.

MANX GIRL.—There is a college for training students in the Kindergarten system of teaching at 31, Tavistock-place, W.C. There is also the Royal English Kindergarten Training College, 83, Gloucester-road, South Kensington; and there is the Kindergarten Emporium, 58, Berners-street, W., where evening classes are held on Mondays and Thursdays, at 6.30, twelve lessons for a guinea. There is also the Fröbel Society, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C. Apply to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Edward Berry. Whether you would be admitted as an assistant teacher in a church school we could not tell. But, if fairly comfortable in your present situation we strongly advise you not to give up a certainty for an uncertainty.

DIAMOND.—We think that you might enter one of the training institutions for missionary work, such, for instance, as that at the Poplars, Addleston, Surrey, and Women's Missionary Institute in connection with the Christian Women's Union—Hon. Secretary, Miss Lloyd, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W. There is also the Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, at 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W.—Hon. Secretary, Dr. G. Griffith; and the ladies association in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; address Miss Bullock, 19, Delahay-street, S.W.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—1. University College, Gower-street, W.C., admits women to systematic course of instruction in all subjects by means of classes and lectures; Talford Ely, Esq., Secretary. The London University gives diplomas and B.A. degree. Of course you are aware that there is Girton College and Newnham College at Cambridge, and the Lady Margaret's Hall, in Oxford. 2. Much depends on the age of the clergyman and publicity in giving the "bouquet"—not "boquet." The custom amongst young women of giving presents to the incumbent of their churches, working slippers, and presenting smelling-bottles, &c., is by no means a good one. When you write the word "Government," remember that there is an "n" after the "r."

A. M. H.—Apply for the Syllabus of the Oxford Local Examinations to G. E. Baker, Esq., Magdalen College, Clarendon Buildings, Oxford. We never heard of any such degree as that which you name.

MAY.—The Rev. G. F. Browne, of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, must be addressed in reference to the University of Cambridge Higher (Local) Examination, held in June. The classes held by the students' branch of the Christian Women's Education Union are moderate in cost. Apply to Miss Petrie, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W.

WORK.

AN ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—You will find full instructions for working Honiton lace in the "Dictionary of Needlework," lately published by L. Upcott Gill, Strand, London.

BIRDIE OF CALCUTTA. — We thank you for your gratifying letter, and thank you for informing us, and our readers who may be glad to know it, that an Indian "night-suit" for men consists of the short, plain, and very loose linen drawers called "pyjamas," and coats of the same material worn over them. But "banians" are now much in vogue, in lieu of the coats, consisting of a kind of loose blouse, quite plain, having sleeves extending as far only as the elbows.

JULIA B.—1. In buying ostrich feathers the colour, as well as the fulness, should influence the price. Those that are greyish in hue are from the female bird, and should be sold at a cheaper rate than the others. 2. If you write for the R. S. Tract Society's "Sunday-school Catalogue," you can make a selection for yourself, as the price of each reward or instruction book is given. Address Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

E. A. B.—Consult our "Seasonable Dress" for the present season. We cannot advise you better. For the coming winter fur capes will be as much worn as ever.

A FROSTED IVY-LEAF.—For Swiss darning, grafting, and taking up a "ladder," see page 314, vol. i.

BIRDIE.—The attempts made at knitting jerseys are failures—so far as our experiences goes—and we advise you to buy them ready-made by the stocking-web machine. You can buy the material by the yard also. See how to crochet a jersey at page 223, vol. ii.

CAROLINE M.—An article on "counterpanes" was given at page 340, vol. iii., and you will find many patterns for crochet in Madame Karger's articles.

CONVOL.—Blue paper is always used for wrapping lace in, as it is considered to have no deleterious qualities. It is probable that it was originally employed for the same reason that blue is used in washing — to counteract the tendency in white materials to turn to a yellowish hue. You should certainly have the white crochet washed, if soiled.

R. S. V. P.—We cannot understand your absolute failure in tracing your pattern. Perhaps your transfer-paper is not good. Try to produce a faint outline at first, which you may pass over afterwards with some Chinese white, mixed with a little gum, to thicken and give it more substance. Consult "My Work Basket."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIE.—The origin of the name "Blue Stocking" is traced to the literary society composed of both sexes, and formed at Venice in the year 1400. Having existed up to the year 1590, it cropped up in Paris, and was especially patronised by lady *savantes*. The original society distinguished their members by the wearing of blue stockings, which livery or badge was kept up on the birth of the branch in France, and afterwards in England, when it was started by Mr. Montague in 1780. Miss Monckton was the last survivor of the clique in this country, afterwards Countess of Cork, and she died in 1840, and the "Blue Stocking" Society became extinct. 2. The two exams. are much the same.

MADGE.—You might make a kind of rustic frame, either by glueing small pieces of stick having a rough bark and some knots, or short ends of twigs cut off, the sticks being split in two and having a flat side, upon a flat, common deal frame; or employing rough pieces of virgin cork in the same way, using small pine cones at the corners. Ivy leaves might be added, laid on in wreaths and well varnished. The wood and corkwork should be varnished likewise. Flat laths of wood may easily be procured to suit such a purpose. 2. Pronounce "leisure" as if written "leshur"; "Damaris" as if divided thus, "Dam-aris"; "knowledge," as "no-ledge."

M. C. LUDON.—"Could," "should," and "would" are all words belonging to the "conditional mood," but have different significations. You would be right in saying, "I would if I could;" or, "I should, whether I could or not;" or "I could, but I neither should nor would." It is as much a national peculiarity amongst the Irish to confound the meaning of these three words as of "shall" and "will," which they invariably reverse.

LONELY BELLADONNA.—We have read your letter with much interest. For ourselves, we think work is one of the many blessings of this life, and are quite sure that by it we best glorify God on earth. Be happy and thankful in it, doing it "with your might," and believing that in this life our places are all appointed for us, and in them we safely dwell, making the best of our one talent (it may be) for His glory. Your writing is very fairly good, but we should advise you to reduce the number of your Greek "E's," which are not pretty nor elegant in shape.

LA CIERIEUSE.—You can obtain all the back numbers by writing to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and enclosing the needful amount in stamps. You can obtain alphabets for marking either in cross or satin stitch at any fancy workshop. The usual price is one penny.

BELLE.—You should steam the cocoons over boiling water, in order to wind them off. Of course, you will always find the grub inside the cocoon, unless you wait the twenty days for them to eat their way out.

MIGNON.—It is indeed a serious matter to decline acting in accordance with the wishes of a parent; but when it is a question of marriage, and that with a man who is utterly indifferent to religion, and never enters a place of worship, and over and above this, is personally disagreeable to you, we consider that you would do a greater wrong in consenting to marry him. It appears that, not his character but his wealth constitutes his attractions in the eyes of your parents. This is very sad, and we sympathise greatly with you. But you should not perjure yourself before God and the congregation by taking solemn vows upon you which you cannot fulfil. 2. We are not acquainted with any way of removing the stain of kid-revivers from a white dress. You had better have a new breadth put in. Your writing is very pretty.

GIPSY TABLE.—Perhaps you might raise the flattened pile of the plush covering of your table by standing a basin of boiling water on the floor and holding the table upside down over it. Whether the stain would in this way be removed we could not say; the water may not have been clean, and the plush of a delicate colour.

"SWEET SEVENTEEN."—To take tea stains out of your white dress, see page 126, vol. ii. You write fairly well. You may be "seventeen" and "sweet," but somebody else should say all that of you!

DELIGHTED READER.—Your dog should be well washed with dog-soap once a week, at least. You write very well for your age, and very kindly, too, in reference to our paper.

HAPPY ONE.—See page 560, vol. i., on the method of polishing stones. Your hand is not yet formed, but it promises well. We are glad that you liked *Silver Sails* so much, and especially the article on "Occupations for the Holidays."

CROPPIE.—Provided that your mother regard your elder sister as a sufficient chaperone for you, we see no reason why you should not drive the vehicle which she or your father provides for your use.

DEBORAH E.—You ought to consult an oculist at once, and should tell him of the symptom of giddiness when you write or read for a few minutes.

CHRISTIE, CRUMPIE, and TOWSY.—We thank our "three little bears" for their nice little letter, and think that "Christie" writes fairly well for her age—in fact, she has shown herself a very wonderful "performing bear."

SUMMER SHOWER.—We fancy that you need change of air and of scene, and rest from your work during two or three months.

PHILOSOPHER.—We could not possibly undertake to prescribe for you. Your case is a peculiar one, and could only be treated by a physician who could see and question you. It would only be quackery to attempt it.

WEE BIRDIE sings us a very pretty song of grateful appreciation of our efforts to please and benefit her. "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," is an old epitaph, of which the authorship is unknown. 2. See "Bread and Bread-making," pages 350 and 439, vol. i. You write with a bad pen.

ARIEL.—1. "Agnosticism" is the theory that we possess no knowledge of anything excepting through the medium of our five senses. The name "agnostics" was given to certain philosophers holding such views in the year 1876. We rejoice to think that you have been able to economise so much in the management of your dress through the judicious suggestions of the articles on "Seasonable Dress." 2. Only very ignorant people say "Miss" when addressing unmarried girls and women. They might as well say "Mr." when speaking to a man.

MARIE P. C.—We should think the will was sufficient, as it expressly provides for "any future husband." But, for fear that you might have made some mistake, we should certainly advise you to inquire of a solicitor, and also to be perfectly straightforward and honest in regard to your property with the man whom you intend to marry.

PISCATORA.—Send the questions to the *Boy's Own Paper*, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

HUMBLE READER.—We owe you many thanks for your kind commendations of our paper, and are glad to think that you have found it of so much use to yourself. We do, indeed, need help in our daily troubles, and we find it best, perhaps, in our efforts to assist those around us.

HESTER.—We are obliged by your communication and enclosure, but regret to say that we cannot use it in any way at present.

FADING ROSE.—We grieve to hear of your troubles. How useful indeed they will have been if they spur you on to renewed efforts to help others, and to serve God. We cannot give you the advice you seek, nor do we think such things are consistent with your Christian profession.

ESME.—The climate of Penzance is invigorating, although soft. The town is protected from the north and east, and would prove, we think, a very suitable place for a person whose chest was delicate. There is good bathing, and the beach is of sand. Baths of all kinds on the esplanade. It is not by any means an uninteresting locality, for there is a museum, reading, and assembly rooms, a chess club, and concerts and lectures are given at the Morganic Institute. There are about a dozen medical men; two churches, besides Roman Catholic and Jewish places of worship, and dissenting chapels; about half a dozen hotels and boarding-houses; but of lodging-houses there is not a very large supply. They may, however, be had at a reasonable charge at some of the terraces—including the Alexandra. Besides St. Michael's Mount, there are very many places of interest to which you could make excursions near at hand; and the Scilly Islands lie at a distance of twenty-five miles from the mainland.

G. OREL.—We regret that we cannot contradict the assertions made respecting the unhealthiness of the climate of Sierra Leone. But, of course, the local physicians, who have had experience of its effects on Europeans, have learnt how to advise new comers as to diet and precautionary measures, the remaining at home at certain hours and seasons, &c.

A NETTLE and RAINBOW.—Your writing is not very legible and is coarse and vulgar in style and size. The "t's" should be crossed and the "i's" dotted. The tails of the "g's" should be sloped in the same direction as the other letters. "Rainbow's" hand does not do justice to her beautiful emblematic name. There is nothing artistic and graceful about it. It is careless, the "t's" are sometimes not crossed, and she makes her strokes in the "hit or miss" style—in so far, that of "A Nettle." We fear we shall "nettle" you both by our criticisms, but "a straw may show which way the winds do blow," and carefulness and painstaking—not "slap-dash"—are essential characteristics of a good housewife, nurse, or mother.

ERA.—1. As a general rule, very long walks are not advisable for young girls nor women. How long they may be depends on many circumstances; for example, a delicate girl's strength is not to be gauged with that of a strong one, nor that of a "thread-paper," long-backed, limp girl with that of one as broad as she is long, short-backed, and of a full habit. Individual constitution, as well as conformation, should be consulted. You would not give the same amount of water or sunshine to all plants alike, nor the same description of soil. Climate, also, must be taken into account, and the characteristics of the country. 2. Carrier pigeons travel about from twenty to forty miles in an hour. An experiment was made in July, 1830, by which it was proved that they made the flight from London to Antwerp at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour—the distance between these cities being 210 miles, and the number of hours occupied amounting to 5½. On one occasion two pigeons flew from London to Lisbon in six hours, a distance of 220 miles.

WINNICE WANNA.—Yes, some people have presentiments of coming events, apart from any circumstances which, according to their judgment, would naturally bring them about. We are glad to hear that you are seeking to devote your life to God's service, and we thank you for the kind expression of your value of this paper and good wishes for ourselves.

CLARIE.—We regard it as an evidence of some degree of grace in the heart when the Holy Spirit has shown the individual his or her shortcomings and unworthiness, and has awakened feelings of distress about them, and conscientious scruples such as yours. This is a step in the right direction, and having put your hands to the plough of work for God's glory and the good of others, you ought not to draw back from it. Rather, make the goodness, forbearance of God, and the loveliness of His character as revealed in Christ your special study, thereby to warm your heart and stimulate your gratitude towards the Master you both desire and endeavour to serve. We thank you for your verses and kind observations.

BABY WORSHIPPER.—Have you no poor relative or friend who would be thankful to have a child provided for? If not, we advise you to advertise in the *Guardian* for the child of some poor clergyman or an orphan.

NELLY W.—We quite understand that a mere oversight on your part was the cause of our inability to give you a reply, not that you were, as you say, "a maniac." We shall always do our best to answer any question of yours, as of our other readers, and with pleasure.

XISTHUS.—Indiarubber plants are delicate. You should buy a hardy one, accustomed to live in an ordinary room, before you place it in your own. The leaves should be very gently sponged; but remember that the slightest blow produces a withered spot or knocks off the leaf. Never let them be touched, except in sponging them. They do not require any great quantity of water.

E. R. S.—The "egg plant" is also called "Jews' apple" or "mad apple," and by botanists, *Solanum melongena*. It belongs to the family *Solanaceæ*. It is indigenous to the East Indies and Arabia. The berries are nearly as large as a hen's egg, and resemble it in form, generally white, but sometimes black, purple, or red in colour. One variety of this plant is available for cookery, and is used by the French in both stews and soups. There is another variety, known as the "dead sea fruit," or apple—attractive outside, but only dust within. There are other species of the same genus. The plant may be reared in an English hothouse. 2. Dresses partly prepared are sold in boxes, and can be found in any good shop. Many French dresses come over thus.

MAY MORNING.—1. You are evidently much out of health, and apparently attacking a symptom rather than a cause. Your digestion is much out of order, and your circulation very uneven. It is also possible that you may have some defect in the pores of the skin. But only a clever medical man, who had the opportunity of seeing you, could prescribe for you. One thing, however, we may tell you: that you should not drink any beer that contains malt, and that you should not bathe in cold water, nor irritate an already irritable skin with salt water. 2. "Maidenhair fern" (*Adiantum capillus veneris*) is a native of Devonshire, Cornwall, and South Wales, warm, moist heat being essential for it. The pot should be kept exceedingly clean, and kept standing in a saucer of fresh water. The soil most suitable for it is a mixture of sandy loam, peat, lime rubbish, and pebbles, in equal proportions. See pages 198 and 455, vol. iii.

NARCISSE NELLY.—"Eleanor" means "light;" "Narcissus" is a name derived from the heathen mythology; and "Jasmine" is that of a small, star-shaped white or yellow flower. We are glad that our paper affords you so much pleasure.

PROGRESS.—If your dress be one that would bear washing, soap and cold water would take out the stains of sea-water; but if otherwise, you can only send it to a cleaner as a possible means of restoration.

SHEILA.—We have had experience of the cures of consumption which the climate of Pisa will effect. But the summers should be spent in a cooler place. Our invalid used to go there in October, and leave for Switzerland on the 1st of May. Patients are generally sent abroad to a genial climate too late, and are usually allowed to return home (to the place where the disease began) far too soon. Our friend remained abroad for four years, and made a complete recovery. We also knew one, far gone in decline, who went to Madeira only to die the more easily. He remained there five years and returned well. As a rule the question is one of time and the selection of a suitable place. Of these two localities we speak with confidence. Go at the earliest warning, and remain away for a considerable period. Remember that you never be outside your doors for an hour before or an hour after sunset in Italy, or you may be attacked by fever, and let your apartments be on the second or third flats. You write very well.

LA ROSIERE.—Many thanks for your kind and pleasant letter. We regret the delay in answering it. Your verse—

> "Alas! how easily things go wrong—
> A sigh too deep, a kiss too long," &c.,

is from a story called "Phantastes," by George Macdonald. Your writing is beautiful.

MURIEL.—We thank the owner of so pretty a name for the sweet expression of acknowledgment she sends for the gratification that *Silver Sails* afforded her. It is pleasant to write, even on the mere chance of pleasing and benefiting some, for ever unknown to us, amongst the many thousands of our young country-women and foreign readers who have numbered themselves in so gratifying a way amongst "our girls." But it is no small reward when we receive so positive and gracious an assurance of the same from any of them. Muriel gives promise of writing well; there is a good ring about her verses. *Silver Sails* has been reprinted once more, and can be had of any bookseller.

A CELT had better offer her sacred compositions to some music publisher, such, for instance, as Novello and Co.

REGALIA.—We are sympathetic about the red veins in your nose, and sorry that your eyelashes fall out, but we disapprove of any attempt to darken the latter. As to your nose "trouble," you had better ask your doctor's opinion, for indigestion may be the cause.

ESCAPED MIDGET.—We think your skirt would look very well with a polonaise of either black or cream Madras muslin, or even a pink or blue sateen.

ELSPETH MACDOUGAL.—We think the recipe you have copied and sent us is *dreadful*. We should prefer to retain our freckles and enjoy a good night's rest without the application of anything so uncomfortable. Never mind the freckles, dear little Elspeth, no one will think of them if you are as amiable and sweet as you seem to be from your letter. "*De novo*" means "anew," or "begin again."

GLASWEGIAN.—We think you will find the best possible ideas on the subject of your new dress in "Seasonable Dress." A recent number contains a very pretty illustration for an autumn dress. We should make it with a plain skirt and a full ruche, with a short panier bodice. Many thanks for your kind letter.

GERMAN H. B., ENGLISH M. C. S.—You could make holes in your corals with a small drill. We have seen them for sale in the shops where American novelties are kept.

MONMOUTH, SYLVIA, MIGNONETTE, and others are thanked for their answers to "Evadine's" appeal, which, however, was inserted by mistake. We have no intention of making our paper a medium for exchanges or sales.

FAIR PLAY.—We think the advice more especially referred to people who were obliged to take their meals alone, when there is a strong temptation to "bolt" the food without enough mastication.

GLADYCE BANGLE.—Write for the numbers you require to Mr. Joseph Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing the money and postage.

ECILA.—You are too late for the present competitions, and must wait for the next ones, which will be announced in due time.

AIDVL.—An excellent powder in boxes for cleaning sponges may be purchased at any chemist's. Your writing is very neat.

D. A.—We are glad the information was of use to you. Your handwriting is very neat and legible.

NANNIE.—The lines you quote—

> "But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
> Always from port withheld, always distressed,"

are from Cowper's poem, "On the Receipt of His Mother's Picture." We are sorry there was such a delay in answering your letter.

NELL.—To skeletonise leaves, see page 582, vol. i. Practise writing daily, till you can manage your pen more freely.

CHARLIE'S PET.—Any pictures designed for the benefit of sick children would be very acceptable at the Children's Hospital, Cromwell House, The Bank, Highgate, N., or the Ormond-street Hospital for chronic cases.

NORAH.—Our correspondents give us, very unnecessarily, much trouble in answering questions afresh, which by a reference to either index they could find. The word "hair" will be found under the letter "H," in vols. i. and ii. In vol. i. there are no less than fifteen references to the subject, and in vol. ii. there are two more.

GLADYS THORNTON can only be referred to the advice we have already given on the subject of the hair, whether it fall after fever or otherwise. There is no single cure that would be of universal benefit. Cutting or singeing the small young hairs, using a tonic wash, and keeping the hair short is essential. Rosemary has already been recommended.

EDITH WATSON.—Accept our thanks for so kindly copying the little poem called "The First Grey Hair," composed by Thomas Haynes Bayly, and for the gratifying expression of your opinion of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

PORTIA and NERISSA.—Many thanks for your letter. We regret your dissatisfaction, and can only suggest your looking for some other periodical which may suit your peculiar tastes better than ours.

LITTLE NINETEEN.—1. We are indeed thankful to hear that our paper has incited you to make stronger and wiser efforts to attain to a purer life. The reward of "duties well performed and days well spent" is great. Then are we indeed following in the way of Him who first taught the beauty of service, and was the servant of all. 2. The third finger of the right hand is very generally used.

NO. 0.—We thank you for your friendly note, and its expressions of pleasure in the "tone" of our paper. We shall look forward to your promise and its fulfilment.

AN ANXIOUS PARENT.—The children's heads should be combed and thoroughly washed with soap and water once a week, and then kept very well greased. You will find this the best preventive against troubles of the kind. The inside of the shell of the broad-bean is much recommended as a cure for warts. It should be simply rubbed on. We cannot give you an opinion of the book which you mention, as we do not know it at all.

POETRY.—The lines beginning, "What constitutes a state?" are by Sir William Jones, 1746-1794—from "An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus." The first quotation is from Young's "Address to the Deity," in the "Night Thoughts."

A LOVER OF HISTORY.—William of Wykeham died at South Waltham, September 24th, 1404. Your writing is very neat.

ADAH.—The very objectionable customs of "Mischief Night" in some parts of Yorkshire have their origin in the processions in Rogation week, beginning on the 25th April, St. Mark's Day. They are of very ancient origin, and probably began in heathen times. You will find a full account in Brand's "Popular Antiquities." The week in the northern parts of England is sometimes called "gang-week," from "to gang," which means "to go." The original reason for these boundary processions in the Christian Church was to implore the blessings of God on the fields.

SHIRLEY.—You must change the blotting-paper in which the flowers are pressed every day.

WILD ROSE.—Miss Helen Mathers is the authoress. Read the articles by "Medicus." A simple tooth-powder, such as is recommended in "Bright Eyes and Teeth Like Pearls," page 390, vol. i.

EDIE.—A child's parents happening to be in a foreign country at the time of his birth would not constitute him a foreigner. He would be of the same nationality as his parents. If, however, they had naturalised themselves in the country of his birth, he would be of the same nationality as they. We have answered this question more than once. Your hand is quite spoilt by the unmeaning and inelegant little tails which are appended to your terminal letters.

A LOVER OF BIRDS.—When birds are troubled with very minute red insects, like cheese mites, amongst their feathers, dust them with Dumont's or Keating's insect powder. But be careful in so doing not to let it get into their eyes. After a second dusting these pests will all be destroyed. They may then bath, and the cage must be well scrubbed with yellow soap and water.

ADA and MINNIE.—You had better consult a chemist, as we do not think it advisable to give such a recipe, because it might fall into dishonest hands.

NORA AND CLARA O'SHEA.—Lord Nelson was born at Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, in the year 1785, on Michaelmas day.

CORISANDE.—*Sartor resartus* means "the tailor mended." *Tous-les-mois* is a kind of starch prepared in the West Indies from the tuberous root of the *Canna edulis*. It is used as a substitute for arrowroot, and is soluble in boiling water.

VIOLET.—We believe the author of the song is Frederic Cowan.

TORY TO THE BACKBONE.—The sentence is a toast or sentiment, and signifies "to remembrance." "*Cor unum, via una*" means "One heart, one way." Write to the paper devoted to the subject and ask about the machine for the purpose you require.

FRANKFORT AM MAIN.—King Stephen had two sons and one daughter. The first, Eustace, Earl of Boulogne, who married Constance, sister of Louis VII. of France, died in 1152, two years before his father; second, William, Earl of Mortaigne and Boulogne, died in 1159, like his brother, without issue; third, Mary, Countess of Mortaigne and Boulogne, married to a Count of Flanders, and had issue. We could not advise you on the subject of a situation, and trust you will exercise great circumspection in going abroad.

LITTLE JANE.—You should mention the lady's name first; your writing is not particularly pretty.

JULIET.—Neither of you can break the sacred pledges you have mutually made to each other so long as both prove worthy one of the other; and the sympathy of your mother with you is a further ratification of your engagement. You say that it was sanctioned by your father and his when it was contracted. Read the 30th chapter of the Book of Numbers on this question, and especially the third verse. But there is such a thing as common prudence, and also of dutiful respect and tact. In this new and painful state of things the more quiet you are, the less you say, and the less self-asserting you both are, the better. You will both have to exercise great patience, and make up your minds to wait for a while, on the chance of a reconciliation. Do not press on your marriage, so as to ruin the prospects of either, for you cannot live on air. No one should marry without previously making or being allowed a competent provision for it.

A COUNTRY LASSIE.—Belvoir Castle is in Leicestershire. It is pronounced as "Beaver." Your writing is very well formed and legible.

GERTRUDE F.—We feel obliged to you for your very kind letter. July 30th, 1866, was a Monday.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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HER OBJECT IN LIFE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "The Other Side of the World," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HER OBJECT IN LIFE REMAINS THE DESIRE OF HER HEART.

MR. ALLEYNE'S telegram added that he was already on his way to the midland town where Denzil had lived of late, and there he asked Faith to meet him. He knew well enough that the poor soul was little likely to be of any service in either clearing or tracing the runaway, but he wisely judged that the stern outward self-control which the mere travelling would impose on her—the relief of being on the scene to hear all the latest details as they were gathered in—to say nothing of the comfort of meeting himself, who shared the honest blood and bore the honoured name which Denzil had disgraced, might all work together to make the wound endurable until she had rallied her forces of patience and submission.

Faith remembered little of the manner of her departure. Somebody else packed

All rights reserved.] "HE DID NOT GO BACK ALONE."

her portmanteau. It was winter and she was to travel by a night train, and she could remember standing in Mrs. Cowie's parlour, and somebody making her sit down and putting a cup of tea into her hand, while the firelight cast quaint shadows a-dancing on the wall. It was winter, and there was snow on the ground, and she remembered the cab-horse nearly falling on his way to the station, and then the dark, wild platform, and Madge Galbraith's kiss pressed on her cold cheek, and next the railway-carriage full of strangers, who lent her newspapers, and grumbled about the inefficiency of the foot-warmers and the looseness of the window-panes. She caught herself answering them at first quite mechanically and then with a sort of galvanic interest, as if her mind was thankful to avail itself of this journey as a breathing time between the blows which had fallen and those which were still to fall.

The blow the telegrams had brought proved the last and worst. Nothing more remained behind. Denzil's flight had evidently been made in haste, and yet it had been prepared for. He had taken nothing with him, except a few personal valuables, but he had scrupulously destroyed every letter and every scrap of paper in his bureau and writing-case. There was no clue as to what snare he had fallen into this time. His employers and fellow-clerks reported that his habits had appeared steady, but that his interest in business had always been cold and apathetic; that he had admitted nobody to his confidence, and had been in the habit of receiving many letters, which he generally destroyed as soon as he read them. One brother-clerk contributed an item of observation from which something might be inferred. He had noticed Denzil carefully cutting an article out of a certain newspaper. He had happened when he made the excision, and chancing afterwards to see a perfect copy of the same journal, he had had the curiosity to look what had so interested young Alleyne. He found it was an article on the law regulating betting and the unwritten customs of the racecourse.

The sum for which Denzil stood a defaulter was not very large. Faith persisted in paying it.

"When he comes to himself and wishes to make restitution," said she, "it will be easier for him to make it to me."

She found her last hope growing in what might have been thought the depth of despair—even in his disappearance!

"It may be the beginning of repentance," she argued, "if he had wished to save himself from shame and suffering, he would first have appealed to me. If he had done so, professing regret, I could not have doubted him—at least, I could not possibly have denounced him, though I might have insisted on his confession—so that the last alternative of flight would still have remained to him. No, I think Denzil has began to grow sick of himself; and that is well, I shall not grudge that discipline, it only it does not end in despair."

Mr. Alleyne, the uncle, said nothing. He would not blight her loving hope by one stern word. But he himself was inclined to suspect that it was more likely Denzil had sounded his sister's love and patience by his own short plummet, and so believed that there was no more to expect from her mercy, or, on the other hand, that he had such a true estimate of her justice and right-wiseness that he knew mercy would have only been extended to him on terms to which he did not care to conform.

Week after week, for months, a short simple advertisement appeared in the leading papers bidding "D. A." to remember that it was never too late to return to God and goodness, and that "Faith" would not fail him if he claimed her help in the upward path.

There came never a word or a sign in answer. And then Faith said to herself, "Perhaps he will not trust himself again, nor ask me to trust him, until he has proved himself. It is impossible that he can forget, and this dead silence may well be worth far more than many words."

Thus God giveth His beloved peace; faith and hope shall never fail while love requires them; and love, we know, shall survive all need of both.

And so Faith went back and lived on in the grey, north city a tranquil, busy life, ever ready to render tender womanly offices in the shifting household, yet true home, which gathered about trusty Miss Milne, yet, had as we know, its root in Faith's own sisterly devotion and neighbourly kindliness. She was ever ready, too, to second all the wise Christian hospitalities of the Galbraiths, who always kept sacred the anniversary of Miss Milne's party on that eventful last night of the year—though even Miss Milne herself had long forgotten that that festivity derived its inspiration in Faith's own thoughtful ways at the preceding Christmas. She was ever prompt, too, to answer Robert Finlay's letters, to take counsel with him over his difficulties, and cheer him in his despondencies. And whatever other people might not know or might forget, he always boldly claimed her sympathy on the score, "that if it had not been for her, he did not suppose he should be where he was." Considering the good work she knew he was doing, Faith thought it was very kind of him to think so, but she did not believe in the fact.

In Faith's bed-chamber hung a little illumination of the text, "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart." She painted that after Denzil went away, and she said to herself that God had seemingly taken its object from her life, but He made no exceptions in that promise, and that if she could not take all comfort from it, the fault was all her own.

Only she must be very patient with any of the erring who came within her reach; must treat them all, both in measures of loving pity and of wholesome discipline, as she would hope somebody else was treating Denzil.

After long years, there came a day when Robert Finlay returned home to the old country for a brief visit.

He did not go back alone. Mrs. Cowie and Miss Milne and even Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith all cried out in amaze, and almost felt injured at first, for they had grown to think that Faith would come in and out among them all her days. But there were new love and new work found for her in the dusky Indian town, where she presently returned to settle with her husband.

Wife-like, she was proud to see how many came to welcome him and his (to them) unknown bride—proudest of all of the crowds of his ex-pupils and his present scholars. They arrived in their new home at night, with wild lights gleaming over the strange, half-fantastic scene. And parting the chattering gorgeous crowd to right and to left, bearing down straight towards her, came a dark, bearded man, who startled her as a ghost could scarcely have done. He took her hand and gave it one strong pressure, and without a word turned and went as he came, leaving her heart beating fast with bewildering and conflicting memories.

"Who is that?" she asked, clasping her husband's arm.

"Dr. Drummond," answered Robert Finlay. "What! did I never tell you of him? He is now doctor on a large plantation here, and I hear him kindly spoken of among the poorest and forlornest. But he lives a strange lonely life."

"Was there any truth in those stories of the secret marriage?" asked Faith, still trembling. For when a remnant of the old life had thus met her on the threshold of the new, what might not eternity keep in its misty stores?

"Very likely," said Robert. "Indeed, I think so. I know he has been heard to say, 'I trusted a woman once, and she befooled me.' Probably that English wife may be alive yet, and that, of course, compels his loneliness."

"A terrible experience to take back with him from a Christian country!" sighed Faith. "But I am so glad to have found him thus doing his best!" And she sighed again. For the thought in her heart was, "only it is not Denzil!"

Not in this world will she know that on a pallet in a barrack infirmary a dying soldier, who had enlisted years before under the name of James Smith, had lately lain writhing in despair of God's forgiveness, until at last the army chaplain said—

"Is there not anybody on earth of whose love and forgiveness you could be quite sure, if you would only ask it in sincere purpose to profit by it?"

There had been a silence. Then the choking voice had come more softly—

"Yes, my sister would."

"And do you think your sister's heart is larger and more loving than God's?"

The army chaplain had said no more after that question, for he saw that it went home. There had seemed no immediate danger then: he had thought to see the man again the next day. But in the night the great change came. And the strangers about the bed heard something which they did not quite understand; they thought that the dying man was but mingling phrases which had lately been ringing in his ears.

"Faith has saved me at last. For I know what Faith was, and God can't be less, for He made her what she was."

And that was the end.

Faith will not know this in this world But she has God's promise to live upon. So when she goes into the Father's Larger Room, surely it will not startle her to find that it is fulfilled!

ABOUT FINGER-NAILS.

THE finger-nails are, in reality, plates of thickened skin—the outer layer, or *epidermis*, dried, horny, and so modified as to form little shields for the protection of the highly sensitive tips of the fingers. We all know by experience that there is no more feeling in the nail itself than there is in the hair; but most of us have found out how much more painful any injury to the flesh beneath—say, that caused by a splinter of wood—is than it would be if occurring in any other part of the body. If these appendages did not exist, we should soon lose all that delicacy of *touch* which now prompts us to feel everything with our finger-ends, and those members would become as little serviceable for the purpose as our elbows; just as the constant exposure would soon roughen the front of our eyes and make us blind, if we had no eyelids.

The few facts which we are about to consider apply to the toe-nails as well, but in a lesser degree. We don't give our toes a fair chance, always muffled up in wool and leather, and consequently their nails are not of so much importance to us; though we soon become conscious of them when there is anything the matter. Among savages, or those half-civilised people that go barefoot, the toes are made use of, not only in holding but in feeling, nearly as much as the fingers. Watch a Hindoo carpenter at work, and you will almost say that he has four hands; while a lazy South American Indian, lying on his back and basking in the sun, when he wants to reach for anything, throws out his arm or his leg according to which may be nearest to the desired object. And there are numerous well-authenticated accounts on record of extraordinary things that have been done by people having the misfortune to be born without hands. In the museum at Antwerp, for instance, at the present time an armless artist comes nearly every day to paint; handling (if one may use an Irish expression) not only his brush but his pocket-handkerchief, penknife, and other articles in the deftest manner possible with his toes. To such a one the nails would of course be as useful as those which grace other people's fingers; but when encased in boots and shoes they are deprived of the greater part of that utility for which Nature originally designed them.

Nails grow in two ways—by length and by thickness. New material is constantly being formed at the root, and this is compelled to push upwards towards the end of the finger by reason of the nail being set, at its lower margin, in a kind of firm groove in the flesh, which prevents it from spreading downwards in the direction of the knuckle. But the horn thus manufactured at the bottom would be worn very thin by the time it reached the top—if, indeed, it ever reached so far—did it not receive additional strengthening on the way; and so we find that fresh substance is added to it from below at every stage of its course, until it actually leaves the finger and projects beyond it, when we are accustomed to cut it off, for convenience sake. That this is the process of growth can be proved by making a deep scratch or an indelible stain—such as the yellow burn produced by nitric acid—at the base of a nail; it will be seen, gradually, to move up, nearer and nearer to the end, but by the time it reaches the top it will not be quite so distinct as when it was first made, because the surface will be worn away somewhat. The time varies; a healthy thumb-nail takes, on an average, about twenty weeks to grow from root to tip.

When I say *tip*, I mean, of course, that point at which most of us cut them—not that that is the limit of their growth or, rather, extent, for live growth certainly stops there. Beyond that it is dead, but it will go on increasing, pushed onward by the new matter behind. How long the nails would get if their progress was not arrested by the knife, scissors, or file, or broken short by employing the hands in work, it is difficult to say. In China, the mandarins and other dignitaries allow one nail to grow, as a sign that they do no manual labour, and in many countries this is esteemed a mark of high rank, especially with ladies. Among these, the projection often reaches two or three inches in length; but, being dry and brittle, it requires great care to preserve it so, and it frequently becomes twisted in the growth, so that it laps round or across the other fingers, just as a green stick will become warped in losing its moisture—by no means a pretty ornament, according to our ideas, and still less beautiful when we remember that its presence is an ostentatious boast of absolute indolence.

There is a curious fact in connection with this subject that is very little known—at least, in this country; in the West Indies, the Southern States of America, and other places where black people abound and often intermarry with the whites, it is familiar enough. If you look at the base of your thumb-nail you will observe a white mark, which has been named from its shape the *lunula*, or little moon—indeed, it is not at all unlike the upper border of the moon just rising. The thumb shows it best, but you should see it on all the fingers as well if you are unremitting in the use of the nail-brush; at any rate, press back the rim of skin at the bottom and you will perceive that it is there, if hidden. Now, negroes do not possess this white lunula—why, I haven't the least idea, any more than I have why the palms of their hands and soles of their feet should be lighter than the rest of their bodies. Furthermore, in the descendants of a mixed marriage, many generations after, when all traces of swarthiness of skin or wavy peculiarity of hair have disappeared, this absence of the lunula is still marked.

Some people shed their entire nails at intervals, and others are subject to a constant splitting and peeling of them; both very troublesome affections, and, as a rule, requiring prolonged medical treatment for their cure, as the cause of the mischief usually lies in some disorder of the constitution. Steeping the hands in soda and other strong alkalies, however, is apt to crack them; after any such occupation they should be well rubbed with oil to extract the alkaline matter and to restore the proper proportion of fatty substance which has been lost. Bakers, and those whose fingers are brought much into contact with moist sugar, suffer from a similar complaint at times. Nails contain a great deal of sulphur—as much as six or eight per cent.

Never pull off a "dead nail".—that is, one which has partially separated in consequence of an injury, commonly a blow or squeeze. People always appear to want to get rid of this as soon as possible—a most mistaken notion. Its presence may occasion a little inconvenience; but, like the dead skin over a blister, it will form a better protection for the new and tender tissue underneath, for the soft nail that will spring up and require shielding for a time, than any artificial application. When it is no longer wanted it will be thrown off. Nature is a capital surgeon as well as artificer; she knows not only how to create, but also how to repair.

The condition of the finger-nails often affords an index to the general state of health. Persons having a consumptive tendency frequently present them "clubbed" in appearance, that is, depressed at the extremity. And in violent illnesses, such as fevers, they often stop growing until the strength begins to be re-established, the point of arrest being afterwards clearly indicated by a well-marked furrow or ridge.

The Greek word for the nail was *onyx*, and it is from the fancied resemblance of its outline that the precious stone has derived its name. Egyptian ladies used to dye their finger-nails with henna, and some of the wandering tribes which inhabit the vast plains of Central Asia at the present day stain them black with a rude ink, which they manufacture from bark of trees and iron-earth. We should consider these somewhat superfluous adornments, but it is universally admitted that well-kept nails are a great ornament. Indeed, untidiness in this respect might well be taken to argue a slovenly disposition on the part of their owner, since so little trouble is necessary to ensure their neatness—occasional paring and frequent friction with a moderately hard brush. Various powders and washes are sold by perfumers for the purpose of polishing them, but these are not needed, nor are they probably of any real value; nothing is better than the nail-brush and soap, and the daily use of these will prevent the formation of those painful "nail-springs," as well as the accumulation of dead skin at the borders, which is so disfiguring. It is difficult, since the finger-tips differ in different people, to lay down any general rule as to the limit at which their length should be regulated—perhaps the extreme level of the skin may be taken as a guide in most cases. The corners should be rounded and carefully filed to prevent their "growing into the flesh," as is usually said, which, in reality, means the skin overlapping till it covers them up; the nail-brush, however, will do much to prevent this, the healthy stimulation giving the edges a tendency to spread outwards as well, wherefore this most useful adjunct to the toilet should be employed for the toe-nails also. Those who have experienced the agony and protracted lameness caused by an ingrowing great toe-nail, will not despise any simple means of averting the recurrence of such a calamity.

The practice of biting the nails is a very bad habit, to which many children and not a few grown persons are addicted, and one which it is very difficult to cure. Commencing, generally, with neglect of the scissors, or with the pressing inconvenience of a rough edge or broken point, it soon becomes practised unconsciously. No one is more anxious to break the habit than the victim; for it may be assumed that nobody derives much gratification from biting his nails, although, from the energetic way in which some people do it, one would think they were taking a meal with an appetite! How, then, is it to be prevented? The common remedy of a rap over the knuckles is not only harsh treatment, albeit with kind intent, of what is not so much a *fault* as a *misfortune*, but is ineffectual in its object because it is not administered on one occasion in six when it is called for. Painting the nails with mustard doesn't look very pretty, and assafœtida renders the sufferer a

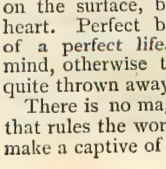
nuisance to all around, who wish that she would rather continue to eat her nails in odourless peace. But tincture of chiretta is open to none of these objections. It may be procured at any chemist's, and the fingers soaked in it without harm, and, being inconceivably bitter, will speedily admonish the unfortunate of her failing directly the tips approach her mouth.

In conclusion, let me say a word about a practice which is almost as deleterious as biting, and far more general—so universal, indeed, that you will most likely be astonished to hear it condemned—that is, the usual method of *cleaning* the nails. Almost everybody is accustomed, once or twice a day, to scrape out the cavity with a knife or the point of a pair of scissors, or with one of those nasty little instruments which are sold for the express purpose; or else they let the bristles of the nailbrush pass underneath. Now, by doing this, a space is excavated for the lodgment of dirt which does not naturally exist there. Why is it that your nails always become grimier than the rest of your hand, and exhibit five jet-black crescents while the skin is only slightly soiled? Because the dirt there is condensed and compressed by accumulation, visible through the transparent horn; particles of dust are worked in and cannot escape again, as they might from the general surface, but are forced deeper, layer on layer, by succeeding particles. In a natural state, the plump, rounded flesh ought to lie in close contact with the nail for some distance above the "quick," or part where they are actually joined together—so closely as not to admit of the entrance of casual particles. That this is really the case may be proved by walking and scuffling about on muddy or dusty ground with bare feet; the toe-nails are not subject to this periodical digging, and will be found to require no special means of cleansing. The writer has allowed neither knife, brush, nor anything else to be inserted underneath his finger-nails for many years; yet, though not trimming them shorter than other people, he finds them harbour no accumulation and to be kept perfectly clean by the simple process of washing his hands. No more dirt can lie under their projecting margin than on any part of the skin, and whatever may be there is at once dissolved out by the water. True, he cannot boast those nice, white half-circles which betoken a recent scraping, but he considers that they would be rather dearly purchased at the cost of so frequent necessity for their renewal. And if the reader will put up with the sacrifice of these, and the discomfort of bearing extremely dirty nails for ten days or a fortnight, she will find that the space wherein the foreign matter collects will gradually close up from below and give her no further anxiety or trouble.

ARTHUR STRADLING, M.R.C.S.E.

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

VII.—THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.



EAUTY is but skin deep." So they say, and there is a sense, no doubt, in which these words are true. But, girls, that outward loveliness which gives so much joy to everybody must, if the best of its kind, be united to charms that do not lie on the surface, but have their home in the heart. Perfect beauty is the outward garb of a perfect life. This you must keep in mind, otherwise the following paper may be quite thrown away, which would be a pity.

There is no magic like beauty. It is love that rules the world, and whoever wishes to make a captive of love must do so by means of beauty. A friend declared to me the other day that he is haunted by a vision of loveliness. "Did I not," he said, "pass in the street in one of our great cities, five or six years ago, a girl with a beauty of face and form and a sweetness of expression which has brightened my life ever since? Who she is I have never discovered, but I can understand now the actions of that prince who grew enamoured of a portrait, and never rested till he had searched through all the world for the original." "Why," said I, "thou art in a perilous state." "I know it," said he.

When we are attracted by beauty, just as this friend was, we very naturally infer that there is a beautiful soul behind it. Sometimes, of course, we are mistaken, like another friend, who was captivated with a photograph in an album, was introduced to the lady whose likeness it was, married her within three weeks, and most probably will rue it all his life. She is a beauty who, not satisfied with doubling her husband's expenses, makes them six times as much. My unfortunate friend is very wise now, as was to be expected, for he is a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly. Had he to marry again, he would not likely choose his wife by the eyes only.

Regular features and a lovely complexion are very well in their way, but don't be too proud of them. There is Flora. She has the best heart and the kindest disposition in the world, but she is not good-looking at all, so far as artists count beauty; and when her lovely cousin appeared on the stage everyone anticipated that Adolphus would straightway transfer his allegiance to her. But, much to the credit of Adolphus, it turned out otherwise, and, after all these years, his regard for the cousin, compared with his enthusiasm for Flora, is as a cracker compared with a volcano.

There is an affectation of beauty which is worse than ludicrous—it is disgusting. What on earth, Harriet, induces you to assume that extraordinary smile? And why, Helen, do you look at everybody in that ridiculous way, which you take to be a glance of friendliness, combined with superiority, but which only conveys the impression of insincerity and cunning? To be beautiful people must be natural, and the loveliest that ever had life I can quite imagine to have been a girl who never looked in a looking-glass, never studied an expression, and never gave a thought to the effect her beauty produced. "She neglects her heart," says the proverb, "that studies her glass."

It may be that Nature has to all appearance dealt unkindly with some of you in giving you homely features, but it is the firm conviction of all sensible people that no girl was ever made so plain that she could not, by cultivating her mind and heart, render herself the most attractive and the most beloved by any circle in which her lot might be cast.

Jane, in quite a pathetic voice, complains that she has a snub nose. What does that matter? Are you weak-minded? Have you a bad temper? Are you foolish? Are you stupid? Are you conceited? No; I am sure not. Then, Jane, be satisfied. I hope, at any rate, you will never imitate the girl who, having a snub nose, used to sleep with a clothes-peg on that organ in the vain hope thereby to turn it into a respectable Grecian or Roman.

The outward appearance, it has already been said, does indicate, as a rule, what a person really is. This is fortunate, for it often saves us from being deceived as to character, and misled by what we are sometimes told. The hypocrite, however nicely she may speak, cannot look as if she were honest. Then there is Ruth, whom some of you know. It is very edifying to hear her speak with profound respect of everybody, and one might believe her if he had no eyes to see her sarcastic face.

Best of all is it when the countenance is radiant with truth and kindness, and all those qualities which command the esteem and deserve the love of those about us. Sometimes those qualities are so impressed on a face that we would stake anything on their real existence. There is an Arab story of a man, in a matter of life and death, being asked in a crowded assembly who would be his surety. He looked round, and studied the countenances of those present, all strangers to him, and at last he saw a man whose face he liked. "That man," he said, pointing to him with his finger, "will become my surety." And such the man, out of pure love and generosity, proved quite ready to be.

To be truly beautiful, have a great care, girls, of your mental and spiritual nature. You must think well, act well, and be governed by the best of motives, in order to look well. It is intellect and spiritual perfection alone that can give real loveliness and animation to the human face and form. Nothing has so wonderful an effect on one's personal appearance as the constant presence of pure and noble thoughts.

Most of all those who wish to be beautiful should cherish kindliness of disposition. "Women," I have read somewhere, "are fairer than men because they have more affection." Loveliness is love made visible. If you want then to blossom like very roses of beauty, be kind and gentle, thoughtful of others, perfectly unselfish, and ever ready to lend a hand to any in trouble. Yes, be just so, and we shall all wish, my friends, that your shadows may never grow less, and shall never again quote with approval the saying of the old writer who set down that "Those who have to do with beauties, often find that they bring with them their weight in sorrow."

Such, then, is the secret of loveliness, and here, girls, is the end of this series of papers. But there must be a last word, and what is it to be? I have spoken of many things which, were they attended to, would make us all both better and more useful. Let me end with a motto, whose meaning is so vast, that under its shade everything I have said may come. Being short, you may long remember it, and it would be hard indeed to find any saying more true or more likely to be of service to those who are earnestly striving to be good:—"*The first thing is to seek the favour of God: all else follows.*"

JAMES MASON.

SOFT WATER *v.* HARD.

By MEDICUS.

SOFT water, that is, water not impregnated with mineral substances, such as lime, &c., is not only better for culinary purposes and to drink, but it is much to be preferred for the bath or even for washing hands and skin. If people only knew the value of pure rain water they would certainly take means to preserve it. If anything in the world may be called literally a boon from heaven, it is rain. It ought to be collected in tanks, and when wanted to cook with or to make tea, it should be run through the filter.

Water containing iron is hard, but it is also a good tonic, although unfit for bath or kitchen use.

The simplest way of softening water practicably and easily is by boiling it. It should be afterwards allowed to stand for a day in the open air, in order to aërate it. It may then be used for the bath with good soap, or for drinking after it has been run through the filter. Filters can be made or bought so cheaply nowadays that, considering their great utility, it seems really a pity there is not one in every house.

MY LOST MARY.

By the Rev. WILLIAM COWAN, M.A.

My Mary is gone from my hearth like a bird o'er the sea,
And now all the light of the world is darkness to me:
The music has ceased in my house, I hear not a sound;
Like a spectre I walk here and there 'mid silence profound.

My Mary, the sweet of my garden was she many days;
'Twas then all one summer with me—twelve long, merry Mays;
Now I walk in my garden sometimes, but no sweetness is there;
She is gone, and the flowers are scentless, and scentless the air.

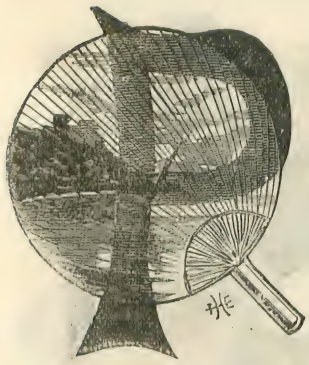
Through the bright fields we wandered, my Mary and I, with delight,
And came home just like children at play in the smiling moonlight;
With our hands full of flowers we came home, and our hearts full of love,
Pausing to listen betimes to the nightingale's song in the grove.

But my Mary is gone, like the song of the bird that is dead,
And her name is now but a remembrance of joys that have fled,
And the hopes we once cherished are broken like shells on the shore,
And the heart that she left me is restless and weary and sore.

I watch if perchance I may see the sweet face once again,
I list for the noise of her footfall, but listen in vain,
'Twill be heard in my hall nevermore, and the face dear to me,
Whose smile was a blessing, I never in this life shall see.

As the angels love God, I loved thee, my own beautiful wife,
Like a sunbeam from heaven thou camest, the joy of my life;
But now thou art gone, life has lost its enjoyment for me—
I will die too, and go, with love for my guide, to seek thee!

USEFUL PLANTS.



PLANTS not only supply man with a large proportion of his daily wants, but they also contribute, directly and indirectly, very materially to his comforts and luxuries. As many of us know little even respecting a great many of the plants which so constantly furnish us with the supplies of the food most necessary for the sustenance of by far the larger portion of the human race, a short account first of some of these may be both interesting and instructive.

The grass family (*Graminaceæ*) is a most important one, for it contains, besides many others, the wheat, which furnishes the staple food of more than three-fourths of the population. The wheat is one of what are called by botanists the cereal grasses. It is a true grass, though it has been so changed by cultivation that few of us would recognise it in its natural or wild state. The botanic name of the wheat is *Triticum*, given to it, according to Varro, from its grain being originally worn or rubbed down (*tritum*) in making it eatable. There are a great many different kinds of wheat, but in England only two are generally sown — viz., the winter wheat (*Triticum vulgare*, variety *hybernum*), and the spring or summer wheat (*Triticum vulgare*, variety *æstivum*). The former (which is the kind most depended on for the crop) is a biennial—that is, it is sown towards the close of one year and flowers and comes to perfection the following year; while the latter is sown early in the spring and comes to perfection the same year. Wheat succeeds best on strong firm land. When the land has been ploughed, and ploughed again, and harrowed, the seed is sown either by a man walking all over the field with a box or bag strapped before him, and throwing the seed out of it by handfuls, which is called broadcast; or by a machine, into which the seed is put, and which, being drawn across the field, sows the seed in straight lines. This latter mode, which is preferable to the former, is called drilling. When the wheat is ripe it is, as most of us know, cut by persons called reapers with a sharp reaping-hook or sickle, or with the reaping machine, the latter being now very commonly employed, and with considerable saving of time—an important point in a climate so changeable and uncertain as that of Great Britain. As the wheat is cut it is tied in bundles called sheaves, and these, when dry, are taken to the rick-yard and put into a rick. As the corn is required for the market, it is thrashed out either with a flail or with a thrashing machine, the latter being the mode now most commonly adopted, and preferable to the former. The grains of wheat being thus separated from the straw, they are winnowed—cleared of the chaff. The wheat is afterwards sent to the mill to be ground into flour, the husky part, which is the bran, being separated by passing the flour through a fine sieve. The straw of the wheat is used in England for various purposes—for thatching houses and other buildings, for making beds for horses and cows, and for making straw bonnets and straw hats. For the latter purpose the best straw is that grown on dry chalk. The leghorn bonnets are made of the straw of a very fine-stalked wheat (quite different to the common kind), which is cut green, and bleached by laying it for a long time in the river Arno, which has a gravelly bottom. This fine straw is plaited without splitting it, and this is the reason the leghorn bonnets are so strong. Straw bonnets are not so commonly worn now as they were formerly in this country. Straw manufacture is carried on at Luton, in Bedfordshire, and at St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire.

The wheat is generally considered to be a native of a district of Russia and Asia, inhabited by the Bashkirs, a warlike race of men of Turco-Mongolian origin, who are admirable cultivators of various kinds of grain. Large quantities of wheat are imported into this country from various parts of the globe. We receive supplies not only from almost every port in Europe and North America, but also from Northern Africa, the East Indies, Australia, and occasionally from the Brazils. While the quantity of wheat grown in the United Kingdom is about 144,000,000 bushels, or 18,000,000 quarters, the quantity imported is nearly 4,000,000 quarters.

Other plants of importance belonging to the grass family are the oat, barley, rye, Indian corn, rice, millet, and the sugar cane. Few plants belonging to the family are more graceful and elegant than the oat (*Avena sativa*), with its beautiful large panicles of flowers. Many varieties of the oat are cultivated, but in England most commonly the two kinds are the white and the black, or Tartarian, both of which are annuals. In Scotland the kind called the potato oat appears to be most generally grown. The native place of the oat does not appear to have been satisfactorily ascertained, though in the northern parts of Britain the oat in times past formed the staple article of human food. Its greatest use now is in feeding horses. Oatmeal is used for porridge and oat-cake.

The quantity of oats grown in Great Britain and Ireland far exceeds that of all the other cereal grains put together, the total being 30,500,000 quarters, or 244,000,000 bushels. The quantity imported is very much smaller than that of wheat, not one half. "Groats" (so much used in making gruel) are oats with the bran or outer skin removed; "embden groats" are oats skinned and partially crushed.

Barley (*Hordeum distichon*) is another grass of considerable importance to man. Pliny says that barley was the most ancient food of mankind; but it is not so much used for food now as formerly. Tartary is generally supposed to be the native country of the barley. The quantity of barley grown in Great Britain is very large, amounting to about 10,000,000 quarters, but only a small quantity is imported (about 51,000 quarters), all of which we receive from the North of Europe. The barley bread which was once the common food of the poorer classes is now rarely seen in this country. The grain is now mostly used for making beer and spirits, and, when ground, for fattening pigs.

For beer the barley requires to be first malted—that is, the grain is induced to germinate by soaking it in water and applying heat. By this process the starch, existing abundantly in the grain, is converted into sugar, which, if fermented, is easily converted into the half-vinous beer, and by increased fermentation into alcohol.

Rye (*Secale*—from *seco*, to cut—*cereale*) is a native of the Crimea. It is cultivated to some extent in the North of Europe, and there, and throughout Germany, it is generally used for making bread, either alone or mixed with wheat, ranking next in value to that grain for the purpose. Though the flour of rye is very nutritious, it is not much used in this country, as there is a prejudice existing against it, arising most probably from the very serious and fatal effects produced by what is called ergot of rye, a very poisonous fungus, which attacks this grain. This fungus, when it exists in considerable quantities in bread-corn, produces the most dreadful effects on the human frame, causing the most terrible ulcers and gangrenes, which at length destroy the limbs. Similar effects have resulted from the use of mouldy provisions.

Indian corn, or maize (*Zea*—from *zao*, to live—*mays*), has now become a grain of very great importance, and furnishing us with a most wholesome and nutritious food. It is extensively cultivated throughout the whole of the American continent, most parts of Asia and Africa, and the southern parts of Europe; but it is not suitable for being grown in England, as our summer is too short, and our autumn usually too wet. Large quantities are imported from the United States and Italy. The flour of maize is not very suitable for making bread, but it is well adapted for making puddings. The Indian corn was found invaluable in 1846, the year in which the potato crop so completely failed, when the imports amounted to 3,614,637 quarters!

Rice (*Oryza*—from *eruz*, its Arabic name—*sativa*) is a most useful grain, largely consumed in this country, rather, however, as a luxury in the form of puddings and in confectionery, than as a principal article of food. The rice plant resembles very much the oat in its habit of growth, and has a graceful appearance. It differs, however, from all the bread-corns in being a marsh plant, requiring to be grown almost in water; that is, the ground must be kept covered with water while the plants are growing. Rice is cultivated in great abundance in India, in the southern provinces of China, in Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam, Japan, and other parts of the world. In Carolina it has long been a staple commodity. Its cultivation in the State of Carolina is the result of a small bag of *paddy* (the name by which it is called by the Hindoos), which was given as a present by Dubois (at one time treasurer of the East India Company) to a Carolina trader. Rice has also been introduced into cultivation in the southern kingdoms of Europe—Italy, Spain, and the South of France; and, more recently, into Hungary and Westphalia. Even in England a crop of rice has been obtained on the banks of the Thames, near Windsor. The rice which we get from the southern States of North America is decidedly the best, being much sweeter, larger, and better-coloured than that of Asia, where its cultivation is less carefully managed. The States of Carolina produce the best American rice, and from Patna we get the best East Indian rice. In India a kind of arrack, or strong spirit, is distilled from rice. The beautiful Chinese "rice-paper" was, until recently, erroneously supposed to be made from rice. It is now, however, quite certain that this paper is made from the most beautifully white pith of *Aralia papyrifera*, a very ornamental plant (belonging to the ivy family), with large, deeply-lobed leaves, which may be seen growing luxuriantly, even in the open air, during the summer, in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington, in Hyde Park, and in other places. The water-colour paintings of flowers, fruit, and insects on this so-called rice-paper have a very beautiful effect.

Millet.—There are several kinds of this grain which we use, all belonging to the grass family. One kind is the *Panicum* (from *panicula*, a panicle; or *panis*, bread) *miliaceum*, a native of the East Indies, where it is extensively cultivated. Another is the Italian millet (*Setaria*—from *seta*, a bristle—*italica*), which produces a small, round, sweet grain,

used in this country chiefly in confectionery. And a third is the German millet (*Setaria germanica*), used chiefly for feeding cage-birds. Other kinds are used for food in various parts of the world.

The sugar-cane (*Saccharum officinarum*) is a perennial grass of large size, growing from six to twelve feet high. The stem, which is jointed at short intervals, is full of an extremely sweet juice. This grass has now become of immense importance. It is cultivated in a zone extending from 35 to 40 degrees on each side of the equator. It was probably first cultivated in India, for the Venetians imported it thence by the Red Sea prior to 1148. It is supposed to have been introduced into the islands of Sicily, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus by the Saracens. It was afterwards cultivated in Spain—in Valentia, Granada, and Mercia—by the Moors, and sugar is still made in these provinces. In the fifteenth century the cane was introduced to the Canary Islands by the Spaniards, and to Madeira by the Portuguese, and thence to the West India Islands and the Brazils. It is now also cultivated in Australia. The Dutch began to make sugar in the Island of St. Thomas, under the line, in 1610, and the English in Barbadoes in 1643, and in Jamaica in 1644. The culture of the cane has since become general in warm climates, and the use of sugar being universal, it forms one of the first articles of commerce throughout the world. Raw sugar is imported from the West Indies, from the East Indies, from Havannah, from the Mauritius, and from the Brazils. The quantity consumed in great Britain has kept increasing every year. In 1851 the quantity imported amounted to 314,300 tons; and now the quantity is more than 400,000 tons. The sugar-cane in the West Indies is propagated by cuttings from the root end, planted in trenches in the spring or in the autumn, something in the manner of hops. The cuttings root at the joints underground, and from those above send up shoots, which in eight, twelve, or fourteen months are from six to ten feet in length, and fit to cut for the mill. A plantation lasts from six to ten years. Sugar-mills are merely iron rollers placed vertically or horizontally, between which the canes are passed and repassed. The juice thus squeezed out is collected and boiled with quick-lime, which, being an alkali, imbibes the superfluous acid, that would otherwise impede crystallisation; all impurities rise to the surface and are skimmed off, and the boiling is continued until a thick syrup is produced, when the whole is cooled and granulated in shallow vessels. In this state it is the raw or muscovado sugar of commerce, and the moist or brown sugar of the shops. The refining of sugar is a process by which all the colouring matter is entirely removed; and thus we get lump or loaf-sugar, which is called single or double refined, according to the number of operations it undergoes. The operation of refining is seldom or never performed by the growers, and generally forms a separate branch of manufacture, extensively carried on in this country.

Sugar-candy is formed by dissolving loaf-sugar in water over a fire, boiling it into a syrup, and then exposing it in a cool place to crystallise. Barley sugar is a syrup from the refuse of sugar-candy, hardened in cylindrical moulds.

Molasses, or treacle, is the uncrystallisable portion of the juice of the sugar-cane, used for various purposes, especially by the poorer classes. Rum is distilled from the molasses, or from the fermented juice of coarse sugar and water.

Most plants contain sugar, and it has been extracted from the beet, and the mangel-wurzel (especially in France), the parsnip, the maple, the birch, the grape, and the date, though the sugar-cane is preferred, as it is the most profitable, from the greater quantity of sugar obtained. From potato-starch sugar has also been extensively manufactured for mixing with cane-sugar, but the manufacture is illegal in this country.

VARIETIES.

PAYING FOR A TESTAMENT.

A HAWKER once presented himself at the door of a hut situated on the skirts of a wood in a remote district of France. A poor woman opened the door to him. No sooner had he offered her a Testament that she seized his hand with an air of gratitude, and said—

"I thank you; I already possess this book, and have a debt to pay."

"I have never seen you before," replied the hawker.

"I will tell you how it happened," said the woman. "Six years ago a hawker passed this way; he offered me this book, but I had not sufficient money to pay for it: fifty centimes (fivepence) was a great sum to me, and still I had a great longing to possess the book. The man, who observed this, said to me, 'Take it. I leave it with you; if you have no money to pay for it, you will pay it to the first hawker who passes after me.' I accepted his offer. At first I thought the book sufficiently expensive; but when I began to read it I considered it cheap. I then began to put a few halfpence aside, but as I advanced I found in it so many beautiful things that I added now and then a few more halfpence. I have known many unhappy hours; I have been sometimes without bread, but not for all the world would I have touched this money."

As she said this the poor woman produced the fruit of six years' economy. It amounted to five francs, which she consigned with joy to the hawker, telling him that she did not consider that she could ever pay for the book its real value; that to her it was worth more than a thousand francs, but that she gave all that she had.

THE WEARY PLOUGHMAN.—The following line from Gray, "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way," has been found to admit of eighteen transpositions without destroying the rhythm or altering the sense. The reader will perhaps be content with the following:—

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way;
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way;
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way;
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way;
Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way;
Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way;
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way;
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way;
Homeward the ploughman, weary, plods his way;
The homeward ploughman, weary, plods his way;
The homeward ploughman plods his weary way.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

Thames Church Mission, 31, New Bridge-street, Ludgate-circus, E.C.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—More than a year has elapsed since your most interesting exhibition of ladies' needlework—the outcome of competitive and careful labour by the subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER—drew admiring crowds to the premises of the Religious Tract Society.

The committee of this mission owe you hearty thanks for having included "sailors' book-bags" among the many useful articles for which prizes were awarded, for not only was there immediate and substantial gain by your kind gift at the close of the exhibition, but numbers of ladies who had never even heard of a "sailor's book-bag" discovered a fresh outlet for their energies; whilst others, who had already done work of a similar nature, received an impetus to renewed exertion. Others again (unable themselves to make these pretty portable book-cases) found pleasure in filling them with the numerous superfluous volumes and magazines crowding their library shelves.

Thus the happy thought of the editorial mind resulted in a widely extended and daily increasing interest and sympathy in those brave seamen to whom we all owe so much, and your fair readers would rejoice and feel abundantly repaid for all their exertions could they witness the intense delight with which a ship's crew receive the gift of a well-stocked book-bag.

The first book placed in each bag is an eightpenny Bible, numbers of which have been generously granted for this special purpose by the British and Foreign Bible Society. To this are added hymn-books and tracts, and as many interesting and illustrated works of travel, biography, poems, &c., &c., as can possibly be crammed into the remaining space. Outside is the blue mission flag, and a notice that the books will be exchanged on the vessel's return to port.

For small ships one bag is sufficient, but on board the large ocean liners at least five must be given.

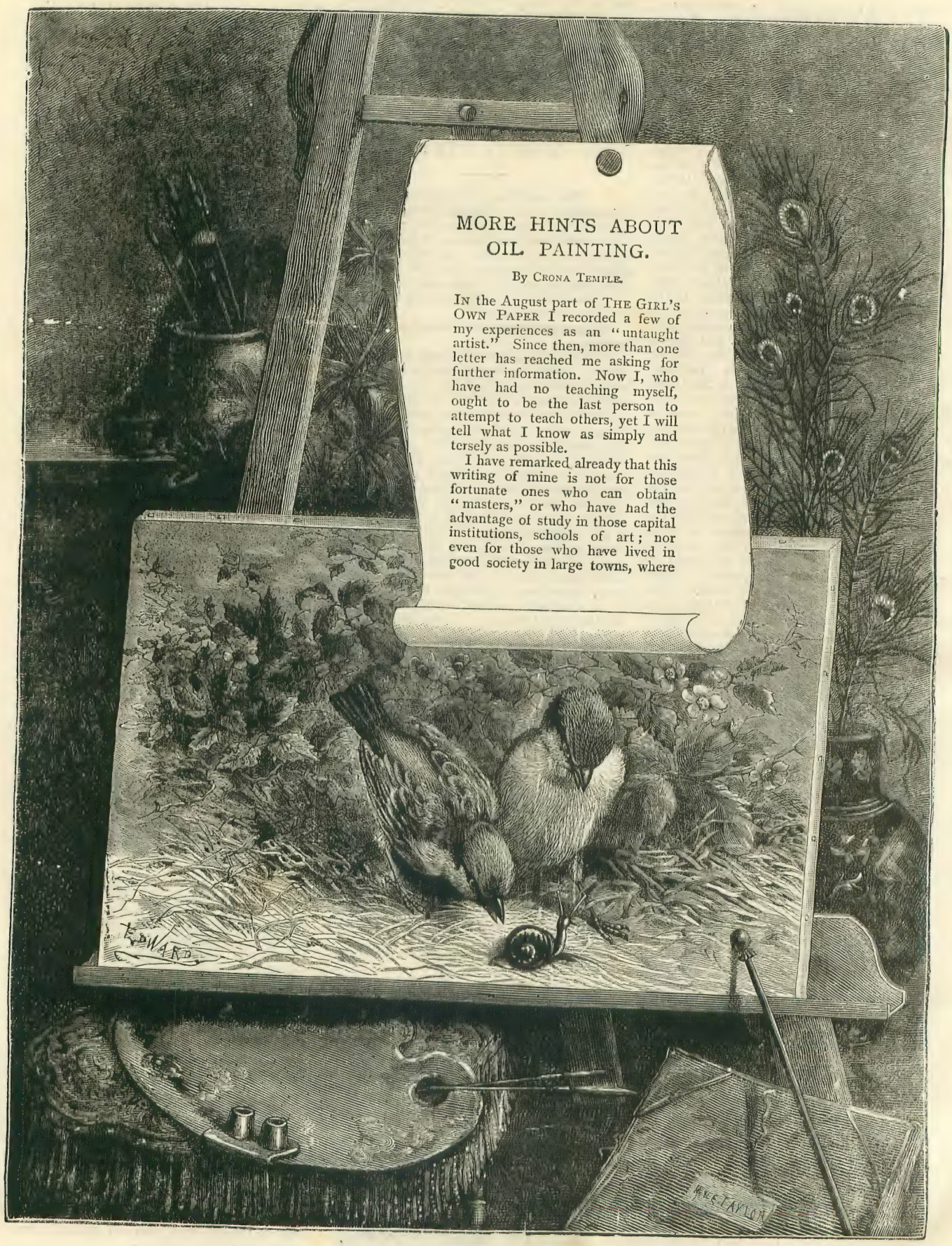
During the past twelve weeks alone nearly 2,000 volumes have gone forth to all parts of the world, and there is a constant cry for more.

It is in the power of most, if not all, of your readers to respond to this appeal, and I earnestly trust the response will be liberal and hearty.

There are thousands of warm hearts among those who read your paper. Will you then, Mr. Editor, again direct the current of sympathy into the channel which has already conveyed so much real practical good to our sailors; and the workers, while their fingers are diligently engaged in carrying out your directions, will, I trust, breathe an earnest prayer for a rich continuance of that Divine blessing which, for thirty-seven years, has enabled the chaplains and missionaries of the Thames Church Mission to lead many a sailor to the Captain of his salvation.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

E. J. MATHER, Secretary.

*** Our readers will find directions on p. 175, vol. ii., for making this simple and most useful article. We trust many kind readers will be found willing in this way to help on the work of a most admirable mission to seamen. The bags, when made, should be sent to the secretary, who will gladly acknowledge their receipt.—ED.



MORE HINTS ABOUT OIL PAINTING.

By Crona Temple.

In the August part of The Girl's Own Paper I recorded a few of my experiences as an "untaught artist." Since then, more than one letter has reached me asking for further information. Now I, who have had no teaching myself, ought to be the last person to attempt to teach others, yet I will tell what I know as simply and tersely as possible.

I have remarked already that this writing of mine is not for those fortunate ones who can obtain "masters," or who have had the advantage of study in those capital institutions, schools of art; nor even for those who have lived in good society in large towns, where

all sorts of art knowledge is picked up by the wayside, as it were.

It is rather for those girls who would fain be able to draw some of the lovely things which God has scattered so lavishly over His earth, and who, fancying that they are "so ignorant," have never tried to find out if any power lies in their unused pencil and brushes.

Well, to take up the thread of my story where I left it in July. Supposing I have persuaded some one to attempt oil painting, first let me warn her to avoid buying too many colours to begin with.

I have read somewhere that the old Greek painters used only four colours in their work. But all pictures of ancient Greek art have perished long ago, and we have no means of judging if that statement be false or true. Certainly the tendency in these days is to multiply colours and tints far too much. Therefore, instead of sighing over your meagre supply, try what effect you can get through the simplest means.

"The shortest road to good colouring is through a simple palette," said an artist to me a month or two ago. A number of colours, although each may be good in itself, only bewilders and perplexes a beginner.

And this reminds me of one of my pet theories, which is, that poor people and ignorant people get a sort of advantage out of their very disadvantages. I was lamenting the lack of a classical education to one of my brothers the other day, a brother who has taken a high Cambridge degree. "I could write with much more propriety," said I, "had I learned Latin and Greek as you have." His answer was, "I am not quite sure of that: women, by reason of their very lack of learning, write more naturally and freshly (sometimes) than we men can do; we are hampered now and then by the very elaborateness of our education." What a comfort to hear!

Again, from the scantiness of spare cash I was obliged to do with very few colours at the outset of my attempts at oil-painting: and I do not regret that *now*.

I do not mean to argue that it is better to be without a knowledge of Latin or Greek, nor better to be cramped in one's power of buying paints; but I do argue that there are advantages to be found even in these unpleasant conditions.

It is but a platitude to say that painting is an effort at imitating Nature. Every girl knows *that*, but the mischief is that the effort is apt to be tame and poor, even if the effort be sincere and painstaking.

My own heart has failed me often, as I have tried to catch the lights flickering in and out of the oak tree beyond our tennis lawn, or to capture some faint reflex of the glory that dwells within the texture, as it were, of a lily petal.

One reason of failure is, that while we try to put upon our canvas all that we see, we do *not* see all that there is!

The oak is not green all over, as a novice is pretty certain to paint it. Here a great gap in the foliage gives a dark shadow, there a bough catches on its edge a sharp high-light. One knows that a tree *is* green, and one is tempted to go rather by that knowledge than by one's eyesight, and so the oak is painted a green which Nature never did nor can acknowledge. The exquisite gradations of light and shade are passed over, the wonderful mellowing bloom which the atmosphere gives is ignored. Trees are green, and therefore this oak must be green, is the idea in one's head. But the sketch suffers terribly thereby!

The same argument may be used about the lily. A mere breadth of flake-white could never be mistaken for the petal of a white flower. It is impossible, with any oil-paint ever ground, to rival the dazzling brightness of a lily in the light. Therefore, one must summon art to one's aid, and try to "force the effect" of one's material; some mass of shadow cunningly placed, some strong contrast of colour will help greatly: and the eye will be drawn away from the poverty of the "flake-white." Broken tones of purple and rose and amber are in that lily, too, if one knows how to see them.

Do not be afraid to fail. Most successes are built up of failures! Let your brush follow your eyesight. Once get power, and beauty will come with study and practice.

I have failed so far, I must confess, in landscape painting. I can copy a landscape, indeed; but that is a widely different thing from painting "from Nature." This spring I was staying on the borders of the Gareloch, one of those lovely inlets from the Firth of Clyde which run far up into the hills. How I longed to be able to transfer to my sketching-block some semblance of the beauty which lies spread before the house! To the right towers the serrated range of the "Argyll bowling-green"; to the left lie the masses of the castle woods; in front the pale waters of the loch, scarcely a mile wide; and beyond these the brown shoulder of the Glen-Fruen moors rising above a fringe of firs.

But that view was quite beyond my powers. I may have "taught myself painting," but not such painting as can do the Gareloch justice!

The reason of my failure is, I think, that I have not yet risen to the construction of a picture. In copying one can give colour for colour, tint for tint, as one finds them on the canvas, and the effect of the original is produced more or less exactly. But in the wide sweep of that lovely Scotch view I was baffled, because I did not know how to place one colour in opposition to another, how to exaggerate truth (*truth*, remember, not some false fancy), so as to cope with the difficulty which mere pigments find in imitating the purity and vigour of Nature.

Therefore, my second bit of advice to-day is, Do not try great things until you can master the difficulties of small ones.

Do not paint Clyde scenery, or tropical forests, or snow-covered Alps until you can draw that bit of rock, or that tree trunk, or the turn in the road where it comes down to the bridge. *Walk* before you try to run!

For my own part, I am more and more convinced that my talent, such as it is, is for designing. I am sorely tempted to let landscape alone—and, indeed, "pictures" altogether—and to try only the "decorative style," as my little cousin calls it, a style which is interesting enough and beautiful enough to repay one for following it.

I spoke of the doors and panels which I have so enjoyed painting. Lately I have done a great deal upon American leather, and I find that this material is really delightful for whole hosts of things.

Large pieces—a yard long and half a yard wide—make capital "splashers" for fixing upon the wall behind a washhand-stand. I saw a very charming one painted with groups of rushes and misty kingfishers seen in the far distance. So cool and soft and feathery the whole thing looked, that it must have been quite a pleasure to wash one's hands while it hung there on the wall. The American leather was a dull gold colour, which accorded well with the design, and also with the furnishing of the bedroom which it adorned.

In doing these one must be careful to avoid gaudiness (which often borders upon vulgarity), and not to run into the opposite extreme of faint, undecided inanity. Good, firm, honest drawing, careful and facile colouring—this ought to be one's aim. First sketch the design, be it the light sprays of blossoming grasses, or the dark leaves and delicate, china-like flowers of the midsummer calmias, and then set to work with a clear idea of what you are going to do. I think you will be astonished at your own success!

Then this same American leather makes very pretty blotting-cases. It is easily mounted upon card, lined with silk, and finished with ribbon. I made a blotting-case of it a little time ago, and sent it as a wedding gift to one of my friends. It cost me exactly 2s. 8d., but it is a comfort to think that one's presents are not reckoned by their money value alone. I painted upon one side of this case a group of hoop-petticoat daffodils, those sweet, single "Lent-lilies," which "take the winds of March with beauty." To relieve their golden loveliness I threaded a dark, ruby-tinted spray of water-grass through them: I found that grass growing close to them in the Duke of Argyll's woods at Roseneath. Nature always does place her darlings just where they look best. Had I sought the world over, I could not have discovered a better relief for my daffodils than that grass!

On the other side of the case I put the bride's monogram. Have my girl-readers ever discovered how easy a thing it is to twist up monograms? My plan is to sketch each letter separately on notepaper, then cut them out and twine them together, over and under each other. If the letters are drawn carefully on square bits of paper (to keep them straight, and of the same size), and if one has a little ingenuity to expend upon the twisting of them up, it must be a very awkward and wrong-headed monogram that does not look nice when done. The letters should be painted of different colours, and then it will not matter how much they overlap one another—each will remain quite distinct.

And this same monogram-making is a very useful knack, for everybody likes a present which is evidently theirs and intended for them from its very beginning. We ought to measure the value of some things by the amount of pleasure they can give, and judging from this point of view my invented monograms have been very valuable, although some may be inclined to smile at such mechanical "art."

My paper has almost reached its limit, and I fear I have scarcely answered all the questions which those letters, written by readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, contained. It is so difficult to make things clear to many minds, and although I have tried to tell what I have found out for myself as simply as possible, yet it may be that some will call all this very vague and unsatisfactory.

Let me conclude with words which no one can mistake.

Take your courage "with both hands," and *believe* that you will succeed in spite of failures. Draw carefully, but boldly. Avoid the "niggling" style which so many young ladies affect; if you find that your temptation lies in that direction, baffle it by choosing *large* subjects; draw a great head of rhododendron rather than forget-me-nots. Do not complain of your materials. One of the grand art-masters made pictures by spreading flower-petals and leaves upon the ground; and more works of art have been sketched with a mere lump of charcoal than either I or my readers can ever rival.

Don't copy this "style," or that. Go straight to Nature, see how she works, and interpret her as well as it lies in you to do. You have eyes of your own, brains of your own, a heart of your own; let the beauty of the world speak to *you*, just as your eyes and brains and heart can receive it; and then I am sure you will paint far better than years of servile copying could make you do.

If you have but a bulrush and buttercup you can make a beautiful drawing if you will be con-

tent to learn all that those two things can teach you. See how the round reed is pillared up, how it bends slightly where the southern sun has drawn it towards the light. See how the dense brown of the crest is touched with soft bloom, like the powder on a ripe plum. And then the buttercup—ah! no words of mine can help you to understand how lovely it is unless your own eyes have studied its cup of burnished yellow fire, its round buds with their deeply cut fringe of leaves, its stamens which tell their own tale of happy useful life. You can put that buttercup into a dozen positions, and draw it over and over again, and if you have one spark of the artist's nature in you you will not think your labour thrown away.

One more word. Always finish what you have begun. Do not let your portfolio get crammed with half-done sketches, with little bits of things which are but witnesses against your wasted time. If a thing is worth beginning it ought to be worth finishing. And remember drawing is something more than a mere amusement to while away an idle hour—it is a talent from God.

Then take it from His hand; improve it all you can; use it to cheer sad hearts, to give brightness and pleasure to others beside yourself, remembering that He who "giveth us all things richly to enjoy" will also demand from us an account of our stewardship, whether He has entrusted us with much or with but very little.

And He who has built up the bulrush and burnished the buttercup, stoops also to care how girls spend their morning hours, and to notice if they have any love in their hearts for One who loves them each so well.

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen" "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER X.

TED PROVES VERY USEFUL.

IT was just the beginning of April. Lovely, bright, soft, balmy weather. Just the sort of weather, in short, that tempts one to pile up adjectives in its honour, just the sort of weather that tempts hopeful people to exclaim to each other with beaming smiles—

"What a glorious summer we are going to have!"

Just the sort of weather that makes happy-tempered girls begin to think of picnics in the woods, boating parties on the river, seaside rambles, cotton dresses, roses, and white serge. Just the sort of weather that made it very natural for Ted Carmett to exclaim—

"After all, uncle, you see it really was a good thing that I broke myself to bits like that, for you never would have thought of keeping Kattie and me here all this time if I hadn't."

Convalescent Ted lay on a luxuriously-cushioned couch drawn close up beside an open French window, looking on to a greenest of green lawns studded with little flower-beds, brilliant with crocuses, primroses, and hyacinths.

Round about the couch were gathered the young invalid's father and mother, his uncle, Mr. Carmett, Kate, of course, and Mr. Russell. The whole party had been in a state of silent enjoyment for some minutes, when Ted burst in upon the calm with his short speech. After a moment's pause he added—

"You wouldn't, would you, uncle?"

Mr. Carmett laughed.

"Well, if I were to have to keep you either way, I would rather have kept you whole."

Ted shook his head. It looked a more knowing small head than ever, with its queer little tufts of new light hair.

"Yes, uncle, I suppose you do think so. But you never could have done it, you know. Cook says you couldn't. She told me she really did believe that another week of me, as I was, would have worritted you to skin and bone, you got that scared with me, she——"

"There, hold your tongue, chatterbox," said his mother, laughing, and laying her hand over the open mouth. "You have no right to betray cook's confidences, you know. Tell us, instead, why you think it such an especially good thing that your uncle has had to keep you here so long."

"Oh! mamma, why that's very easily told," came the ready answer. "I don't suppose uncle would have liked me to live right on to next winter thinking his place wasn't, after all, much of a place except for the donkeys, you know, they are nice, and the pigs. But now I've seen it in the spring I know it's lovely. And then, of course, there's that other reason."

"As good as the first, you young monkey, you?" asked Mr. Carmett, laughing. "Come, let us hear it."

"Yes, it you like," said Master Ted, quietly. "And it's better than the last, because this one isn't even a bit selfish. If I hadn't been broken about Kattie and Mr. Russell wouldn't have had to sit beside me so often together, and I'm sure they have both liked—oh!"

Ted might well say "Oh!" for his mouth had been momentarily stopped this time by a sudden jerk up of his chin, which had made him bite his tongue, while Kate muttered, actually angrily, and with angry eyes and blazing cheeks—

"How dare you, Ted! How dare you say such things!"

And then Ted's chin was released, and he gasped "Oh!" while Kate sprang up from her seat and, darting out of the window, flew away round the side of the house.

The next instant Mr. Russell had sprung to his feet also, and being encouraged to some cause of action, apparently, by a laughing—"You had better make haste, Frank, if you want to catch that hare"—from Mr. Carmett, he also darted through the open window, and ran away round the side of the house.

Ted stared out into the garden for a few moments, speechless. Then he raised himself on his elbow on the couch, and looked up into his mother's face for explanations. But Mrs. Carmett's countenance was as much of a puzzle to her young son as anything else, at that instant. He had never seen it look so strange before. Flushed rather, and the eyes downcast and full of tears, and a smile on the lips. It was very queer—very queer indeed! Quite incomprehensible, in fact, at any rate to Ned.

"What has happened to them all, I wonder?" he muttered, slowly. Then he looked at his father and uncle, and, although they were both laughing, they were also looking at each other in rather a curious way.

Ted felt as if he had made some sudden jump out of a light room into a dark well, and was inclined to be rather irritable in consequence.

"Uncle Edward," he said at last, reproachfully, "I don't believe it's the way to help boys to get over having headaches, for a lot of people all about him to look as if they'd been asking a lot of riddles, and won't tell him one of the answers."

Mr. Carmett laughed more than ever at that expostulation.

"It's you, yourself, Neddy Bray, who have been putting the riddle, and Mr. Russell has now gone to try if he can't persuade your sister to answer it. He has tried several times already, I rather think, but I expect you have done a good deal at last towards helping him to an answer."

"To what answer, uncle?"

"Ah! That you must ask Katie, herself, when she comes back," was the reply. "I can only guess at it, and I believe she would rather tell you the real thing herself, than have me spoil it by only telling you my guess."

And then, as though by some felt agreement, all the three elders of the party rose simultaneously, and together went away into another room. Ted was left alone to think his puzzled thoughts in peace.

The thoughts that at the same time were engaging his relatives were evidently of some importance, for he was left entirely by himself for more than an hour, a neglect wholly unheard of during the past three months. However, Ted

neither cared on the present occasion, nor felt injured. He was too busy working out his puzzle.

As an aid to thought, he made use of a pencil and sheet of writing-paper at last, and wrote down in rather a scrawling, shaky way—

"The mudle bigan lik this. I sed I was shur Kats and Mr. Russell liked sitting tergether by me, and then Kats flu up in a pashon, and the mudle bigan. I surpose it's only Mr. Russell who's liked it, and Kats has dun it bercorse she dusant like to be cross, and mamma nos that, and is pleased that Kats has bin so good. And now Mr. Russell is erfraid he mayn't stop to dinner for fear of Kats, and——"

"Oh!" with a contented little cry, and dropping the pencil, as a shadow came between him and the light, and there stood Kate herself on the window ledge. Rather a less upright, open-eyed Kate than usual, but a very bonny, sweet-looking Kate all the same.

"And you're not a bit angry-looking any more, either," said Ted, in a satisfied tone, after a tolerably close scrutiny. "So please read this, Kattie, will you, and tell me if I've guessed right."

Kate took the scribbled sheet a little wonderingly, and read it very slowly, and then, as Ted said inquiringly, "Well, Kattie?" she dropped down on her knees beside his couch and gathered her young brother closely in her arms.

"And I was right, Kattie?" whispered Ted.

"Not quite, dear," came the whisper back.

"Oh!" said Ted, in a tone of considerable disappointment, and then, with some touch of anxiety—"But you are not angry with me any more, are you, Kats?"

A closer clasp than before, and a warm, long kiss were the first answers to this question, and they were followed by a gentle, "No, indeed, Teddy darling, I was not angry before, not really angry, only—only—afraid. For you know, Neddy dear, you truly were a very dreadful little bother of a boy to go and say such things."

Ted drew his face back a few inches from his sister's shoulder, and treated her to the full view of a pair of very earnest blue eyes.

"But you know, Kattie dear, when I said those things I really did think they were true."

"And so they were, dear, quite."

"How funny!" murmured Ted. And then he resignedly let his head fall back to its former resting-place, and fell asleep. A good many remarkable solutions of the "mudle" came to him in his dreams, but never an approach to the true one. Kats was his Kats, and it never occurred to him as possible that anyone should dare try to rob him of his property.

CHAPTER XI.

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY WAS DONE FOR!

"DR. WALTERS, how long is it likely to be before I shall be able to dance?"

Ted put his question with calm gravity, but the doctor looked at his small patient with a very amused face, and laughed.

"Dance on your head, I suppose you mean, you young pickle! Well, I should not advise you to try just yet awhile. Do you wish to?"

Ted shook his head, and looked very polly-like indeed, as he replied, seriously—

"No, Dr. Walters, I don't mean anything nonsensical of that sort. I mean real, proper dancing. Will you please tell me when I shall be able to do that again?"

Thus adjured, Dr. Walters ceased laughing, and spoke almost as seriously as his patient as he said—

"I do not think your leg will be equal to any exertion before the autumn, but I hope that by next Christmas-time you may be able to dance, once more, as merrily as anyone. Are you so fond of dancing?"

"Oh! no," with actually almost a shudder of repugnance; for, as a fact, Ted hated it, and small partners, and kid gloves, and all the rest of it.

The doctor stared.

"Then, my little man, under those circumstances why are you anxious to know?"

"I have a very important reason," was the oracular answer, "only perhaps Kattie wouldn't like me to tell. But thank you very much for saying that it won't be before Christmas. You won't change saying that, will you?"

"Not unless you break your leg again, by way of making me, I hope," said Dr. Walters, with a smile, as he picked up his hat, and went off to other patients, perhaps less amusing, but also less mysterious.

A few hours later Ted, lying on his comfortable couch at the open window, was surrounded by the same people to whom he had proved so disconcerting about a week ago. His puzzle had been fully solved several days now, it cannot be added, to his satisfaction, but at least to his perfect comprehension. Mr. Russell had himself told his future young brother-in-law that he loved Kats, he believed, a great deal more than ever Ted did, and that, whether that were so or no, Katts had promised in the coming years to look after him instead of after Ted.

"I do hope then," said Ted, earnestly, "that you will be very careful not to give her much trouble. For even a very little is almost too much for her. Even looking after me has made her look quite tired sometimes."

But that considerate remark had been made some days ago, and also some days ago Ted had shed his first bitter tears in his mother's arms, in Kate's arms, and finally in the darkness of a sleepless night on his own pillow, at the prospect of losing—"Dear, dear, dear old Kats," out of his home.

"Never mind, Master Teddy," said cook one morning pityingly, at sight of the red eyes. "I wouldn't take on about it if I was you. Perhaps you'll be having a nice Miss Kitty of your own some day."

But Ted almost flew at her. "Will I, indeed, that's all you know about it then, cook, I can tell you. For I hate girls!! I wouldn't look at one of them if I could help it."

"But Miss Kitty is a girl, leastways a young lady, Master Edward," ventured cook.

"Kats is Kats," said Ted shortly, and then he turned his face away on the pillow, firmly resolved not to speak to anyone again, perhaps as long as he lived, but at any rate not for the next half hour. And so far he kept to his determination, for he slept longer than that.

But all these things, as we have said, were things of the past, when the family party and Mr. Russell were grouped together again round the open window of the morning-room. And Ted was growing reconciled to the new state of affairs.

"Though all the same," he said that afternoon, being as usual the one to break a rather long silence, by speaking out the wind-up of preceding thoughts—"All the same, you'll have to wait for her a pretty goodish little while, Mr. Russell you know."

And Ted spoke with a calm air of significance that puzzled all his hearers. Kate bent over him with a blushing face, and whispered—

"I mean him to wait a long time, laddie, but why do you mean that he must?"

Ted sat up and answered aloud—"Why, of course he must. Don't you remember our dear old Irish Ann told us that no wedding was lucky that wasn't danced at? And I shan't be able to dance before next Christmas, for Dr. Walters says so. I asked him. So there, you see."

Of course nobody will be surprised to hear that everybody did see, and Miss Carmett did make her lover fully understand that no wedding should take place until Neddy Bray was at any rate able to dance at it, whether he were called upon to do so or no.

As Christmas-time drew near Ted grew so well and strong again that it was decided he should go to a boarding-school after the holidays, and, accordingly, Kats was married to Mr. Russell on the 23rd of January, and on the 24th Ted went off merrily enough to try a new phase in life.

The tendency of a boarding-school has so much of what Mr. Arthur Hallam, or Mr. Tennyson for him, says of London life, as to rubbing down angles, and getting otherwise rid of all personal idiosyncrasies, that you must admit that the heading of this final chapter is correct, and that, at last, that bother of a boy was done for!

THE END.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

"The rarest gift that moves the minds of men."—J. Critchley Prince.

"I'd be a poetess, light and gay
As the first-born tint of a summer's day,
Nursed on the breast of an eastern sky,
When Morn in her golden sheen trips by.

"I'd be a poetess, wild and free,
As the feathery foam on Italia's sea—
Proud as the fierce and dashing wave,
Trying its strength on the seaman's grave.

"I'd be a poetess, blithe and fair,
And with Fancy's jewels would wreath my hair,
Plucked from the brow of the fairy queen,
When dressed for a midnight banquet-scene.

"I'd be a poetess, and the shrine
Of mine inmost thought,—a spring divine,
Whence inspirations of light should gush,
As mountain streams from their deep source rush.

"I'd be a poetess, if the Muse
Would poetry in my soul infuse,
And lend to the chords of my secret lyre
A single spark of Apollo's fire.

"I'd be a poetess, and my theme—
Love, of the which no heart can deem;
And the thrilling tone of my deathless lays
Should win from all lips the meed of praise."

Thus murmured a young enthusiast,
Who sighed for the Gift of Song;
Deeming a sky by no clouds o'ercast
To the minstrel *must* belong.
But her present and future the *past* became,
And she trod the ascent to the temple of Fame.
Then rose that maiden's voice in song,
With full, exulting tone,
For poetry was on her tongue—
Its spells were o'er her thrown:—

"How precious a gift is poesy,
How sweet the joy it brings—
Tuning the mind to harmony,
As forth on thought-fledged wings
The spirit flies
Wherever rise
Affection's sacred springs.

"Poesy, poesy, boon divine—
A child I yearned for thee,
Yet never dared hope to call thee mine—
Thou gentle mystery:
Yet now I feel,
And would reveal,
Thy deep sublimity.

"I converse hold with the trees and flowers,
And the sequestered stream—
Not a leaf unfoldeth in summer hours
Wakes not some pleasant dream;
E'en bird and bee
Have songs for me,
And gratitude the theme.

"Fancy and Thought have my vassals been,
And they have borne me far,
To spots no mortal eye hath seen—
Beyond or sun or star,
And 'neath the waves
To sparkling caves,
Where Ocean's treasures are.

"And the human heart, in each varied mood,
Hath most my study been,
In its hopes and fears and passions rude;—
Yet inquisition keen,
Nor poesy,
Nor sympathy,
Could read its depths, I ween.

"And *love*, in its warmth and holiness,
I feel, and feeling, sing
Of the full deep joy—the happiness
That it doth ever bring;—
And bliss that still
Attends Love's will,
And fervent worshipping.

"I have touched the lyre's responsive string,
Yet never dreamed of fame,
And my fancy's wild embodyings
Have seldom settled aim;
Yet have my lays
Aye met with praise,
And spread afar my name.

"Fancy and Poesy, hand in hand,
Lead me o'er earth and sea,
Yielding a glimpse of the brighter land
Of love and purity;
Thus to this heart
The gift impart
Of glowing poesy."

And time passed by,—that unerring test
Of each sublunary thing;
And the poetess, whom grief oppressed,
Once again essayed to sing;

But not with the joy of her earlier lay,
(With a sorrowing heart could her song be gay?)
But mournfully rose that saddened strain,
At the stilly vesper hour;—
Day and her life were alike on the wane,
To close with the closing flower:—

"Oh, fatal Gift of Song!
What hast thou brought to me?
The worship of the throng
Is vanity!

"The heart so finely strung,
'Neath e'en a touch to thrill—
Too sensitive, is wrung
By every ill.

"The homage and the praise
That seem to herald Fame—
Shine they with steady rays
Or wavering flame?

"And Love,—thou poison flower,
Thy richly laden breath
I, dupe! inhaled each hour;—
I drank in death!

"The dreams I knew are gone—
The hopes I held are fled—
The proud and trusting one
In chains is led

"Love, Poetry, farewell!
Your earthly triumph dies—
This soul a song shall swell
Beyond the skies!"

PUNISHED AND BLESSED!

"REALLY, grandmamma! It's not such a dreadful crime to be untidy that you need look at me so sternly. It's only a little fault; untidiness never killed anybody yet."

The moment the words were out of my mouth I knew that I had made an unconscious mistake, for grandmamma's eyes filled with tears, and she sat down on my bedside, sobbing bitterly. Of course, the room was all in a muddle; my room always was. Of course, the shoulder-seam of my dress was open; if that had not been ripped, some other would have gaped. I was trying to stick it together with a pin, meaning to throw a cloud over my shoulders to hide all deficiencies, when dear old grandmamma came in. I first saw her in the looking-glass standing behind me, as I was bungling with the pins, looking, oh! so sorrowful!

Presently she recovered herself, took my own little easy chair by the fire, for I had been an invalid the last day or two, and bade me sit on the footstool as we all used to do when talking to the dear old love!

"Jeannie," she began, "I am going to tell you a story of my life that nobody ever heard from my lips before. Don't let me tell it in vain. Yes! somebody was once killed by untidiness."

She paused, and I shivered as we do shiver when we touch the Holy of Holies in another's heart.

"I was but seventeen years old, child, when I married your grandfather. People used to say that I was very lovely, and that was why the earnest, solemn man took me to his heart and home. Certainly I was very slovenly, though probably he had not seen much of this before marriage. Vanity is a wonderful curb to the female nature, and the anxiety to please him made me orderly in my person on the occasions of his visits.

"Soon after we had settled in our dear little home, which I must say he had made as bright for me as if I had been a humming-bird in a tropical forest, some of my failings began to creep out. Gradually, as familiarity began to lessen the awe with which I regarded him, gradually as I found that crossness, the only thing I dreaded in anyone, made no part of his loving, tender nature, my watchfulness relaxed and a spirit of disorder seemed to haunt the house.

"Being quick of perception I did not fail to notice the effect of this change upon him.

"The first time he came home and found me sitting in the midst of a scatter which no words can describe, his eyes opened wider than usual, then turned upon me with a curious, inquiring glance, expressing more wonder than blame. I threw down upon the cushioned sofa the novel which had so beguiled me that I had forgotten the hour of his return, stammered forth some unintelligible excuses, and began to scramble together all the annoying little nothings that never would keep in their places.

"'Not so fast, Jeannie,' said he, evidently amused, 'my kiss first, and the tidying process afterwards.' And then I remember the quaint way in which he insisted on helping me to give the room that air of orderly comfort to which he had been accustomed and the burning shame I felt that he should do my work.

"To explain the rest I can only tell you I was a passionate novel reader. I forgot my best resolutions over the stories of my kind, and I never could remember to mend anything at the right time. Had he chidden me when he found his buttons off, his gloves unsewn, the stitch he had asked me to put in, left till 20 sufficed not in the place of one, I might perhaps have altered.

"But he did not chide, it was not in his nature; only we slid apart, as it were, each one leading a separate life. I was delicate, too, then, and I know he thought that a double reason for not troubling me with fault-finding. Thus I gradually relapsed into all my old ways and habits, till the home he had made so lovely was quite a chaos in itself, and my mother moaned over my incorrigible slovenliness each time she entered the house.

"A day came at last that made me the mother of a boy; I have never been able to think any other child so lovely as that babe. To me it brought a rapture I had never known, the first revealing of all the noblest part of womanhood;—the wrapping of another life within your own. Remember I was such a child when I married Aleck.

"It drew me to my husband's heart again, it cooed all its sweet notes between us, that held the same music for each other's hearts. How

could any chill creep between us now? Was not Baby his as well as mine?

"The child itself was cared for as only the first-born are, and throve accordingly.

"If my habitual slovenliness followed me into the nursery, robbing our morning-room of at least one definite charm, it stopped short at my boy, it never dared to touch him. He was always sweet, spotless, and loveable. Nursing is such untidy work, my own person I am afraid suffered terribly at this time, so much so that once my husband glanced from the child to me and said:—

"'Jeannie, Jeannie, why are you not as fresh and spotless as he?'

"I turned away to hide a rising tear, for I did not like him to think me less lovely or less fair.

"A few days after I was busy in the nursery, having just washed and dressed our babe and laid him sleeping in his cradle which stood near the fire, because it was such bitter winter weather. Some of his things I had flung over the top of the fender, just as I had taken them off; it was a habit of mine.

"Aleck came in to say good-bye before he went his way for the day, and on seeing the clothes in such dangerous proximity to the fire, caught them up hastily and exclaimed:

"'How can you leave them there with his cradle so near? Will you never grow wise?'

"The anger in his tone, so unnatural to him, chafed me, and I replied:

"'It's not likely I should leave the room before clearing them away!'

"He almost smiled as he said, 'Not at all likely, my little scatterbrain, who is a mother whilst herself a child.'

"'Well! you know, Aleck, I do mean to grow tidy,' I answered.

"'Hell itself is paved with good intentions they say; misery I know is,' he replied, almost bitterly, and then we parted.

"I am afraid it lay not in my nature to take anything deeply to heart—some hearts must be pierced before they feel—for I had forgotten his words ere the day was over, and certainly never thought of them as morning after morning I still flung my baby's clothes on the fender-top because it was the most convenient place.

"One day we were going to have a dinner-party, and I was called down to see the greengrocer just as I had laid my boy in his cradle. He was six months old then.

"In the hurry of the moment I left the room just as it was, never even looking round with any presentiment of coming evil.

"I was detained below longer than I had

expected to be by the calls of several tradespeople, whom on that particular day I wished to see myself.

"Suddenly I thought I heard a scream, so piercing it never could have come from Baby's throat, then another! and as I tore up stairs, that morning when my husband warned me rushed into my mind.

"Yes! it was all in flame!—the clothes, the cradle with its muslin trimmings, and my precious child! I caught him burning to my breast and against my own bosom with my own hands crushed out the flame. For three terrible hours of agony, madness hovering over my brain, doctors standing helplessly round, I held out for my baby's sake and clasped him lovingly to my scorched breast as he moaned his little life away. When he had breathed his last and my husband gently took not my babe, but a lifeless body from my arms, I remember feeling an agonised terror as if all the universe were on fire, and then for long months I was conscious no more.

"At last there came an awakening, a return to the consciousness of life. I knew what I was and who I was, I recognised my husband, but I did not yet remember the past of my motherhood.

"They had healed my burns, which I never knew I had; the scars I was too weak to notice. The first day I was strong enough to sit up a little something impelled me in the nurse's absence to totter to the looking-glass. Then I saw my hair, my rich brown hair, in snow-white braids all round my head.

"The link was found, the spell was broken; with the surprise the horror came rushing back again, and had not Aleck at that moment entered the room and read the truth in every line of my poor smitten face I believe I should again have sunk back into illness and madness.

"Softly he took me in his arms, softly he caressed the silvery hair and murmured in a voice rich with the forgiveness I should never have dared to hope for:—

"'Weep and pray, Jeannie, for my sake; I could not bear to lose you both.'"

"The floodgates were opened, and in that first full torrent of tears something like healing stole over my heart.

"I was never again what I had been, never very lovely, never happy with the happiness of the young. But I assimilated more day by day to my earnest husband and to his noble nature. Through him I have known happiness that, had my darling not suffered and died, I should never have known on earth.

"Sons and daughters grew up round us in a home that was instinct with the true spirit of order, the order which arises out of a life one with all its highest aims and deepest tenderness, a life that has learned to be true to the soul within it.

"Jeannie, have I told my tale in vain?"

I think I only answered with a sob.

CONSTANCE BEVERLEY.

NEW MUSIC.

WEEKES AND CO.

Phyllis. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick.—A playful, pastoral song, words and music both pretty and pleasing, written in two keys: No. 1, C, compass C to C; No. 2, F, compass F to F.

It Is Not Always May. Words by Longfellow. Music by A. H. Cox.—The words, which are taken from a Spanish proverb ("No hay pa' jaros en los nidos de antano") need no comment after naming their writer. The music carefully and smoothly indicates the sentiment, and will be listened to with satisfaction.

The Waif. Words by H. Savile Clarke. Music by Allan Macbeth.—Kindly thoughts on seeing a poor flower-seller, whose beauty and rough path are forgotten, whilst the world praises her posies and wears them for "one short hour," heedless of the "soul worth far more than the roses." A call to the philanthropists who are doing much to lighten the sorrow and wear of so many whose taste adds much to the brightness and freshness of our homes. The music commences in a minor key, and changes easily and naturally into a major key at the end. The accompaniment is very easy and the air simple.

Robin Redbreast. Words by W. Allingham, Esq. Music by Anne W. Pelzer.—A song suitable for our young performers. The music is easy and appropriate to the words which the title gives the clue to. It is written in the key of G.

Castle Keep. Words by Eliza Cook. Music by C. H. Flota.—A lively little song in the old English ballad style. If sung with archness and feeling, it will be an agreeable change to the more sentimental and elaborate productions so constantly heard. The song is written in the key of D, and of moderate compass.

GODDARD AND CO.

Adrift. Words by Mary Gregory. Music by John H. Glover.—The story is of a sleeping child "drifting out to the ocean" in a fisherman's boat, with a wee basket and spade in his hands; whilst his dog Carlo, stretched by his side, till he too sleeps, "washed by the cooling spray," wakes to see his master die. A fisher maid finds the large Newfoundland and wee spade washed on a rock—the noble fellow's efforts to save the child having failed. The music and words are appropriately wedded; simple in style and easily performed

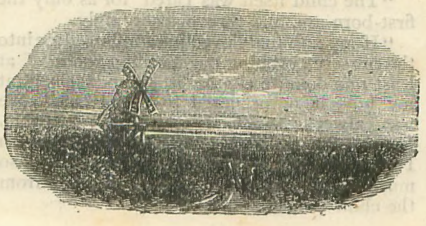
METZLER AND CO.

Metzler and Co. have done good service to our part singers by publishing a number of Hatton's three-part songs for female voices—soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto. "The Syrens" and "The Naiades" are two good ones. Also four-part songs, for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass.—"When the Heart is Free From Care," "If the Heart Be Glad," "The Spirit of Song," "The Song of Love," "Springtime," an anthem for Advent, "While the Bridegroom Tarried," "And at the Time," for soprano solo and chorus, are good specimens of the style and character of these handy little copies, which are well printed, and sold at the very reasonable price of threepence each.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

We Shall Meet. Words by C. J. Glenister. Music by H. A. Muscat.—Sad and hopeful memories are recalled by the church bells and choristers' voices wafted across the meadows heard "long ago," bringing a balm of sadness a heart crushed with woe; but alive to e "bright to-morrow," "the meeting in heaven." The song is plaintive but not dull.

Durdham Down. Words by G. Clifton ingham. Music by Alfred S. Walter.—A right little song of rural life; with easy air and accompaniment written in the key of G.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWALLOW.—To clear your room of mosquitoes, gnats, and all such pests, uncork a bottle of oil of pennyroyal, and they will take a hasty flight. This is an "American notion," and, we believe, will be found successful.

HERMOSA.—We advise you to apply to the General Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W., which grants pensions to aged and infirm servants who have subscribed for three years.

L. T.—Perhaps the Convalescent Home at Rhyl would suit you. Apply to Mrs. Tudor Owen, Sywell House, Rhyl, North Wales.

DAHLIA.—If the bathing in hot water has failed to benefit your bloodshot eyes, you had better consult an oculist, or else a good doctor, as we could not undertake any responsibility about the matter. There must be something amiss constitutionally, and you are not apparently suffering from a mere cold in the eyes.

TWINS OF SEVENTEEN.—Your father's wife should be treated with respect for your father's sake. It is an insult to him to treat her otherwise. This you may find somewhat hard under the circumstances which you name, viz., her extreme youth for such a position, and her want of due consideration for you. But we all have some cross to bear, and if we desire to serve God, to whom we owe all the blessings and comforts we enjoy, we must endeavour to bear it bravely and with submission to His will. When "patience has had her perfect work," and you have set a good example in your dutiful behaviour, that cross will be removed. Try to win your young stepmother's love and respect.

LILY TREVETT.—Lay the flowers to be pressed between sheets of blotting-paper, having first arranged them, and then lay them under a moderate weight not heavy enough to crush them, leaving them alone until quite dry.

MAIDENHAIR.—No prophet cursed Eli, the High Priest. It was the youthful Samuel, his successor in his sacred office, whom God inspired and caused to prophesy to his patron and guardian of the judgments that were coming on him and his wicked sons.

RABY.—In making an announcement from a pulpit of the proposed preaching of a clergyman, neither the initials "A. B.," nor "Bachelor of Arts," should be added to his name by the preacher. His title to occupy the pulpit, and his being in all respects eligible as an assistant to the incumbent, is taken for granted. When his name appears in print, the initials that indicate the character of his scholastic degree may be placed after it.

ONLY A PRIMROSE.—We do not see how you could pronounce the word "penal" otherwise than as if written "pee-nal." If pronounced "pen-nal," two "n's" would be essential (as a general rule).

MISERRIMUS.—We feel for our little friend very much, but she expects to have the mind, and the trained and highly cultivated taste and powers of criticism of a grown person at the tender age of only twelve years! How could you understand the grand ideas of Milton or enter into those of the great dramatist Shakespeare? At your age it would be too precocious to appreciate works like theirs or the classical music of Beethoven to a lively jig or a nursery ditty. Children may be very clever for their respective ages; but when they understand what is only intended for grown people, we know that they will not live long. Comfort your little self on this point, and remember what St. Paul said in 1 Cor. xiii. 2, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child," &c. Why should you expect to understand better than he did?

JEANNE GWENDOLINE.—1. We think you should send the black satin to a cleaner. 2. Your writing is not sufficiently flowing and graceful, and looks like that of a child at first sight. We thank you for your appreciation of our paper.

LITTLE SCOTCH LASSIE.—1. Read our article on "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii. Turn your fork round, and lay it flat on its back upon your plate when you have finished. 2. We cannot "give you a cure for fair eyebrows." Surely you do not expect a recommendation from us to paint your face? Be satisfied that you have any eyebrows at all, for many have none.

E. L.—You would probably be able to procure "Bloomfield's Poems" through one of the large London second-hand booksellers.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—We know of nothing better than the outline lessons of the S. S. Union. If you find them too advanced for your class, why not change them a little to suit yourself?

JOAN.—Your description is too vague. We could not give any value unless we knew more. We could not tell you where to dispose of coins, as we do not give addresses; but we see from a recent list published by a firm in town, that Queen Anne half-crowns range from 3s. 6d. to 5s., and 6s., as we suppose, according to their state of preservation.

CAMILLA.—We cannot identify any of the drawings you have sent. We should think that the word was a corruption of *thaler*, a dollar. Dublin halfpennies of that date were not minted, but were called "Commac's," and were made by a proprietor of copper mines of that name, and had a device on them which was not the king's head.

MINNIE WESTERN.—1. The Hebrew word *Selah*, which we find in many of the Psalms of David at the conclusion of a verse, is a direction to the singers to make a pause, and rest while the instrumental performers do their part. Otherwise, it means that the whole musical performance was concluded at that point in the Israelitish worship. 2. Your canary is sick, and may have the "pip." Blow up the feathers under its body towards the tail, and see whether it be suffering from a small white bladder, and if so, apply some very fresh butter mixed with sugar to it. Perhaps he may be troubled with vermin. You should find out his symptoms before we can give you advice.

CASETTE.—The name "Wigan" singularly enough means "warrior" or "war," and it seems to have always been a scene of conflict. Arthur is said to have routed the Saxons there, and it was a much debated ground during the civil wars. The Wigan War is the name given, we believe, to the strike of the colliers in April, 1868, which was put down by the military. *La Sirène* is French, and means "the Syren."

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—John Bunyan became a Baptist and preacher, after having served in the Parliamentary Army. At the Restoration in 1660 he was shut up in Bedford Jail, where, with intervals of liberty, he remained during a period of twelve years, refusing to be set at large on condition of silence, and whether his sermons were, in any degree, of a political character we are not prepared to say. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, together with Dr. John Owen and Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Oliver Cromwell's preachers, and many others well known to fame, Dr. Watts included.

HOME BIRD.—The poem of "The Hermit" is by James Beattie. Not unless they are very superior to the ordinary run of poems.

J. E. F.—You will find Fry's Handbook to the London Charities useful. There is no home of the kind, we think, free.

C. M. C.—We cannot comprehend either of your questions. The number of converts and professors in the different churches in the time of the Apostles is not known. Perhaps you mean the 126th Psalm.

PENELOPE.—You open rather a large field of inquiry by asking for hints on the management of poultry. Why not get a small book on the subject? We do not know anything of your *entourage*, nor how or why you fail.

H. J. D.—You may recurl feathers with a blunt knife, doing each filament separately and drawing it between your finger and thumb. Your writing is neat and legible.

A WEAVER.—The climate of the Cape is extremely warm and might be suitable, but you had better ask a doctor. The diet should be very nutritious, and both milk and cod-liver oil should be taken.

C. E. G.—The verses, "Sun of my soul," form a part of the evening hymn in Keble's "Christian Year." There are many more verses, for which we refer you to the book, which can be obtained very cheaply.

ISABEL MACE.—We regret we cannot help you at all in the matter.

HADDIE.—The first Tichborne trial began May 11th, 1871, and ended 6th March, 1872. The second trial commenced for perjury and forgery on 23rd April, 1872, and ended 28th February, 1874—the longest trial ever known in England.

A. B. TRICYCLIST.—The best dress for the purpose is a serge, made short and very plainly. It would be better slightly weighted at the edge of the skirt to keep it down when travelling.

PEARL GREY.—"Many a shaft at random sent," is a quotation from the fifth canto of "The Lord of the Isles," by Sir Walter Scott.

SAIREY GAMP and BEAN FEASTER.—Your writing is quite a roundhand, but very neat. An icicle is frozen water, and water is neither a mineral nor a vegetable product.

ELECAMPANE.—The process is called vitremanie, we believe. Inquire of a good artists' colourman.

TWO MERMAIDS.—See page 176, vol. ii., where there is an answer to a correspondent on "How to Mount Seaweed." Also page 494, vol. ii., another, "To Press Seaweed."

MARY R.—We have more than once explained what the "unpardonable sin" was. We refer you to St. Mark iii., verses 29 and 30. Here the sin is stated to be the blasphemy of stating that Beelzebub, or "an unclean devil," possessed our Divine Redeemer, by whom He worked His miracles, instead of believing that "God was in Christ," and that He was Himself "the everlasting God." Thus, you see, that to those who did not believe in His Godhead there could be no sufficient sacrifice for their sins. If only possessed by an unclean devil, He ceased to be their Redeemer, and they cut themselves off from all hope of Heaven through His perfect merits and atonement.

'LITTLE BOY BLUE."—Your pleasant letter interested us much, and we consider that you write and express yourself well. We believe that Major Whyte-Melville died unmarried.

DECEM.—We were much interested in your letter, and thank you for it. Your request respecting the earlier announcement of the competitions shall be considered, both for your sake and for that of our other young colonists and residents in all parts of the world. Like them, "Cape girls" are certainly included amongst "our girls," and so are all foreigners who read and appreciate THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We should be glad to hear anything you can tell us of "things not generally known" in reference to your colony, and we wish you and your nine sisters a long continuance of the happiness which you now appear to enjoy.

E. R. K.—Yes, you may join the letters abbreviated and marked by an apostrophe. You write an excellent hand.

VERCUNA.—You should wear a backboard to flatten the shoulders, and faceboard to keep your head up, for a full hour daily. The best time would be while learning your lessons. If tired of walking up and down the room, wear them while sitting, and place your book on a desk. Also, when sitting at any other time, place yourself far back in your chair, so that the back shall support your own all the way down the spine. We sympathise with you in your love of fine scenery.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Why do you not ask advice from your mother? We are scarcely in a position to counsel you. Perhaps your objections are frivolous, and a further acquaintance would dispel them? Again, if you were to consent, is it quite certain that he would fulfil his promise of "adopting two of your sisters, and starting your brothers in life"? Promises made as bribes, to win consent reluctantly given, are often conveniently forgotten after the marriage has taken place! If you have no mother, could you not confide in your clergyman, or some kind friend who has children of her own?

TINY.—1. The name "Paste Eggs," applied in the North of England to the coloured Easter eggs, is a corruption of *Pasque*, which means Easter. Thus our Lord is called the "Paschal Lamb," *Pascha* being the Latin for *Pâsach*, the Hebrew denoting "to pass over." In the Anglo-Saxon it is called *Pasche*, the feast of the Jewish Passover and the Christian Easter taking place simultaneously. 2. Inquire of the bookseller with whom you deal, or who is nearest to you. He may have a copy at a reduced price. We cannot assist you in the matter.

CLIO.—1. The origin of the saying that "Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands" has been much disputed. One theory is that a certain Bishop of Rochester appropriated the revenues designed for keeping the haven of Sandwich for the erection of this steeple. It is also said that a quantity of stones having been collected together for the purpose of strengthening the sea-wall, were diverted from their original purpose, and employed in the construction of the steeple. When, therefore, the next storm arose, that part of the mainland called the Goodwin Sands became submerged, and lost to all purposes of use. 2. The name "Dorothy" is only a corruption of the Greek "Dorothea," "a God gift," or "Gift of God." "Clara" is Latin, and means "bright," or "illustrious." "Walter" is old Hanoverian German, and signifies "ruling a host." We feel complimented by finding that you have not "too much of a good thing" in our magazine.

ROSE BRASSEY.—Your sister should write to the London School of Medicine for Women, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., for information on the course of study to be pursued. How far they could be carried on at home at first, we are unable to say. Latin must be acquired, and botany.

ALICE.—It is scarcely necessary for us to tell you that the circulation of this paper is very extensive, but it is not for editors to inform their correspondents of "the number sold weekly." Your writing is good and legible.

PERPLEXED ONE.—We commiserate you sincerely, but think you have to suffer from having acted weakly. Your wife took you "for worse," as well as "for better"; and unless she left you, for a time, only the better to help you in earning a livelihood, the case would have been far otherwise than it is, had she then asked to share the remains of your pecuniary means with her. As it is, you should take a lawyer's opinion, as we could not venture to give you legal advice on such a question.

V. M. R.—By no means encourage the attentions of the young man, circumstanced as you are. If, however, he should address you on the subject now evidently occupying his mind, tell him you could not receive his attentions, nor ultimately respond to his wishes, unless with the consent of his father; that all must be open and straightforward, and that regretting, as you might, the circumstances that interfered between you, you would be obliged to give up a home in the house rather than take advantage of his partiality for you. This will bring the matter to a crisis; and you will have acted with honour towards him and your employer, and as regards your own interests with becoming self-respect.

ADMIRER OF MEDICUS.—1. It seems to us self-evident that water so bad as to be unfit for the purpose of ablution must be unsuitable in a still greater degree for drinking. For making tea, hard water may be softened by the addition of a little soda. We advise you to consult a chemist on the subject, as the question is a very important one. 2. Flatulency is a common result of delicacy of digestion. When much pain results from it, a dose of Perry Davis's "Pain Killer," or of sal volatile, will relieve it very effectually. You write fairly, but should learn to mend your pen.

TOPSEY.—If your master give you so much encouragement, why should you despond? You might become an admirable pianist, supposing you to have a natural taste for music, and have a delicate touch, by practising half the time which you say you expend daily on acquiring proficiency. It is to be hoped that you do not live in a row, square, or semi-detached house, or we pity the neighbours who must listen to a five hours' practising, in one house alone, every day! It is well that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is not edited next door. Your writing needs more rounding.

TINY.—It is quite true that some people have had very wonderful dreams of present or coming events. But we strongly advise you to commit the safety of the individual about whom you are so uneasy to God's care in your prayers, rather than to brood over a dream, which may possibly have been the result of indigestion. Perhaps a heavy dumpling should have borne the blame of your trouble, not a prophetic inspiration? Be it known to our other readers, poor "Tiny" has dreamt that her "friend" "went to bed with dark hair, and got up with grey!"

K. MAVOURNEEN.—There is a very old superstition connecting tears with the opal, but we personally know of such a ring being given as a love token on a marriage from the bridegroom which brought no trouble with it, but was worn in happiness and prosperity for thirty years. If you leave off making long, straight lines as tails for the last letters of each word, your hand would be a pretty one.

MOPUS.—The hair grows faster with some people than others. But if your hair be cut very short, in any case it will take a long time to grow long enough to be turned up at the back. We know of no cure for shortness of hair but time, and no repair for your injured appearance but the use of some plaits.

PATIENCE.—We should always say "Thank you," on every occasion. Of course, you would decline a dish at table with "No, thank you."

CHERRY LIPS.—Call, by all means; but before going mention to the clergyman that you were prevented from doing so sooner by your recent affliction and the long illness which had preceded it. If you were introduced to the lady by a friend, you might make the apology yourself.

SAPPHO.—Use some pieces of coarse flannel to save your dresses. You will find the patterns you need in Madame Karger's articles on crochet work in wool.

N. S.—We think you are mistaken. The proper word is "tuner." There is no such word as "tunist." You have probably "composed" it for yourself.

VEBBA.—There seems no doubt that ivy does do harm to walls, by the nature of its growth, which forces them apart. It is also the cause of much dampness. Virginia creeper is better as a climber.

WHITE GIPSY.—Wash your feet with good yellow soap and warm water daily, night and morning. Avoid wearing leather shoes, and certainly not patent leather. Any kind of stuff shoe or boot is preferable in your case. Should you need a more effectual cure for your complaint, add a teacupful of vinegar to the water in which the feet are soaked once a day, and omit the soap on that occasion, or else a teaspoonful of good chloride of lime or two of sal ammonia. Washing in salt and water is also beneficial under such circumstances. Your health needs attention likewise, as such perspiration is unnatural.

MOTHER GOOSE.—We regret that we cannot give addresses. In any case we are not acquainted with any such society as that which you desire to find.

MARY.—We do not think "extreme corpulence" at fourteen years of age is much to be regretted. Perhaps by the time you reach twenty you may be thin enough. We can only advise you against beer, which is very fattening to some people.

CAVE HILL.—In so far as matter is always changing its form, and that your body is being renewed continually, we are changed every seven years. This is the explanation of a recent writer. Beaten-up eggs are extremely nourishing in every way. When mixed with water you should add sugar. But why not use milk?

ANEMONE.—The centre of the flower would be yellow, with black filaments below.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER E.—Why do you not buy into the Three per Cents, through the Post Office? Inquire about them, and how you are to proceed. The Government acts as stockbrokers, and of course the security is excellent.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.—Planché's "Cyclopædia of Costume" is the best authority. We advise you to avoid all lotions and powders for the face.

MARGUERITE.—Many thanks for your kind note. Your handwriting is well formed and legible.

OLD RODGER and E. H.—Pour boiling water on the rosemary, and let it stand on the top of the range for a short time; do not allow it to become too dark-coloured; when cool, it is ready for use.

DAISY asks us whether "pimples and black spots on the face are healthy." We have never inquired into the state of their health, feeling no anxiety as to their condition. We feel sorry, however, for the face which bears so unnatural a resemblance to a plum-pudding. The proprietor of the pimples and black specks we should imagine to be more or less unhealthy, and in need of medical advice. 2. You may brush or re-dye plush, but we know of no other way of renovating it.

THESAN ROCKY has misquoted two lines in Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." It is a pity that she does not learn how to write, as well as to quote, and how to select a suitable name, and not rubbish in 27 letters.

"AURORA LEIGH."—1. We believe that Englishmen give a lady their left arm, and foreigners the right. But when out of doors the rule is to give her the wall, on whichever side that may be. 2. The quotation (which you misquote) to which you refer, is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," viz.—

"And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
E're Thought could wed itself with Speech."

ROSE.—You write to us about a poem, saying you "enclose it;" but we think you forgot it, as we can find no enclosure.

JACKMANNI CLEMATIS.—Why cut it down, when its nature is to die off in the autumn? You had far better make the gardener put some kind of fertiliser on it in the spring.

RABBITS.—We think the proverb, "Eagles fly alone, but sheep flock together," does not need much explanation. The eagle, though the type of the grand and noble, is still an aggressive and predatory bird, whilst the sheep is the personification of timidity, although the most useful and valuable of animals: the one the personification of courage and solitary grandeur, the other of timidity and peaceful pursuits.

PENELOPE.—1. The saying that "Cæsar's wife must be above suspicion" originated in the historical fact that Cæsar divorced his wife, Pompeia, because her name was mixed up in some discreditable story in which P. Clodius had been accused of misdoing. It was not that the emperor believed in her guilt, but because the fair fame of his empress should not even be doubted for a moment. 2. See pages 537 and 548, vol. ii., in reference to Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." We feel much gratified by all your praise and good wishes.

EVANGELINE.—We think that our little friend, who has sent us such a nice, well-written, and creditable letter for her age, might clean her silver chain with borax and water. If that should not prove satisfactory, she might use a little "plate powder" and a small soft brush, rubbing it well afterwards with some wash leather.

FANNY FERN.—See pages 319, 447, and 592, vol. i., also page 14, vol. ii., for advice respecting the cure of warts. It is said that the inside of the pod of the broad-bean is efficacious for the removal when rubbed upon them. We [illegible] that they are symptomatic of a certain condition of health, but the question has not been decided. Had you looked the index given in the first and second [illegible] and would have seen that your question was answered.

MARIAN HEY.—Ormolu may be cleaned with ammonia or spirits of wine. Put it afterwards into boxwood sawdust, in which it should be shaken; the friction will make it very bright. Your writing does not appear to be formed.

AMY.—Derived conjunctions are — n-or, ei-ther, n-ei-ther, tha-n, if, even, since, seeing, except. Your writing is very neat roundhand, and promises well for the future.

OLDIE.—The name you want is "Hermit." We do not recognise your quotation. Many thanks for your kind letter.

EILEEN.—Cut the skirt of your tussore short and put the plissé at the edge, changing it into a box-pleated ruche, and making it much fuller. As polonaises are as much used as ever, leave it as it is, merely draping it much higher to suit the present style, and, if possible, opening it in front and draping curtain-wise to the back. You may line the box-pleating with crimson surah silk, and have a sash of the same with surah gaugings on the bodice and sleeves. Use ficelle lace. For your last question you must consult a lawyer. He would tell you how far the agreement was binding.

PERPLEXITY.—Of course, you should have bowed if you were introduced when you last met. We see nothing to prevent your giving a small present if your mother does not disapprove. You are not taking sufficient pains with your writing, we think, at present.

MURIEL MACKINSON.—The local pronunciation would be right. You must be guided by it, of course. Thank you for your gracious words of sympathy and encouragement.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—We do not approve of long walks taken before breakfast. If in a town, it is not only exhausting, but dangerous, as you are more liable to receive infection while fasting than after a meal.

DISAPPOINTED.—The population of London is nearly, or just about, four millions; that of Paris is nearly two millions. The former is the largest, most populous, and most wealthy city in the world, and it embraces an area of about 130 square miles. Paris is the second city of Europe in size. The whole population of Switzerland could be accommodated in Paris, and the whole population of Switzerland and the Tyrol together in London. We thank you for your kind letter.

E. W. D.—The word "æsthetic" is derived from Greek, and means in accordance with the theory or philosophy of taste, and the science of the beautiful in both Nature and art. But in the present day, persons who aim at being æsthetic very frequently make sorry exhibitions of failure, and look more like crazy people — their dress a burlesque, and their observations and demeanour feeble and inane.

DINAH MORRIS.—You say you accepted the proposals of a gentleman, "conditionally" only, at the age of seventeen, and that you now see the great imprudence of having so done, and think it desirable not to "sacrifice your future life to the sentimental folly of a girl of seventeen." If the engagement were understood by him, as well as by your friends and yourself, to be really "conditional," you had better be candid at once, and tell him you regard it as an act of wisdom, for his sake and yours, to take advantage of that proviso made at your engagement. But what were those conditions? Had it to do with pecuniary difficulties in the way of your marriage; or a change of feeling only on either side; or misconduct only on his? Under any circumstances you could not offer him a whole and undivided heart when you say you are "by no means indifferent" to another. Be open and honest, and tell him so at once.

MARY BOLSOVER.—Certainly, if the clergyman's wife call on you with him, on your coming to reside in his parish, you should return her visit, but not leave your card unless she be out. If you have a husband or father, of course they should return the rector's visit, and leave cards on him if out. The hostess at a dinner party should be the last to leave the room when dinner is over. She must bow to the chief lady present before rising as a signal for her to lead the way.

TWO MERMAIDS.—See page 176, vol. ii., where there is an answer to a correspondent on how to mount seaweed; also another at page 494, vol. ii., on how to press it.

A. BRADLEY.—The arsenical soap employed to preserve stuffed birds and animals is composed thus:—Camphor, 5 oz.; arsenic powder, 2 lbs.; white soap, 2 lbs.; white powdered chalk, 4 oz.; salt of tartar, 2 oz. Mix all by melting the soap (cut into thin slices) in a pipkin on the fire, and in water; then add the chalk and salt of tartar, and take the pipkin from the fire; now add the arsenic, using a wooden spoon to stir it. Reduce the camphor to powder in a mortar, and then add it to the mixture, with a little spirits of wine, stirring till all be well mixed and of the consistency of thick paste. Then pour it into jars, and cover it up, after it has cooled, with bladders. Be careful to put a label upon the jars, marked "Poison." This is the composition invented by Bécœur, which has superseded all those previously employed.

A LONELY LASSIE.—It is quite evident that you are in a very low state of health, and we think that the complete change of scene and of air which Providence is about to provide for you will probably prove of much service to you. Go to bed early, and do not study more than you can avoid. You seem to be overworked and suffering from the climate of your present home, and a want of some change in your surroundings.

E. HALL.—There is a Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, of which the secretary is Miss Ellice Hopkins, Percy House, Brighton; but there are branch associations in more than forty large towns and centres in London and elsewhere. Homes for girls and young children are established at Southsea, Aldershot, and elsewhere.

EUGENIE.—You will see the announcement of the prize competitions in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER shortly.

BIRDIE and MARGUERITE.—Black plush may be worn with mourning when the latter is not very deep. Salt is necessary for health. We do not suppose you take it in such large quantities as to affect your complexion.

A WOUNDED DOVE.—You should have said "athletic sports." Look for both words in the dictionary, when you will soon find out your mistake. It was neither well bred nor kind to laugh at you. We suppose you have been hearing a good deal from your elders about "æsthetic dress," &c., and being a little girl you confused the two words.

"SANS SOUCI" means "free and easy," "void of care." There is a place so-called near Potsdam, where the kings of Prussia have a palace.

WILD ROSE.—We do not know what price you wish to give. Worcester's Dictionary is large and very full, but there are many to select from.

SOMERSET.—A varnish or glaze of gum arabic is very good for covering leaves. If carefully done they last a very long time, and do not lose their colour.

A WHITE CAT.—The second Temple was inferior to the first, as it contained no ark, no mercy-seat, no sacred fire, no visible manifestation of the Divine glory, no urim and thummim, and no spirit of prophecy. The name of Adelaide means "of noble birth;" Reginald means "a strong ruler."

PORTIA.—Probably the gentleman whom you name intends to pay you his addresses. If you approve of it, all very well; but in that case, if all alone, tell him you are not at liberty to receive visitors excepting on the two days you name. If you could not allow him to propose to you, deny yourself when he calls; or if he ostensibly come to see your brother, make it evident to him that you are quite indifferent to him, and occupied by other engagements. Be firm; let him make no mistake as to your feelings towards him, but be distantly polite.

JUANITA.—There is a recipe to remove mildew on page 768, vol. ii. It is said to strengthen the eyes to open them in cold water.

FANNY SHEEN.—The lines may probably be found in Pope's poem of the name, but as you give us no clue we cannot help you except by this suggestion.

WHITE ROSE.—Make inquiries of the registrar in your own parish. You do not say the kind of licence you require.

UNCLE'S BIRDIE.—The specimen marked "No. 2" appears right, but you had better try and obtain a lesson at some good fancy shop near you, where they are sure to know something of the work. We should hold the hook upward, but you may do it better some other way.

W. J. A.—We own we do not think the verses *very* remarkable, as we know what wonderful things children can do. We advise you to try and procure "Apple Blossoms," poems by two little American girls, written between the ages of nine and thirteen. They are singularly remarkable for correct rhyme and the beauty of their thought and imagery.

A. F.—Richard Cromwell, son of the Protector, died in 1712, at Cheshunt. Your writing is legible and fairly well formed.

SUNFLOWER.—Stains from grease may be removed by laying a piece of clean blotting-paper on the woollen stuff, and passing a heated flat iron lightly over it. You will then see the grease drawn up into the paper, and must replace what is greased with a clean piece until no more be drawn out of the cloth.

H. T. M.—See pages 64 and 204, vol. i., and there you will obtain all the information you desire for making a stamp snake. We recommend you to cut some of the shining silvered paper that covers packages of tea, and gilt and coloured papers, and paste it upon old envelopes or scraps of writing paper, so as to make it as thick as the stamps, and then cut it to the same size, rounding the corners. These should be placed, a number of them together in different parts of the snake, so that when it coils round and round, it will show a variety of colours, and glitter.

MARTHA MEGGS.—"Al Serat" is the ordeal bridge over which everyone, according to the Koran, will have to pass at the Resurrection. It is not wider than the edge of a knife, and is thrown across the gulf of Hell. The faithful will pass over in safety, but sinners and non-believers in the Prophet will fall headlong into the hopeless depths beneath